

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper
Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 135 South Commercial street.
Telephone—Circulation and business office, 81; Editorial room, 82.
Putnam, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier, 65 cents a month. By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, 50 cents a month. Elsewhere \$1 a year, \$3.50 for 6 months \$1.75 for three months.
By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance.
Advertising representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg. New York; W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago.
MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.

A leader is usually exposed before he is deposed.

The most annoying thing about a standpatter is his patter.

Mr. Harding plays croquet, and they say he plays a wicket game.

A budding contractor can't prune costs unless he stops grafting.

John Bull is learning that reprisals are without honor in one's own country.

One of Mr. Harding's first tasks will be the selection of Ambassadors.

It is announced that the waist line will be lower this winter. Very well—but how can one distinguish between the waist line and the skirt hem?

The Canadian who had four wives probably spoke of the holy bonds of matrimony.

The only man who hasn't time to enjoy a feeling of importance is the important man.

The rains in Flanders were annoying, but they were not so menacing as the Gaels of Erin.

The coal situation need not interfere with Cupid. Two can keep warm as cheaply as one.

Many physical ills are cured by sunshine, and many who try moonshine never suffer again.

The Christmas cigar was bad enough, but the art of home brewing has brought a new gift horror.

Modern Omar: A book of verses underneath a bough, loaf of bread, a bottle of hair tonic, and thou!

Magazine editors claim there is no humor. It isn't that. Fewer things seem funny in a dry country.

Still, out in the backwoods country there may be a few people who do not think they can write scenarios.

When an Irishman answers the door bell, he doesn't know whether he is going to greet an acquaintance or St. Peter.

In the days of old there were copper-toed boots, but it remained for the moderns to adorn them with a brass rail.

Casual inquiry concerning the price of dolls leads to the reflection that Santa Claus hasn't heard about the decline in prices.

If the League doesn't contrive to stop the massacres, it won't be long until some private family with a spare bedroom can adopt Armenia.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY
JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

The Irish Muddle

Under the inspiration of Sinn Fein, Ireland is rapidly lapsing into barbarism. Assassination, arson and reprisals are the order of the day. The murder methods of Sinn Fein are as stupid as the coercion of British government, for they are destroying the property and prosperity of Erin and making a shambles out of the island.

So far the efforts of the British to preserve law and order have resulted in failure. Police, firemen, and soldiers are shot from ambush, dynamited in their offices, and massacred under the curtain of night, bringing reprisals of the same nature that are creating a reign of terrorism. Questions of race, religion and ancient grievances, embittered by oppression and treachery complicate the situation. But neither Ireland nor England is getting anywhere in this cut-throat competition, and there ought to be sanity enough in the two nations to reach a satisfactory settlement, not by arms, but by reason.

The Irish and English differ in temperament and character as much as any two nations under the sun. Neither understand the other and this is the reason why the British attempt to rule Ireland is a ghastly failure. For 500 years every effort by the Irish to get the right to govern themselves has been resisted and defeated. For years the policy of the English was one of ruthless and brutal oppression, though during the past few decades there have been such beneficial reforms that the Irish at the close of the war ranked among the most prosperous of peoples.

Parnell, after thirty years of effort, convinced most of the English that Ireland ought to have home rule, but the Gladstone home-rule bill was rejected by the House of Lords. And when the veto power of the lords had been removed and in 1912 another home-rule bill passed, its operation was "suspended" by threat of the Ulsterites, who rebelled and drilled as the Sinn Feiners have done since.

When the Irish rebel against the failure to give them home rule and kill those representing English rule, "Black and Tans" are sent over to kill the Irish, burn their villages and devastate the land. And the Sinn Fein, under the inspiration of demagogues, now spurn home-rule except in the shape of an independent republic, which would be an open enemy to Great Britain and under German inspiration.

Great Britain will never consent to the creation of an Irish republic, which would open the door for the invasion and destruction of England. There are only two other alternatives, give the Irish, dominion home rule, such as enjoyed by Canada and Australia, or govern Ireland as a crown colony under martial law. The latter course would awaken the resentment of Irish and their sympathizers and make matters worse.

It is up to Great Britain to offer dominion home-rule to Ireland and for the Irish to accept it. Nobody is profiting, least of all the Irish, from the present reign of terror, except perhaps a few professional agitators and politicians who capitalize the Irish question for personal profit. It is high time both the Irish and the English regained their senses and peaceably composed their differences.

The Golden Rule in Business

Substitution of the golden rule in business for the rule of gold is reported working satisfactorily in at least one concern—the Nash Manufacturing company of Cincinnati, makers of clothing. Its operation is thus described by its president, a former clergyman who was appointed receiver of the then bankrupt company to wind up its affairs, but met with so much success in his application of the Golden Rule that the institution has grown into a large and profitable concern.

We are giving the public clothing at a minimum cost, thus benefiting the public. We are paying our workers so well and employing them under such wholesome conditions that they are all happy and the invested capital is getting even a greater return than I think it should. So the Golden Rule is paying all around.

"Our workers receive pay equal to the union wage, or more. Seven per cent dividends are paid on the capital invested, and the profits are divided equally between workers and owners. According to our present rate of business, each of our 500 workers will receive \$100 bonus this year. Earnings of capital invested have reached 40 per cent. I admit that is too much—we must bring it down. However, all earnings have been put back into the business and our place must be enlarged. We have applied to have the capital stock increased from \$90,000 to \$400,000 to let more and more of our workmen and women secure stock. We not only make good clothes but we make happy workers. We are all trying to do our little share to establish the kingdom of God on earth as preached by Christ.

Although many mills were closed, when the clothing slump began, the golden rule institution has greatly increased its business and continues to. The 500 employees recently voted to surrender their jobs for a month to worthy men and women out of employment, and the manager followed by donating a month's salary to relieve suffering.

The factory used to be a slave-driving, sweat-shop affair, but the receiver raised wages and improved sanitary conditions and the employees' response was a greatly increased output. Success of the application of the Golden Rule was doubted by all, but it has proved most profitable, financially as well as otherwise.

There is no question but that these principles pay in business, but they are seldom given a chance. The rule of gold is too strong with most individuals, but this successful experiment points the way to a solution of industrial problems.

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest

The Helpful Man

Seems like he lived his life to see
Just how much use a man can be.
A helpful fellow—that's his style,
Makin' things easier all the while.
Even the dogs would limp to him
With slithered foot or broken limb,
As though they understood and knew
That something for 'em he would do.

Trouble? He never spoke the word!
At least nobody ever heard
Him utter one complaint that he
Was overtasked. He seemed to be
Delighted if you asked for aid,
An' if he knew that he had made
You path a little easier, then
He was the happiest of men.

His purse was open all the time,
He often said it was a crime
The way folks borrowed day by day.
What very seldom they'd repay,
But he'd just smile an' tell us all
His loss was really very small.
An' he would rather lose than feel
His heart was gettin' cold as steel.

When folks were sick, to him we
Go
Because we knew that he would
Know
Just how they were. He'd been
To see
An' have done, if only we

Were half-way like him. But we
Found
Life easier with him around.
We let him do the things we knew
Down in our hearts we ought to
do.
An' now he's gone, an' never more
We'll find him smilin' at our door
Or hear his voice. Now all our
care
Without him we shall have to bear
When trouble comes or things go
wrong.
I wonder how we'll get along—
How shall we stand to sorrow's
touch?
Without the friend who did so
much?

Health of Paul Dechanel Better

Paris, Dec. 12.—Paul Dechanel, who was forced to resign the presidency of France because of ill health, has so far recovered that some of the electors in his old district are thinking of nominating him to the senate. Dechanel remains in the same private hospital where Stephen Pichon, former foreign minister, has spent several months.

Humble Applicant.
"Have you any coals on hand?"
"Six in the ante-room."
"Ask 'em to look me over and see if there is anybody here I might suit."

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF PADDY MUSKRAT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

MR. CROW'S FAULT

On the second day of his visit, Paddy Muskrat's cousin Josiah began to complain that there wasn't enough food.

"I find I get too weak, of course I shall not be able to make the long journey home again."

"When are you planning to go?" Mrs. Paddy inquired quickly.

"About the time the fall rains begin," Cousin Josiah told her.

"Quick!" Paddy Muskrat cried. "Bring some water! She has fainted!"

It was true. Mrs. Paddy had fallen upon the floor in a faint. You see, the fall rains were a long way off. And the mere thought of having those fourteen people in her house all that time was a little more than she could bear.

Cousin Josiah brought some water. And soon Mrs. Paddy opened her eyes again.

"She's growing weak, too," said Cousin Josiah. "It's just as I told you," he declared, turning to Paddy Muskrat. "You don't bring home enough food."

Paddy began to lose his temper. "Then you had better help me," he suggested.

Cousin Josiah yawned.

"I'm altogether too sleepy to help you today," he answered. And he went into his bedroom.

"How's your brother Ben?" Paddy asked his cousin the next day.

Josiah Muskrat's mouth was so full of food that he could not answer for a few moments. But at last he said:

"I haven't any brother named Ben."

Paddy Muskrat looked surprised.

"How's Uncle Simon?" he inquired.

"I don't know what you're talk-

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1913 by Robert W. Chambers)

He was laughing, and her face, also, wore a bright and slightly malicious smile.

"You don't believe that's possible, do you, Jim?—a total reversal of our roles? You think the sister will tag gratefully after you, always, don't you? Wouldn't it astonish you if little sister grew up into a desirable and ornamental woman of independent proclivities and tastes, and with a mind and a will of her own? And, to enjoy her company, you'd have to seek her and prove yourself sufficiently interesting; and that you would have to respect her freedom and individuality as you would any man's!"

"I think, little sister," he said, laughing, "that you've absorbed a vast deal of modern nonsense at Vassar; that you're as pretty as a peach; and that you'll not turn out to a maid errand, but will become an ornament to your sex and to society, and that you'll marry in due time and do yourself proud."

"In children, you mean? Numerically?"

"Quantitatively and qualitatively. Also, you'd do yourself proud in the matronly example you'll set to all women of this great Republic."

"That's what you think, is it?" "I know it."

Sue smiled.

"Watch the women of my generation, Jim—when you can spare a few moments of your valuable time from writing masterpieces of fiction."

"I certainly shall. I'll study 'em. They're material for me. They are funny, you know."

"They are, indeed," she said, her grey eyes full of malice, "funnier than you dream of! You are going to see a generation that will endure no man-devised restrictions, submit to no tyrannical trammels, endure no masculine nonsense. You'll see this new species of woman coming faster and faster, thicker and thicker, each one knowing her own mind or intent opinion!"

"That's what you think, is it?" "I know it."

"Watch the women of my generation, Jim—when you can spare a few moments of your valuable time from writing masterpieces of fiction."

"I certainly shall. I'll study 'em. They're material for me. They are funny, you know."

"They are, indeed," she said, her grey eyes full of malice, "funnier than you dream of! You are going to see a generation that will endure no man-devised restrictions, submit to no tyrannical trammels, endure no masculine nonsense. You'll see this new species of woman coming faster and faster, thicker and thicker, each one knowing her own mind or intent opinion!"



Another Sleepless Night?

It's been a busy and fretful day. Brain fagged, nerves frayed and body exhausted—conscious that tomorrow is fraught with new trials and tribulations, he realizes the imperative need of a refreshing night's rest. Yet, he hesitates and dreads to go to bed lest he roll and toss throughout the night.

Do you experience the horrors of sleeplessness and insomnia? Are you troubled with wakeful, restless nights? Do you get up in the morning feeling more tired than when you went to bed, because your rest is so disturbed and broken? Then, try

LYKO TONIC

LYKO is sold in original package only. Beware of cheap imitations. Refuse all substitutes.

LYKO is the day's activities, rested and refreshed in body and mind, and with a keenly unquenched spirit you were a boy.

LYKO is a splendid general tonic; a reliable agent and an excellent stimulant to the nervous system. It improves brain, fat and physical condition; builds up the system; strengthens the muscles; corrects digestive disorders; relieves constipation; restores vitality; and gives you a better body and good rid of sleepless nights.

Sole Manufacturers:
LYKO MEDICINE CO.
1000 Kansas City, Mo.
For Sale by all Druggists. Always in Stock at Perry's Drug Store.

THE GREAT GENERAL TONIC

The hour of bed-time will soon lose its terrors and you will begin to seek your couch with pleasant anticipation of a night free from disturbances. LYKO will bless you with sweet, sound and peaceful slumber and bring you down to the most comfortable in the morning to cool spirits and in the morning to cool spirits and in the morning to cool spirits.

"That's fine creed," he remarked. "What a charming bunch you must be training with at Vassar! I think I'll get off this steamer and remain here for a little scientific observation of your development and conduct."

"No use," she said gaily. "I've promised to learn to be a hospital nurse. After that, perhaps, if you return, you'll find me really worth observing."

"Is that a threat, Steve?" he asked, not too sincerely amused, yet still taking her and her chatter with a lightness and amiable concession entirely masculine.

"A threat?"

"Yes. Do you mean that when I return I shall find my little sister a handful?"

"A handful? For whose hand? Oh, dear, you are old-fashioned. Girls aren't on or in anybody's hands any more after they're of age. Do you think you'll be responsible for me? Dear child, we will be comrades or nothing at all to each other. You really must grow up, little brother, before you come back, or I'm afraid—much as I love you—I might find you just a little bit prosy."

Only 2 Years Old, Has Crossed Atlantic Ocean Three Times

Little Betty Hillier, two-year-old daughter of Mr. F. Hillier, New York correspondent for the London Daily Mail, recently arrived in New York from London, completing her third voyage across the Atlantic. Little Betty was born in England and made a visit to this country with her parents last year, who will make their home here.

Studebaker
SPECIAL-SIX SEDAN

The SPECIAL-SIX Sedan makes an instant appeal to those who demand the utmost in closed car convenience, comfort and beauty—it is, indeed, a rare combination of elegance and practical utility.

50-H.P. detachable-head motor, 119-inch wheelbase, giving maximum comfort for five passengers.

All Studebaker Cars are equipped with Cord Tires—another Studebaker precedent.

"This is a Studebaker Year"

Marion Automobile Co.
235 South Commercial, Salem, Ore.

INVESTORS:

There is a small amount of Oregon Pulp & Paper Company, preferred stock available to Salem people. This investment pays 8% cumulative, plus 5 per cent bonus at maturity.

Invest Your Money at Home

Keep Salem Smoke Stacks Burning
Write or phone A. G. RIACH, Bligh Hotel.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

ESTABLISHED 1868

General Banking Business

Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

CAMEL CITY—U. S. A.
(or, Winston-Salem, N. C. according to the map)

GREETINGS, PETE!

Here I am tonight in Winston-Salem where more tobacco is manufactured than in any other place on the face of the earth!

When I knocked off for the day, I buzzed around like a hungry bee in a buckwheat field—up and down long streets of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. factories!

As the Reynolds enterprise proved out more and more gigantic and I talked with more men about it, I got the real and true answer as to why Camels are so good and so entirely different from any other cigarette! I'll spin it for you, old top—listen:

Every man I talked with made the one big point that the officials and the more than 350 Reynolds foremen have an inborn knowledge of the tobacco business; that (putting it into a North Carolina expression) they were virtually "born and raised in a tobacco patch"; that they know tobacco; how to grade it, blend it, and how to manufacture and sell it!

And, what's most important of all, Pete, these Reynolds folks sure give men what they want—the best that can be produced! Why—Pete, it took months to perfect Camels Turkish and Domestic blend—and that refreshing flavor—and wonderful mild, mellow body!

Tomorrow, I'm going to meet some of the Reynolds folks. Got to see inside of those factories!

And, you know me!

Shorty Camel 1 CIGARETTES