

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
Daily by carrier, per year.....	\$5.00
Daily by mail, per year.....	3.00
Weekly by mail, per year.....	1.00
Per month.....	.45c
Per month.....	.35c
Six months.....	.50c

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"BUY A BALE" AGAIN.

It is said that European owners of American securities are seeking to sell some of their holdings in our markets. Let them come on!

They are as good as gold, and will serve most excellently as payment for the goods we are shipping abroad. So long as Europe has any American securities left she can buy American goods. Would that she had more securities!

The foreign trade balance in our favor for January seems to have run up to about \$175,000,000.

This brings the total trade balance in our favor for the five months since the war began up to \$460,000,000.

To offset this enormous and constantly increasing balance, Europe will have to send our securities over in bales. As she holds only about \$300,000,000 of them, she may send them all and still owe us a balance.

The "Buy a Bale" of cotton movement, as an investment, is ending in a fiasco, since the holders of these bales are being insistently urged to give them for Red Cross and other war-relief supplies.

But a "Buy a Bale" of American securities movement, as an investment, would be quite safe, since holders of securities seem somehow to be immune against the importunities of want and woe.

SHE SANG THE OLD, OLD SONGS.

The Alma Gluck recital last night pleased a great audience. There were no doubt many musicians present who enjoyed the artistic rendition of the more difficult compositions displaying the compass and flexibility of the voice, but it was when she burst forth in the familiar strains of the "Suwanee River," "Old Virginny," "Coming Thro' the Rye" and other old-time favorites that the melody rippled into every heart. And Mme. Gluck is a wonderful artist, deserving of unstinted commendation, because she is willing to come down from the high artistic sphere in which she is so much at home and sing for the many who have not the natural talent and lack also the musical education to appreciate grand opera, the old, old songs they love so well.

"Music never grows old," said a distinguished orator many years ago. "What was familiar yesterday, like the song of the lark, is the same today, tomorrow and forever. Whistled in the field, hummed in the workshop, rippling from the guitar, leaping exultant from the keys of the piano, heard from year to year until every note wakens some vague memory of a dreamy past—who can follow the course or measure the influence of one single, simple tune, from its inspired conception, till, throbbing through the world, its last echo shall cease to vibrate? No corner of the world where it may not go and make its influence felt. The little black-eyed, brown-faced Troubadour plays it to the throng that passes along the city streets. It is sung by the boatman on the Mississippi and the miner in the mountain gorges of the far west. And away on the banks of the Seine, the Rhine and the Arno it floats like a silver echo, doubly welcome and dearer than ever to the lonely-hearted, homesick wanderer.

"Such is the limitless sweep of a single simple tune. Greeting us at the earliest dawn of sensation, and at the latest moments of conscious existence, it goes murmuring on like a tireless ceaseless river, repeating the same melodious tale down the echoing aisles of time."

The moment railroads or other big business interests are threatened with real competition, a paid press bureau gets busy on the job. Already the newspapers are receiving from New York editorial and news matter on the "danger of jitney competition." If the corporations would stick to business and spend less money on lobbyists, politicians and press bureaus to influence public sentiment and debauch legislatures they would stand better with the people and get more exact justice when they appealed for it from any unfair competition or legislation. Apparently, however, the heads of corporations will never learn the simple lesson of treating the people right and relying on their innate sense of justice to protect them when assailed.

One objection to the moving picture show is the un-screened conversational movement in the audience.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Your brother must have been lit up when he wrote that! declared the Head Barber. "If any brother of mine wrote it, I would take his pencil away

SAVING AND SPENDING.

Stuyvesant Fish, the railway magnate, has delivered himself of the opinion that Americans are extravagant. He calls us a nation of spendthrifts. "During hard times," he says, "we are forced to be prudent and thrifty, and in consequence get richer faster than we do in what we call prosperous times."

If everyone pinches, trade will languish, employment becomes harder to obtain, and still more pinching will be necessary to meet losses in profits and fall in wages. Therein lies the fallacy of the theory that universal parsimony adds to the wealth of the nation.

One class of people alone profit by universal saving. That is the class from which the United States has suffered most in the past and has most to fear today—the frenzied financiers and monopolists. The savings of the people become the tool of the men organizing the big trusts, seizing upon natural resources or financing wildly speculative schemes.

For, remember, the money with which the big financiers fix the yoke of monopoly upon the necks of the people is not their own, but the savings of the people themselves. The American people spend more per capita than any other people on earth. But they produce more. Their trade among themselves is of greater volume. Their liberal expenditure is an essential to their liberal production and active domestic commerce.

It is what a people spend, quite as much as what they save, that adds to a nation's wealth.

The mania for saving which makes the individual hard and miserly is one thing; and the saving which means sobriety, industry, home ownership, integrity, good citizenship and education of children is quite another.

The senate yesterday passed Senator Day's bill to reimburse Alma D. Katz of Portland, \$20,000 for the maps, surveys, rights of way, etc., the state took over from him in connection with the Tumalo irrigation project. It might seem strange, after so many protestations of economy, that such an appropriation as this will slip through as though it was greased—and probably it has been. The senate machine was for it and that explains the ease with which it was put through the upper house. This claim has been before the legislature before and was rejected as it should have been because there is little merit in it.

Notwithstanding the fact that the experts declare machine guns have made the cavalry useless, agents of foreign governments continue to pay fancy prices for American horses.

By next week it will be all over but paying the bills.

THE MANICURE LADY

(By William F. Kirk.)

"I was reading a swell story last night about a gent in Rome," said the Manicure Lady. "And there was something in it about the siege of Troy, too. Was you ever in either one of them places, George?"

"I never was in New York except once to Albany and once to Saratoga," said the Head Barber.

"These is different towns, you dummy," said the Manicure Lady. "Albany and Troy in this story is them ancient cities that all of them great writers wrote about. There ain't nothing in Troy, New York except laundries, and goodness knows there ain't nothing romantic or beautiful about a laundry."

"This story told about a Roman nobleman that was an officer in the army. He fell in love with a young girl that wanted him to join her church, but he told her that he couldn't very well do that. At last, though, he did kind of make up his mind, and when he did, he and her was sent to the lions in the arena, which was a way the emperor had of keeping folks in them days from getting religion. I think that was a kind of a sad ending, don't you, George?"

"As long as you know it ain't true what do you care?" asked the Head Barber. "Life is too short to let a story follow get you dizzy like. The only time I ever seen didn't look as if they would eat nobody. Them writers makes them things up in their heads, and a lot of foolish like you reads the yarns and then set around the next day like mourners. I hate to see you setting there with that long face. I'd even rather hear one of your brother's poems than to see you blue, kiddie."

"Gee, George!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "That was a funny coincidence. I was just going to tell you about what Wilfred wrote about Rome after he had read that book. I think myself that it is one of the best things that he has ever did, though he didn't seem to think much of it himself. This is how it goes:

When'er I read of ancient Rome
And think of all its ancient glory,
It takes me far away from home
And to the end I read the story.
I love to read of Nero's days,
And all about his various jokes
Although I think that Nero's ways
Was very distressing to Christian folks.

The days of Rome have passed away
And Greece no longer is very glorious
Most of the Romans work on railroads
Today
And the Greeks shine shoes in
parlors tonsorial.
But it is grand to read and dream
Of when them nations was in their glory.
So when a book about them I see
To the very end I read the story.

Your brother must have been lit up when he wrote that! declared the Head Barber. "If any brother of mine wrote it, I would take his pencil away

VALENTINE.

In the days of Auld Lang Syne
Dainty was each valentine;
Every cheek was like a rose,
Lips were always Cupid's bows.

Eyes were arrows, Cupid's darts,
Dearly to the lovers' hearts;
And each maiden, we are told,
Sure was made in Venus' mold.

Tempers were of sweetness such,
They were sticky to the touch,
Darting, dainty, demure things
Angels—lacking only wings.

Nor like these the valentine
I would choose these days for mine;
Rather, I would have the girl
Who the typewriter can whirl.

O'er the ledger pages thumb
While she chews the shingle gum.
Girl with friendly business air,
And a pencil in her hair.

Yet, who, when the day is done,
Takes her modicum of fun,
Strengthens body, brain and limb
In the evening at the "gym."

Men are apt to ridicule
Maidens of this modern school;
Laughing at their petty foibles,
Wishbone waists and dremstick hob-
bles.

Knowing garments still more strange
Will come in when fashions change,
Just at last and swords that pin them
While we love the girl that's in them.

Why? Because just like ourselves,
They're flesh and blood, not fairy
elves;
Supple and healthy, sweet and good,
Fitted for wives and motherhood;
Makers of homes, not clinging vines,
Sweetest and best of valentines.

WOODBURN REBEKAH NEWS.

Last Thursday evening the Rebekahs and Old Fellows met in L. O. O. P. Hall to spend a social evening with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Walker, who will make their future home near Medford. Refreshments were served in the banquet room by the Rebekahs and games were enjoyed until a late hour. When parting for the night, all present wished Mr. and Mrs. Walker the best of success in their new home.

After lodge Monday evening, delicious refreshments were served by a special committee, then several games were played in which all members joined and enjoyed.—Independent.

and throw it in the stove."
"I don't think myself it is one of the best things Wilfred has did," admitted the Manicure Lady, "but the poor boy was broke when he wrote it, and when he is broke he ain't quite hisself."

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STATE NEWS

W. L. Dvinger, proprietor of a local planing mill, is today preparing for shipment to San Francisco, six chairs, table, foot rest and hall rack, which were made mainly of Douglas county deer horns. Mr. Dvinger says the eight pieces of furniture required 170 pairs of deer horns. The exhibit will be sent to San Francisco later in the week, where it will be placed on display in the Oregon building during the exposition. That it will attract wide attention there is little doubt. Mr. Dvinger values the furniture at \$5000, which he says is a reasonable price when it is considered that it took months to gather the horns and assemble them. More than 100 people viewed the furniture this morning at A. J. Littburn & Son's as it was being prepared for shipment to the California city.

Medford Tribune: Bogus nickles are in circulation in the city, being first discovered last week. They are hardly distinguishable from the genuine and are both of the buffalo and regulation type. In the buffalo the only defect in the illegal mintage is that the buffalo is not standing on prairie grass, as in the original. Out of three nickles examined at one of the local banks Saturday, two were phoney. The Willamette Valley and Cook Bay districts have been flooded the last month with the coins, and it is thought some of them found their way into this section. There are also a number of bogus half dollars in circulation. They are of clumsy handicraft, bending almost into, and being easily detected.

Roseburg Review: A number of dog owners held an informal meeting here this morning and discussed the proposition of contributing funds with which to test the validity of the city ordinance prohibiting dogs from running about the streets. The dog owners argue that they pay a license, and are still required to keep their dogs at home or accompany them on the streets. It is the opinion of the dog fanciers that the city should either eliminate the collection of licenses or give the dogs the privilege of being on the streets.

Medford Sun: Bill Cook, 25 years old, municipal dog catcher of Ashland, who disappeared last Friday has not yet been found. Friday Mr. Cook was bitten in the hand by a mad dog and shortly afterwards disappeared. Word has been sent North and South in an effort to locate the missing man but nothing has been heard of him. It is feared that he has become infected with rabies. The head of the dog which bit Mr. Cook was sent to Portland and physicians state that the animal had the rabies.

Albany Herald: Notice that the scale of wages relating to road work in Linn county will be lowered, is given in the following issued today to road supervisors by the Linn county court: "We will adopt the following maximum scale: Man and two horses, \$3.50 per day; man and four horses, \$4.50 per day; man, single, \$2.00 per day."

ST. PAUL NEWS

Mr. W. C. Dunn, a recent arrival from North Dakota, has purchased the Hasleton place about 2 miles west of St. Paul and is busily engaged in making some necessary improvements.

After a lingering illness of some years, Mrs. Mary Brentano passed away on Wednesday of last week at the family home just west of St. Paul, Mrs. Brentano came to this country when quite young, having been born in Paris, France. She was married to Ring Brentano, 12 children being the result of the union, eight of whom survive. The deceased was a woman of sweet and lovable character and had the esteem and respect of the entire community, which sincerely mourns her untimely demise. For some years she suffered from an incurable malady and death came as merciful release from a life of suffering.

Besides a widower and eight children, Mrs. Brentano is survived by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ernst; two brothers, C. H. and L. L. Ernst; and a sister, Mrs. B. M. Krechert, all residents of this place.

The first pay day of the St. Paul creamery arrived Monday and the patrons received 2c for their product last month. This is as much as any of the private creameries paid and is considered a remarkable record for the first month's business, as it was expected that for the first month or so the extra heavy opening and operating expense would reduce the cream price somewhat below what other creameries would pay, but the strong support of the St. Paul dairymen has made it possible for the creamery to hold its own from the first. Should all the cream of this community have been given to the home creamery this month it would have been possible to pay from one to two cents more.

Harold Clarno returned to school at Portland Monday after a week's vacation at home. He was accompanied by Mrs. Clarno and Master Austen. The latter is having his eye treated by a Portland specialist.—Woodburn Independent.

Observance of Lincoln Sunday. Lincoln's birthday will be observed with appropriate exercises tomorrow at 10 o'clock in the Congregational Sunday school. The following program will be presented:

Patriotic Song Service, led by Mrs. J. S. Finnell; concert exercises, conducted by Professor Staley; reminiscences from life of Lincoln, Miss Edith Elliott; solo, "Where the Flag is Full of Stars," Miss Inez Demoussou; reading, "Gettysburg Address," Mr. John Hayne; prayer; singing, "America," members of the school.

Never tell a middle aged woman that she reminds you of an old friend.

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TURNER NEWS ITEMS

(Capital Journal Special Service.)

Turner, Or., Feb. 13.—Miss Alma Baker is spending the week-end with her parents in Turner.

Mrs. J. M. Beck and Mrs. Anna Osborn were Salem visitors Wednesday.

Miss Imogene Odgen returned home after an extended visit with friends in Portland.

Mrs. F. W. Hall and family motored to Salem Thursday.

A new milliner shop will be opened up in Turner next week.

Mrs. Sadie Small is visiting with relatives in Turner.

Miss Effie Farris, daughter of G. W. Farris the well known Turner farmer, was married last Wednesday to Mr. O. D. Harrington. They will reside in Canada where Mr. Harrington has a large farm.

Mrs. M. E. Robbins, from Montana, is visiting at the home of G. F. Booth.

H. A. Theissen made a business trip to Salem Thursday.

Several ladies of the local W. C. T. U. attended the county convention held in Salem Wednesday.

Elizabeth Small visited with friends in Turner the past week.

Miss Neonta Maud Roberts has returned to her home in Independence after a short visit with friends in Turner.

Miss Gladys Tallabury is spending the week-end at home.

Emory M. Howe left Sunday for Aurora where he will carry mail. Mr. Howe has carried mail on route No. 3 from the Turner office for the last 13 years.

Professor J. B. Horner of Oregon Agricultural College will deliver an illustrated lecture on his trip to the Holy Land, at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

P. S. Wold and wife attended the musical concert in Salem last night.

Mrs. Georgia Robertson is visiting with friends in Salem.

The basket social given at the Battie Creek school house last evening was well attended.

Mrs. Lyle is attending a milliner's convention at Portland.

GERVAIS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rynes, of Howell Prairie, returned Tuesday from a weeks visit in Portland.

Cyrene Bassette, of Halfway, Oregon, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dupuis and other old friends for a few weeks.

Miss Lettie Ritchey, who has been visiting in Silverton for several weeks, returned home Sunday.

The Ladies' Missionary society will meet at the home of Mrs. A. R. Siegmund next Wednesday, February 17th.

Mrs. Thomas Reiling, of Mt. Angel, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Leith for the past week, left for her home Tuesday morning.

Eva, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Benjamin, was taken to the Salem hospital Tuesday evening where she was operated on by Dr. Clay

for appendicitis.
D. Morgan invited his neighbors to an old-fashioned log rolling Thursday, February 4th. The ladies were kept busy with quilts while the hostess prepared an elaborate dinner. It was a very sociable time, one that does all good to get together and renew old times.

Joe V. Keppinger is preparing to make some extensive improvements in his place of business. The owner of the building will put in a new floor and take out a part of the partition, thus giving Mr. Keppinger a fine, large room to be used in connection with his new soda fountain.—Star.

A SNAKE OF A MAN.

Somebody poisoned my dog today,
Though he never did any one ill,
And so he is through with his canine play
And his waggly tail is still,
No more shall I walk in the fields with him
Along at his side to jog
And—I don't care if my eyes are dim—
Somebody poisoned my dog!

He was homely, I know, as a dog could be,
And loved a mongrel, too;
But I loved the old fellow and he loved me
As people and dogs may do,
Nothing on earth could disturb his trust
Or his love and his faith befoe,
And now he lies here at my feet, in the dust—
Somebody poisoned my dog!

He crawled to my side and licked my hand,
And then with a gasp he died;
And—though some people can't understand—
I patted his head—and cried!
For it isn't funny to lose a friend
From off of this earthly cog,
And he was loyal unto the end—
Somebody poisoned my dog!

I wonder how any one could have done
This poor little fellow harm;
But here he lies—his race is run—
Though his body's still soft and warm.
My life is lived on a peaceful plan,
My pace is a quiet jog,
But—I wish I could find the snake of a man
Who poisoned my little dog.—Ex.

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