

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

CHARLES H. FISHER
Editor and Manager

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DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

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THE HUMAN EARTHQUAKE.

Horrible as is the Italian earthquake—so stunning as even to overshadow the horrors of world war—still it has its recompense in suddenly awaking a strong and tender spirit of human brotherhood throughout the world, as the smiting of a rock may release a flowing spring of sweet and living water.

Pitiful as is the condition in shattered Belgium, it, too, has its recompense in the glorious outburst of sympathy and helpfulness to which every heart responds.

Shameful as is the extent of unemployment in all our cities, that also has its recompense in its appeal to the best that is in us, in our universal response in feeling and in thought and in the eagerness with which the man who is up extends his hand to lift his brother who is down.

The winter of 1914-15 will perhaps be the darkest in all history for horror and suffering. But it also bids fair to be the brightest in history in the sympathy awakened, the helpfulness given, the sacrifices made, the money contributed and the serious, virile thought devoted to the betterment of humanity.

There are pessimists in plenty bitterly contending that cruel greed and selfishness are the dominant traits of the human race. It may sometimes seem to be true in the dull everyday grind.

But the limelight of a great catastrophe, illumining the heart deeps of man, discloses the lie and reveals soul-rooted qualities that are little short of godlike—the strong, deep human forces of love and faith and hope, that have brought us up from savagery to some orderly system and will ever sustain us and steadily lift us higher.

When the master hand of fate strikes the strong, deep chords within us, the petty clink of coins is stifled, as the cry of the bird is lost in the roar of the storm.

In this convulsion of human nature treasures that lie far deeper than the pocket break to the surface.

The billionaire contributing his hundreds of thousands and the poor child giving her penny have hearts the same to hear the wail of need, and souls the same to respond.

There are mighty, glorious passions in the human heart which, when aroused, make greed give gladly and selfishness delight in sacrifice.

In the presence of a horror before which human power and learning are helpless, human love and helpfulness loom up as the potent, abiding, unconquerable forces of earth.

More precious than all wealth, which is so easily destroyed, better than all wisdom, which is so easily confounded, dearer to mankind than all the food and clothing and shelter to the suffering, is human sympathy, which disaster only strengthens and despair only sweetens, and which is sweeping across the earth like a host of angels out of heaven.

The New York Sun says the newspapers of the United States are more truthful, more accurate, more painstaking, more intelligent, and in every other detail infinitely superior to the press of any other nation. There's the truth of the matter. There is every reason why the press of this country should be all the Sun claims it to be, for it depends upon public confidence and support which must be won on merit and sustained by it. The press of this country represents a much greater investment as a business enterprise than that of any other country, and the investment alone must be considered as a thing to be protected in every way by a hold upon the reading and advertising public.

A gentleman, supposed to represent large interests, is in Salem investigating conditions for establishing an extensive flax industry in the Willamette valley. This is a very important matter and one which should receive the greatest possible consideration from the Commercial club and our people generally. It holds out a greater promise for profitable returns than the sugar beet industry which has recently been discussed here and elsewhere throughout western Oregon.

At a special election today the people of Douglas county are deciding whether Miss Katie Clarke or a mere man shall represent them in the state senate.

The young man entering upon active life who can correctly write in a half dozen languages but not in English, who knows all the movements of the sun, moon and stars but nothing of the movements of commerce, who can rattle off the whole history of the world but is ignorant of the most important current events, who can analyze the art of great masters but is baffled by a bookkeeper's trial sheet—this young man is very heavily handicapped in the race of practical life. The only hope of pronounced success lies in sending all the sap of one's life, all the energy one can muster, in one direction. The average failure of man is due not to lack of abilities but to lack of concentration.

Last year in this country eighty-two hundred and fifty-one murders were committed and the suicides numbered thirteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-five. There were fifty-four lynchings and seventy-four executions. That's a record from which we as people might wish to turn away, but it's a record, just the same, and has to be faced. It reveals a shocking disregard of rights to life and happiness and of the responsibilities of life.

Miss Ida Tarbell is just now telling one of our investigating committees, back in New York, what is wrong with the world and people who inhabit it. Ida knows and it is kind of her to make the knowledge public, indicating that her opposition to monopoly is as strong as ever, even monopoly of the wisdom she has such a large corner on.

In a statement filling more than a newspaper column, Representative Eaton endeavors to show that Speaker Selling has ignored the country members. He might have pointed to the list of committee assignments and let it go at that.

The state engineer insists that the steel in most of the county bridges built in Oregon of late years should have been spelled the other way.

Only one new revolution broke out in Mexico yesterday.

In the Trenches



They're huddled in their narrow pits, and then a bullet hits and lays a soldier low. Numbled by the north wind's icy breath, and beaten by the blast, they dodge such messengers of death as may be whizzing past. And then a million useful jobs are usually employed, such work as theirs is most unkind, of common sense devoid. What does it if the soldiers shoot until they're tired of gore, and put a crimp in some ungodly they never saw before? Ah, better far on frosty morn, to kick a span of mules, and in the field to shucking corn with modern-looking tools. I'd rather have a boxing pug than have a sword of lance, and only a stranger of his leg, or second line in the pants. I'd rather bring home from the field a load of golden ears, than pack around a silly shield, and peep folk up with spears. I'd rather take a monkey wrench and fix a silky plow, than be a hero in a trench, a helmet on my brow. I do not join as soldier brave who suffer in the field, who follow where their banners wave, and warlike weapons wield; I love no cheap insulting fling, the blood stained soldiers for; I merely look the tin horn kings who sent their folk to war.

Wack Mason

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.
When I came home from school last night I found Ma and Pa that the teacher asked us to rite down the six things we liked the most and the six things we disliked the most. She said that every young boy and girl ought to have these likes and dislikes because it built up their character.
I am not so sure about dislikes building up character, but Pa, and if I saw sure teacher I would tell her so, but go ahead and rite what she wants you to, and then your mother and I will rite out a list too. So this is the names of the things I rote out that I like the best.
Slates
Long pants
Turkey
My friends
My home
My Pa and Ma
And then I showed Pa and Ma the six things which I disliked the most:
Dolls
Short pants
Pork when it is fat
Girls
Crows
Tattletales
Well, Bobbie, said Pa, that isn't a bad list at all. I think that it will meet your teacher's approval. Now your mother will make up a list. So this is the list that Ma made up of the things she liked the best. She rote:
To make my husband happy
To cook the things he likes
To let him stay out nights
To admire him above all men
To love Bobbie the sun.
That is what I call grand, said Pa. Ma showed him her list of the things she liked. You don't need to rite any more dear be to Ma. You have shown the true nobility of your character in them touching things you

PORTLAND PIE JAG—A. D. 1915.

News Note.—Buying a piece of mince pie that was pretty thoroughly saturated with booze caused the mayor of Portland to order an investigation into the view of preventing the sale of pie jars should it contain more than a certain percentage of alcohol.

O'Riley disappeared through the swinging doors of the East Chance pie counter on First street. Past the "N's Minors Allowed," "Family Orders a Specialty," and "Plus Plus, Cakes and Cigs," signs, he strode to the brasserie which kept every foot from reaching the mince pie.

"Out me a right piece of mince, Jerry, and here something yourself," said O'Riley, as he helped himself to the free apple sauce.

"It's Stoney as I live and breathe," said O'Riley, as he turned when the speaker of the sizzling deep-fought his ear.

"Bring in two pieces of the dark mince, Jerry."

"Take 'em both yourself, O'Riley," said Stoney, as the order was delivered. "I'm on the bread wagon now. A cut of ginger bread for mine."

Jerry hastened to cut a heavy slice of mince as the rap of a well-known local club sounded on the rear door, which indicated that Patrolman Murphy was ready to partake of a slice of something navigating behind his newspaper.

"One piece of crime de mint pie," was O'Riley's next command, and when the order was set before him, blew the frosting from the top as he grumbled against the "collar."

"A piece o' sherry pie," was his next request, and then he paused at the pie counter as he went out to purchase a musty plum pudding, bearing the label "Baked in Bonds—1905."

Around the corner he sat on the curbstone while he disposed of three fingers of the plum pudding, and then his mind reverted to pie. Remembering an old song about the four and twenty blackbirds that baked in one, he attempted to raise his voice in song, when the heavy hand of Patrolman Murphy fell on his shoulder, and he stood patiently while the telephone jingled and the patrol wagon jangled, and then "saved peace."

The next morning before the crusty judge he got as far as "I only had a couple of pieces of mince, judge, and—"

"Thirty days," said the magistrate. "I'm tired of these fellows going into a pie counter for a couple of pies and getting a bun."

have just rote. I know when I married you, said Pa, that I was marrying a jule, but somehow you have never seemed so deer and neat to me as since you rote these words.
I know you would like them, deer old boy, said Ma. When you first came in to my life you always seemed to me like a prince who had come riding up on a white horse to talk me away to a magick cessel. You were so tall and so strate, Ma, and the luv life in your fine eyes was so fine. By the way, prince, said Ma, I want you to look at this ad which I saw in the paper today. I can get a real Irish lace gown for 80 dollars, Ma, and, one that in other times would have cost a lot more. I said to myself that I would show it to you.
I am glad you did, said Pa, here is the 80 dollars, but Pa swallowed kind of hard like I do on a lumping.
So there is a fool born every minute? This would be a tressome world if there was none but philosophers in it.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE LEGISLATURE

During the rush in the state printing office, due to the demand for printed bills, the last section of House Bill 1 was attached to the title section of House Bill 37 and considerable confusion was the result. This little mistake, which might happen in any well-regulated business of the magnitude of the state printing plant, during the legislative session, would probably have passed unnoticed were it not that H. B. 37 is the horticultural commissioner bill and H. B. 1 is the prohibition measure. Also the attachment of the other end of the probi bill to the front section of the fruit bill might be excusable from the printer's point of view, inasmuch as, under the prohibition amendment to the constitution "John Barlow" will be duly labelled "forbidden fruit" after January 1, 1916.

"Billy" McAdams, the otherwise genial and unperturbed mailing clerk of the house of representatives, had a full grown grinch on yesterday afternoon, and, after the excitement had subsided and the testimony all in, it was the unanimous verdict that he had just come to be peevish. As mailing clerk it is up to "Billy" to make good all postage due upon mail forwarded to the members of the legislature and, banking severely under the belief that the members would provide for his reimbursement in due season for any deficiency which he might suffer in the premises, he cheerfully paid the postage due on his own pocket. Incidentally Billy's surprise and chagrin, yesterday afternoon, when he called for his postage allowance from the chief clerk to be informed that there was "nothing doing." "Stung for 'one bone,'" exclaimed Billy, as he walked dispiritedly away, "and me only drawin' five a day."

"The speak is all cleared, gentlemen, a motion to adjourn will be in order," says Speaker Selling. Then "Miss Towne?" "I move we adjourn, Mr. Speaker," chimed in Miss Towne, the lady representative from Jackson county. "It is moved and seconded that the house stand adjourned until 9 o'clock," announces the speaker, and it is so ordered. This is one of the many little courtesies that have been voluntarily extended to the first and only lady members of the Oregon legislature by her gallant colleagues in the house, this one having been adopted by Speaker Selling one day last week when he announced that no adjournment could be taken until Miss Towne made the request, and since the motion to adjourn is unobtainable, Miss Towne is also granted the woman's prerogative—the last word.

Representative Carlwell, of Douglas county, is a business man to the core and, as such, believes that the fever words that a man's business can be stated in the better. He has no reason why business principle should be applied to legislation and has no use for long-winded bills to solve a single subject when the same ground can be covered and as effective results obtained in a document the text of which is brief and direct to the point. There are no less than four long-drawn-out measures pending action of the house seeking to put the prohibiting amendment to the constitution into effect. Mr. Carlwell introduced one himself yesterday morning the whole subject of which is treated in one brief paragraph of less than 100 words. "In short," said Mr. Carlwell, "my bill makes it unlawful to manufacture or sell alcoholic liquors in the state of Oregon and fixes a penalty, isn't that enough?"

OREGON NEWS AND COMMENT

Coquille Herald: Only Billings, who made a plea of guilty, was given the fixed sentence of two to 20 years in the penitentiary, with the provision that sentence will be suspended if within 10 days he marries the girl against whom his offense was committed.

Coquille Herald: At the meeting of the Farmers' Union the following officers were elected by the Coquille local: Nick Johnson, president; W. C. Brandon, vice president; Mrs. W. G. Brandon, secretary-treasurer; J. D. Myers, conductor; W. L. Kistler, outer guard.

Roseburg Review: County Treasurer James Sawyer will place two extra crews of clerks at work writing up the tax rolls tonight. One crew will work from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the afternoon. A second crew will work from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until 1 o'clock in the morning. The third crew will report at 1 o'clock in the morning and work until the regular day crew comes on duty at 8 o'clock.

Walter Gilman and Ed Kilgore were this morning sentenced to the state penitentiary from one to 10 years on charges of stealing cattle, says the Pendleton East Oregonian. Gilman was convicted last week of stealing a cow from Po-wa-kee, an Indian, and Kilgore, who was the principal witness against Gilman, this morning entered a plea of guilty to a charge of having stolen a steer from the Catholic home on the reservation. W. M. Peterson, attorney for Gilman, has asked for three days in which to prepare a motion for a new trial.

Hotel keepers of Baker have been given until January 21 by the local authorities to equip their buildings with fire escapes.

All-embracing optimism character-

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The United States National Bank, at Salem, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, December 31, 1914: RESOURCES. Dollars, Cts. \$ 473,683.01 2,395.94 \$ 31,000.00 86,816.22 117,816.22 18,250.00 18,250.00 264,584.58 75,000.00 331,584.58 2,000.00 2,000.00 162,000.00 19,500.00 17,921.91 104,850.18 122,805.99 1,000.00 1,670.94 4,152.58 55.00 150,033.20 5,150.00 1,494.96 \$1,405,401.92 LIABILITIES. Dollars, Cts. 100,000.00 100,000.00 1,042.98 \$ 31,000.00 1,950.00 29,050.00 3,829.88 10,000.00 355,475.78 40,750.45 50.22 530.75 10,361.40 179,920.12 587,110.72 04,090.80 480,020.48 \$1,405,401.92

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of January, 1915. JENNIE BEST, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: J. P. ROGERS, D. W. EYRE, U. S. PAGE, Directors.

Capital Monumental Works

We manufacture monuments from American and foreign granites. We have installed a complete monument manufacturing plant and make everything in our line right here in Salem. You are invited to call and inspect our stock and plant. Office and Factory 2210 South Commercial Phone 689

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Drink Lots of Water.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

INCUBATORS! INCUBATORS!

Second-hand incubators, all kinds, in good condition at bargain prices. Also piping and other materials needed in making brooders and brooder houses. Now is the time to prepare for the spring work.

H. Steinbock Junk Co.

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