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A BROKEN BEAN KETTLE

The governor is so busy attending to various and sundry matters, that he apparently has not time to repair his bean kettle. Evidently that important culinary and political pot has gone wrong as to its bail, which has a fashion of slipping out of the lugs on the side of the kettle, and the result is his excellency goes around holding the utensil by one lug with the result that the beans are spilled indiscriminately. He spilled the frijoles plentifully when he removed Superintendent Crawford from the care of the flax plant; and Wednesday he allowed another large sized portion of the bean kettle to scatter itself all the way from the gubernatorial rooms under the big dome to the county seat of Columbia county. The governor is probably not neglectful, only forgetful. This is apparent from the fact that the two weeks he gave Superintendent Crawford to resign slipped his memory in less than ten minutes and Crawford found the time had elapsed while he was waiting for a street car to take him back to the prison plant.

It was demonstrated again Wednesday when as a delegation of forty or fifty citizens of Columbia county came to Salem to ask the appointment of Martin White, at present deputy assessor of the county to the position of county judge.

They, some of them, claimed the governor had agreed to give them a hearing before making any appointment, but when they arrived at the inner sanctum of the capitol, they were smilingly told they were too late and that the governor had already selected a man for the place.

There was no use arguing, nothing to be gained by kicking, and so the delegation filed out again, while the governor stood holding his bean kettle by its dismantled bail, heedless of the fact that the beans were being spilled. What makes the waste especially aggravating is the high cost of the Boston dish and particularly the dish of the political kind of beans. There is a delegation of forty or fifty down at St. Helens that is for Olcott, Moser or even a democrat rather than the somewhat forgetful gentleman from Corvallis, as a successor to the present governor.

According to the dispatches the German agents are again trying to stir up trouble between this country and Mexico. The object is not so much the difficulty with Mexico itself they desire as to force this country to take drastic steps with her and so arouse the enmity of the other Latin republics. For this reason and for the further one that just now Uncle Sam has other fish to fry but little attention will be paid to Mexico unless Villa makes another raid across the border, and even this might not just now cause any very active steps to be taken. If Mexico wants serious trouble though, all she has to do is to follow German guidance. When the present war is over will be the time to settle affairs in Mexico, and when this is done they will be settled for all time.

The title under the cartoon in yesterday's Capital Journal was somewhat mixed. It represented the kaiser gazing into a pool in which his countenance is reflected, and was labeled "Psyche." Mythology tells of Narcissus, of whom Pope or some other poet wrote:

"Narcissus, who himself, himself forsook
And died to kiss his shadow in a brook."

According to the story, Narcissus got stuck on himself and when he saw his image in the pool tried to kiss it and falling in was drowned. Unfortunately egotism these days seldom meets so well deserved a fate, but there is still hopes the kaiser may follow the ancient example.

It sounds like old time fighting to read about the cavalry taking part in it. It also makes it look as though the war was to be fought out on the surface of the earth instead of under it. This is the case largely on the Italian front as well as on the British.

A CHEERING OMEN

While the Americans had no part in the drive which has sent the Hindenburg line smashed into the discard, it is undoubtedly true that the presence of American troops to the number of a couple of hundred thousand heartened the British and gave them confidence. Apparently the British have been afraid to advance and follow up their gains as they did in the latest smash. Not that the individual bravery was lacking, for British valor has been tested too often and never found wanting to even permit such a thought, but that the leaders feared some trap, some loss that would weaken their defense to the danger point. This fear of the advent of the Americans has removed. It is a happy omen that with the addition of the American troops the greatest victory has been won. If this is the result of moral aid what will happen when the boys in khaki get into action along with their allies?

Those Germans who had never seen a "tank" until a herd of them broke through the entanglements and swooped down on them Wednesday must have felt much as a fellow would who woke up to find himself back in the reptilian age with a gathering of Ichthyosauri dinotheriidae, mastodons, megatheriums, plesiosaurs, pterodactyls and the like making combined attack on him. It surely must have been the delirium tremens stage of war.

According to an opinion given out by Attorney General Brown, under the Oregon laws a coroner can hold an inquest on a person not yet dead. This in case of one being dangerously wounded when such inquest may disclose the person inflicting the wound. This makes it quite proper to discuss, well—some gubernatorial aspirants.

Evidently there is considerable difference between the way the German soldiers and the civilians fare. Accounts of the capture of trenches in Haig's latest drive tell of luxuriantly furnished quarters of officers with wine and cigars plentiful. This is quite a contrast with the conditions at home if stories of such are true.

The Southern Pacific cannot get freight cars built but the Twoby Brothers of Portland have taken a contract to build 2,500 for the Russians. In the meanwhile the car shortage on the company's lines in this state is less than this number, being only about 2,200.

General Starvation may prove to be the leader to bring the Russian people back under some form of government. He is a great disciplinarian, and that is what Russia most needs.

"There are no birds in last year's nests," says the proverb. The same cannot be said of cold storage plants where chickens of the vintage of 1915, it is claimed, can be found.

From the character of the fog yesterday it must have been a small section of Puget Sound weather got away from the weatherman and drifted over into the valley.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

NOVEMBER WINDS

November winds are sad and bleak, November winds are cold; they make our knees and shoulders creak, when we are waxing old. I hate the wind's forbidding tune, I hate the long cold rain; I wish the year could be all June, the month that's safe and sane. When winter's tempests blow I laugh, and summer hits the spot; November, though, is half and half—it's neither cold nor hot. A man can't tell six hours ahead what weather he may meet; perhaps the sun will paint things red, there may be snow and sleet. The minster clock is striking nine, and I lie down to doze; the night is mild, and sleeping's fine, so I kick off the clothes. I kick them off at frightful cost; there comes a north wind bold; my whiskers gleam with ice and frost, I've caught a beastly cold. Asthmatic breaths I now must draw, like other careless boobs; the surgeon comes with knife and saw, to carve my bronchial tubes. The doctor comes with dope and pills, and plasters for my chest; the druggist comes, with leg-long bills, until I cannot rest. I hate the bleak November day, I hate the rain and sleet; I wish the year could be all May, the month that's good as wheat.



WALT MASON

Automobile Ordinance May Have Opposition

The proposed ordinance for the parking of automobiles in the business section of the city is just at present receiving considerable attention from the business men. At the meeting last evening of the members of the Commercial club, C. S. Hamilton said that such an ordinance would be telling the farmers they were not wanted. It seems that the business men have plenty of opinions on the subject but they are rather timid about talking out loud for fear some customers might be offended. Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock 25 cars were parked on the south side

of State street on the one block between the Salem Bank of Commerce building and the Oregon Electric depot. The block on Commercial street between the U. S. National bank building and the Gale dry goods store is generally parked solid during the afternoon. Both of these blocks would come in the forbidden district during business hours should the ordinance pass Nov. 30. Today there was some talk of getting out a petition asking the city fathers not to pass the ordinance. When this news was spread on the street, those favoring the ordinance proposed getting out a petition of their own in order that the councilmen might have something to read both pro and con at their next session.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

ANGER AND EMBARRASSMENT.

CHAPTER LXV.
Before I turned and surreptitiously glanced around I knew it was handsome Fred Langworth who was talking. I had seen no one else that I knew. But I assured myself that it was he, then hurried on my way; my face flushing with anger and embarrassment.

In the quick, casual glance I threw behind me I had noted the style and beauty of the woman to whom Bob's friend had been talking; and I fairly trembled with rage as I recalled the words he had used in describing me. I was a "streak" a "strait-laced female" from whom he felt like praying to be delivered. And they had pitied Bob because he was tied to me—as Mr. Langworth had expressed it. A nice crowd for Bob to be running around with! People that didn't hesitate to criticize me, his wife, and to pity him. I would tell him just what I had heard. Perhaps he would see that his Bohemian friends were not as perfect as he would have me think.

"I met one of your friends today," I told him at dinner, trying to keep the indignation I felt from my voice.

"You did! Who was it?" he asked.

"That fellow you introduced me to at the Revout, Mr. Langworth."

Up to the time I mentioned the name Bob had shown little or no interest. Now however he was all attention.

"Where did you see him?"

"At the restaurant where I had my luncheon."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, he spoke to me."

"What did he have to say. He's usually well worth listening to."

"He said I was a 'streak,' a 'strait-laced female' and that he pitied you."

"What are you talking about, Margaret? Fred Langworth never said such things to you—that is, unless he's gone crazy."

"He may be crazy for all I know, but he certainly said just what I have told you he did. It makes no difference that he said it to some one else as long as I overheard it."

"Will you tell me what you are talking about, Margaret?"

"I am telling you what your friend said."

"You must have misunderstood him."

"I did not misunderstand, he was altogether too plain in his speech," I replied, then went on and told Bob just what Mr. Langworth had said and also described the woman with him. "I hope you will be ready to believe me when I say they are not proper people for you to associate with. The idea of pitying you! I should think it would make you furious."

Bob made no reply and I persisted.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, I am not deaf."

"And you do not resent his pity?"

"We'll not talk about that."

When talking to Bob all the indignation I had felt when I heard myself discussed by Fred Langworth returned. I could hear again the mocking laughter of the handsome woman with him, and I lost all control of myself. I raged and stormed. I declared that I would do something desperate unless Bob swore he never would have anything to do with such people again. They had insulted me, and him thru me. He must resent it by dropping them completely.

"But suppose Fred Langworth told the truth," Bob said calmly as I stopped for breath to go on.

"Why?"

"Suppose you were just what he said you were. What reason then have cause for complaint?" Bob interrupted me to ask.

"You don't understand. Bob! he called me a streak and other horrid things."

"Aren't you rather strait-laced, Margaret? I believe that was one of the names he called you. And even I have thought you rather uninteresting at times when you would talk of nothing but the servant or the ill of the children. That was what he meant when he compared you to a piece of wood. Poor Fred! he would feel dreadfully if he knew you had overheard him. He wouldn't hurt the feelings of a child."

I was frantic. It was unbelievable.

My own husband making excuses for the man who had so insulted me. I wondered if other men were like that. I mentioned it to Bob. Her advice was always to keep anything which belittled you from your husband. But I hadn't talked to her! and I HAD told Bob, and he had been simply contemptuous of the entire affair. So finding that my anger, my complaints, did not move him, I commenced to cry. At first I sobbed in a low tone, but as he went on reading I cried harder and harder until he threw down his paper with an unaccustomed oath, and flung himself out of the room and out of the house.

I held my breath as I heard the front door open and close, then the elevator stop to take him down.

I ran wildly to the window to call him back, but he never looked up although I was sure he heard me call.

(Tomorrow—A Night of Waiting)



MANY WITH BUT ONE PURPOSE

INDIVIDUALLY and collectively the members of every household can promote the practice of Thrift by spending as little and saving as much as is consistent with the income. Separate and joint-bank-account facilities are available in both Savings and Checking departments of the United States National.

May we help YOU to open an account here?

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Salem Oregon

And He Did



Government Will Hold Stenographers' Examination

A civil service examination in stenography and typewriting will be given on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 6, by the civil service examiner at the rooms of the Capital business college. In order to complete the examination in one evening, the work will begin at 7 o'clock.

Those taking the examination just for stenography and typewriting or for typewriting alone, need not necessarily be examined in spelling, penmanship, letter writing or arithmetic. One may be rated just for stenography and again for typewriting, or both. Those making the average of 70 per cent are certified on to Washington and when help is needed, the call for services comes from Washington with orders where to report.

Those making a record under 70 per cent, and even as low as 40 per cent will be put on the list as clerks, and will have a chance for a civil service job. If the applicant fails in typewriting, there is still a chance for an appointment as stenographer. The fact is the government needs about 10,000 stenographers and typists and the woman that makes a fair average may get a job at from \$75 to \$100 a month.

annual meeting yesterday at the Court-house.

The resolution was presented by Samuel White, the retiring president.

Circuit Judge Tucker was elected president and Albert B. Bidgway and A. M. Dibble were re-elected secretary and treasurer, respectively.

The following members of the executive committee were chosen: R. B. Beckman, Warren E. Thomas, Oscar Hyster, A. P. Elgood, Charles W. Cochran, H. S. Cushman and Hugh Montgomery.

Retiring President Speaks.

A vice-president for each of the judicial districts of the state was chosen as follows: F. M. Calkins, John S. Coke, Percy R. Kelly, George W. Stapleton, James U. Campbell, G. W. Phelps, Fred W. Wilson, Gustav Anderson, Dalton Biggs, John W. Knowles, David B. Parker, Harry H. Belt, D. V. Kaykendall, L. F. Conn, T. E. J. Duffer, George R. Bagley and James A. Eakin.

Prior to the election of officers talks were given by L. T. Harris, associate justice of the supreme court, and Charles H. Carey, of Portland, Mr. White also made his address as retiring president, in which he urged the attorneys of Oregon to render at all times any patriotic service which they might be called upon to do during the war.

Guy Bolton who wrote the book for "Miss Springtime" is an architect, and works for the theatre more for recreation than business. He is also the husband of Marguerite McNamara, Los Angeles prima donna.

The Daily Novelette

THE BLAST.

(Great Inventions Series)
The clean little town of Van Smelt, Holland, on the afternoon of May 3, 1904, was bathed in a restful quiet broke only by the shrieking of wind-mills, the barking of dogs, and the sound of Ludvig Meerchaum's Patriotic brass band at its daily practicing. (See Mammie Deet's "Holland Sounds".)

The members of the Patriotic Brass Band played with such verve and pep that they got stitches in their diaphragms, but still Ludvig Meerchaum, their indefatigable leader, was not satisfied.

"Sticks toofer," (it won't do) he told them. "There is still something lacking—a certain dash—a certain spice—an indefinable something. We will now play John Philip Von Bump's 'Holland Hurrah' with more attention to the bass pumbers and the Andalusian horn. All ready."

And they played Von Bump's masterpiece as if had never been played before, with the result that at the last note two bass pumbers and three Andalusian horn players rolled off their seats unconscious. But still Meerchaum's face wore a perplexed frown.

"Zweibach gonken!" (nothing like it), he exclaimed.

Just then the drummer blew his nose so forcefully that the rafters rang with echoes.

"Oshenkuck!" (at last), cried Ludvig Meerchaum. And that very afternoon he set his instrument makers to work, and within a week his band was enriched by the addition of the world's first slide trombone.

Many a joy ride ends in a grief-ride.

Start Tomorrow and Keep It Up Every Morning

Get in the habit of drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

We're not here long, so let's make our stay agreeable. Let us live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, and look well, what a glorious condition to attain, and yet, how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning liniment bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyday, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of red hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of inside bathing before breakfast.

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