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THE SUPREME HOLIDAY.

The supreme holiday of Christianity has become the holiday of all creeds and races. Even unbelief yields to custom what it denies to dogma.

Over all the earth today, in spite of war, the spirit of Christmas fills the hearts of more people than are ever at any other time moved by any other single emotion.

Christmas is no longer the exclusive custom of the church; it has been appropriated as the festival of all humanity.

This universality of celebration of the day originally set apart by those holding a particular religious belief is a unique and profound phenomenon.

Not stopping to think of its religious significance, millions appropriate the essential gospel of Christianity proclaimed at the nativity, and millions who respect the theological status of Christ taught by his churches celebrate the spirit of the day that saw His birth.

The shock to our every sense because nations are locked in deadly conflict on this day only proves and emphasizes how deep the spirit of the day is set in our souls. It is sad that there should be war on Christmas; but it is well that Christmas comes in the midst of war.

For above the roar of shot, above the curses, the cries of the wounded, and the moans of the dying, there speaks today a "still, small voice" to every soul, and it whispers "peace."

Through the black smoke of battle, there shines today a steady star, and it promises hope.

Above the selfish ambitions, the heartless schemings, the jealousies, the hates, the mis-called patriotism and false bravery of the world war there broods today a spirit of brotherhood that will not be wholly unfelt or wholly cast aside.

There is no other day in the year that means so much. To the young it brings glee, to the aged calm, and to all cheer and good feeling.

It is a day that in its spirit and all its traditions is distinct and apart from all other days, the one day in which affection and charity rise above the selfish passions of life, the day in which the sentiments instilled by Christ come closest to the surface of human nature.

Humanity is strangely ignorant of its simplest emotions. In a vague way we realize that real pleasure comes only from a consciousness of doing right, but we are apt to look on this precept as not practical in everyday affairs. There is no rule of conduct more practical. Charity gives real pleasure any day in the year. So does the right exercise of any other emotion and impulse.

This is a good day to make the experiment. The world is full of want that a little self-sacrifice may considerably ameliorate. There is many an Old Scrooge who never discovered the best use for a Bob Cratchit.

If we all do on this day, if on no other, what the spirit of Christ and the laws of human nature prompt in the matter of charity, we might learn that even poverty is not wholly a curse.

The New York Times, in its literary section, says "there are two schools of war poets." Very true. One school makes the reader feel like committing red-handed murder with the poet as the subject, and the other creates a strong desire to assassinate the editors who spring the "bloody bubbles" on their readers already in the last throes from trying to pronounce the names of those Slav towns. The poets of both schools should be sent to the front and kept there during the war unless sooner accounted for.

One of the war correspondents, in describing conditions in the trenches, among other things mentioned that every soldier had two sets of suspender buttons. There is where he has the laugh on the civilian, especially if the latter is married.

To the thoughtful the vote on prohibition in congress foretells what is to come. It does not matter much what the result of that vote was, for the main thing is that prohibition has been made a national issue and will be a material one in every election until it finally wins, for sooner or later that will be the result.

There seems to be quite a difference of opinion as to what contraband of war means. With some, the idea prevails that it is unlawful to sell to any combatant anything that is contraband of war. Such is not the case. One nation or its citizens may sell to another anything it pleases, and can. The manufacturers of this country can sell to any of the warring nations arms and ammunition, aeroplanes and submarines or anything else. To refuse to sell such supplies to any government might be classed as a violation of neutrality. If, however, the supplies are captured by the enemy of the country to which they are sold, that is the end of it. Speaking of contraband, it was during the Civil war when the question of what to do with the negro was uppermost, that Ben Butler saddled the name "contraband" on the negro by saying the way to settle the question was to declare the negro "contraband of war," and confiscate him.

Mr. Watson, the poet laureate of England, feels awfully sorry for America, or, to be exact, the United States, because it did not rush to England's aid and assist her in conquering Germany. He mournfully points out that this country, her "daughter," will have to worry along "without the crown divine thou mightst have worn." We are glad he is sorry, but sorry he has nothing to be glad about. However, this country is a republic and does not take kindly to crowns, anyway. Besides, a crown that would cost perhaps half a million American lives is too high priced. This country is not looking for crowns, or crosses either. She is long on the latter now, with Henry Cabot Lodge and Son-in-law Gardner, Merrysmack Hobson, Reed Smoot, the Mexican troubles and our own Teddy bear. These are crosses heavy enough for any country to bear. Any more would be a real "double cross."

Boston has decided to send 8,000 tons of foodstuffs to the Belgians. If beans cut any considerable figure in the shipments, then indeed is Boston generous. Then can the Belgians sing: "We have her dearest, we have her nearest, her only one."

A dispatch says Petrograd is practically without drinking water because ice has blocked the stream supplying it. With nothing but ice, in spite of the czar's prohibition of vodka, the Russians will be again driven to hard drink.

Hobson has apparently got over his scare about the "yellow peril" and is training for a fight to a finish with ue old "Demon Rum."

THE ROUND-UP

The water system at Bandon will pass under municipal control on January 1, the city council having accepted the bid of the Bandon Water company for the water bonds authorized by the voters at the municipal election in June.

Condon Globe: The raising of more stock on Gilliam county farms is growing in favor each year, especially of hogs and sheep, as shown by the assessor's records. The valuation of the hogs this year is \$20,000, and the sheep \$243,225.

Volunteers from the congregation of the Methodist church at Coquille recently met at the church and in one day's work almost finished the excavating for a 40x50 basement, which, when completed, will furnish space for Sunday school and league rooms.

La Grande Observer: The Elks' new home continues to progress, regardless of cold and inclement weather. A little bad weather, though, never affects an Elk in any of his undertakings. Just to defy weather in every form, the Elks will have a straw hat parade on New Year's day.

A large walnut tree that grew in the yard of T. G. Hendricks at the corner of Ninth avenue and Charnelton street, Eugene, has been cut down and donated by Mr. Hendricks to the high school manual training department. The lumber in the tree is worth about \$60, there being about 2000 feet of it.

Report of notable musical event in Marshfield Record: The first grand symphony concert given by leading musicians of Marshfield last evening at the Lyceum theatre under the auspices of the Ovals, was liberally patronized and a good sum resulted at the box office. It is hoped another concert of the same nature will be given during the winter.

It developed in a trial at Eugene, when Joseph Jacobs was on trial for selling liquor without a license, that the defendant had received \$500 worth of beer in eight months from the Salem Brewing company. He swore it was for his and his family's use, and the district attorney figured it out that the family of 11 had drunk 117 barrels or 8,124 bottles of beer in eight months—if they drank it.

The Appeal says if there is one thing Silvestro needs above all others it seems it is a fruit cannery, and it announces that a project for a co-operative plant will soon be put before the people.

BURGLARS AT EUGENE.

Eugene, Or., Dec. 24.—Burglars only today dynamited the safe of the Eugene Ice & Storage company and escaped with about \$20 in cash, and a gold watch. Other jewelry valued at several hundred dollars was overlooked.

The truth gives pride many a jolt.

The Old Man

I'm stale and old, my heart is cold—also, I must admit it! When children whoop around my camp, I wish that they would quit it. Their childish glee appears to me a thing distinctly horrid, they make such noise, and a the boys I speak in language so rude, I've reached that stage of jaded age where I am sour and surly; these lips of mine forever white, I'm kicking late and early. I think the folks should hear my jokes, my ancient jokes and punning; I think all hands should my commands obey and do it running. Alas, I know I selfish grow, my faculties get muddled; I cry, "Gee whiz! My comfort is the thing you all should study!" An open door makes me so sore, and I get up and slam it, and to my shame I then exclaim some words that rhyme with "Jam it!" A fire bugled low fills me with woe, I snort like Alexander, (all women flee to comfort me and soothe my soule dander. And thus old age brings empty rage and temper cross and unkind, and peevish pout and mental gout and passion false and foolish. My folks I fire with useless lies, and have them to distraction; to my and kin my cashing in should bring large satisfaction.

NATION'S CAPITAL IS PEACEFUL TODAY

Washington, Dec. 25.—Christmas day found the capital a nearly deserted city. With congress closed and its members back home, and with government departments shut down, the city took on a unwanted air of quiet. Many of the government officials were dining quietly at home, or were taking a week-end visit out of the city.

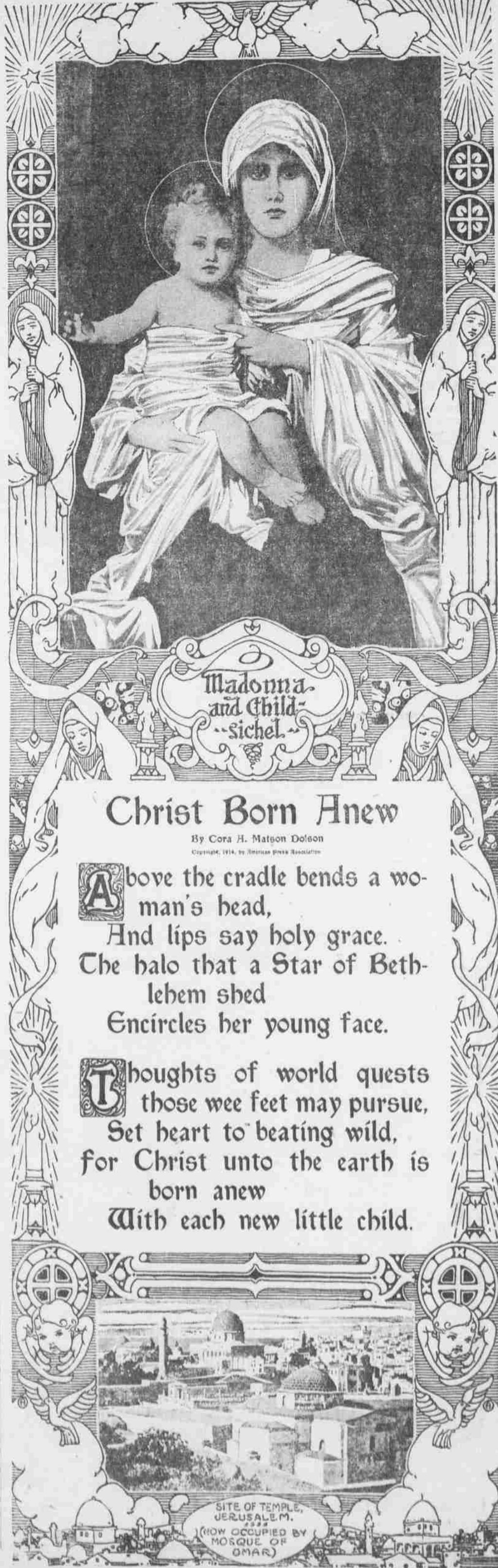
For the far western members of congress, who could not well make the trip to their home cities, there were a number of social gatherings today in private homes and hotels.

For the unfortunate members of the community, charity organizations distributed baskets of Christmas food, including real turkey, cranberry sauce and so on.

In the cafes, the usual Christmas hospitality—genuine southern egg nog and applejack—were brought in huge bowls. But the cafes, like the city, had the spirit of the season—peace.

THE PANAMA AFFAIR.

Washington, Dec. 24.—A detailed report of the violation of the neutrality of the Panama canal zone by six British colliers and two British merchantmen reached the navy department today. The report covered only the incidents occurring between December 3 and December 16. The British ships brought 26,000 tons of coal, apparently for British warships, off the east coast of Panama.



Christ Born Anew

By Cora H. Matson Dolson
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Above the cradle bends a woman's head,
And lips say holy grace.
The halo that a Star of Bethlehem shed
Encircles her young face.

Thoughts of world quests
those wee feet may pursue,
Set heart to beating wild,
for Christ unto the earth is
born anew
With each new little child.

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