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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Ripping Rhymes.

THE VICTIM

All the world is shot to pieces, men are routing, days and nights, for a lot of boons and bulwarks, and some fifty kinds of rights; capital is sweating labor, labor's roundly hitting back, and our mills are standing idle, and our trains have jumped the track. All the struggling, fighting forces seem to glory in the wreck, while the Ultimate Consumer gets the cleaver in the neck. Oh, the Ultimate Consumer in the scrap has little part; he'd be happy just to labor in the office or the mart, and to feed his wife and kiddies, and to buy the rats they need, and provide against the future when he's old and gone to seed; but alas, the bricks are flying, and the scrapers are on deck, and the Ultimate Consumer gets the dornicks in the neck. And the Ultimate Consumer has a sad and weary lot, for he's always bound to suffer, whether others do or not; others do the frantic talking of their grievances and ills, while the Ultimate Consumer goes ahead and pays the bills. It's a line of sound and fury and the madness knows no check, and the Ultimate Consumer gets the hatchet in the neck.

ESCAPED CONVICT SURRENDERS SELF BECAUSE OF COLD

Baffled by the furious snow storm that raged all day yesterday through the hills between Woodburn and Oregon City, John Tuel, 23, escaped convict for whom authorities from the state penitentiary and several counties have been searching since Sunday, gave himself up to the sheriff at Oregon City yesterday noon, according to word reaching prison officials today.

Abandons Auto

Forced to abandon an auto in which he had made his escape from Salem early Tuesday morning at Canby, Tuel sought vainly to make his way to Portland through the snow. Only 16 miles from Portland and possible shelter with friends, he gave up to the uneven battle and sought the shelter of Clackamas county to give him shelter and warmth in the county jail. No word has been received yet from Deputy Warden Talley who left yesterday evening on the four o'clock train for Oregon City to get Tuel. Penitentiary officials did not know at noon today whether he was somewhere between this city and Portland, or whether he has billeted himself at Oregon City with the prisoner until the storm ceases.

Auto is Damaged

The auto, theft of which Tuel denies belonged to J. J. Nunn, of this city, it was abandoned on a bridge a half mile south of Canby. The cylinders of the engine are reported as bursted by freezing. Nunn instructed garage men at Canby to repair the machine and hold it until he could return it to Salem.

Tuel was serving a term of from one to five years for forgery.

LIBERTY BOND QUOTATIONS

New York, Dec. 10.—Liberty bond quotations: 3 1/2's, 99.65; first 4's, 92.92 second 4's, 91.72; first 4 1/2's, 94; second 4 1/2's, 92.10; third 4 1/2's, 94; fourth 4 1/2's, 92.14; victory 3 3/4's, 99.04; 4 1/4's, 99.00.

Abe Marlin



We're still at war with Germany and she's liable to win if you don't telegraph your senator. These fair price committees must be thinking about the World's Fair.

SALEM AND THE SNOW.

SALEM is experiencing the heaviest snowfall in many years. The inconveniences and annoyances resulting are but temporary, the resultant benefits will be many and lasting.

Snow has been called "the poor man's fertilizer," on the theory that the falling flakes gather nitrogen from the air and deposit it upon the soil, strengthening and invigorating it. The snow blanket protects winter grain roots from the ravages of frost and insures a supply of water for the streams and heavily packed in the forests, minimizes the danger of drouth and forest fires next summer.

The snow-storm seems to have stupified Salem and emphasized her inertia. Instead of shoveling the snow off awake town, citizens have cleaned but few strips of sidewalk outside the business district and there are entire streets in which traffic of any kind is almost impossible in the two feet of snow. Many residents have not even taken the trouble to clear a path to the house. What traffic there is, is wholly along the street car tracks where the snow plows have cleared a passage.

Do Salemites expect the milkman, the grocery man, the meat man and other regular callers to wait upon their homes, when they refuse to make it possible to get to these homes save by wading through deep snow? Supreme selfishness is shown by those who stay at home and phone for deliveries and do nothing to make those deliveries possible. There never was a better illustration of the Salem spirit.

How do people expect their little Capital Journal carrier to deliver his paper through snow almost as high as he is, when they make it impossible for him to reach their homes? Good delivery is out of the question, but every effort possible will be made to get the paper to those who have made it possible. The carrier force has been doubled for the emergency, tractors secured to break roads, but in spite of every effort, it will be impossible to reach every one.

THE PORK BARREL.

EVERY once in awhile the first congressional district of Oregon is reminded that it has a representative in congress—though the reminders are few and far between. The prospect of a raid on the treasury with another "pork barrel" bill has awakened Congressman Hawley from his habitual somnolence, and he has introduced bills for public buildings at Astoria, Ashland, Corvallis, Grants Pass, Marshfield and Oregon City.

The "pork barrel" is designed to reward members of congress for standing in with the "organization" and voting blindly as instructed, and to punish the recalcitrant members. Those who take orders get Uncle Sam's money for federal buildings in their districts—those who refuse to wear the yoke, are denied buildings. The merits and needs of the communities have nothing to do with the awards.

The bills for buildings appeal to local pride and help build up the congressman's political fences at home. The structures are judiciously distributed to placate disgruntled sections and create popularity. They are pointed to as concrete evidence of the congressman's influence and prestige at Washington and convincing proof that he has the welfare of his district at heart and is active in its behalf—a most convenient cloak to cover deficiency.

The "pork-barrel" is a shameful waste of public monies and constitutes a perennial scandal. It is a most unscientific expenditure. There are countless little towns with imposing edifices the greater portion of which can never be utilized by the government, monuments to the political docility of some perpetual office holder. Yet congress clings to this pernicious form of graft for selfish reasons and staunchly resists all efforts to adopt a budget system of expenditures based upon necessities.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idaho McGlone Gibson

UNEXPECTED MARRIED PROBLEMS

The receipt of five dollars from John when I had wired him for money saying that I was without any, acted as a whip to my drooping spirits: "I will never forgive him," I said to myself, never! His thoughtlessness is unbearable. I could not make it seem possible that my husband, who was so generous with cables and motors and every other material thing, could be so miserably with money. I have since learned that John is one of those men who always knows your inmost thoughts, and acts upon his presence. He never takes be exactly as I say, but always looks behind my words for a motive, a reason or the lack of one. I had already learned to know him well enough to understand his line of thought; in this case, John's mind would work thus: He was sending the motor for me; therefore I would not need carfare; certainly I must have at least a part of my allowance which I had told him my father had always given me, and not knowing my father's recent circumstances he, of course jumped to the conclusion that it was still being paid to me. But at that I wondered what he thought I could do with five dollars. Why, it wouldn't even pay for the ornate funeral wreath that he had ordered sent to the grave of my father and for which he had neglected to pay. It was not enough for the modest fees that I felt obligated to give the cook, my mother's maid, and the people who were serving me daily. I was so angry about the money that at first I didn't realize what had happened. It was for John's sister and Elizabeth Moreland to come after me in the motor.

"It's like a pleasure trip," I said to myself, angrily. "I can't understand why Alice should bring Miss Moreland with her. I hardly know her and she surely would not care to entertain strangers at this time." As soon as I saw Alice, who came along in the car that afternoon, she gave me an explanation. It seems that John had intended sending the car for me alone, and Alice, in her thoughtless, good-natured way, expostulated with him, saying that she thought it was a mistake to

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allow me to take a long motor ride alone under the circumstances and she offered to come after me.

The plans were matured hurriedly while Elizabeth was present, and she of course said that she would accompany Alice. "Both John I thought this was very sweet of Elizabeth," said Alice, "as we happen to know she gave up a week-end visit to come down."

Poor little mother was in great distress because I insisted that both these women should go to the hotel, and that their visits to her should be confined to a call of condolence.

When Elizabeth Moreland came she talked to mother about John and how long she had known him and told so many intimate stories of his youth and college days that after she left mother looked at me with troubled face and asked:

"Katherine, I hope that John did not hit that nice girl for you?"

"I don't know whether he hit her or not," I answered quickly, "but I do know one thing, that she has made herself very unpopular with me since I have been married."

"You must beware of jealousy, my dear," said mother. "If a wife will only remember that she is the one her husband has chosen, I am quite sure she cannot but realize that he care more for her than for any other woman."

"Mother," I said "John cares more for me than for any other woman—that I know—but that doesn't keep Bess Moreland from being cattish upon every conceivable occasion. The thing that angers me is, that while all the time he is falling into her way of thinking John is absolutely unconscious of what she is doing. You can see the expression she has given you. She has made you think your daughter has bodily snatched poor John away from her. I am also quite sure she is making Madam Gordon see all my faults."

"Oh, Katherine, you must not be too sensitive!"

"I'm not, mother, I'm not. But you know a well as I that any one with any sense would have understood that, just at present is not the time that I would care to be made part of a 'fouring party.' Naturally, Alice and Bess have never known father, and they have not arrived until after all the sad ceremonies are over and my loss and grief means nothing to them. But John should have known better than to allow Miss Moreland to come with his sister! In fact, I should have felt much better to have gone home on the train at my own convenience. When I return I have decided upon one thing, and that is that Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon will start the business of carrying on a new basis."

I impulsively put my arms around my mother's neck and kissed her, for I saw that I had added to her sorrow by giving her an inkling into my own problems.

Like all girls I had never before thought of problems in connection with marriage.

(Continued tomorrow.)

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Camel CIGARETTES

"Smoke 'Em Out" Slogan For Astoria Legionaries

Astoria, Or., Dec. 10.—"Smoke 'em out!" That is the slogan of Astoria post of the American Legion with reference to the I. W. W.

Evan P. Parker, one of the prominent local war veterans, recently received a "black hand" letter warning him to drop his activities against the industrialists.

Parker responded by attending a meeting of the Legion and making a rousing speech against the I. W. W. in which he originated the "Smoke 'em out" slogan.

Jack Frost spent two days and nights with us, says the Times of Brownsville, but receiving a rather cool reception he departed, and was last seen vanishing over the distant hills.

CHECK THAT COLD RIGHT AWAY

Dr. King's New Discovery has relieved colds and coughs for fifty years

It was an unusually high quality cold, cough, gripe, and croup remedy when introduced half a century ago. Not once in all the years since then has the quality been allowed to deteriorate. Its effectiveness in combating colds and coughs has been proved thousands of times in thousands of families. Taken by grownups and given to the little ones for the safe, sure treatment of colds and gripe, coughs and croup, it leaves absolutely no disagreeable after-effects. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. 60c. and \$1.20.

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The standard Quartered Oak in Dull Wax Finish is the most serviceable wood used, is beautiful as well as serviceable. Prices range from \$17.75 for a 26 by 38 inch Table, to \$45.00 for a 30 by 48 inch one—a most attractive and sturdily built one 28 by 42 at \$25.75, full quartered and full wax finish.

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