

Editorial Page of The Daily Capital Journal

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FACTORIES ARE ALL BUSY.

Here are a few figures for the calamity howlers. The Alexander Hamilton Institute, which has been conducting an inquiry into foreign trade opportunities, estimates that a \$600,000,000 market has been opened in Great Britain for iron and steel, machinery, copper goods, naval stores, arms and ammunition, mineral oils, chemicals, leather goods and foodstuffs by the suspension of trade between Germany and England. A Boston dispatch tells of three million eggs arriving there from the West recently for shipment to England. A Reading firm has received an order for 600,000 hospital shirts to cost \$350,000. The Mullin Shoe Company, of Pittsburg, is filling an order for 200,000 pairs of shoes from the French government to be delivered by January first. It expects an order for 500,000 pairs from the English government within the week. Another firm has an order for 15,000 saddles, and so the story might be continued indefinitely. Everywhere factories of all kinds are rushed with orders on account of the war.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

Woman's capacity for bringing wrongs upon herself is infinite. She is eternally at it. Woman's wrongs multiply more rapidly than do her rights. Every right granted her or forced upon her with the best intentions or conquered by her own efforts brings with it a litter of wrongs.

Every gift of this character is first dipped in the river Pactolus and turns to gold, beautiful to look upon, but of no use for food. The modern Midas is a female.

Chief among her wrongs is the fact that in our own country and others matrimony is becoming a lost art. There is still some marrying and giving in marriage, but the divorce court is the alembic that reduces connubial combinations to their original elements.

Woman is being forced into industrial and other bread-winning pursuits, where she is confronted by unjust discriminations. She is not paid as man is paid, and her pay is cursed with a downward tendency, in spite of the prowess of individuals in the opposite direction.

She is no longer the homekeeper exclusively. She is forced into a "career," a "mission," a "fad," and is compelled to do the drudge and dree in order to make herself self-supporting; and the number of women who are forced into these pursuits is so great that the competition cuts down compensation to the cost of living, and not infrequently below it.

What is the cause of this? Are men less gallant than formerly, or are women less beautiful? Surely not, because the present-day woman is an improvement on the woman of all times.

Her chief fault is her discontent with the conditions for which God created her. She no longer believes that she was made from a single rib of man, who probably would not willingly have spared the rib for the purpose had it not been surreptitiously taken in his sleep. She thinks she has a whole anatomy of her own, could have originated without man and could get on very much better if he were out of the way.

She is not content with the beautiful jeweled box of Pandora as a thing to delight the eye, but must know what there is in it, must have all there is in it worth having, and so she has unfortunately loosed unnumbered evils that have filled the world with woe and weeping.

Woman is a great blessing—in her place, but her place is on the leeward side of man, not the windward.

WAR DESTROYS HORSES.

One of the features of the war to which little attention has been paid is the appalling loss of horses. It is known that a horse soon wears out under hard usage, having far less endurance than man. Our own war demonstrated that well-seasoned infantry could out-travel cavalry on a continued march and literally wear the horses out. It is claimed that practically all the horses that were in service at the beginning of the war are already in the scrap heap. Europe is being cleaned of its horses by the war, and the effect of this will be shown graphically when peace comes and the remnants of the armies return to their farms and occupations. The farmers will be sadly handicapped in carrying on their work and making their fields again prolific, by the lack of their best friend and servant, the horse. The indications now are that horses, especially draft and farm stock, will command high prices for some years, as the stock lost cannot be replaced, the world's supply being drained. Here is a hunch for the wide-awake American farmer. Europe is now drawing heavily on America for horses for war purposes, and when peace comes the demand it will cause will exceed that now being made. It is estimated that between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 horses have already been sent to the scrap heap since the war started.

Henry Lane Wilson is touring the coast for the purpose of keeping in the limelight, and is telling the country what must be done in Mexico. The trouble with Henry Lane is that he has become a trifle mixed and imagines that he is another and much bigger Wilson.

President Wilson's day of prayer does not appear to have been very generally observed in Europe. Following on its heels came the announcement that Turkey had declared war and that all the little Balkan states were ready to do so on the least provocation. Maybe the wrong lot did the praying, for it is plainly stated "the prayers of the wicked availeth not." Results in this case would seem to indicate some unusually wicked joined in the prayers, for not only were their prayers unavailing for good, but were followed by real harm.

Two carloads of butter were shipped from Portland to the East this week, according to the Oregonian's market reports, which say it is the first shipment of the kind made from the state. The wonder is that with New Zealand butter ruining the sale of that of Oregon, the East did not catch on and get some real cheap butter. The eastern dealers should subscribe for the Oregonian and read its editorial page.

A cat in California has been left a legacy of \$1,000. Maybe it was something like this that caused the story to gain credence that "the cat came back." Considering that thousands of human beings are starving in Belgium and the war-wrecked countries, it is evident the person leaving the coin had more cat in her disposition than humanity.

Humanity always has something to cause it worry. While the vegetarian has no fear of the foot and mouth disease, he is right in the front rank when it comes to ptomaine poisoning, especially if he tackles the canned stuff.

This is from the Oregonian, but escaped censorship by the China Egg Editor's department: "The fear expressed a few years ago, when everybody seemed to be 'going into poultry,' that eggs would be so plentiful as to affect the price, does not worry the men in the work. They are not getting the eggs."

From the way the battleships and cruisers are going to the bottom, it looks as though they were originally designed as submarines. They will soon all be of that class if the rate of sinkage is maintained.

Premier Asquith says: "Britain has learned much from the war." It might be added that graduation day for her seems yet at a remote distance, and her education is far from being completed.

It took a Portland jury fifteen minutes to find a loan shark guilty, but then Portland was always a trifle slow.

Hard Lines

What are we paying taxes for? They say if we got in a war, we'd be a loser; though loudly we out trumpet, too, we have no cannon that will shoot, and no torpedoes that will scud and sink a cruiser. In congress now the statesmen rise, digest and fury in their eyes, and roast our navy; a foreign foe would surely mock the cheap old snipe we have in stock, and be from Uncle Sam's would knock the blooming grave. Our army truly is the stuff, but then it isn't big enough to cause much trouble; our volunteers, in whom we trust, before the foe would bite the dust, and all their fair renown would not like any hubbub. Our guns are mostly out of date, and can't be used for shooting straight, our swords are rusty; our aeroplanes, that cleave the blue, are well enough, but they're too few; our generals and colonels, too, are stale and rusty. If we should ever be forced to fight, so say the statesmen, in affright, our name is Tronners; if into war we should be hurled, we'd tremble soon, with banners furled, before the war dogs of the world, the snarling Tawners. So loosen up and pay your tax! Your country needs a battle-ax, and how and arrow! Oh, when your country calls for men, to buy a new breech-loading gun, I pray you, do not then, my son, be mean and narrow!



Down all the reeking trail of years I see the armies go, With mock of flags and waste of dreams and dead hearts in a row; And high above the lighted road their iron feet have trod. I see the awful clouding wing that blots the face of God! —P. Dana Barrett, in Pack.

Did it ever occur to you that most of the men who drink to excess are married?

WAR

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS
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 By EARL HURD.

NEW STORE AT HUBBARD.

E. G. Grant, of Woodburn, was in Hubbard Tuesday making arrangements to establish a furniture store here. He will locate in the Old Fellow's building. It was his purpose to put the stock of furniture in on Saturday of this week, but could not do so because of the institute fair being held in that building. We understand he will do a general furniture and upholstery business.—(Enterprise).

Many a man who's sure he's right goes ahead and finds he was wrong.

THE ROUND-UP

Willamette Valley Southern officials say the road will be completed to Mt. Angel by Thanksgiving and trains can be operated by December. Celebrations are being planned at Mt. Angel and Molalla when the first electric car runs over the road.

E. L. Tate, of Big Bend, won the sweepstakes at the corn carnival held in Malheur county under the auspices of the county grange. He grew 131 bushels to the acre. Careful record was kept by 32 contestants, and the count does not have to be doubted.

The skin of the wildcat believed to be responsible for the death of 37 goats is now in the county clerk's office at Albany. It was killed on the ranch of V. Padlock, near Sweet Home, about a month ago. Padlock had lost 37 goats in a short time, but after this cat was killed no more goats were.

Monmouth school district has purchased the old cannery building of the Monmouth Evaporating company, and will use it for a gym for the high schools.

The Tanner creek sewer in Portland, which has been a public nuisance and source of scandal for 20 years, will have to be rebuilt, and will cost about \$240,000.

Cottage Grove made its first shipment of a load of berries and beans and was consigned to A. Rupert & Co., of Portland.

Eastern Oregon is being combed for horses for the French army. Five thousand are to be gathered at Baker City. The quarantine has been lifted and it is expected the horses will be shipped November 27.

The Apple Growers' association, of Hood River, has 300,000 boxes of apples in storage, and it is estimated orchardists in the valley have 50,000 boxes besides.

Senators Chamberlain and Lane will leave Portland for Coos Bay on the steamer Breakwater, next Tuesday, to get information first-hand concerning the needs of the harbor.

The Monroe waterworks and the residence of the owner adjoining were destroyed by fire about noon Thursday. The big Wilhelm store near by caught fire several times, but hard fighting

and a generous mob saved it and the business section of the town from destruction.

Reports from Portland Friday were that not a case of foot and mouth disease has been found west of the Missouri river.

Jonathan W. Stout, a pious of Baker, horse breaker by profession, and 80 years old, died at Baker City Wednesday from an injury to his foot some weeks ago, caused by a horse stepping on it. Gangrene resulted, causing death. He had lived in Baker county for 46 years.

Mrs. G. D. Quisenberry, city treasurer of Monmouth, has resigned, and the council appointed W. E. Smith to the position temporarily.

Milwaukee has changed the names of many of its streets. All streets running east and west retain their present names and those running north and south are numbered.

LIBRARY LECTURE ON COMMISSION CHARTER

The city charter is the subject of the next lecture at the library, Friday evening, November 20. Dr. J. N. Smith, our well known townsman, will deliver the lecture. Dr. Smith is chairman of the joint committee of citizens and council, and served on the committee which drew up the charter, so is thoroughly familiar with its provisions and necessities. After the lecture Dr. Smith will answer any questions about the charter, and everyone is invited to take part in a discussion to clear up any points which are not clear now. The lecture will be held in the library auditorium (entrance on Winter street) at 8 o'clock, and is free. The object of this lecture is to give every citizen an opportunity to understand the new charter and the way it will work.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

(Hubbard Enterprise.)
 A fine 12-pound baby girl was born to Mrs. J. H. Northausen, of Aurora, in the maternity ward, last Friday. A baby boy was born to Mrs. John Gahler in the maternity ward Tuesday morning.
 Miss Marie Heilmann, of Oregon City, and Mrs. Henry Nofsinger, of Molalla, who were operated upon last week, are getting along nicely.
 Nothing warm up the congregation like cold facts from the pulpit.

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WAR

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