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FINLEY BACK ON THE "JOB."

It is estimated by those familiar with the proceedings of the Fish and Game Commission meeting at Portland recently, at which Game Warden Evans was unceremoniously fired and William L. Finley re-appointed to the place, that there was a large-sized pickaninny in the wood-pile, game basket, fish net or whatever it was. It is stated that only four of the commission were present, Chairman Bilyeu being at Newberg on business, it being understood that only routine business would be taken up. It might be called "routine," for it seems it was pretty well laid out in advance. As a starter, Commissioner Duncan was called to the chair and as he held he could only vote, while occupying that position, in cases of a tie the scheme went through without a hitch. Commissioner Stone would make a motion which Kelly would second, and both would vote aye, while Kinney voted no by his little lonesome. The result was that Stone and Kelly were the whole thing, and Evans was removed and Finley appointed in his place by two members of the commission instead of a majority of it. With a full commission present, if Commissioner Duncan was not a party to the affair, the whole thing could be easily undone, for Bilyeu would stand with Kinney and Duncan could then vote and so reinstate Evans, if he desired to do so.

Whether any action will be taken along this line is not known, but Oregonians who believe in fair play will not take kindly to snap judgments of the kind, especially when it places back in charge of the commission the man who managed to spend \$92,453.37 of the taxpayers' money on game birds during the year 1913. Mr. Finley says it was not the taxpayers' money because it was raised through licenses and other means, and not by taxation. At the same time if the money so raised had not been spent with such generous liberality the legislature would have turned it into the general fund where it would have taken the place of that much tax money.

There are men so constituted they would refuse to accept an office handed them under such doubtful circumstances.

EUROPE FINDING OUT AMERICA.

The commendations the German government adds to those of the French and British governments make it plain that Europe appreciates the great and, as is strongly hinted, the superior skill of the American surgeons and American hospital work.

All these nations have asked for more of this country's surgeons, whose skill is so highly valued. They also want more American hospital nurses, of whose work among the wounded they also speak in terms of gratitude and praise.

In a commercial way, even larger lessons on American importance are being learned by the other nations. It is at length being realized by all the people of those countries how great has been their dependence upon America for a large part of the means of their subsistence.

They are sending to this continent urgent appeals for wheat, for corn, for dressed beef and all other packing house products and for horseshoes, nails and all sorts of equine equipment, and in addition have placed orders for tens of thousands of horses and mules.

So there is one certain result of all this awful carnage, in which this country may take some satisfaction. For once and for all future time the Old World will know that all its historic monuments and cherished traditions and splendid hereditaments of honor and glory—in short, its glorious past—is no such valuable asset in periods of stress as is America's magnificent, competent, world-sustaining present.

If Judge McGinn and Attorney U'Ren could pull together, what a team they would make in dislocating and rearranging the Oregon code. The result would be a rather strange blending of fact and fancy.

The Oregonian says "four more shot on the American side of the southern border." This is rather indefinite as to side, but otherwise indicates the wounded would prefer sitting down standing up.

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THE OPPORTUNITY IS RIPE.

A number of the southern states are preparing to send agents to Belgium to induce those hardy and thrifty people, now homeless, to settle in them. This is something Oregon should not neglect. Oregon is destined sometime to be the world's linen center, the greatest grower of flax. Now is the time to secure a number of Belgian flax growers and enough workers from her ruined factories to at least teach us how to make the beautiful linens and laces for which Belgium looms are famous. It will be years before this industry can be again built up in the old countries, and in fact it can be made a success here much more easily than there. Steps should be taken at once to secure a goodly number of Belgian flax growers and linen makers, and as the immigration department has intimated it would not scan too closely the question of aid to get these people here, some steps should be taken to pay the passage of a limited number of them to Marion county. Conditions here are ideal for flax growing and handling, and it would furnish the Willamette valley with the one thing most needed—something to manufacture. Flax is profitable crop, and with our unlimited waterpower would furnish just the material wanted for factories, and it would make the payrolls of the valley cities one of their greatest uplifts. We need the people who can start the industry properly, and surely the Belgians need both homes and help to get them. Salem will do well to begin at once taking the steps necessary to aid the unfortunate Belgians in getting homes and themselves in getting an industry started that will make her grow and flourish like Jonah's gourd.

Judge McGinn has a great many admirers, no doubt because of his eccentricities, which are generally exhibited in the interest of justice, even if at the expense of the law. His last peculiar decision, however, that of decreeing that the wronged girl shall have the \$1250 fine assessed against two men who wronged her, looks like a gallery play to even up with the Portland women who criticised him for barring them from the trial. The weakness of his position lies in the fact that a fine is no real punishment in a case like this if the guilty men are able to pay, as they seem to be in this instance. It is a good deal like a plan sometimes indulged in in "wide open" towns of fining the proprietors of disreputable resorts occasionally and still allowing them to continue their business unmolested between raids. In reality it is simply imposing a license upon vice. If these men have started the girl on the downward road, the money will probably only help her to travel it a bit faster for a time, and the authors of her ruin will have escaped much easier than they had reason to expect when convicted. Judge McGinn is a judicial freak and it is difficult to determine whether he is doing more good than harm by constantly setting aside established law and precedent, although at times his decisions evoke pretty general applause.

Murderer Tronson, who killed Emma Ulrich in Portland, advanced an argument in favor of the death penalty, that, if it had been made before the election, would undoubtedly have changed the result on the amendment abolishing the death penalty. It is reported that he says he waited until he was certain the death penalty was abolished before killing the girl. Now the question arises that as there is no penalty provided for first degree murder, and can be none until the legislature meets, whether he can be charged with anything more than second degree murder. It would seem from the opinions of lawyers that he cannot.

Recently the cry was: "Buy a bale of cotton." Now it has changed to a request that everyone send a small amount of cotton to Austria for use in the hospitals where the wounded are sorely in need of it. It was beyond most of us to buy a bale of cotton, but surely as the big-hearted Americans think of the wounded and suffering in the Austrian hospitals there are none so poor but they can answer this appeal and send a pound. Surely the Christmas spirit can find no better expression than in this little gift for the relief of suffering humanity.

Of "Bob" Burdette, who has just passed away, it can truthfully be said "the world was better for his having lived." He made the English speaking world smile and feel better for his quaint humor, his touching pathos, and his thrusts at its follies and foibles were so delightfully made and were so free from venom or sting that it really enjoyed laughing at itself. Rare old Bob Burdette.

The theatre of war, of which so much is heard, is putting nothing but tragedy on the stage these days. The presentations to follow the war will make Shylock seem a veritable spendthrift, for they will deal with all kinds of pinching poverty, and grasping after money to pay interest will make each and every government a collective bunch of up-to-date loan sharks.

There are no invading aeroplanes, Zeppelins and such here in America, but instead numberless foreign representatives buying our surplus grain, meats, canned goods, horses and even drawing on the supply of Missouri's pride, the ever-dependable mule. The results of this invasion are more wealth and happier homes, instead of the reverse being the case.

The near approach of Thanksgiving points out the way in which that crowing rooster may be made to quit his early calls and consequent annoyance of the neighborhood. Removing his drumsticks will put an end to the noise.

THE ROUND-UP

Eugene's council has authorized the chain gang system, as a discourager of the hobo.

Therston's school board has provided hot lunch facilities at the schools and is installing complete playgrounds equipment.

The city of Monmouth has placed its water system on a permanent basis. Meters have been established and regular rates fixed.

Independence, with 30 blocks of street paving, just completed, claims to be the best paved town of its population in the United States.

La Grande's \$40,000 Y. M. C. A. building having been completed, a "Finish the Job" campaign has been installed to raise funds for the furnishings.

Pendleton East Oregonian: It was a coincidence of course but rather an odd one that the first man to register at the Hotel Pendleton yesterday morning, the first snowy morning of the year, was J. S. Winter, the Portland contractor who built the hotel. Winter arrived with the snow but is staying longer.

Old Standbys

In cozy inglenooks we read the recent books, of which there are a million, which tell how Reggie boy assures his future joy by wedding lovely Lilian. The weird detective tale, whose plot, though slightly stale, in every chapter thickens; and every now and then, tired out, we turn again, to Thackeray and Dickens. Old fish, and eke gauds! What endless piles of books the publishers are printing! The stories true to life, which treat of ering wife, at staid manners hinting; the yarns of rumbler bold, whose reckless arms unfold the painted chorus chickens; and weary, sad and sore, at last we turn once more to Thackeray and Dickens. We find the raw romance which deals with high finance, of hunches and of hunches; the western type of rot, where hunches are kept hot by boozing cattle punchers. The books are piled in racks, the tales of politics, which give us slender pickings; and ever and anon, we turn with stifled yawn, to Thackeray and Dickens. We long for books that count, for stories that amount to something more than tinker; the volume we receive are only fit to leave outdoors, through door or window. The publishers won't pay much heed to what we say, they all ignore our kickin'; and when for books we yearn, we simply have to turn to Thackeray and Dickens.



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SILVERTON NEWS NOTES

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Silverton, Ore., Nov. 21.—The Silverton cafe changed hands this week. Guy Wilson purchased the place from L. J. Glass, who has been the proprietor for the past few months. Mr. Wilson has had a great deal of experience in this line of work and will continue to run this popular eating house in the same creditable way.
Dr. A. E. Wrighton operated on Mrs. Chas. Moore for appendicitis at the Salem hospital on Tuesday of this week. The operation was successful and Mrs. Moore is recovering nicely.
S. J. Edwards, a manufacturer of a patent tire refiner for automobiles, came over from Salem Wednesday on business.
The Eastman brothers, proprietors of the Silverton Blow Pipe Co., are installing a furnace in their garage building.
Rev. Geo. Crowley, of Portland, was visiting his sister, Mrs. T. J. Glass, for a few days this week.
Louis Lachmund, of Salem, spent a short time in Silverton on business this week.
W. C. Anderson, of the Lumberman's Trust and Savings bank, of Portland, was here on business this week.
Mr. Eastman, of Portland, is here for a short time visiting his two sons, who are in business here.
Claude Slade, of the Woolen Mills store, spent Wednesday in Portland on business.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cherry spent Wednesday in Salem.
Miss Ella Saak, of Pratum, is visiting Miss Corn Raveland, of this place.
Rev. A. M. Van Marter will begin a series of revival meetings at the Methodist church, Sunday.
Ray Wilson returned this week from Dufur, where he has been spending the past month or more.

REDUCE OREGON RATES.

Washington, Nov. 21.—On complaint of the chamber of commerce of Portland, Oregon, the inter-state commerce commission today ordered material reductions in freight rates on bakery goods in less than carload lots from points in Oregon and Washington to destinations in Oregon, Washington, Colorado, Idaho and Montana.
When the dum-dum bullet gets inside of you it expands like a dried apple, but it bursts more.

Mill Wood

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Five Loads at \$1.75

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H. Steinbock Junk Co.

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THE GIRL THAT'S WANTED.

Give us a girl with round cheeks like a rose;
Give us a girl with an uplifted nose;
Give us a girl on common sense heels;
One with a head that is not full of wheels;
One that can romp and can paw up the dirt;
One without hobbies on mind or on skirt;
One that can build a shortcake like a dream;
One whose complexion stands water or steam;
One who can fasten herself to a broom
And laugh as she steers the old thing round the room;
One whom no flattery ever can budge,
And who knows something besides making fudge.

—Roston Post.