

Editorial Page of The Daily Capital Journal

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GET IN TUNE FOR CHRISTMAS.

A melancholy disposition is a nuisance, at any time of year.

The grouchy man is merely endued and the sorrowful man is only pitied, while the morose man is detested.

The worst nuisance in the world to himself and others is the man who is constantly complaining and nursing his woes. His woes may be mostly imaginary at first, but they become real in time from the mind's dwelling upon them.

Some foolish women seem to think a sort of semi-invalidism is genteel. They keep on hand a supply of little ailments that they put on or off as occasion suggests. These are the chief topics of their conversation, and the moral malaria exhales poisonous vapors that chill and depress all who come within the atmosphere.

The readiest cure for such invalids lies in laughing. If they can find nothing else to laugh at, let them laugh at themselves. Let them get out of the miasmic shadows into the sunshine of content.

Most of us take ourselves too seriously. Our very solemnity over little troubles is very funny if we only look at it right.

Who can recall the little vexations and petty woes of yesterday, and remember the worry that was wasted over them, without laughing? The petty woes of today will tomorrow appear as trivial as those of yesterday do today.

The time to laugh over them is now. Laugh, and they will flee at once.

We can't all laugh always, but we can laugh a good deal if we try. We can train ourselves to look on the bright side of things.

The physiological benefits of cheerfulness are too apparent to be doubted. The mental, moral and spiritual benefits, though not so clearly seen, are just as great.

The hearty laugh that comes of wholesome merriment is the sunshine of life that drives the creeping gloom shadows from the face and routs skulking cares from the heart.

Nothing costs so little and at the same time counts so much for happiness and health as habitual cheerfulness. It is the best medicine, the best tonic, the best stimulant in the world.

This is a good time to try it out.

CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD HOME.

As Christmas approaches, what heart that is not caloused with greed and selfishness does not ache with longing for the old home of childhood days?

At this mystical season, if at no other, memories of childhood become smiling angels that beckon us back through the years.

Idle sentiment? Not at all.

All over our land Christmas brings back to the old home the children and the children's children, once more to set our lips to the spring of love that is pure and undefiled.

Whether we turn back to it from successes and joys, or from failures and sorrows, the old home is ever a sanctuary of virtues and the sweetest earthly interpretation of heaven.

The king of finance and the prodigal once more become brothers, at the old home, and learn that the things which seem so important to us in this world are, after all, only a thin veneer.

Whether we be wise or ignorant, rich or poor, great or little, the old home offers us satisfaction and inspiration to be found nowhere else in the world.

If Christmas had no other meaning than just this—that it turns us back to the old home, that nursery of the infinite, and to the loves and dreams and longings and resolves of youth, the day would still be the happiest and most helpful day in all the year.

Considering the weather, it might be proper to let up on the discussion of the country's unpreparedness for war and size up how it is prepared for winter. The former may be a possibility, but the latter is an evident fact.

Dr. Mayo, the world-renowned surgeon, talking recently on the subject of cancer, says it is not contagious; that no one knows what causes it; that one man of every thirteen may expect to die of it, and one woman of every seven. On top of this he says the disease is easily curable if taken in time and that the only remedy is the surgeon's knife. His advice is to go at once to your physician as soon as you discover any sign of irritation about warts, tumors, moles or injuries which do not heal promptly. It is from such causes most cancers start, hence the advice.

Now that the railroads have been granted that five per cent increase in rates, they should make good on their part of the contract. They have been saying that such action on the part of the commission was all that was necessary to start business going and bring an unparalleled wave of prosperity to the country—now it's their move.

The bootlegging, blind pig way of furnishing water in South Salem is not much for style, but it is sure appreciated by the residents of that "Extra Dry" but not "Mumm" section. Someone yesterday morning, when he first saw the water wagon (this one) remarked it was "the car of Juggernaut," one's success in getting water depending on whether he had a jug or not.

A dispatch says: "England cannot see how the United States can longer ignore the violation of the rules of war by Germany." What would England have the United States do? Supposed she recognized the fact that Germany was violating the rules of war, would England expect this country to stop her? Nothing doing.

So long as people appeal to congress for "pork barrel" appropriations, congress cannot be blamed for trying to supply the pork. A "pork barrel" appropriation may be defined as one in which the money is not to be spent in the neighborhood of the persons calling it "pork barrel."

FOR "THAT MAN'S" XMAS

THE ROUND-UP

Mrs. M. J. Mathews, 84 years of age, has returned to Eugene, her former home, from her homestead near Fossil, Oregon, having proved by after completing the full term of residence, most of which she spent alone.

Modified Mail-Tribune Judge Withington donates to the Commercial Club an interesting exhibit of a woodpecker skin, an 18-inch section of a yellow pine tree, literally filled with holes and in each hole two to three acorns.

Tribute to the Haines spirit, in Baker Herald: "Haines had a blow in the loss of its opera house and other buildings but all who know the pluck of that city are sure that the Haines hotel will merely make the disaster a stepping stone to greater things."

Pendleton Post Oregonian: Glen Bosbee and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beck will leave in the morning for Starkey Prairie, where they will spend the winter trapping coyotes. They will take along "Hester," a pet coyote, which they purchased. From the sale of pelts and the bounty they believe they can make their expedition profitable.

That there is a bright promise of an advanced movement in mining in Baker and Grant counties with the coming of 1915 is the hopeful opinion of the Baker Democrat, which further says: "A mineral exhibit from these counties at the Panama-Pacific exposition would be the thing to start the ball rolling. All that is necessary is to show capital the wealth in mineral that here abounds and money will do the rest."

FOR "THAT MAN'S" XMAS

Here's the Answer to a Very Puzzling Question

Just before the Christmas holidays, when the stores are thronged by the "last-minute rush"; when you've often racked your brains for an idea that will solve the question of what to give your hand, father, brother, Tom or Jack; when you've looked back on former trials, due to your having picked the wrong tie or a misfit shirt or socks that were too small—did it ever occur to you that you might settle the matter quickly and satisfactorily without losing any beauty sleep by giving him a glass humidor of Prince Albert, the national joy smoke?

It's a neat looking crystal-glass receptacle, holding a pound of the best-tasted tobacco made. Whenever the supply is exhausted it may readily be replenished, and the humidor keeps the tobacco moist, fresh and fragrant all the time.

You will find it in all stores where tobacco is sold, and you needn't hesitate to walk right in and ask for it. The clerk won't bite and the tobacco can't, either. The bite has been taken out of P. A. by a wonderful patented process. Think of the pleasure it will give "him" and the possible annoyance it will save you. It's a gift that will not be slipped to the janitor or the office boy like a tie that doesn't strike "his" fancy.

And furthermore, when "he" is thinking of a gift for a business associate or acquaintance or a male relative, help him out of the difficulty by suggesting a crystal-glass humidor of Prince Albert. As a man's gift it cannot be duplicated in acceptability by anything else at so nominal a cost. It's found at the nearest shop that sells tobacco.

Prosperity Coming

Prosperity is due, the sunshine states men say; hard times, they made us blue, will shortly pass away. "The outlook sure is fine," the gentle Woodrow cries, and Redfield's whiskers shine, and twinkling are his eyes. For gratitude devout we'll soon have ample cause; we'll see the working out of our new tariff laws. We'll all be spending thanks, our bosoms full of thrills; our patting duplex banks will heal all human ills. Our blessed income tax will soon relieve the poor, and heap on rich men's backs as much as they'll endure. The gloomy days are done, the sunshine sharp declares; our place is in the sun, and we'll be happy there. When griefs are also runs, and we are fortune's pets, we'll bless kind Woodrow's plans, and Redfield's whiskerettes. For men are growing tired of living on fresh air, of furnaces unfired, and cupboards grimly bare. It's not to see the hosts of hungry unemployed, who are convinced no ghosts will walk to fill the void. The planks we chase so hard are scarce as dragon's teeth; it's not to see the hard compelled to eat his wrath. He then, for better days! We'll greet them with a grin, and we'll be free with praise when they are ushered in!



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WOMAN IS IDENTIFIED.

San Francisco, Dec. 19.—The woman found dead here yesterday in the office of Dr. J. J. Leek, a dentist, in circumstances indicating, the police



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say, that a criminal operation had been performed, was identified today as but failed to mention the dentist's name. Bruce admitted that his wife was to become a mother.

Reginald Bruce, the husband, told the police that his wife told him yesterday she was going to see a dentist, performed, was identified today as but failed to mention the dentist's name. Bruce admitted that his wife was to become a mother.

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Merry Christmas To All

In announcing this Special Christmas Sale, I wish to extend to the public my most appreciative thanks for their valued patronage during the year 1914. The past twelve months have brought me a marked increase in business, thus again proving that my policy of giving the buyer absolutely honest value at a genuinely reasonable price is winning increasing public esteem and confidence.

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Buy him a useful Christmas gift. You can easily pick out one here from among a number of good things that he will like.

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