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PROGRESS AND OUTCOME OF THE WAR.

Dispatches from Berlin show the Germans are setting up their successes in Russia against their apparent reverses in France. It is conceded even by their enemies that the reverses the Germans have met, due principally to Belgium's unexpected and heroic resistance, are in no way decisive of results. The allies admit the German retreat may be only temporary and that the attack may be renewed. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that any attempt Germany or any other country can make toward invasion of Russia is doomed to failure. Napoleon tried it and there is no more pitiful military story told in history than the struggle of the French army, what was left of it, back from that inhospitable country.

It is a country of magnificent distances, and its invasion necessitates the cutting loose from the base of supplies, and instead of having an enemy to face or fight, to find that enemy each day just as far away. Russia can send her troops back and win every time against any invader for the reason she has but to keep out of the way and wait for her natural allies, Cold and Exposure, to destroy her enemies.

If Germany attempts to push the war into Russia, she will be indeed mad.

At the same time, for the allies to invade Germany will be a task so stupendous that they may well hesitate before even entertaining the idea.

It looks now as though there was no chance for Germany to penetrate further into France. In other words, the indications are that the war will now be fought along the German borders with little chance of any results so far as Germany or any of the other countries, except Austria, are concerned. The war bills will have to be paid and it looks as though Austria would be the one that will have them to pay. If she remains on the map after the final peace terms have been agreed upon, it will probably be in a greatly reduced form.

It is rather paradoxical that the centenary celebration of the signing of the treaty of Ghent is to be held Christmas eve in that city despite conditions, and the fact that just now anything that sounds like a treaty of peace is not on the map. The ceremonies will begin Christmas eve, but unless conditions change there will be few of the countries signing that treaty represented unless under a flag of truce.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.

This generation of Americans has never had such an opportunity to become conscious of its blessings as it has now. While the Old World is rocking with the shock of war, while many of the nations involved have to face not only the foe from without, but alienated, unassimilated subjects, who will either refuse to fight or give but half-hearted support to their rulers, people of America have never been more united, more vitally one, than now.

We have two possible foes to face—neither of them from without, both of them from within. One of them is the struggle between capital and labor, with its sharpening of class consciousness until it may become a two-edged sword liable to hurt not only the contending forces, but the vital life of the nation. The other is the growth of race prejudice, which may be strengthened rather than weakened by the present conflict in Europe.

The sympathy of the American people must be with the people—with all the people who have been suddenly hurled from twentieth century civilization into primitive barbarism, from peaceful labors into deadly conflict, from severe struggle into deeper poverty.

Victory or defeat for one or the other of the contending armies will bring little or no blessing to the people who suffer, bleed and die; except as it may open the eyes of those who survive to the brutality of war, its waste, its uselessness.

It is now time to emphasize our American unity in spite of our diversity, to glory in it, to be careful not to transplant and propagate the Old World hate upon this newer continent, to realize that America must become a world server.

Now is the most auspicious moment to begin a holy

war against war, and this is the one continent on which may be forged the strongest weapon against it—a consciousness of our common likeness, a realization of our brotherhood.

As a comparison between the victories of peace and those of war, it may be noted that while England, through her ally, Japan, is endeavoring to capture or kill a lot of Germans at Kiao Chau, America has engineers at work trying to devise a plan to stop the overflow of Chinese rivers, one of which just now has left five million human beings starving on account of its floods. Europe is piling dead men, corpse on corpse, in a struggle, for what? America is trying to save hundreds of thousands from slow and horrible death yearly. Which is the better cause; which, when won, the greater victory?

It is announced that Armour & Co. have contracted to furnish the French government one million pounds of meat daily for a year. This will be sad news for the Oregonian, that will have considerable difficulty in explaining why Argentina did not furnish it, and why and how the United States can compete with foreign countries in supplying meat in competition with the world, and under a democratic free trade administration, too. Next thing it will be the United States furnishing eggs to Europe, and then there will be wailing under the tall tower in Portland.

A charming picture in that charming paper, Goodwin's Weekly, of Sale Lake, shows Mr. and Mrs. R. Mayne Luther, the Chicago tango dancers, as they appear ready to start a tango stunt. As we noted their bright faces and graceful forms we could not but feel that their parents must be especially proud of them to think they had achieved such eminence and done so much toward the advancement of humanity. It is something to be proud of that one can dance the tango perfectly.

In the face of world-wide war, the nations of America, and especially our neighbor to the north, are looking on the Monroe doctrine with considerably less disfavor. They are having it pointed out that their Uncle Samuel will prevent any foreign nation gobbling them up—or down.

It would be some relief from the horrors of war if the news association would furnish their correspondents with a few synonyms for "appalling." One correspondent forgot himself and said the losses were "enormous," but the others are satisfied with the appalling stunt.

France has contracted for a million pounds of meat a day for the next year. The warring nations have to watch closely to keep up food supplies and they cost lots of money, too. So long as the grub can be furnished the war can go on—men are dirt cheap.

The Portland Telegram, generally broad-minded, emphatically refuses to believe the story told by Norman E. Mack, of New York, that he "rode from Aix-le-Bains to Boulogne on a hard-boiled egg."

Home Rule for Ireland has been shoved into the background by the "unpleasantness" in Europe. As the newspaper men would say: "Crowded out for more interesting matter."

So far as being unable to protect itself from floods is concerned, Kansas City seems to be no more capable than the Chinese.

The Fine Season

How sweet is the Autumn, that's now at the door! The hot winds, did not em' will search us no more. The schools are in session, with blackboard and switch, the children are throbbing out fractions and sicks; the schoolmaster's ruling, the kids work the brain; too long were they fooling at home, raising Cain. No more are they pitchin' their indoor baseball; there's peace in the kitchen, there's calm in the hall. The cornfield is yellow, it glows in the sun, the husbandman fellow is counting his moan. Dame Nature, the fustler, is staining the leaves and soon we'll have winter, but nobody grieves; of grub we have plenty—our gods let us thank—and eighteen or twenty fat bucks in the bank. How peaceful and tender the Autumn world seems; it has all the splendor of worlds seen in dreams. The wearisome worry of loafing and languor where late there was work, from Boston to Bangor, from Vanhook to York.



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Author, Vancouver, British Columbia
Derek Mason

through the cash register. The clerk says the robbers were evidently not more than 19 years old.

Thirty-five men and women were arrested in a raid on the Friars' club at Oregon City at 2:45 o'clock Sunday morning. Four escaped through a trap door. The four men in charge of the club were released on \$200 bail and the others on \$25 cash bail.

Baker county says it was never so prosperous as now. Crops have been the very best and war has helped prices.

The second trial of Gaylord McDaniell, charged with killing his step-father, Herman Dosh, last December, has begun at Prineville. He was convicted of murder in the second degree, but owing to some defect in his trial his case was remanded by the supreme court for retrial.

While playing with a .22 rifle at Oregon City Saturday night, Raymond R. Tenour, aged seven, was accidentally shot by Morris Harrington, aged 12. The coroner's jury held the latter blameless.

Polk County Observer: Enough hops have been picked to date in a number of the sections to give some indication of the size of the crop. In the Dallas, Ballston, Sherwood, Woodburn, St. Paul, Mount Angel, Silverton, Monitor, Marquam and Newberg districts the returns show the crop will be from 20 to 50 per cent short of last year. The fuggle crop in the valley is decidedly shy of last year's quantity.

Pendleton proposes starting work on its natatorium soon after the Round-Up closes. The council has appropriated \$4000, and \$2000 has been raised by popular subscription, with more in sight.

Lane county has completed its grain and grass exhibit for the Panama-Pacific exposition. Sixteen boxes are ready for shipment to Salem. Exhibits will be sent by seven other Willamette valley counties.

The long dry spell gave impetus to a movement for irrigation in the Rogue valley. One plan proposed is that Jackson county build an irrigation

ditch and sell the water, with a management similar to that of a city water department.

LaGrande people having old stoves to sell are hunting for \$5 bills in them. The Observer says K. Dyal found a five-spot in a second-hand stove purchased by him and is now asking the owner of the money to identify the stove.

Coos county has 18,927,856,000 feet of timber standing on 509,554 acres, according to the report of Dennis McCarthy, county cruiser. He says the price at which the timber is held averages considerably over \$1 a thousand. The value of the timber lands is placed at from \$150 to \$500 an acre, and Mr. McCarthy says there is not a 40-acre tract in the county subject to homestead entry that is worth taking.

TALES ON THRIFT.

"By paying as you go and keeping books you avoid the pitfalls of excess."—Andrew Carnegie.

From newsboy to president of a corporation with an annual business of \$1,000,000 in fourteen years, is the record of Max McGraw, now, at the age of thirty-one years, one of the leading business men of the Middle West and president of the manufacturing company with offices in Sioux City, Omaha and Los Angeles.

And Mr. McGraw got his start by saving money, having embarked in business at seventeen years of age with \$500 which he saved from the earnings of a newspaper "route" which he "carried" for five years and a half.

The route was seven miles and a half long and young McGraw covered it twice a day on horseback, summer and winter, all those years, and studied evenings.

Is it any wonder that such industry and thrift have so early won success.

Alluding to the fact that so many Greek immigrants here find employment as bootblacks, a newspaper wit said: "The Greeks did not do very well at the Olympic games, but they shine in America."

The story of Gus Travillas of Chicago shows that grit and thrift are not the exclusive possession of any one nationality, and the Greek can succeed here as well as persons of any race in America, which is the "melting pot" of many nationalities.

Ten years ago Gus was a newsboy on one of the busy street corners of Chicago. He early became a savings depositor, and as his balance in the bank grew, he kept his eyes open for opportunities, and with the timely aid and counsel of his banker he made a number of successful deals.

He now owns six nickel moving picture theaters and other property. Any

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time he wants it, he can borrow money at the bank on his note.

Colonel Mayo, the richest man in Kentucky, died a few weeks ago.

Twenty-five years ago he was a struggling school teacher in Eastern Kentucky. At forty-five he had a fortune of \$20,000,000. His fortune grew from the meager earnings he saved from his salary as a country school teacher.

In teaching in various districts Mayo had gained an intimate knowledge of the mountain country's mineral and timber resources, and became acquaint-

ed with those sections richest in mineral wealth. He discovered that thousands of acres were occupied by "squatters," many of whom would give options for \$5. Later he borrowed all the money he could to put into these options. When the development of the eastern Kentucky coal fields began he was able to interest railroad officials and to enlist capital to work his mines, and was soon on the road to fortune. Thrift always pays dividends. —T. D. MacGregor.

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THE ROUND-UP

Portland druggists announce that all kinds of toilet articles, rouges, creams, toilet waters, etc., will be advanced 25 per cent at once. Hard news for the ladies, but the market will not be affected by the price.

Two youthful highwaymen held up a drug clerk in Williams & Son's drug store in Portland Sunday night and got away with \$10 cash. One held a revolver to the clerk's head and made him lie on the floor while the other went