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LUMBER MARKET WAKES UP

Many things indicate that the lumber business is again on the boom and that the revival is here to stay. Here in the Willamette valley there is now a car shortage at the lumber mills of at least 200 cars, and the situation grows worse instead of better. Two weeks ago the Southern Pacific rushed 100 cars to western Oregon mills to meet the unexpected demand, and though cars in ever increasing numbers have been sent to the mills, the shortage steadily grows larger.

Another indication of increased activity in the lumber business comes through the Industrial Accident Commission. Its records for the week ending today show 63 accidents in saw mills, which is a decided increase over any week of the past year or two.

The lumbering interest being such a prominent one in Oregon, it is looked to as a certain indication of business conditions. Experience shows that no matter what crops or prices are, if the lumber business is quiet, all other is correspondingly stagnant.

It is indeed pleasing to have so strong an indication that prosperity has again returned and reports of conditions governing the lumber markets are such as to indicate, that for the next year at least, there will be an unusual demand for lumber.

It is pointed out that the railroads have used just as few ties as possible during the past two years, and that from this source alone there will be a demand for hundreds of millions of feet.

It is also suggested that with the end of the war there will be an immense demand for lumber, to replace buildings destroyed, as repairs and rebuilding can be made more quickly with lumber than any other material. The outlook is certainly cheering.

ENGLAND AND ALLIES DILATORY

Two things that stand out prominently in the story of the European war, is the lack of co-operation and the apparently inexcusable slowness of England to act. The last feature may be but a result of the first.

When the allies were putting up their hottest and best fighting along the French frontier, Russia was inactive, and Germany was able to concentrate the larger part of her forces there. When Russia woke up and made such a strenuous drive the allies took a rest and allowed the Teutons to concentrate their forces against the Russians.

England was slow about getting her big army ready and still slower about getting it to the front. In fact, according to the dispatches Friday, she had an army of 2,000,000 reserves at home on which to draw for forces to aid Serbia, and yet instead of using these reserves, she talks of abandoning the attack on the Dardanelles.

It looks at this distance as though that army of 2,000,000 reserves would and should be drawn on not only to aid Serbia, but to strengthen the allies at other points. The Teutons are making a fierce drive through Serbia, the latter putting up, still unaided, a stubborn and gallant defence. Instead of rushing troops to her aid England is pursuing her old tactics, and will only be ready to go to Serbia's aid after she has been conquered.

The Teutons have outgeneraled the allies on all occasions, and that they have been so uniformly successful, is due largely to their habit of striking quickly, and all together. It looks as though Serbia was doomed and that the Teutons will be successful in reaching Constantinople, and that when this is done, and not before, England will take steps to prevent it.

ENGLAND MUST PLAY FAIR

It is intimated in the dispatches from Washington that England will make all kinds of concessions in order to retain the friendship of the United States. It is not concessions the United States wants. Instead she demands strictly fair dealing. England has not played fair with

this country. She has hampered our trade with neutral nations, seized ships carrying goods, which she declared contraband, to neutral nations and at the same time has supplied these same goods to these neutral markets from which she has excluded our products. These facts have been brought to light and proved by Consul Skinner, and they are a charge which may well make Great Britain get in a hurry to make amends for, and do tardy justice to the United States.

Germany, whatever her other faults may be has played fair with us. True she delayed as long as she decently could, but when it came to a show down she acted square and white. It behooves England to be as fair as Germany has been, and more than that Germany has a right to demand that England be not treated any better than she was. This country is neutral, and that means that all the warring parties are to be treated alike and all held to the same accountability.

The government's October crop report somewhat anticipates the president's forthcoming Thanksgiving proclamation, in that it points out many things for which the whole country has reason to be profoundly thankful. However it does not interfere with one subject, that in which the president will probably be more deeply interested than the balance of the country—that is if the ceremony is performed before that time.

Perhaps Chicago bankers would have subscribed to that big loan, if England had not sniped \$15,000,000 worth of packers' products. The bankers cannot afford to antagonize the fellows who run the slaughter houses.

Wonder if the president in purchasing an engagement ring, patronized the leading jeweler in Washington, and if so, if she let him have it at cost—or did she steak him for the usual profit?

By the time Carranza gets recognized he will be so old that no one will recognize him by his photographs taken when he was seeking recognition.

It is now easily understood why the president did not want to be bothered with an extra session of the senate before December.



SLANDER

A little slice of slander will do no end of harm. You say that Alexander has got a wooden arm. The chap who hears you tell it, will note the story down, and then he'll go and yell it, with whills, throughout the town. He'll peddle here and yander, all up and down the line, the tale that Alexander has got a wooden spine. Then Johnsing will meander, and tell his neighbor, Gregg, that poor old Alexander has got a wooden leg. And Lyman tells Leander—this way such stories spread—that luckless Alexander has got a wooden head. Then Alexander hears it; a tear streams from his eye; he brands it and he sears it as a confounded lie. He says, "It is no puddin' to wear a scandal wreath; I've nothing that is wooden about me but my teeth. And now I'll take my claymore and spoil the liars' plans; I'll cripple up or slay more than forty scandal fans." The town is full of serapping because that story spread; we hear the wounded yapping, we count the mangled dead. The morgue is full of corpses, the jail is full of jakes; oh, reader, hold your horses, and pass along no fakes!

She listened to all of the guff he had said
While his fingers were crossed!
She laid on his bosom her wise little head
While his fingers were crossed!
She answered so low that the famed "little bird"
Who peddles sweet secrets could scarcely have heard
As she breathed, "Oh, my love, I believe every word!"
But HER fingers were crossed!

OPEN FORUM

Should try his own medicine
Salem, Or., Oct. 16, 1915.
Editor Capital Journal: In reading the account of the commercial club meeting in the Journal last night, I noticed that President Hamilton advocated "Trying Salem First" and illustrated his idea by suggesting that Salem people buy Salem made bread instead of sending to Portland or Eugene for it, even though the bread did not taste quite right. I heartily endorse the sentiment as I am a firm believer in patronizing Salem first, last and all the time. I also noticed that some argument in advocacy of his ideas, he said: "If home bakeries were given more business they would eventually put in machinery that would enable them to compete with anything in the state." This reads well and sounds patriotic, but how does it square with President Hamilton's and the club's action in sending east for a manager for the club?
Is it not an admission, or an assertion that Salem brains are not of so good a quality as those imported from the east, and a further admission that Salem has no men with brains enough to handle the affairs of the commercial club?
I admire President Hamilton's preaching, but do not fancy the way it sizes up with his practice.
Dynamite and the stump puller work wonderfully well when rightfully handled.
OBSERVER.

DR. W. A. COX



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A Galley o' Fun!

ALWAYS.
Time haunted her. She laughed at him, she resorted to a thousand devices whereby to discomfort him, but he was not to be shaken off. At length she lost her temper.
"Can't you see," she flared out reluctantly, "that there's no room for you where beauty dwells?"
"There is always," Time rejoined touching his scythe significantly "room for one mower!"



PROGRESS.

"The clowns nowadays are a great deal more accomplished than they used to be."
"Yes, indeed! When I was a boy, a clown needed nothing but a make-up and an almanac."

THE CROSSED FINGERS.

He swore that her kiss was the first he had had;
But his fingers were crossed!
He'd kissed but his mother, when he was a lad—
Yes, his fingers were crossed!
He vowed that not only he'd never had a taste
Of quivering lips, but that no other waist
Had ever been clasped by his arm
Then in haste
His two fingers he crossed!
The sparkler he gave her he'd purchased that day
But his fingers were crossed!
No previous maiden had worn it—nay, nay!
But his fingers were crossed!
And never, so long as his life should endure,
Would eye, cheek, or lip of another maid lure—
He knew it,—past every doubt he was sure—
But his fingers were crossed!
She listened to all of the guff he had said
While his fingers were crossed!
She laid on his bosom her wise little head
While his fingers were crossed!
She answered so low that the famed "little bird"
Who peddles sweet secrets could scarcely have heard
As she breathed, "Oh, my love, I believe every word!"
But HER fingers were crossed!



NO IMPROVEMENT.

Old Inhabitant—I can remember when hogs ran loose on Broadway.
Young Inhabitant—They ride on the cars now.

TEMPERAMENT IN FOLLY.

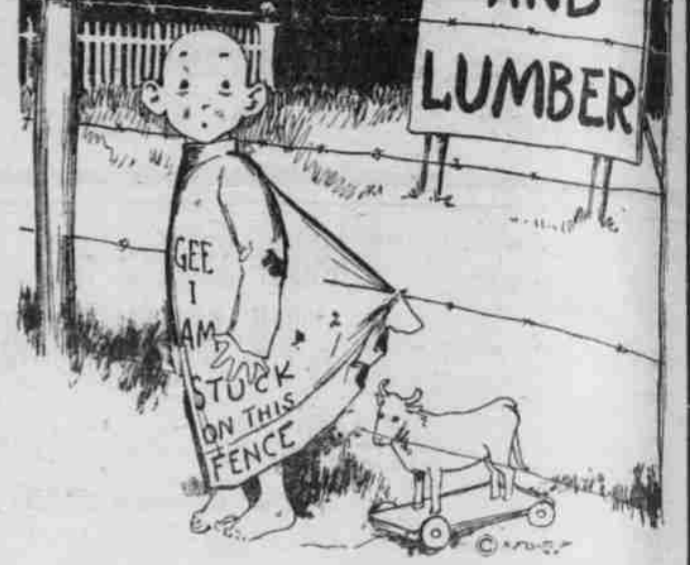
The fool, in his heart, saith a number of things. Suppose he happens to be a phlegmatic fool, with a fondness for luxury.
"I do not care," saith he, in that case, "to go out into the damp, chaff woods, and mistake a toadstool for a mushroom. I much prefer to get up in the night, in my comfortable flat, and drink out of the wrong bottle."

THE MUSCULAR TEST.

Oh! for the days that are no more,
When, clad from head to heel,
And even on their hands men wore
Dress fabrics made of steel.

(I wish I had then lived, alas!
So I could firmly stand
And give the laugh to some young ass
Who tried to grip my hand.)

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HE DIED SMILING.
Seattle, Wash., Oct. 16.—A man dressed as a laborer entered an Occidental avenue saloon last night and sat down. He sat there two hours with a broad smile on his face. A loungee approached and touched him on the shoulder.
"What's the joke, pal?" asked the loungee.
There was no reply. The man was dead.

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