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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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UNDER FALSE PRETENSES

According to the morning paper in Portland those women on the Golden special did not come to Oregon to tell women how to vote but only to ask them to help those who did not yet have the ballot. What they did tell them, however, was how to vote and whom to vote for, and that was Candidate Hughes. If that was not what they came for why did they do it, and why did the republican "campaign committee" pay the expenses of the trip? The Oregonian is simply telling what it knows is not so, and is deliberately doing so. Regardless of whether they are wealthy, or the train paid for by wealthy women, they came here to tell the Oregon women, who by their own efforts achieved the ballot, how to vote to help them—by voting for Mr. Hughes. A sense of decency would have suggested that instead of coming here to instruct, they would have come to sit at the feet of the Oregon women voters and learn from them how to win the ballot. Instead, having failed in their own fight for suffrage, they come clear across the continent to tell the women who made a successful fight for the ballot what they should do with it. It is the barefaced assumption of superiority of these eastern women that is galling to the sensible, solid Oregon woman voter. It is the assumption that the women of Oregon did not know enough to vote without instruction from these social and settlement workers, that galls. Yet here in Oregon was the leader of the suffrage movement. A woman so far above these eastern visitors mentally, as the sky is above the earth. A woman who was battling for suffrage when some of these would be advisers were in leading strings. And what could they tell our Oregon women, that they did not know? Could they give any reason for the women of this state supporting Hughes as far as the suffrage movement was concerned other than that Mr. Hughes had repudiated his party's platform and had announced that personally he was for national suffrage? Was it necessary to travel clear across the continent to deliver such a message? The truth is the party was sent here to work for Hughes and not for suffrage; and the members of that party are deliberately trying to deceive the women voters of the state when they make the assertion they are seeking help to get the suffrage for themselves. They are hired spellbinders working for pay just like any other crowd of political word-mongers, and they are trying to obtain votes for Hughes under false pretenses.

The excursion was the idea of Miss Ann Morgan, daughter of the late king of Wall street and sister of the reigning monarch. The treasurer is Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, heiress to the Harriman millions. Associated in the enterprise with her are Mrs. Robert Bacon, whose husband, as a partner of Morgan, was made assistant secretary of state by Roosevelt and later ambassador to France, and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, widow of the California bonanza king.

On the train fund committee are: Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim of the smelter trust; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, representing inherited millions of railroad capital. Miss Maude Wetmore of the wealthy Rhode Island family; Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, whose husband, Nicholas Longworth, inherited a large fortune; Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, whose husband is a Philadelphia partner of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, wife of the sugar trust and Standard Oil magnate; Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, mother of William Randolph Hearst, owner of untold millions in American mines and Mexican plantations; Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who has undertaken to raise half a million dollars to defeat President Wilson; Mrs. John Hayes Hammond, wife of the multi-millionaire mining man; Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wealthy in her own right, whose husband with his inherited millions condoned "the crime of 1916" to follow T. R. into the republican fold; Mrs. William Einstein, wife of the millionaire owner of the Raritan woolen mills; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and others.

These social workers are part and parcel of organized charity, which is dependent upon wealth. Organized charity always spends its efforts to ameliorate conditions as they are and opposes fundamental reforms which would

eliminate the cause—lest in eliminating poverty, plutocracy be eliminated also. They tinker with the social disease due to social injustice, but are careful to preserve the cause of the malady—hence are for Hughes.

OREGON PRODUCTS REACH RECORD PRICES

Hughes speakers open up on a calamity howl the minute they strike Oregon, coached by the local party manager. They help, along with the Portland Oregonian, to advertise Oregon as the pauper state of the Union. They say the Underwood tariff law has crippled our industries until our producers are suffering, and yet wool, one of the products placed on the free list, is selling at 35 and 40 cents a pound; wheat brings from \$1.12 to \$1.18 a bushel in the Willamette valley; eggs 40 cents a dozen; butter 39c; potatoes \$1.15 a hundred; onions \$2.00; hay \$16 to \$18; hogs \$9 to \$9.50 on foot, and practically everything else the farmer has to sell in proportion—the highest prices to producers of this section have known in years.

The largest crop of prunes ever harvested has sold at the highest price received by growers in twenty years. It is contended that the lumber industry has been hit by the Underwood tariff law, but the facts do not bear out this assertion. The industry is suffering more from car-shortage than any other cause at the present time. Lumber was placed on the free list in the Underwood law in the hope that the menace of Canadian competition would cause the mills to reduce prices to a reasonable level. The man who wants to build a house or make other improvements finds the price of lumber in the retail markets practically prohibitive, due apparently to an understanding among the millmen. When the demand was slack they closed their plants rather than reduce prices—and the repeal of the tariff duty on lumber, it must be confessed, has brought no relief to the consumer. Canadian competition has not materialized because of its higher cost of production, and the retail price of lumber throughout the Northwest is still unreasonably high.

Thomas C. Burke, collector of customs in Portland, is authority for the statement that "no lumber of any kind, or shingles, have been imported into Oregon from Canada at any time during the past 10 years." This statement does not say that no Canadian lumber has been imported into other territory in competition with American mills, yet it reveals that any such shipments have been very limited, or Oregon cities with direct transportation from the Canadian mills would have been invaded. Lumber that cost \$7 per thousand four years ago, before the Underwood tariff bill was enacted, now sells at \$15.

An amendment to the constitution is proposed that will exempt all shipping of fifty tons or more capacity whose home ports of registry are in the state of Oregon, from taxation other than that for state purposes. As this would in no manner affect places in the state on tide water, and as there are but two or three such places, and these desire it, there is no reason why the balance of the state should object. Portland, Astoria and Coos Bay would be about the only ports affected, and these counties would lose the local tax. As they are willing to lose this and do not ask the state to surrender any of its rights they should be permitted to do without the tax if they want so to do. Of course they look at it that they will get more returns from the shipping than they would from the tax. If you agree with them you can help the cause along by voting yes after number 302.

The Oregonian paragrapher says that "from any angle the baby carriage has the right of way over the automobile on a crossing." He overlooks the fact that an auto has the right of way over a baby wagon or anything else at a crossing. To be correct he should have stated that the baby carriage has the right of way under an auto at a crossing.

Seventy republican congressmen including Uncle Joe Cannon voted for the Adamson bill. According to Candidate Hughes "they made a cowardly surrender to force," and are unworthy of the confidence of the American people. By the way our own Congressman Mr. Hawley was one of the seventy.



FOOL DRIVERS

The man who drives a motor car where crowds of human beings are, should have his wits as bright and keen as is the sparkling gasoline. A motor is a deadly thing, that's sure to slay and wound and wing, unless the driver's safe and sane, possessed of clear and active brain. How sinful, then, the sodden skate, who says, "Before I pull my freight, along the crowded streets to fly, I'll drink four fingers of old rye." With tanglefoot beneath his belt, he goes as fast as he can pelt; his eyes distorted by old booze, the course of safety he won't choose. In haste to get to other bars, he knocks the wheels from passing cars, and makes the dodging walker swear, and kills a lawyer here and there. He is a messenger of death; and any man whose dark blue breath suggests long sessions at the bar, should never run a motor car. If "Safety First" is what you mean, you can't mix gin and gasoline.

There is a saying among railroadmen that: "You can't railroad on suppositions." This applies also to the driving of an auto. "You can't rely on suppositions being correct. In that unfortunate accident last week in which Mrs. Matlock lost her life, the man driving the car that caused the wreck and death, supposed the car he met would continue on its course, it being on the right side of the road, and so turned out to pass it. His supposition was wrong and death and disaster followed. On the ocean, with unlimited sea room, the big vessels run under a slow bell when the fog is dense, and sound warnings almost continuously. The autoist with a certainty of meeting others runs at full speed gives no warnings and yet has a strip of roadway but fifteen or twenty feet wide in which to pass such others as he meets. One would think with this narrow leeway and the certainty of meeting other autos every little while that the auto driver would use at least as much caution as a big liner on the limitless ocean.

A peculiarity of the prohibition campaign is the tribute paid by Ira Landrith, candidate for vice president, to the drinking man. He says of him: "He is never a tight wad. He who worships the eagle on the dollar seldom worships the bottle on the shelf. The man who becomes a drunkard likes men: the miser has no social instinct. Prohibition of the liquor traffic will save to us a generation of men who would give blessing to their time." Evidently Mr. Landrith understands somewhat about the drinking man, which most prohibition orators do not. There is a great deal of truth in his sizing up of the situation.

Three weeks and it will all be over but the shouting. It is probably all over now if we only knew which way it was all over. We make the prediction that some politicians are going to be badly surprised.

Colonel Roosevelt referred to Jane Addams as the "first citizen of the United States." And now Miss Addams repudiates the colonel's leadership and says she will vote and work for the re-election of Woodrow Wilson.

Those episcopal delegates who are discussing the shortening of the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, had better see Mr. Hughes about it first so as to be certain that it is done right.

An eastern shoe manufacturer says shoes will go higher. They will have to if skirts get any shorter, or leave an interregnum below the genuflection.

The penitentiary has not lost a boarder for three or four days. This is almost as remarkable as the 40 day dry spell at this season of the year.

MISS MARY M'DOWELL CITES REASONS FOR SUPPORTING WILSON

Chicago, Oct. 17.—"I am going to cast my first presidential vote for Mr. Wilson, not because I am a democrat, but because I am an independent, and this is a time to forget parties," is the way Mary McDowell of the University Settlement, Chicago, declared herself for the coming election.

Miss McDowell is one of those who have been leading the fight for humanity for many years. She is going to vote for the president upon his record in the interest of humanity. Her work at the University Settlement has given her a national reputation. She is peculiarly qualified to pass judgment upon the value of the achievements of the democratic administration, and her judgment is, "Mr. Wilson's legislative program is remarkable."

Supported Roosevelt in 1912. In the campaign of 1912, Miss McDowell was one of the most energetic workers for Colonel Roosevelt. The declaration that she will support President Wilson was made in a letter to Colonel George E. Cole, Chicago's most

militant worker for real reform, who is president of the Woodrow Wilson Independent League. After stating her intention to vote for President Wilson, Miss McDowell wrote: "I have come to this conclusion after long consideration, consultation, and reading of papers mostly critical of Wilson's policies. No president since Lincoln has had such tremendous problems thrust at him from every angle; many decisions had to be made without precedents. He made some mistakes. He proved himself human."

Approves of Foreign Policies. "But there was one supreme and irrevocable mistake Mr. Wilson did not make, and for this I give him my vote. Mr. Wilson did not 'pick' Mexico when it was ripe for our picking." South America, Europe and Mexico needed to have proof given them that as a nation we were not for aggression, although a group among us is working all the time for preparedness for this purpose. Mr. Wilson stood the test in the face of aggressive, organized and commercialized public opinion. In his Mexican policy with all its questionable mistakes, he stood always against a 'war for aggression' and a 'war for

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left over waste, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Secretary of Labor Knows Nothing Of It

San Francisco, Oct. 16.—Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson denied today that he is here on any business connected with the government immigration service, as declared in reports recently circulated. He will address a Wilson mass meeting here tomorrow night.

"I have been campaigning for President Wilson and know nothing of reports that Senator Phelan and I will investigate the immigration bureau here," he said.

Tomorrow morning Secretary Wilson will go to Sacramento, returning in time for his night speech.

the protection of private interests." In his painful and difficult negotiations with the European belligerents he has not adopted the cheap policy of "bluffing" nor has he involved us in war. He has endeavored throughout to stand for constructive internationalism. His declaration at the meeting of the League to Enforce Peace that he believes it to be America's obligation to lead in the establishment of an international organization for the preservation of the world's peace marks a new departure in American diplomacy.

"Mr. Wilson's legislative program is remarkable. The child labor law, which Mr. Beveridge urged a republican congress to pass five or six years ago, should win for Mr. Wilson the support of all women who have worked for its passage in state and nation for many years. It is the entering wedge in national legislation toward the establishment of 'social and industrial justice' for which we progressives labored in 1912."



A SURPRISE

CHAPTER II. We had nearly finished our dinner when I heard Muriel gasp. I turned in the direction she was looking, and there, just coming in, was Clifford with two ladies. I had never seen either of them before.

I felt myself grow pale and cold then a fierce wave of indignation swept over me, and my cheeks burned like fire. Clifford, evidently, had not seen us. He piloted the ladies to a table some distance away on the other side of the room. A table for four which had been reserved.

As they seated themselves Clifford's back was toward us; but both women were where I could see them. They were women of about 30 or 35 years, as far as I could judge. Both were exquisitely dressed, and wore wonderful jewels. One of them was medium in coloring and had on a gown of midnight blue tulle with a hat to match. The other one was very dark, almost gypsy like, a fascinating creature in flame color, with an immense black hat, but worn so that it did not hide the masses of her hair—the blackest hair I had ever seen. Clifford was in evening clothes, and looked oh so distinguished and handsome! My foolish heart swelled with pride, even though I was so distressed.

Mr. Franklyn is Embarrassed. After sundry nods and grimaces from Muriel, when she thought I was not looking, Mr. Franklyn's attention was

gained, and she motioned toward Clifford. "Shall I ask Mr. Hammond and his party to join us?" he turned to me. "That is very thoughtful of you," I returned, by an effort keeping my voice steady, "but I would rather not."

"Just as you say," he replied, but he showed his embarrassment so plainly—embarrassment for me—that I determined not to allow the contretemps to spoil their evening.

"No, indeed! it would be a pity to add to our party," and I flattered myself that I laughed quite naturally. "Mr. Hammond had probably made up his party—or accepted his invitation before he knew I was coming—" I stopped suddenly. DID he know I was there? He must have gotten to give him the note I left. He will be as surprised to see me as I am to see him. I thought, then blushed as I realized how lame any explanation I could make would sound. Clifford naturally would ask Mandy where I was, and that would remind her of the message. It was too complicated for me.

When I again looked at Clifford the fourth chair at the table was occupied by a man about Clifford's age and type, although I did not think him as good-looking as my husband. "Who is the other man?" I asked Burton. I felt that a safe question. "Oh, that is Hal Lockwood, a millionaire bachelor. I am surprised you

haven't met him. He's keen to know every pretty woman.

Leonard Broome Joins Them. "Thank you!" I bowed, mockingly, just as Muriel exclaimed:

"This is nice of you Leonard. I had given you up." Muriel had said nothing about expecting Leonard, so after greeting him I remarked:

"This is a very unexpected pleasure!" "To me also," he returned gravely. "I was out when Muriel telephoned me that it was only by the very good luck that I got her message about half an hour ago. Now that I am here I'll have coffee with you, if I am not too late."

"Have the new professionals danced?" he asked after the coffee had been ordered. "Yes, they are going to dance again," I replied as a stir at all the tables drew my attention to the couple. "Will you dance with me?" Leonard asked.

"Oh, not while they are dancing. I want to watch them. You and Muriel dance."

"All right Muriel, come along! We'll leave Burton and Mrs. Hammond to watch them—and us," he laughingly added.

(Tomorrow—Mr. Franklyn Offers to Take Mildred Home.)

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