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WHY AMERICA IS DIFFERENT

It takes a real shock to wake some persons up. For instance, a great many Americans have for a long time wondered whether they ought to be proud of this country or not. They accepted its opportunities, its freedom, its broad, liberal principles of government as a matter of course, and grumbled about small things that were not to their liking until they really thought the old-world nations could show us something in the way of government. The war, however, has changed the viewpoint of a whole lot of these people and they are so glad they are American citizens that the lesson will last a good long while. The Pendleton East Oregonian calls attention to an instance of this kind in the following:

"William G. Shepherd, a professional observer who has just returned from an extended tour through the European war zone, has discovered that the difference between the United States and the warring nations is the difference between their rulers.

"In America he finds President Wilson seeking to discover what is best for the people of the United States and what they want him to do, while in Europe he found the rulers asking themselves, 'What shall I order the people to do for me?'"

"His tour of Europe has convinced him that America is the one place on earth where the opinion of the people counts. Here he finds the president seeking to learn the thoughts of the masses he is serving while in Europe he found in the rulers an indifference to the thoughts of the people so long as they fought according to orders."

THE COMING LAND GRANT CONFERENCE

The land grant conference in Salem next week is being criticised in advance by a good many state papers. This might seem a little premature if one did not understand the situation, and know how cut and dried it is planned to have the gathering. The chairman has already been selected and he turns out to be W. Lair Thompson, president of the state senate. Most of the speakers on the program are men known to be closely allied with the railroad interests. It looks very much like one of those investigations the company always holds after each wreck or fatal accident on its lines, the verdict never being anything but a complete exoneration of the company. We do not profess to know just what the special and corporate interests would have done with the grant land, but we expect to know beyond any question of a doubt after the delegates have taken action.

Anyway the conference promises to be a tame affair unless a few free lances chance to attend and are able to start something. As for an assembly dominated by the same men who controlled the late state senate taking any action in the interest of the plain people of Oregon—well, we might imagine such a thing but we are not going to do it. Even an editor's imagination has a limit to its elasticity.

The Daily Astorian, like many other newspapers, sees great prosperity for this country in the not distant future—when the big war passes into history. This is its logic: "That two hundred millions of dollars in gold and a quarter of a billion dollars worth of negotiable securities have come to the American money market from Great Britain and France since the first of the year has been admitted by bankers and government agents who are busy tucking away in the sub-treasury vaults here the latest \$50,000,000 money import from Canada. Comparing the monster balance of almost a billion dollars from these two nations now held in American hands to the \$90,000,000 reverse payment sent from this city to the Bank of England only a year ago, the financial wisecracks of Wall Street are predicting a big business boom all over the country as soon as the possibility of war engagements may be obviated. With Uncle Sam holding the keys of credit for all the warring world, the people of the United States will soon see money enough to back every business venture."

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SPLITTING THE TOUGHEST STICK

If you are confronted by a number of tasks that ought to be done during the day there is one sure way in which to come to the evening with a clean slate, and that is to do the hardest thing first.

Most of us are disposed to warm up on some easy work. We will idly glance through the book before we begin to study; we will build castles in the air before we put our minds to hard thinking.

But doing the easy things first has something to the same effect that comes when we begin dinner with the dessert. A piece of pie rather spoils one's appetite for plain bread and meat.

But when you begin at once and accomplish the task you dread you will feel like the man who starts the day with a cold bath, ready for anything that may come next. When the hard task is done then the rest of the day's work will slide down greased ways.

Begin the day by splitting the toughest stick, by working out the most difficult problem, by writing the most perplexing letter, by doing the most dreaded thing, and the chances are that evening will come upon a full day's work well done and upon a soul that is satisfied.

Henry Ford promises to employ every convict released from the Michigan penitentiary at five dollars a day. Since many an honest, industrious man would appreciate a five dollar a day job the shortest cut to it would seem a term in the state prison. That old gag about honesty being the best policy is most assuredly due for the junk heap along with a lot of other old-fashioned notions.

One of the victims of Hesperian was native of New Jersey so they say. Time was when that little patch of ground was hardly considered in the Union, but now New Jersey is the home of Woodrow Wilson and it's dangerous to torpedo one of her native sons.

A great many writers, especially in the magazines, are worrying about Europe's colossal war debt. Why not leave that for the nations which are indulging in the luxury of human slaughter and must of necessity pay the bills?

The newspapers are all talking about the old men who are leading the armies in the European war. But does that prove that younger commanders couldn't do as well, or even better?

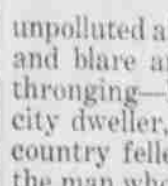
The apple crop of the Northwest selling at higher prices than for several years past is one of the surest evidences of returning prosperity.

Lloyd George seems to have a Welsh coal strike for breakfast about every morning.



CITY AND COUNTRY

The rush of the crowded city seems fierce to the rural clown, and he thinks it a beastly pity that people must live in town, to toil o'er the pave of granite, hemmed in by the walls of brick, while over this sunlit planet the roses are growing thick. "Gee whiz!" cries the rustic stranger, "how luckless the ones who dwell in town, in the midst of danger, confusion and roar and smell! I'll flee from this glare and rattle, away to that farm of mine, and flirt with the Holstein cattle, and play with the Berkshire swine!" And when from the roar and riot the dweller in town repairs, to rest in the country's quiet, and breathe unpolluted airs, he's filled in a day with longing for racket and glare and strife, for streets where the crowds are thronging—he curses the rural life. "The man," says the city dweller, "who travels from town's a boob; I pity the country feller. I pity the hayseed rube!" The town for the man who likes it, the town with its light and song; the farm for the man who hikes it with glee down his furrows long.



Ex-Convicts to Get Five Dollars Per Day

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 9.—Discharged Jackson penitentiary prisoners will find hereafter that the world does not turn a cold hand to them. Henry Ford today promised that he would employ them, as fast as they are discharged, at \$5 a day.

DEPUTY COLLECTOR NAMED

Lang W. Nesmith, of this city, grandson of the late James W. Nesmith, at one time United States senator, was today appointed a deputy internal revenue collector by Milton A. Miller, internal revenue collector of Oregon. He was recommended for the place by United States Senator Lane. Mr. Nesmith was secretary to I. N. Biggins, state senator, at the last session of the legislature and before that was secretary of the democratic central committee. He is a graduate of the law department of Willamette university. Mr. Nesmith will go to Portland today to begin his new duties.

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

ADVERTISED LETTER LIST

- Alvontson, September 8, 1915.
- Beck, Mr. Bert A.
- Bell, Miss Lora.
- Cox, Helen.
- DeLong, Mrs. Armanda.
- Dougherty, Mr. Chas.
- Duncan, Mr. Nim.
- Duncan, Mrs. James, care of John Simmons.
- Fox, Mrs. Adm.
- Gilbert, Mrs. Cattie.
- Gillette, Fred.
- Grover, Mr. H. T.
- Gullhaug, Miss Margaret.
- Holmes, Tom W.
- Jackson, B. S.
- Jacobson, Mr. Norman.
- Jenkins, Miss Bernice.
- Jewell, Mr. Geo. W.
- Kaufmann, Mrs. Clara.
- Laveloy, Mr. Fred.
- McMillan, E. W.
- Merrison, E. J.
- Oregon Railroad & Mining Co.
- Pettit, Miss Fawcett.
- Potter, Mr. D. W.
- Shelley, Mr. Peter.
- Shippman, C. H.
- Taylor, Mr. N. E.



A Galley o' Fun!

IN 1300. Brother Giles—I tell you, this over-production of books is getting to be a great evil.

Brother Absalom.—You speak sooth. Look at Anselm, over there, finishing inscribing his third book since I have known him, and that is barely thirty-five years.

Mack—I understand that Van Dyke has been dropped by Society. Wyld—Yes, he made himself unpopular because he paid his debts instead of his social obligations.

THE REASON FOR HIS ABSENCE

Parent.—Is my boy precocious, do you think?
School Principal.—Very; he told the teacher he had been sitting up with a sick friend.



For the Telephone Girl.

THE AIRSHIP'S PREDECESSOR

"Stephenson" broke another record today. His "Rocket" made a flight of five miles, carrying four passengers, and left the rails only twice. "Very remarkable achievement, very—but you can't tell me that the steam-engine will ever be of any real practical value."

THRIFT AND FORETHOUGHT

The young husband and wife were charmingly busy feathering their nest. "A little pains now," quoth they sagely, "may mean an extra cylinder or two when we come to mortgage later on!"
Showing that thrift and forethought were traits by no means extinct after all.

HIS ARDOR

Miss Gladys Guggles (roy'ly)—Does yo' rully love me, Clarence?
Clarence Guggles (passionately)—Love yo'? Why, I analyzes yo' so dat I'd radder heah yo' chew gum dan to listen to a minstrel band dat's how I loves yo'!

SUCH A QUESTION!

Dentist—Will you have gas, Madam? It rests with you.
Paritential Patient.—You don't suppose I'm going to let you grope around in the dark, do you?

A PROTRACTED ADIEU

How swift the magic hours took flight!
I must be gone, the clock near by Now strikes eleven, slowly,—
Sweetheart, good-night!

And yet—I cannot leave your sight. Although the clock, we can but hear is striking midnight loud and clear—
Sweetheart, good-night!

At the front door I clasp you tight; The clock is striking one. Your pers is striking matches on the stair—
Sweetheart, good-night!

THE PACE

The Rhinoceros surveyed the world complacently. "After all, I set the pace, in a manner of speaking!" quoth he.

Whereat the other beasts burst out laughing. "Well, it's a fact," the Rhinoceros insisted. "Tell me, please, where would civilization be if it were not for men with hides like mine?"

SATISFIED

Rastus—I see dat bank dat you had yonah money in done fail. An' you was expectin' six per cent. off dat money, wasn't you?
Sambo.—Don't you knock dat bank dey dun give me six per cent. ob my money back jest ez soon as dey ousted!

WELL, RATHER!

Uncle Jackson (showing city boy the farm).—With all your city education, sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow from?
The Boy.—Sure, I do! It's the inner side!

THINKING OF SACRIFICE SALES

Mrs. Bargandy (at ball game).—Dear me! What a miserable little hit that is! He ought to be ashamed of himself.
Bargandy (excitedly).—Why, you marble-top, that's a sacrifice.
Mrs. Bargandy.—O-o-o-oh! And is that why so many players rushed to it?

NEVER

Mr. Willis.—But why don't you take your bank-book in to have it balanced?
Mrs. Willis.—I don't want that moony-looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there!

DR. W. A. COX



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STATE NEWS

Corvallis Gazette-Times: The Corvallis flouring mill holds the record for having made the largest parcel post shipment from the city of Silverton, where the company operates a cereal and flour mill. The shipment consisted of 1500 pounds of flour and cereals, and was consigned to three different parties at View Point, Lake county. The amount of postage required was \$17.95. The distance from Silverton to View Point by air line is about 150 miles. However, it was necessary to send it around by Portland, The Dalles and Bend. From the last named point it is hauled by freight teams. The route taken covers approximately 500 miles.

Sutherlin Sun: Twelve men have been paroled during the past few days, and it is noticeable that the Republican papers are not making such a howl about it as they did when Governor West paroled convicts.

"The hop harvest has now been in progress a week, and the rain has not come," says the Rogue River Courier. "Old Timer seems due for a shock to his nervous system, for he has harped long on the rain 'that always comes with the first week of the hop-picking season.'"

"Raymond Walker has returned from the harvest fields where he has been for several weeks. It is reported that he saved \$90 on the trip and we are wondering why."—Stanfield Standard. Probably going to start a bank.

According to the News they're giving "jinnys" dunes at Gold Hill, Sounds reasonable enough.

VICTOR POINT NEWS

(Capital Journal Special Service.) Victor Point, Sept. 9.—The stork visited Philip Fisher's home leaving a boy and in the same week left a girl to A. T. Savage, Jr.'s home.

Silos are under construction on the Fox Bros. dairy ranch and the Mellow Lawn farm.

H. E. King's family is near Independence spending the hop picking season.

Albert Olsson's hop yard will be a scene of pickers the middle of the week. Fisher's trailer is now hauling on the Cove farm.

Victor Point band will meet in the near future for the first time since harvest.

Jacob Doerfler has now finished hauling his two thousand bushel of wheat and is planning a trip to the coast.

Joe Alberts and Dr. John Griffith, of Salem, visited in Victor Point last Sunday.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

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