

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

L. S. BARNES, President, CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President, DORA G. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per month .45c
Daily by mail, per year \$5.00 Per month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
Ward & Lewis, New York, Tribune Building
Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

The Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, miss a copy, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone Main 81 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

SHATTERED DREAMS

The divorce courts tell some lurid tales of martial infelicities. Generally it is the woman who has the pitiful tale to tell of love grown cold, of the husband seeking pleasure in the society of other women, of neglect, of cruelty and of abuse. Sometimes it is several years after the promise to love, cherish and protect is made, before she who was given the promise is neither loved, nor cherished; and the protection she needs is from her promised protector. If one did not become hardened by hearing day after day the pitiful tales told by neglected wives, of cruelty, of abuse, of inhuman treatment, the sentiment of the Frenchman who said: "The more I see of men the better I like dogs," would be cheerfully indorsed by the reporters and others whose business requires attendance on the divorce courts. It is perhaps fortunate for humanity that women do not hear the testimony in divorce cases; for if they did the giving in marriage would become a rarity. That is it would be such if it were not for the fact that woman is trusting and optimistic. She believes nothing of this kind will come to her, and yet that is just what those whose lives are bared in the court rooms as a necessary preliminary to a final separation thought when they gave up family, home and friends to join their fortunes with the one man who had won their affections.

It must be in bitterness of spirit when it is all over and the dream shattered, that the woman with two or three little ones who came to her when life was yet all brightness, lays bare the inwardness of her married life, and still clinging to her children—and his, asks the privilege of working for and providing for them. This is one part of the requests that is seldom controverted by the man in the case.

It sure is pretty bad, but so long as men will betray and woman trust the same pitiful stories will be told and repeated even unto the end.

THE HODZIMA PUZZLE

The inability of some people to judge themselves as they judge others is nowhere better illustrated than in the threats made to kill Mrs. Hodzima, who has been giving her imbecile baby opiates to relieve its sufferings, even though eventually the treatment will cost its life. Science says the baby if it should live will be a hopeless imbecile and perhaps a great sufferer all the time. Now some folks who point to the scriptural injunction "Thou shalt not kill," as the rule which the heart broken mother must follow, at the same time threaten to kill her if she persists in giving the baby drugs.

The command "Thou shalt not kill," seems to be overlooked when it comes to any killing these fanatics might do. They arrogate to themselves the right to kill the mother without seeming to think that might be as great an offense as allowing an imbecile suffering child to die and end its sufferings. Queer old world full of queer people isn't it?

Hugh Gibson who was secretary of the American legation at Brussels has written the story of the German invasion as it appeared to him, and this story is soon to appear in several of the larger newspapers as a serial. It should, one would think, make intensely interesting reading, and yet—well Girard's story proved a disappointment in many respects although it made public many things unknown to most of us. The trouble with it was that it dealt largely with affairs between this country and Germany most of which had been told and retold in the dispatches, and it was no longer even news. If Gibson deals with things Belgian instead of things diplomatic his story will be followed with keen interest, and it is hoped he has taken this view of the matter in writing it.

Carranza is carrying Mexican neutrality to the extremes. It seems he is also neutral as to Villa and his bandits.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

ESTABLISHED 1868

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

GOODS MUST BE LABELED

One thing the food control will accomplish is the compelling of merchants, dealers and cold storage plants to call their products by their right name. "cold storage goods." Beginning November first all cold storage plants were placed under license and required to report regularly to the Food administrator on all foods stored. The sole exception to this rule is where products have not been in cold storage for more than 30 days. All others must be labeled "Cold Storage Goods." The penalty for the retailer dealer disobeying the law in this respect and also in others such as making an unreasonable profit is that the licensed dealer is forbidden to sell to all such, and as they cannot purchase except from a licensed dealer, they must either obey the law or be refused the right to purchase a new stock of goods. One of the objects of the law is to prevent the making of unreasonable profits through rising markets and the holding or storing of goods to accomplish this result. It may be stated too, that the present system is but the preliminary stage. If the public observes the rules, none more drastic may be made, for with a strict observance of the law, there will be enough for all. The trouble is and will continue to be, that there is one element that holds to the opinion that because they have the money to pay for whatever they want, they are entitled to have it. They are laboring under a grievous mistake, for conditions require some small sacrifice in the way of curtailing the use of certain foods and this not by the poor alone, but by Rockefeller as well as Lazarus. If the rules of the Food Administration are not observed generally there will be resort to the card system and Mr. Food Hog will have to keep his feet out of the trough. He must either keep out voluntarily or get slapped over the snout.

Haig bucked the line again today and went through the center, gaining yardage on the first down.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE SCOLDING ERA

I read the monthly magazines; they tell me I'm a traitor foul, if I don't cut out pork and beans, and live on slaw and roasted owl. Perhaps the magazines are right, perhaps their counsel is sublime; they have a noble goal in sight—but why abuse me all the time? The gifted speaker comes to speak, in our town hall, whose lights are dim; he says I am a knave and freak, if I don't quite agree with him. He says I am too base and mean to look my own self in the eyes, because I'm burning gasoline, when countless folks are needing pies. He's doubtless right; but why get sore, and call me names to beat the Dutch? For hungry folk I'd do much more, if I were not abused so much. We want your store of hard-earned gold, to beat the kaiser's wicked wiles, and so we rant and chide and scold, instead of wearing winning smiles. We wish you to economize, and live on prunes and salted hoss, and to encourage you we rise, and tell you you're a total loss. You hand out seven hard-earned bones to help things out on foreign shore; you roast you then, in strident tones, because you don't give seven more. This scolding stunt will have to stop if we would see good feeling live; the termagant's barbaric yawp won't make men strip their rolls and give.

Waconda Literary Society Holds Interesting Meeting

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Waconda, Or., Nov. 21.—The Waconda Literary Society met at the school house Saturday evening, Nov. 17. The meeting was opened with the singing of "America." After the business session the following program was rendered:
Duet—Walter and Glen Savage
Reading—Walter Haber
Piano Solo—Mrs. Matie
Recitation—Mr. M. Egan
Duet—Walter Haber, Walter Savage
Reading—Mrs. E. P. Haber
Selection by the Waconda Glee Club
Reading—Mr. Markee
Solo—Miss Charlotte Russell
Recitation—Mr. A. W. Nason
Solo—Mr. McGrew
Solo—Hazel Russell
Jokes—Charles Russell, Jr.

A SMOOTH WHITE SKIN THAT DEFILES WEATHER

During the coming months of biting winds and intense cold, you who would keep your skins smooth, white and velvety, should turn your attention to Ladd & Bush's Skin Cream. It effectively removes a chapped, roughened or discolored surface. By gradually absorbing the weather heat, the complexion is kept in perfect condition, and even the beauty of expression appears more pronounced. If your skin be blotchy, pimply, freckled, coarse, sallow or over red, why not shed it? One ounce of ordinary creosote wax, to be had at any drugist's will completely transform the most unsightly complexion in less than a fortnight. Use the wax nightly, like cold cream, washing it off mornings.

Reading Waconda Paper by the Editor

Mr. Roy Patterson
Those from Waconda who attended the Red Cross benefit play and dance at Gervais Saturday night are: Misses Violet Felton and Nellie Patterson and Mr. Frank Felton, Ward and Miles Russell and Henry Stafford.
Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Van Cleave and son Alvin of Hazel Green and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Aspinwall, Mr. and Mrs. Harris of Brooks attended Literary Saturday night.
Mrs. Elizabeth Russell of Molalla spent the week end with her nephew and family, C. C. Russell.
Mrs. Holmes of Salem spent a few days visiting Beatrice Thurman.
Ray Patterson attended the Red Cross benefit shooting match at Salem Sunday and was fortunate enough to win a turkey for Thanksgiving.
Mr. C. C. Russell made a business trip to Mt. Angel Monday.
Mrs. G. W. Thurman is practicing 96 little tots for a drill to be given at the school house Temperance Day.
Miss Missa Wright of Woodburn spent Sunday with Mr. C. C. Russell and family.
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hall and family motored to Salem Sunday night.

RED CROSS SALARIES TOLD

Washington, Nov. 21.—Three employees got \$3000 or more, 18 between \$2000 and \$3000, and 402 other employees receive between \$500 and \$600 annually at headquarters of the American Red Cross, its war council announced today.
In addition there are 850 volunteers working without remuneration. The staff at national headquarters has been decreased from 700 paid officers and employees four months ago to 423 now. The reduction is partly due to decentralization of administration which has transferred much routine work to divisional officers whose payrolls are not included in this statement.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS
ANOTHER WESTERN TRIP.

CHAPTER LXIII.
Bob had been weal again, and he and John Kendall were discussing his trip in the library. As usual I sat in the living room, and through the open door caught snatches of their conversation. John was talking when by interest became aroused by something he said about a woman.

"I never shall forget the first time I saw her," he said. "I met her at a social affair something as you did," he remarked to Bob, "I thought her very beautiful."
"She is beautiful," Bob replied slowly, but it is not entirely her physical beauty which attracts, she seems to radiate a spiritual beauty, a beauty of soul as well as body. Her personality is wonderful. She is the most restful, and at the same time the most entertaining woman I have ever met—a perfect companion," he added, after a moment.

"Better be careful, Bob, I should label her 'dangerous' after that description."
"She would be dangerous and more"—here I missed a sentence, "but I owe allegiance to Margaret."
"Many husbands forget"—again I lost part of John's reply.
"I think her very talented, she will do great things—some day." It was Bob who spoke, but because he talked of her as talented, I judged all that had gone before bore only reference to her as an author. I had heard Bob disclaim any other interest in her—at least I had so understood the conversation, and he had spoken of his allegiance to me. So I gave my entire attention to some intricate embroidery I was doing, only wishing that John Kendall would go so that I might have Bob to myself.

It may perhaps be hard to understand my viewpoint. Yet I honestly believe there are many women who feel the same proprietary right in their husbands that I did; who want to manage their lives according to the rules they lay down for them regardless of personality, or temperament.

Occasionally I had felt that perhaps Elsie was right in her estimate of Bob. That he was of a different temperament than I had thought when I married him. He would become so excited when he talked to John Kendall or his other friends. Sometimes he would pace up and down while he gesticulated nervously. His imagination would at times run riot in a way that I with my quieter, colder temperament could not follow. But I usually blamed his excitement upon the people he was with, their influence, instead of upon him.

I see now that I was deliberately trying to crush out all personality, all originality my husband possessed. But at the time I thought I was entirely justified in all that I did. As I look back upon those years after my boys were born the only comfort I glean is that I was honest in the stand I took; honest, if mistaken.
It had been a very disappointing winter for me, and I had not hesitated to express myself to Bob. Surely, I thought, a wife has a right to express her displeasures over things in her husband's conduct which she disapproves. But Bob called it nagging, and while he conceded that I did not nag for the things which caused many women to be nagged because he omitted to assure me constantly of his love and because he preferred the society of congenial friends to sitting alone with me, was as bad, or worse.

Bob was at this time, as kind, as indulgent as ever. But he seemed nervous, and was very irritable. This was always more noticeable after one of his western trips; and consequently I was the more opposed to his business ventures with John Kendall than I should otherwise have been. Then too, I often that he avoided me, I would almost say he shrank from my caresses. He surely never offered me endearments unless I asked for them when he would respond mechanically. I was terribly unhappy over it, but did not know what to do to remedy matters. I would not concede myself in the wrong and give my consent to Bob's desire to entertain and be entertained by the crowd of people whom I disapproved, neither would I admit that my constant fault finding had anything to do with my unhappiness. Could I once separate him from bad influence Bob would return to me, would love me as he did when I first married him—and his heart was sore with the loss of his mother.

For this reason I now became quite enthused over the new come in the country. It would be too far for John to return to town once he came out, and in that way he would see less of his friends; and would of necessity spend more time with me. Mother was delighted that we were to take the boys into the country although a bit disappointed that we had not chosen Long Island, instead of Jersey.
"Any place is better than a big city for growing children," she had said when we discussed it together, and finally she and father had consented to rent their place on Long Island and spend the summer with us.

Had I seriously considered what the invitation might mean I never should have given it. Had I known that Bob would feel that because of their presence he could absent himself whenever he chose, I never should have asked them to come to us. I do not positively know that it made any difference; but at the time I was sure that Bob took advantage of the fact that I had company to remain away.
(Tomorrow—An Unexpected Meeting)

Rock Point Items

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Rock Point, Nov. 21.—While the sunshine looks fine yet some rain would be very welcome.
The Rock Point school is at present

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH

BABY'S HARRY'S MABEL'S MOTHER'S DAD'S

SHINOLA preserves shoes, sheds moisture, and won't rub off. A brilliant, lasting shine. Over 50 shins per box. The key opening box prevents broken nails and soiled fingers.

SHINOLA HOME SET

Substantial bristle dauber, and soft lamb's wool polisher. Makes shining convenient and easy. Ask Nearest Store.

BLACK—TAN—WHITE—RED HOME SET

The Daily Novelette

HER VIEW OF IT.
(By author of: "The Wreck of the Mary Ann"; "The Hunt or Married at Last"; "Ten Feet Under the Sea or Help!"; "A Sweet Bunch of Onions"; "Just A Warning of You"; "Scath the Elephant's Trunk"; "For the Love of Mike"; "Red Tongues of Green Rage"; "The Hate Philtre or a Piece of Cheese"; "The Shoe-Lace Mender"; "The House of a Thousand Bricks"; "A Family Row or Please Omit Followers"; "Red With Hate or White With Fear"; "Time and Again"; "The Pick of Yano"; "Mary Has a Little Yam"; "Snowed Out"; "Odds, Odds, Odds"; "Each Day—Each Hour—Each Minute"; "Perey Sopht's Great On or The Deuce"; "A Jet Ring or The Black Joe Minstrels", etc., etc.)

Molly T. Pott had always wanted to manage a gun, and now that her brothers, her two fathers (including grandfather), her uncles and cousins, not to mention sweethearts, had all gone to the front somewhere in someplace, she felt called upon to shoulder her revolver and also sally forth to the front (of the house). She also did sentimental duty at the border (of the garden).

The Fireside Brigades are what's going to save our country," shouted Molly to an audience of old men, women and children. "Who's to save the country if it ain't us at home, huh? (Hurrahs). How is it going to be saved if nobody stays at home to save it, huh? (Loud applause). What's going to happen if every woman's son of them runs out the front door if they leave the back door without somebody watching it, uh? (Clappings of hands). Very well, then! As I said before, it's the Fireside Brigade, of which I am Captain, what's going to save the country, an' all our men wat's gone away is going to eat the glory. (Stamping of feet).
"They go away, get their fares paid all around the world, get free board while we stay at home, do the fighting, and save their homes and gardens for 'em." (Throwing up of hats and wild hurrahs).
"It's a crazy world," sighed Molly. Slow, and dispersing of the crowd.

undergoing an attack of chicken pox. Miss Downing expects to go home the last of the week, owing to the fact that there will be no school next week.
Miss Stella Wagener went to Portland Monday morning.
W. H. Downing of Salem was out to the ranch on Monday.
Among those attending the sale of Almos Branch from the Hills were Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Burns and Greta and Miss Alva Smith, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Darby and sons, Mr. H. Frank, Mr. —, Boedighimer, Mr. Young and C. Amori.

Go East

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM

3 Through Trains East Every Day

CHICAGO - KANSAS CITY - SALT LAKE
10 a.m. 6:15 p.m. 11 p.m.

from Portland Union Station, through the majestic Columbia River Gorge

Wm. McHenry, G. F. A., Portland

And He Did

NOW WILLIE DON'T STAND THERE ALL DAY! PUSH YOUR BABY BROTHER NICELY!

AND HE DID

Mr. B. Fresh and Alvin Burns called at the Darby home on Monday. They are a part of the committee collecting money for the Christmas tree to be held at the school house. It seems early but November is nearly gone.

Cloverdale News

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Cloverdale, Nov. 21.—Mrs. G. W. Farris and cousins from Idaho visiting her from Tuesday until Friday. They are on their way to Texas and other points south.
Mrs. F. A. Wood and Mrs. John Thomas had relatives from Salem visiting them Saturday and Sunday.
L. E. Hennis visited Salem Saturday.
Arthur Annis is having a new house built on his prune ranch; he has employed a carpenter from Salem to do the work.
Miss Arnold and Miss Blackman spent Saturday in Salem.
Mrs. F. A. Wood was in Salem Tuesday.
Miss Ethel Craig spent the week in Salem with her sister, Mrs. Glenn Moore.
Miss Violet Craig was in Salem Monday.
Norman Hamilton and family of Salem spent Sunday here, visiting his father, J. M. Hamilton.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blaso took Grandma Rickett to Salem Saturday.