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AN EDITOR WHO IS WORRYING

Of all the drivelling, nagging sheets printed in Oregon the Pendleton Tribune is entitled to stand at the head of the class. Published in a purely wheat, wool and livestock country, and with their products selling at the highest prices in a decade or more, it never misses an opportunity to let out a calamity wail, or find fault with some phase of the public policy. Here is a sample:

"Had President Wilson been a real advocate of popular government, he would have called congress into extraordinary session months ago and recommended by message the raising of such funds as congress might find necessary for an adequate navy and army, especially for submarines and munitions for defense. Had he done this, there would have been slight probability of the occurrence of the Lusitania and Arabic incidents or the embargo upon American cotton."

Everybody else thinks the Arabic and Lusitania incidents have ended very satisfactorily to this country, and not many of the common people who have the taxes to pay are lying awake nights worrying because our army and navy isn't increased at once. Munition manufacturers and nagging editors of the Pendleton type are the only fellows who are prodding the president and congress to hasten the greater army and navy program. Of course, since the Columbia river has been opened to navigation, we must admit that a German warship might ascend to within a few miles of Pendleton and shell the round-up arena with its long distance guns, but even this is not likely to happen until that little unpleasantness over in Europe is adjusted. At the present time none of the belligerent nations seems disposed to take on the conquest of the United States, as trifling a matter as some editors prefer to think it is.

SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE

The newspaper romanticists who fancy that all America has to do in order to seize the South American trade that Germany, and to some extent England, has lost, should explain why our trade with the Argentine has fallen off some \$15,000,000 during the past year, says the Minneapolis Farm, Stock and Home.

It's a long hard road to trade preferment. The tastes of people must be catered to. We Americans are prone to consider that what is good enough for us is good enough for the rest of the world. Perhaps this is true, but the wise seller makes what the buyer wants. This Germany has done in the past, and will do again. Our trade rivals in South America talk the Spanish or Portuguese languages, they make friends among the people, they establish banks to furnish credit. These are all things we do imperfectly, if at all. We shall increase our trade volume with South America in time, but only as we make friends, provide trade facilities, and furnish at lower prices and on better terms articles of commerce superior to those offered by our competitors.

The press dispatches tell us one day that the Balkan states are about to embark in the general European war and the next news is that they will remain permanently neutral. As a matter of fact these buffer nations are between his Satanic majesty and the big salt pond. If they side with the Teutonic nations they break with their natural allies, Italy on the one hand and Russia on the other. If they cast their lot with the Allies they stand in deadly peril of an overwhelming Germanic invasion. If the Allies win without them and Constantinople passes out of the hands of the Turks the Balkans are circumscribed in their future field of development. If the Germans win and the dream of a Pan-Germanic empire stretching from the Baltic to Farther India, and including Egypt, Algiers and Tripoli, becomes more than a dream, it is impossible to conceive that Balkan preferences for independence could prevent the full realization of that imperial dream. "Damned if they do and damned if they don't" the unhappy little nations cannot sit still without sacrificing the future, and cannot act without imperiling their very existence.

Some of those bloodthirsty American editors might go to Haiti or the Texas border. Pretty lively scrapping in both places just now.

They want General Goethals to manage Portland. It's a job nobody has ever accomplished up to the present time.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

THE RIGHT KIND OF PRIDE

"Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall," said King Solomon.

But there are two kinds of pride. Solomon was speaking of the bad kind. The good kind is very desirable in human experience.

Every man should have pride in his personal appearance, should be proud of his wife and family, should have pride in his work.

Are you proud of the work you are doing? When others ask you the age-old question "What do you do?" do you feel a conscious sense of personal dignity as you answer?—or do you experience that feeling of self-abasement, that desire to gloss over the character of your work, that your hearer may think you are higher in the industrial scale than you are?

No honest work is shameful. But it is possible for any man by self-training to raise from the humbler tasks of life to the higher levels of human endeavor, and thereby raise himself in his own esteem and in the esteem of others—to say nothing of the very important item of raise in pay.

For humanity is so constituted that it respects a man in proportion as he earns his bread by the sweat on the inside of his brow.

Study! Think! Redeem the hours that are yours! Be a climber and keep on climbing until you belong to that high aristocracy which is proud of its work.

The announcement that Yuan is about to proclaim himself emperor of China will occasion little surprise in this country, and it will be no particular set-back to democracy. The title signifies little, and Yuan as president has been exercising all the autocratic powers of an emperor. The march toward freedom will not be halted. It merely has not reached the point Americans think of when they speak of presidents and congresses. The China of today is more free than the China of the days before the revolution, but she is not and has not been a republic as Americans understand that term. In choosing to be known as Emperor, Yuan is merely making the title harmonize with the facts.

One of our exchanges prints the following editorial paragraph without seeming to realize that it is a joke: "It is barely possible Mexico has an opportunity, in view of the Orozoco affair, to attempt to create a favorable impression in foreign lands and to read a lesson to the United States in the protection of citizens abroad." Orozoco was across the line engaged in stealing cattle—and cattle stealing is a capital offense in any range country, no questions being asked about the culprit's nationality or previous condition of servitude.

After all this defenseless nation talk in the yellow press it must be somewhat of a shock to them to learn that the Mexican invasion of Texas is progressing so slowly.

The Silverton Appeal has been sold by E. E. Hodges to John T. Hoblett, an experienced newspaperman. It is a good local paper and is printed in a good town.

Another liner has joined the British submarine fleet. If peace comes to Europe now where will Belgium get off? Off the map quite likely.

The present state administration seems to have one well defined policy—that of distributing the spoils among the victors.

At least Professor Woodrow Wilson seems capable of conducting a highly successful correspondence school.

DON'T NAG

If you wish to help the world a little in your humble way,
Don't nag.
Your wife, if you're a husband, doubtless has her faults, but—say—
Don't nag.
You may be too busy toiling for your little bit of crust
To be able to lift others who are lying in the dust
But you still can help in making the world brighter, if you just
Don't nag.
If you wish to give him courage who has chosen you for life,
Don't nag.
If you wish to be his helper—and he'll need help in the strife—
Don't nag.
He may have a few shortcomings—his hands generally do—
And he may sometimes sit beaten when he should have triumphed, too,
But he'll rise with power courage and new strength if only you
Don't nag.
All around you there are others who have painful wounds to nurse,
Don't nag.
Rubbing on the raw has ever and will always make it worse.
Don't nag.
You can see your neighbor's foibles—all his weaknesses are plain—
But, then, what's the use of prodding when it cannot bring you gain?
Why add a look or whisper to the world's supply of pain?
Don't nag.
If she has her days for fretting, oh, be patient then with her—
Don't nag.
If she makes mistakes remember it is human still to err—
Don't nag.
You may not have strength to reason the pale ones whose burdens kill,
Or to lift the weary others who are stumbling up the hill,
But you can refrain from making the world sadder, if you will—
Don't nag.
—Record Herald.

THE MISSUS

Be kind to the missus, who spends the long days in making your home worth the while, be free with encouragement, grant a trade, praise, and hand her a complacent smile. You go to your home from your job in the mart, and talk of the burdens you've borne, the cares that are racking your gall-bladder heart, the ills that are making you mourn. Sweet sympathy comes from the lips of your wife, and love is aglow on her face; the burdens and cares of her own weary life have nothing to do with the case. Suppose you forget your own troubles and woes, and think of the woes of the frau, whose cheeks long ago lost the bloom of the rose, while wrinkles increased on her brow. Suppose you remember the work she has done, the endless routine of the years, the toil from the rising to setting of sun, and always with work in arrears. Suppose you remember when she was a maid, and you were a love-smitten boy; you painted the future in opulent shades, and promised her comfort and joy. The missus will tell till she drops in her tracks, and goes to the rest up above, ignoring the pain and the strain and the tax, and all she's expecting is love.

DECK MAISON

If it's for sale, a Journal Want Ad will sell it.



A Galley o' Fun!

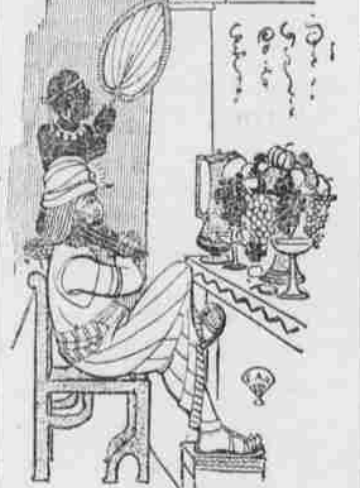
TWO GOOD REASONS.
Tourist (in Kentucky)—I wonder why this shabby little hamlet is called Bell Delight?

Colonel Nosepaint—Because in the fullest place, it is in a dell, and, secondly, because we have 'er apple-jack distilleries within a stone's-throw of each other, sah!

SERIOUS.
"Dear me!" exclaimed the fond father, anxiously. "Whatever can be the matter with the baby?—it isn't crying!"

DIPLOMACY.
College Football Captain—Now, fellows, I want you all to go out for basketball this winter, and do your worst. Eat 'em alive! If we want football here next fall, we've got to show the faculty that it's safer than basketball.

IN OLDEN DAYS.



Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall.
"It's only another reassuring statement from the Government," he cried.

NO DISAPPOINTMENT.
Citizen—I see you have the larger part of your garden devoted to onions.
Suburb—Yes, Mary and I don't care for onions!

THE SIMPLEST EVER.
Shade of Henry VIII.—I'll tell you what to do with those Suffragettes, old man. Treat 'em the way I used to treat my women-folks.

A LITTLE TOKEN OF ESTEEM
Muriarty—Th' boys want to buy a 'owin' cup for Assemblyman Flannigan.

Jeweler—Here is something very nice for ten dollars.
Muriarty—I don't think Flannigan would go so high as that—but we'll ask him!

FACTS ABOUT WINTER.
It is the coldest part of the year—also the longest part.

It is the season of the snowshoe, the ski, and the skis—also the hot drink and the coal bill.
The treacherous icy sidewalk, veiled with a quarter inch of snow, now lurks on every corner for its unsuspecting victim.

A policeman rapping on the front door is a sure sign that the walks are about to be cleaned.
The first warm trolley-car has been discovered in New York and is now on exhibition.

The snow-shovel will find the boundary line between two lots more accurately than the best surveyor.
The kind neighbor with a horse and snowplow stands nearest to Heaven's gate.

The hardest thing to find in the winter is the lee side of the ash-barrel.
The furnace that runs like a top and behaves like a Sunday-school maiden while you are in the basement watching it is always the one which is either too hot or too cold as soon as you begin reading in the library.

It has been noted on blizzardy mornings that the boss is always on hand in time to listen to the excuses of his belated staff.
The man who is at the office earliest and stays latest frequently runs it a cold place.

Trolley-cars always break down on the worst mornings.
Plenty of fellows are still alive who remember that big blizzard of '36.
DON. CAMERON SHAFER.

INTOXICATED.
Wife—I think that chauffer was under the influence of liquor?
Husband—I know he was. He gave me back the right change?

SO MANY NUMBERS.
Friend (in 1925)—So next year's cars are going to be fifty feet wide!
Auto Agent—Yes. You see we must have room for the number or the back.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.
The cake she made looked fine enough
To justify her pride,
But when we came to eat the stuff
We pretty nearly died!
She said she could not comprehend
What trouble there could be,
She'd followed closely to the end
The cook-book recipe.

It certainly seemed strange the cake
Should turn out such a mess,
Unless she made some sad mistake
Despite her carefulness.
The book proved such the truth to be
Beyond the slightest doubt,
For from the simple recipe
Six pages were torn out!

H. W. FRANCIS.

"There comes a time in life when a little ready money will mean your future independence." Start a Bank account now.

Saving builds character, and it is the one habit that conveys conviction of purpose and usefulness.

Saving consistently followed is a fine thing and it helps in many ways. When you put money in the Bank, people put faith in you because your judgment is better than those who don't. It teaches the value of money and time, establishes credit, and is the soundest foundation for your future. Begin with One dollar.

4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK of Salem, Oregon

FEEDS PEARS TO THE HOGS PRUNES LIGHT NEAR SHERIDAN

John Diehm yesterday brought the Observer some splendid samples of fruit grown on his place this season, among them being Hungarian and Italian prunes, Russett apples, Bartlett and Russett pears, and several varieties of apples. Mr. Diehm says that he has been feeding pears to the hogs during the past two months, the market not warranting him marketing them. Between fifty and sixty bushels were thus disposed of. This is only another argument for a cannery at this place. With such an establishment farmers who have fruits in small quantities would receive remuneration for their efforts, whereas in quite a number of cases the fruit is a dead loss.—Dallas Observer.

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\$1.50, \$2.00 double	\$2.50, \$3.00 double

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations, and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.