

The Capital Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published every evening except Sunday by the Capital Journal Printing Co., 130 South Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.
GEORGE PUTNAM Editor and Publisher
Telephones—Circulation and Business office, 81; Editorial rooms 82.
National Advertising Representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Building, New York, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building, Chicago.
AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION 5200
Certified by Audit Bureau of Circulation.
FULL LEASE WIRE TELEGRAPH SERVICE
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

Rippling Rhymes.
By Walt Mason.

NOVEMBER
November's here, with landscapes drear, and winds that chill the human gear; they seem to sigh, as they whiz by, 'Prepare, prepare, for winter's blizzard!' The trees are bare; as in despair, before the winds they writhe and totter; the skies are bleak and often look a lot of cheap denatured water. November's here; the dismal year is growing feeble, halt and sickly; he's cash his checks and join the wrecks in time's world famous honeyard quickly. Thus years roll on; they come, they're gone; they seem to linger for a second; they come and grin, and they're all in before their curves are fairly receded. A year quite new looms up in view, a year that's bold and lithe and clever; so full of pep his buoyant step, you'd think that he would last forever. But while you look he shrinks, gazook! The bloom is from his cheek departed; his slanks grow lean, and he is seen a garf-fer bent and broken-hearted. November's here, the fields are sere, the flowers, indoors, are safely potted; the birds are gone from hedge and lawn, the seasons' flies have all been swatted. The Teuts are whipped; they're badly nipped by too much culture, no much hat-ing; Thanksgiving day, not far away, looms up as something worth awaiting.

Odds and Ends

But What's in a Name
Now that the autumn is dry, an enterprising dopologist has compiled the following for the benefit of summer vacationists: Rye, N. Y.; Bourbon, Ill.; Green River, Ky.; Sliquor, Mo.; Champagne, Ill.; Brandy Keg, Ky.; Brandy Camp, Pa.; Brandy City, Cal.; Port, Okla.; Sherry, Texas; Brandywine, W. Va.; Ginn, Miss.; Wine, Va.; Tank, Pa.; Boose, Tenn.; Drinker, Pa.; Aqua, Va.; Vicky, Mo.; and Litchin, Fla. Take your choice.—The Wheeling Register.
Just So
'Mrs. Gasley is a great gossip.'
'Yes, she has a keen sense of humor.'—Blighty (London).
The Latest Excuse
Farmer: 'Hey, there, how came you to be up in my apple tree?'
Boy: 'Please, mister, I just fell out of an airplane.'—London Opinion.
Naturally
'I suppose when Hungary settles its government it will choose its form of national assembly.'
'Why should it?'
'Because it's just might not agree with its own constitution.'—Baltimore American.
New Variety
'Mama, I want a dark breakfast.'
'Dark breakfast? What do you mean child?'
'Why, last night you told Mary to give me a light supper, and I didn't like it.'—Blighty (London).
Victim of Environment
'Dark told me he loved me, but I don't know whether to marry him or not.'
'Don't you think he tells the truth?'
'I've no doubt the dear boy tries to, but you see he works in the weather bureau.'—Boston Transcript.
Korean English
HYOK SIN CHYUM
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—The Koreana Magazine.
Keeping it Dark
Master of the house: 'Why did you tell the mistress what time I came in this morning, after I expressly paid you and told you not to?'
The Cook: 'Sure, sir, an' Oi didn't tell her. She asked me what time you got in, an' Oi told her Oi was so busy getting the breakfast that Oi didn't look at the clock.'—Blighty (London).
When Insomnia Sets In
'Do the trolley cars keep you awake?'
'Never,' said Mr. Grosdola. 'It's when there's a threat to stop 'em that I get nervous and can't sleep.'—Washington Star.
Interesting Bed
Little Roy had returned from a week's visit to his aunt, and was trying to describe the folding bed he had been sleeping in. 'It lays down at night, mums, and stands on its hind legs in the daytime.'—Boston Transcript.

STEEL MORALITY.

IN REFUSING to submit the differences causing the steel strike to arbitration, Elbert H. Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation declares that "questions of moral principle cannot be arbitrated nor compromised and such questions are included in the present unfortunate struggle. * * * We cannot negotiate or confer with union leaders concerning our employes."
The "moral" principal involved is the right of employers to autocratic control of industry, and the denial to employes of the right to organize for collective bargaining with employers. In other words, the greatest organization of capital in America denies on "moral" grounds the right of similar organization to workmen.
A few years ago President Baer of the anthracite coal trust also declared that "moral" principles prevented the recognition of the coal miners' right to organize and that it was the "divine right" of employers to impose such conditions as they chose upon employes.
Only a year ago the kaiser was asserting a similar "moral" principle which could not be arbitrated nor compromised--the divine right of kings to impose such conditions as they chose upon their subjects.
For four years Germany waged a bloody war to enforce the "moral" principle--and we have the word of German rulers, clergy and press that it was "highly moral"--of the right of Germans to rule the world and impose such conditions as they chose upon "inferior" peoples.
The morals of autocracy are the same the world over--the divine right of the few to exploit the many. There is little difference in principle between the medieval monarch and the modern industrial magnate. The morality of both is the denial of democracy.
It is almost as edifying to hear Gary discuss steel trust ethics as it would be to hear Pecksniff prate virtue. Steel profits have been based upon the exploitation of humanity, upon muleting monopoly, upon ruthless ruin of competition, upon open and clandestine defiance of the law, upon the preying profiteering essential for returns upon swollen and inflated securities as well as upon organization and efficiency.
To retain these autocratic principles in the past, the steel captains had no hesitation in precipitating the slaughter of the innocent at Homestead, and they have no scruples in resorting to a reign of blood and iron at the present. And we may expect Mr. Gary to weep for the slain workers as the kaiser wept for poor Louvain.
Whether or not the steel workers win recognition of their rights in the present effort depends largely upon the strength of their organization, but there can be no question of their eventual success, for autocracy must go if democracy is to remain--whether it is the autocracy of the throne or that of the counting house. The future of mankind demands it, and human progress assures it.

HUNTING A HUSBAND

By Mary Douglas
THE GIRL WHO BLUSHED
Mrs. Ashby had interesting news for us. Margot, Winthrop Carter,--and Mr. Arnold were to come to dinner. My heart gave a sudden wild twist. Then I looked at Bonnie. His face was not, sullen. He did not look at either of us. Bonnie was suffering. And I was the cause.
'I will do something--find some way to make him see things as they are. But now--I would see George Arnold again. I said the name over softly, to myself. As we went into the house, I rang for Julia. "Would you do my hair tonight?"
"With pleasure, Miss Lane."
I jumped into a warm, fragrant bath. I put on my daintiest things. Then I touched the button beside my bed. And asked for Julia.
"Shall I do your hair high, with curls?"
Some instinct guided my choice. "No, simply, as last night, with the tiny silver ribbon."
My hair was done. Again I slipped into my little white frock of chiffon. I had worn it every evening at Lounge Vue. But he had never seen it.
My cheeks were paler than usual. My eyes seemed darker. And slightly circled with violet.
I did not leave my room until seven. At the turn of the stairs I met Mrs. Ashby. She was even more stunning than usual. She was dressed in tangerine scarlet. She seemed more the "Carmen" than ever. Long black carriages swung from her ears. A black onyx band circled one bare white arm.
Margot was already in the drawing room. She was posed in a high backed chair of heavy oak. Against it she was lovely. Mysterious and enticing, the green lights in her strange eyes, were enhanced by her sea-green frock.
I felt like an untried school girl--there.
Well I might. For George Arnold acknowledged my presence only with a bow. Then he was caught in the quick light beams of their talk.
But Bonnie, too, sat silent. He did not look at me. Did not seem to notice my presence. But I knew he was aware of the slightest turn of my head.
It happened when the desert was brought in.
Margot told a story--slightly risque. Then Mrs. Ashby followed it by another. Everyone burst into roars of laughter.
But the color burned in my cheeks. And my eyes were on my plate. "Only to get away," I thought. The next moment I was startled, frightened.
For Mr. Arnold was on his feet. "I drink to the girl who can still blush, Miss Lane!"
They drank the toast. But there was a subtle difference. No one told another story.
And when the men rejoined us in the

would have terrible spells of headaches every day or so. To make matters worse I was attacked with rheumatism in my arms and legs, and this caused me no end of pain and misery. I was nervous, too, and never got a good night's sleep. I finally reached the point where I had given up all hope of ever being well again.
"One day my husband suggested that I stop taking the medicine I was using and give Tanlae a trial. Then, too, several of my friends who had been taking Tanlae gave me the same advice, so I got a bottle and commenced taking it, and in a weeks time I was feeling a whole lot better. I have just finished my fourth bottle now, and it is simply wonderful the way I have improved. Why, I have actually gained ten pounds already, and feel so well and strong that I do all my housework without the least trouble. I was feeling so well last week that I actually did the family washing, and it has been many years since I was able to do a thing like that. My appetite is fine and everything I eat agrees with me perfectly. I sleep just like a baby every night and feel rested and refreshed when I get up in the mornings. I never suffer from headaches now, and the rheumatism has left me, and I don't have that awful pain in my back any more. In fact, I am just enjoying fine health in every way, and I give Tanlae credit for it all."
Tanlae is sold in Salem by Dr. S. C. Stone, in Hubbard by Hubbard Drug Co., in Mt. Angel by Ben Gooch, in Gervais by John Kelly, in Turner by H. P. Cornelius, in Woodburn by Lyman H. Moore, in Silverton by Geo. Steinhilber, in Gates by Mrs. J. E. McCurdy, in Dayton by C. A. Schuchamp, in Aurora by Aurora Drug Store, in St. Paul by Groceries Stores Co., in Donald by M. W. Johnson, in Jefferson by Foxline & Mason and in Mill City by Marseteria Gro. Co. (Adv.)

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