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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

ROOSEVELT ALWAYS A RENEGADE.

Roosevelt has had another attack of mental anthrax. It is already in the "mouth" stage. The Colonel is never happy unless he has his mouth working, and there is perhaps no one particular thing on earth that works as steadily and says as little as that same Roosevelt mouth. It makes no difference to him what it is he is attacking, so it is something. As a republican he attacked his own party and its leaders whenever they had the temerity to differ with him in their political ideas. After accepting office at their hands for eight years he turned against the party as soon as it asserted it was bigger than he, and started a party of his own. This new party was managed peacefully by him so long as none of its members dared express an opinion about anything. Then the Colonel turned the vials of his wrath loose at the republican party, jumped onto Lodge and all other senators who dared disagree with him, defeated not only the party that had honored him with the highest office on earth, but later turned upon and strangled his own illegitimate political offspring. Now he forces himself to the front to defend the party he has treated so disgracefully and the leaders he so carelessly abused. The disgusting thing about it is that the old party and those whom he attacked seem to like it and go out of their way to lick the hand of the greatest political mouthbank, the most treacherous politician, the most false friend and the greatest egotist the world has ever known. The Colonel has never forgiven President Wilson for not sending him across to France in charge of an untrained force to display himself in the hope of again heading the republican ticket for the presidency. A self respecting politician would hesitate long before being found in company with the great four-flusher, but from the way those republicans whom he has kicked the hardest and treated the worst, act, it would seem they are of the mold that needs a master to kick them into licking his hand.

PRE-ELECTION ECONOMY.

The Oregonian on its front page publishes the statement that Governor Withycombe by a few strokes of his mighty axe had lopped off \$178,616.38 from the budget submitted by Warden Murphy of the penitentiary, for the coming biennium. This is a very coarse piece of political camouflage, as the governor knows he can change the figures after the election and make them as large as those submitted by the warden. Not only that but he knows it makes no difference whether the budget covers the expenses of the prison or not, for the emergency board is always available to correct any little mistakes of this kind. The budget as submitted by Warden Murphy totaled \$491,650.30 and the governor slashed it to \$313,040.92. But a few days ago the governor asked the other members of the board of control to assist him in making out or going over this budget, but when they ran against an item of something more than \$200,000 above the last year's expenses, they both refused to act. They said they could only suggest and as the governor had the only power over the matter it was better the whole affair be left in his control. It was, and as the Oregon correspondent stated the governor went after it with his axe, chopping off a chunk regardless of whether he chopped in the right place or not.

The allies took more than 25,000 prisoners in the last drive on the Italian front. As these were nearly all Austrians the reason for Emperor Charles' hurry to have peace negotiations started is easily understood. Unless peace is made soon there will be nothing for the allies to make peace with.

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POPULATION AND CIRCULATION.

There is a general belief that the population of Salem has decreased in the past year. Many people have been attracted to the shipyards, and the drain for war service has been especially heavy.

If there are fewer people in the city that fact is not reflected in the circulation of the Daily Capital Journal, which should be a pretty good barometer, because no soliciting is ever done in the city by this paper and probably about everybody reads it. Not all subscribe for it of course, because some people swap papers and others borrow them or read them in public places.

In the summer season the city circulation of the Capital Journal drops down 200 or 300 daily and then gradually builds up during the fall and winter and in this connection it is interesting to note that the circulation has already reached high water mark, and will probably make a new record during the winter. This is what makes us think that the population of Salem is probably as large as ever, because no soliciting has been done this fall to build up the list, and the increase is likely due to people getting back home for the winter as usual. Now we are distributing over 2500 papers in the city every evening, which is as high as the circulation has ever gone, indicating that it is headed for a new record before the first of the year.

And speaking of circulations, the Capital Journal is up against the proposition of getting rid of some of it, or having trouble with the War Industries Board. We have been ordered, in common with other publishers, to reduce our consumption of news print 15 per cent, compared with the amount used during the first six months of the year. We have tried honestly to do it, have cut off exchanges, all free copies, many service and advertisers' copies, but the natural growth of the list continues to send the circulation figures higher every month. This week the daily circulation runs above 4800—the exact figures being 4855 for Monday, and 4865 for Tuesday, according to the detailed record kept for the Audit Bureau of Circulations, of which this paper is a member. Saturday demand always runs higher and will probably exceed 5000 this week, which is a new record for a regular daily newspaper edition in Salem.

What we started out to say, however, was our belief that Salem is not suffering materially from loss of population, and we are ready to back up our circulation figures as giving about the most reliable practical basis for this conclusion.

The Oregon Magazine, published by Murray Wade, the well-known cartoonist, issues a neat and attractive number for November. The articles are unusually interesting, especially one contributed by Chief Justice Thomas A. McBride, under the caption "I Remember." It is made up of the reminiscences of a busy life of three score and ten years, and recalls many incidents of a humorous character that are really worth preserving. His stories of pioneer jurists recall some names well-known in Oregon history. Prof. James Matthews tells of "Willamette's Past" and the historical narrative of the pioneer university is well written. S. H. Van Trump is author of "A Fruit Inspector's Story," which tells of the duties of that official position and its value to the fruit growers. Col. J. H. Cradlebaugh contributes one of his best mining camp poems, "They Heard The Baby Cry", and there are a number of other articles of varied interest. Murray Wade himself plays the role of illustrator, sandwiching many clever little sketches throughout the number. The Oregon Magazine is indeed a publication that is worthy the great state from which it takes its name.

The advocates of the re-election of Withycombe as a "war" governor are no longer pointing with pride to his superb state military police force. So far as returns have been received the governor is the only voter in the state who has expressed himself as pleased with the \$250,000 organization.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

WHEN PEACE COMES.

I know not when that peace will come, for which the people yearn; I know not when the sword and drum will to their shelves return. But I am sure that peace will be all wool and three feet wide, a fabric beautiful to see, no shoddy threads inside. No lords of war will help to weave the web o'er which we'll toil, and none who think that to deceive is authorized by Hoyle. The pattern (which should never fade) won't be designed by chaps who think the pledges they have made are merely paper scraps. I know not when the guns will cease the serenade of war, but I am sure the coming peace is well worth scrapping for. Long sacrifice has made us wise, we're on to Prussian wiles; we can't be lured by Prussian lies, or fooled by Prussian smiles. Before we deal with gents like these and let our sabres rust, the Prussians must be on their knees and humbled in the dust. I know not when great Foch will say, "Cease firing! All is done!" But we shall make, on that fair day, no bargain with the Hun. We'll show the fabric made by men who fairly played the game, and if he doesn't like it, then he'll have to lump the same.

How George Washington Was Maligned By Radicals

In the Oregon State Library (Salem) is an interesting fine volume called "The Making of the Nation," donated to the library by the Oregon Society of the Sons of the Revolution. Francis A. Walker, Ph.D., L.L.L., president of the Massachusetts Institute of Archeology, is the author. The following extract is repeated from this work and it seems timely now in view of the partisan criticism of President Wilson:

"Measures so outrageous made war (1794), in the then feeling of the nation, imminent and seemingly inevitable. More than all others the United States had come, by force both of tradition and of interest, to represent and champion the rights of neutral trade. Our 'carrying' business was very large; and our people were fully determined to protect it, not only from motives of gain but from sentiments of national pride. A temporary embargo upon American ports was voted in March, 1794, in order that our ships might not be caught at sea in the event of war. A bill was passed for fortifying certain rivers and harbors, and a report was adopted largely increasing the army. War would have been justifiable but the great interest of the nation was peace. So Washington saw it; so we now see it to have been, and in spite of clamor, in the face of passion, the president determined upon a last effort for a peaceful solution of the difficulties. To this end he selected Chief Justice Jay, a federalist, and therefore esteemed by the opposition a friend of England, but a man of the loftiest character and the most fervent patriotism, to proceed to England and open negotiations. In November, 1794, Judge Jay concluded a treaty; and in same.

"We should despair of giving the reader an idea of the intensity of the indignation with which the republican party opposed the mission of Jay and denounced the outcome. The debates on the 'British treaty' are among the most memorable of the senate, while the agitation in the house of representatives, which was republican, and throughout the country, was wholly unparalleled. Then it was that the house struck out the phrase 'unimpaired confidence' from an address to the president; then it was that Virginia, by her legislature, refused to declare her trust in Washington; then it was that vituperation spared not the august chief who had conducted the states thus far in war and in peace with the universal acclaim of his countrymen. Anti-treaty mobs filled the streets of New York and Boston; Jay was burned in effigy; Hamilton stoned.

"Looking back calmly at this series of events we can say that, while the treaty sacrificed no American rights, it granted far less than our people were entitled to claim; and was therefore open to criticism. The western posts were, indeed, to be surrendered, and indemnity granted to the sufferers by search or capture. A few concessions, also were made to American commerce. But, in the main, the British government maintained its commercial system in full vigor, and by no means renounced the right of search and imprisonment on the high seas. Those great questions the Jay treaty still left to be decided later, as it proved, by the arbitration of war; but we cannot doubt that the United States were fortunate in attaining a postponement of that contest until twenty years more had nearly doubled their population and had compacted the national strength."

WANTS TROOPS WITHDRAWN

Washington, Oct. 29.—Lettonia, one of the Russian Baltic provinces, has organized a provisional government and has renewed its demands to Berlin that German troops be withdrawn from Lettonian territory, diplomatic advices from Stockholm today stated.

The Wife

By JANE PHELPS

BRIAN AND MOLLIE ARE UNCONSCIOUS THAT THEY ARE WATCHED.

CHAPTER LXVI.

The next morning, recollecting that he had made an engagement to take Mollie to dinner that night, so filling his evening, Brian wrote Ruth a short note as well as replying to her wire. Then he went about his office duties whistling gaily. His duty done, he was free to anticipate the coming of the evening.

There was a time when women had no choice. They were either wives, or falling that, daughters. No rivalry between business and wifehood existed. Now Ruth, in a sense, had realized that rivalry from the time she had gone to work for Arthur Mandel—realized it but with no slightest idea of surrendering either.

Wifehood and a career. Why not? She was young, strong, ambitious. She loved Brian, she would do all in her power to make him happy. She was intensely interested in her work, and would do everything possible to make it a success.

She fully intended to keep a cheery, sweet home for Brian. She would not allow her business even to creep into her talks with him. Yet she wistfully longed to talk of it to him, to tell him of her plans. But she must force herself to do the things HE wanted to do, to talk of the things in which he was interested. Not only for his sake, but for the sake of her own happiness.

Whenever Ruth was away from Brian

HINT FROM BEAUTY EXPERT

There is a sculptor in New York who has had one of the most interesting careers of any man in this country. At one time he was a ladies' hair dresser. He later became an opera singer, thence drifted into farming in the great northwest, and finally found himself in a sculptor's studio in one of the old parts of New York.

He is a man that never speaks unless he is sure of his subject. On the other hand, he is quite a society leader and from time to time has dropped hints among his lady friends on how they can beautify themselves and keep young looking. The other day at a studio tea, at which ten women of social prominence were gathered, he remarked how necessary it was for women to prevent having gray streaks in their hair. He also took a leaf from his experience and mentioned Q-Bar Hair Color Restorer as being the truest and most reliable remedy he knew of to restore hair that showed signs of gray.

"It seems strange," he said, "that I who had been in the business of hair dressing would denounce dyeing the hair and advocate this restorer." But those who knew the gentleman appreciated his sincerity.

she felt that nothing in the world was worth very much without his approval. She was disturbed by doubts, and often by jealous thoughts. Yet never did she allow anything of this to affect her work. That must be done, and done to the best of her ability. It was in the evening when she sat alone in some lonely hotel room, that the doubts came; that the jealous thoughts made her unhappy.

Often she wondered if, had she been less keen for her own independence, she could have helped Brian to push himself more rapidly. Always she decided, no if it wasn't in him, she could do no more than she had done. Yet always there was Brian—alone, and—Mollie King.

One moment Ruth would grow cold at the possibility of losing Brian's love, the next a wave of something very like defiance would rush over her.

But all this was when she and Brian were separated.

So now she wondered if he were missing her—wondered, and longed to know. While Brian satisfied that she would have her wire from him before night, her letter the next morning, closed the office early and went to meet Mollie King.

They had decided to dine at one of the village restaurants, a place patronized by strangers in the city as well as by the villagers themselves.

Strange, it should happen that on that very night Arthur Mandel had consented to join a party at that very restaurant for dinner. He cared nothing for such places, but they were out-of-town business acquaintances, so he went along.

With the perversity of fate, they were given a table next to that already occupied by Brian and Mollie.

"I hope that good looking man, the one with the dark hair and eyes, will know us the next time he sees us," Mollie whispered to Brian. "Perhaps

he knows you. He hasn't taken his eyes off of us since he sat down."

"It is more than likely he is trying to flirt with you," Brian's quick jealousy immediately aroused. Had he known that it was Ruth's employer who evinced such an interest he might have been more careful in his remark, which, judging from Mandel's expression, he had overheard.

"Let him try! that's all the good it will do. Now, Brian, tell me all about yourself," and soon, the next table and its occupants forgotten, Brian was telling Mollie King, the sympathetic, of his worries, and his hope of ultimate success.

Arthur Mandel caught much of what he said, as Brian's voice was of a penetrating quality, even when he spoke in a low tone. Then after a while, their dinner finished, they rose to go. As they passed the table where Mandel and his guests were seated, Brian said distinctly:

"We'll go there tomorrow night."

"So it's every night when she's away," Mandel thought as he watched them leave. "She's a pretty girl, but the man's a fool. Ruth is worth a dozen of her," he had lately taken to thinking of his employe as "Ruth" altho he always addressed her punctiliously as "Mrs. Hackett."

During the remainder of his stay at the restaurant, he was the gayest one at the table. Surely things were happening that would eventually throw Ruth into his arms. He could afford to wait. She was worth serving seven years for, if necessary. And she had refused to take a couple of days' rest at the Springs because he, that young fool, would be lonely!

That night Arthur Mandel slept soundly. Happy in the thought that he would soon make up to Ruth for all the neglect Brian had made her suffer.

Tomorrow—Mollie is Dangerously Sympathetic.

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