

What the Editors Say.

The jury sometimes fails to convict a man, but neighbors never fail.—*Corvallis Gazette-Times.*

Scarcity of blue dye may cause pink overalls to be substituted for blue. It is hoped, however, that the hero in the melodrama will still be able to wear his red flannel shirt.—*Eugene Guard.*

Ever notice how a man who never owned a foot of farm land and always drew a salary is the most eager to tell the farmers how badly they need a salaried man to show them how to farm their farms? Funny isn't it?—*Dallas Farmer.*

The 'steenth attack of the Portland Journal—the perishing of the flax industry—on Governor Withycombe, has gone the way of all the other attacks. Pricked by a pin by an expert, and blown to bits like a toy balloon.—*News Times.*

Just when the corn crop was showing up and hog owners beginning to feel cheerful about the outlook for the industry along comes those measly little bugs, the trichinae, and knock the pork market silly. As the poet sang about the dear gazelle: "Tis ever thus," and then some.—*Capital Journal.*

Quite a stir was created in German circles when Secretary Lansing demanded the recall of Captain Boy-Ed and von Papan; Emperor William demanding to know why and wherefore. The immediate withdrawal of the attaches with a request for "safe conduct" is evidence that the Kaiser found out "who hit Billie Patterson."—*Oregon Register.*

Northwestern lumbermen are greatly encouraged over reports from the Southern pine manufacturers that orders for more than 300,000,000 feet of lumber have recently been distributed among the mills of the south by the allied governments engaged in the European war. These manufacturers have orders enough to keep them busy for the next six months, it is estimated. There is a probability that like good luck will come to the mills of the northwest.—*Telephone Register.*

Punch-boards, those seductive little gambling devices, which have been a part of the stock in trade of nearly every cigar and confectionery store in the country for a long time, will be conspicuous by their absence after January 1, 1916. District Attorney J. E. Silbey has announced that he will give the dealers until that date to dispose of the cards on hand. Commencing with the new year, however, the anti-lottery law will be invoked to prohibit their further use.—*Itemizer.*

Senator Chamberlain—our own champion of the common peep—is fathering a bill for the conscription of all young men between the ages of 13 and 23 into the army, or assess on them a fine of \$500. Ye Gods and little fishes, what are we coming to? Shades of Jefferson, Jackson, and all the other democratic saints, what is the Democratic party about to do? Conscription! Do you get the meaning of it—a compulsory enrollment of men for military and naval service; a draft? Even King ridden England, in her hour of direst need, has only dared to threaten conscription. Oh, William Jennings Bryan, save us, save us.—*News Times.*

Two car loads of catalogs, numbering 30,000 will be shipped to Salem within two months by an Eastern mail order house, to be distributed into the second and third zones, which will include a radius of 150 miles from the city. Not only will this number of catalogs be sent out in February, but

the same number will be mailed again six months later. The postage on each shipment will amount to between \$1,800 and \$2,000 and will be paid into the local post office. In order to reduce the postage on catalogs, this mail order house ships by freight to distributing zones, and the number sent to the entire northwest may be estimated from the fact that the 30,000 coming here, will not go farther than 150 miles from Salem.—*Capital Journal.*

Now another gang of faddists is in the field with the intention of forcing still another freak idea into the school rooms. This time it is thrift "not" as the representative faddist in Portland explained, "penuriousness but thrift as it has to do with conservation of the body, of health, of mind." There are so many fads in the schools now that the pupils have no time for reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, or anything else really worth while in the way of education, and with each of these new fads the cost of their maintenance is increased. There is some hope of the end being in sight for the matter has arrived at a stage where the ability to pay the bills has been reached. When the faddist can no longer saddle the cost of their phantasmagoria on the public they will cease to mention their dope dreams.—*Oregon Capital Journal.*

During the week of the Pacific International Livestock Show at North Portland there were conducted three important auction sales of pure livestock. Two of these were made up of breeding animals of the best known beef herds—Shorthorns and Herefords—and the other of Holstein-Friesians, one of the best known dairy breeds. Each of these sales was successful. Successful in bringing fair prices to the breeders and owners of these animals, successful in the distribution of this good blood throughout a wide stretch of country where it will serve as the foundation of new herds or will freshen up and strengthen old ones, successful in showing the esteem in which good livestock is held by the people of the northwest and successful in showing that the people have the money to buy them when the right thing is offered them. It was stated that in one of these sales ninety-eight per cent of the purchase price was paid in cash and no credit asked and this proportion may have obtained in the other two sales. This is one of the most significant facts of the year and holds within itself a most illuminating prospect of the future of the great Northwest.—*Rural Spirit.*

Probably never before in the history of journalism have editorials been more widely read, which means by the same token, that never before have newspaper's exercised so wide an influence. The editorial is an expression of the newspaper's belief or sentiment. To be of any value, it must have behind it the paper's reputation for fearlessness, truth and fettered incorruptibility. Without these, the influence of the editorial is nullified before it reaches the printing press. The newspaper's first duty is to give the news. Its second duty is to comment on the news—show toward what end the news is tending, whether political, educational, social or religious, crystallize the sentiment in its particular community in that tendency, and finally, to give its own honest unbiased opinion. The editor's duty is a sacred one, and he should be fully alive to its responsibilities. His opinion on any subject should be given only after serious study, but, when it is given it should be frank and above board. No one else is bound to think as the editor thinks, but the editor's opinions go down in black and white and he ought to have good grounds upon which to base them. Those reasons, expressed in the editorial, make it valuable. In fact the editorial stands or falls because of the reasons it sets forth showing how the editor arrived at his opinion. The "fighting editor" is usually a man of deep thought—

one who bases his opinions on solid foundations and is willing afterwards to come into the open and fight for them.—*Long Journal.*

Ex-President Taft says the government could save at least \$4,000,000 a year by simply abolishing postmasters and conducting the postal department on the same basis that private business is conducted. He suggests that deputy postmasters, selected for ability and efficiency and named under civil service regulations could and should be the real executives in each postoffice, and further declares that that would put an end to "interminable politics and actual waste" which now permeate the postal system and handicap it in rendering service to the public. Moreover, he believes it is not fair or right to "devil" the president with his sectional fusses, bickerings and strife that always accompany the selection of each new postmaster. The whole system is wrong, wasteful and needlessly disturbing, in his opinion, and he thinks the time has come to look for a better system, based on sound business rules and regulations.—*Observer.*

At the behest of the unions a Democratic Congress passed and a Democratic President signed the Seaman's act, which transferred our ships from America to foreign ports and drove our flag from all the seas. The bill was a labor union measure, for which the best that can be said is that it was designed to force American ship-owners to pay higher wages than are paid on foreign-owned vessels, to submit to exactions and extortions to which their competitors are not subject, and to yield to a laboration that is at once ridiculous and destructive. The American ships that once carried our commerce from Pacific Coast harbors to foreign ports have been sold and the American flag is no longer seen in the roadsteads of the world. The Seaman's act was one of the worst of the administration measures passed by a Congress wholly dominated by the insidious labor lobby. It was enacted by Democrats in return for political favors granted by and other political favors hoped for, from the unions. It was closed shopism, enacted by a party that is willing to make any sacrifice of other people's interests and its own principles to secure its political ends.—*The Spectator.*

A Comparison That is Eloquent.

Secretary McAdoo's fanciful tabulation of treasury prospects, accompanied by his grotesque suggestions for further burdens of direct taxation, was issued November 26 and we have had plenty of opportunity to study it. The secretary lays special emphasis upon the demanded expenditure for armaments—of which he sets at about \$30,000,000—and shows his course accordingly. Now let us suppose that the last republican administration had been confronted with a similar problem on the corresponding day. That is to say, let us suppose that on November 26, 1911, the year before the last presidential election, the republicans had had to provide for \$30,000,000 of defense money—what could they have done?

They would have paid for it out of the treasury surplus—which then amounted to \$129,287,574—without levying a single dollar of new taxes. They would have had some \$30,000,000 left; and each day thereafter would have shown an increasing treasury balance, until a year later they would have had more than \$55,000,000 of surplus on hand. And this result would not have been produced by any "legislation of book-keeping." Today the democrats must levy more taxes because they have spent the money accumulated by the republicans; and in another year they themselves expect to be more than \$100,000,000 in the hole. The contrast is not only between two impressive sets of figures; it is between two parties and two policies.

Which is the better—the republican method of paying as you go and of laying up a surplus—or the democratic method of squandering all along the line and of soaking the people for more taxes?

The war-less war tax has been recommended for another year—and that's only a starter.—*The Astorian.*

FALSE REPORTS IN JOURNAL STARTED.

Margulis Tells of Consternation Spread by Misrepresentations. (Telegram.)

How the San Francisco men who had invested their capital in the mail order liquor business were dumbfounded at the recent publication in the Portland Journal of the "decision" of the supreme court of Washington is told by William Margulis, who was in San Francisco at the time. "I know one man who had put every dollar he had in the world into the mail order business, and of course he expected to send a good deal into Washington," said Margulis today. "I was present when he was told that the Journal had published a story that the court had decided to knock out the prohibition law. He went white, but he refused to believe that it could be true. I know of one Eastern house that telegraphed its California representative to hurry up to Seattle and get after the saloon orders. Nobody down there knew what to make of it—I didn't myself. And then we found out there was nothing to the Journal's story."

The Journal first stated that the supreme court of Washington had found against the legality of the law's passage and that Governor Lister had caused a reconsideration. Later it reported that the court would decide the state "wet."

That New Jersey women who believe a mummy to be her family hoodoo should read "Bunker Bean" and be cheered up.

One of Andrew Carnegie's mistakes was a belief that money could change the English language. Sometimes a man with millions has too much faith in them.

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'XMAS CANNED GOODS!

RAY & CO.'S Sanitary White Store.

Royal Club Coffee, reg. 40c. per pound, 5lbs. for	\$1.50
3 Cans Royal Club Early June Peas for	40c.
3 Cans Royal Club Cut Stringless Beans for	40c.
3 Cans Royal Club Hominy for	40c.
3 Cans Royal Club Solid Pack Tomatos for	40c.
3 Cans Royal Club Maine Corn for	40c.
Two 1 lb. pkgs. Royal Club Currants for	25c.
Fancy Royal Club Seeded Raisins, per pound	10c.
Fancy Sea Port Corn, 3 cans for	25c.
Fancy Silverdale Tomatos, 3 cans for	25c.
1 can Royal Club Punkin, 1 can Royal Club Squash, 1 can Royal Club Spinach, all three for	40c.

Golden CROWN FLOUR, \$5.50 bbl.

\$1.45 per sack at RAY & CO.

Uncle Silas Says.

Uncle Bill, Bobby Jenkins went with me to town in the auto today and bought a new suit of clothes, which he had on when he came out of the store to ride home with me. Holy smoke how he did strut! You know what a fat, homely slob he is, and yet think himself a veritable Adonis. I couldn't help laughing when he walked across the street in that chappy skin-tight suit, he looked ridiculous. Well, nature compensates for our shortcomings, especially in form and features, by endowing us with self-conceit. We don't know how we look to others, and it is fortunate for us, as our realization of personal ugliness might destroy our peace of mind. Isn't it funny that a fat man always thinks himself an athlete, and fails to realize that his acquaintance compare his shape with that of a hog? He struts around in a suit so tight-fitting that would make a bologna sausage envious and the sensation that he creates he attributes to admiration instead of mirth. He feels that the spectators must be amazed at the combination of brawn and beauty. When a fat woman is built like a spear and has a face that suggests lemon sucking, nature always endows her with a firm conviction that she is sylph-like and very intellectual looking and fondly imagines that she has all the boys dazzled and the girls envious. That she is not monopolized by the men she thinks of as conclusive proof of her beauty and gracefulness. If a man is 6 feet tall and weighs 110 pounds, he thinks himself "wiry" and prides himself on being an adept at leaping and baseball. Well, to sum it all up, Bill, Bobby Burns put it about right when he wrote: "Oh was some power th' gite gie us, to see ourselves as others see us; it wad from many a blunder free us, and foolish notion."

who marries a 2x4 husband and constantly advises him the he was wished on her providence forgets that she grabbed him just in time to beat the grim reaper, and that he may not feel exactly satisfied with the deal. The boob who carries the peroxide belle and works eighteen hours a day so that she can wear fur on her boots, finds intense satisfaction in trotting his baby doll around the neighborhood. She is such a good cook that they live on delicatessen stuff until he passes in his checks and the insurance company settles making her a desirable catch. When we go to the movies and see a slap-stick farce, we roar at the freaks on the screen, but don't understand that the actors portray characters in real life and that there are every-day occurrences equal to as ridiculous—dramatic farces that would be tragedies were they less comical.

Jenkins, you say you are in favor of the single tax proposition, and believe if it should be adopted it would equitably solve the vexatious problems of public revenues. You are in favor of land tax only, thus relieving all the industries and labors of the burden of contributing to the support of public institutions. Well, I don't agree with you, but you are not alone in your views. I see in the papers that certain philosophical dreamers are continually whooping up the impossible "equal opportunity" stunt. They should rub their eyes and wake up to the fact that this is a world wherein mankind should secure access, upon a basis of equality to land, to money and to transportation, which is a very different story from the impossible single tax refrain. Those fellows' minds are so hard twisted in one direction that they become hopelessly snarled as soon as brought into action. They remind me of a clothes line I got for mother last week. Nearly all clothes lines develop kinks, and those putting them up are apt to develop heat beneath their collars. The one I bought was of unusually good quality, and I bought it because it was warranted not to snarl and twist. After moderate use it developed the very trait that it was guaranteed against, with this difference, that, being much heavier, its snarls and twists were much more rigid. Each time I put it up and took it down reminded me of Teddy Roosevelt. Upon thinking the matter over it occurred to me that when taking down the line, if it were reeled or wound in the opposite direction to that regularly employed prevent the twisting, knotting tendency. Upon testing it out I found that by simply reversing the reeling or winding no more kinks or twists would develop. Now, if some genius would only invent a method guaranteed to untwist the devious mental snarls and snares innumerable subtle interlacing kinks in the impossible

theories of unquenchable single taxers, that a valuable service would be rendered to suffering humanity.

Cousin Tom, today we received a letter from Gertrude at Mary Institute, and one from Amos at State Agricultural College. Both are making fine progress in their studies, but are eagerly looking forward to the holidays' vacation, so they can come home for an old-time jollification. I have noticed with pleasure the fine diction of their letters; no big words, only those of two or three syllables, and no foreign phrases to cloud their meaning, just plain English, quite different from their letters during the last month of school. I think that mother and I did not preach to them in vain last summer, and I believe they will come home with some sense of their superiority to those of their school fellows who are of the codfish artificial in society, whose clownish manners and drawing conversation they had acquired and shattered our nerves with when they came home from school last spring. Amos says he is studying mechanics and is getting valuable information in the construction and operation of machinery. He is also studying soils, their inert natural chemical elements fertilizing elements, and solvents that will convert them into plant food. He will graduate at the end of the present term and says he will come home then, loving her dear old place far more than ever before, to stay with us always and by his labor and affection do his best to repay us for all that we have done for him. Now, Tom, that will be millions of times better than for him to take up a course in "journalism," to become a snide newspaper man, and leave the old folks at home to grub along alone and finally die of loneliness, as many farmer boys do. As to Gertrude, she says that after she graduates next spring she will come home and spend the balance of her life to getting us. If she marries I must build a bungalow on the hill in the old pasture among the maple trees, so she can skip over where the old folks are every hour and do her best to render happiest our last days on earth. Well, Tom, old boy, mother has been crying joyfully over those letters, and I guess I've been sniveling too. A little while ago mother laid down those letters after having read them many times. Her face was beaming and there was a peculiar light in her eyes as, quoting from the good book, she said to me: "As ye sow so shall ye reap." We have sown good seed in good ground, carefully cultivated it and now we are reaping an abundant harvest of happiness. Many thanks for your congratulations, Tom. We are, indeed, blessed as children are often educated away, instead of their parents as ours have been. Betel Nuts says: "Six years thy son is all his mother's own to love and tend; twelve more he is thy care—and then alone becomes thy friend."

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Brazil Nuts,	I.X.L. Chocolates,
Missouri Black Nalnuts,	Broken Mixed,
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