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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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CONCERNING THE TARIFF

The New York Journal of Commerce, an ultra-conservative publication, gives warning to congress and to the radical protectionists who want to inject the tariff question into politics once more, that it is no time to resume tinkering with schedules. It says editorially:

"The tariff question cannot successfully be reopened and redispensed of today. There is as yet no certainty regarding the level to be assumed by national outlay for defense, and hence no certainty as to the revenue requirements. This matter may be temporarily disposed of during the current winter, but a much longer time will be required in the working out of a consistent policy of defense. Neither is it possible to readjust protective duties at this time. The highest protection ever enacted would probably have increased the past year's revenues little, if at all, and could not, alone, have yielded to domestic industry, the monopoly accorded to it by circumstances. Free trade would have had a little result either in stimulating imports or modifying domestic prices. The premature adoption of a tariff policy or the determination to adopt a certain kind of duties at the close of the present war would today be nothing short of absurd."

This is view taken by businessmen and is the sensible way to look at it. The tariff question ought to be relegated to the rear for all time as a political question, anyway; as General Hancock was once ridiculed for saying, it is a local question more than anything else. In other words every section of the country wants protection on the things that it specializes in, products and manufactures, and free trade in the things other sections produce and make. That causes the trouble when congress comes to making up the schedules, and as a rule most tariff laws are a result of a long session of placating and compromising, in the effort to satisfy the conflicting demands of different sections and interests.

The present tariff law has proven that high tariff does not make high prices for many of the products affected, as may be noted in the case of wool and sugar. Neither does it mean high wages for workmen, since the former highly protected industries, steel and iron and woolen goods, are under the present reduced tariff rates paying the highest wages in the history of the country.

What this nation needs today is a sensible view upon the part of statesmen, a view taken from the standpoint of American citizenship of the patriotic kind, rather than a view from the standpoint of partisans and privilege seekers.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

It is the uniformity, the entire lack of exception to the rule, which makes the story of the telephone girl in times of stress so noteworthy.

With a long record of heroism back of her there is nothing surprising in the story that came from Belgium at the beginning of the war of the telephone girl at Dahlen, or the one told of the Russian girl at Novorassysk.

The Belgian girl observed the battle going on around her, undisturbed by the danger she was in, telephoned the officers of the forts that they were not properly placing their shells. Guided by her instructions over the telephone, they found the right range, and "regulated their fire effectively." She continued to direct the Belgian fire until a German shell destroyed the office she was in and killed her.

The Russian girl stayed at her post when everybody else had fled and did her work with shells falling around her. The decoration "for valor under fire" was never more worthily granted to any soldier.

The telephone girl at Dahlen and the one at Novorassysk keep up the traditions established at many a fire and flood.

How shall we account for this record without exception? Let us not try to account for it, but simply take off our hats to her.

Mr. Ford has been disillusioned, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Although he did not come in touch with any of the nations at war, he got near enough to learn that the people themselves are responsible for the fighting. If he had gone a little closer he would have found that they are fighting because they believe it is right to fight; he would have found that, without a single racial exception, they are in general in full accord with the purpose of their respective governments, and are sacrificing

their lives in the conviction that their immolation is necessary to their country's preservation. Whatever may have been the original causes of the war, however mistaken or pernicious the influences behind it, he could have found no support for the American notion that it was due to the desire of certain individuals to find a market for guns. Evidently he did not find support for it, even at the edge of the Continent, and now that he has returned with a new and a wiser view, he may learn the truth that even in the United States it is the people themselves who are back of the demand for preparedness, and, if necessary, for the maintenance of their honor and their rights, for war.

Ex-President Taft declares that a "real" Republican must be the standard bearer for the Republican party in 1916. While we do not profess to know much about G. O. P. politics, we are inclined to think that this remark is intended to be a slap at Colonel Teddy and his progressive followers.

The English seem to have retired from the Dardanelles for "strategic reasons," although the presence of a horde of ill-humored Turks in the neighborhood might have had something to do with it.

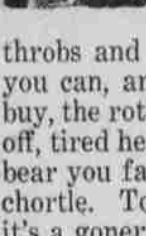
Germany is soon to float another war loan, this one for \$2,500,000,000. Her chemists must have learned how to make synthetic money as well as synthetic food, says the New York Evening Sun.

According to the Federal Trade Commission over 100,000 corporations in this country have no income whatever. These are probably the good corporations that we sometimes hear about.



SWEARING OFF

On New Year's Day the world-worn jay, who's tired of beer and bitters, frames up an oath to cut our both, and join the Pumpville critters. In gilded halls he's bought highballs, and brandy by the pony, and blown his kale for foaming ale, and found the whole thing phony. He's worn old rags while placing jags his saturated hide in, for lads who booze can't have good shoes and clothes they take a pride in. He had a place, but in disgrace, was fired by his employer; for boys who drink the old red ink find it the job destroyer. He's looped the loops with noisy troops of youths who raise the dickens; he's bumped the bumps, and, in the dumps, repentance throbs and quickens. Swear off, young man, while yet you can, and leave the booze behind you; the suds you buy, the rot-and-rye, will poison you and blind you. Swear off, tired heart, the water cart is waiting at the portal, to bear you far from gilded bar, to where men sing and chortle. To Hydrantgrad it goes, my lad; climb on, ere it's a goner! There you'll win back the things you lack, your self respect, your honor.



REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

R. C. Pettit to Ermiragade Carey, part D. Leslie claim, 45, 7, 3 W; part S. W. Colwell claim, 58, 7, 3 W.
Howell and Chrig to Guy N. Howell, part J. Davidson claim, 48, 7, 3 W.
Amy Howell et al to Katie Howell Chrig, part J. Davidson claim, 48, 7, 3 W.
Howell and Chrig to Grace Howell, J. Davidson claim, 48, 7, 3 W.
Howell and Chrig to Amy N. Howell, part J. Davidson claim, 48, 7, 3 W.
Charles W. Hubbard et ux to Geo. D. Hubbard, part lot 33, North Silverton; part King Hubbard claim, 17, 7, 1 W; part Chas. Scriber claim, 17, 7, 1 W.
Marie and R. C. Hallberg to Chas. Eppley, lot 2 and 3, block 3, Richmond Add., Salem.
R. G. Boedighelmer et ux to T. B. Kay, lot 8, block 2, Willamette Add., Silverton.
James S. Henderson to Myrtle Henderson, W 1/2 of lots 1 and 2, block 11, Morningside Add., Salem, and lot 95 Smith Fruit Farm No. 2.
Hoover Lumber Co. to J. T. Hornung, N 1/2 N W 1/4, 16, 10, 6 E; state, 16, 10, 6 E.
Veronica Noll to Esther Gremmel, undivided west 1/2 of lots 5 and 6 in block 7, Palmers 2nd Add., Mt. Angel.
Anna Palsen to Jacob and Minnie Deasel, part D. L. C. of Leander S. Deasel, 46, 6, 1 W.
Laura and Ezra Nendel to Melanie and Frank Chappelle, lots 1 and 2, block 4, Chappelle's Add., Woodburn.
A. M. Bulten et ux to United States National Bank, undivided 1/2 interest in and to the J. P. Bolten (deceased) farm which is a portion of the Thomas Moisan claim, 48, 6, 2 W.
C. W. Moore et ux to E. C. Wiesner, lots 5 and 6, block 6, Richmond Add., Salem.
Robert B. Bonney et ux to J. M. W. Bonney, part B. S. Bonney claim, 47, 5, 1 W.
Hans Tuffel et ux to W. J. and Maud Pruitt, lot 5, block 1, Capital street Add., Salem.
John J. Turner et ux to E. C. Lundberg, part Geo. Shurts claim, 35, 9, 2 W.
C. H. Hieber et al to John J. and Povey J. Turner et Geo. Shurts et al, 35-9-2W.
John J. Turner et ux to C. H. and F. C. Hieber et Geo. Shurts et al, 35-9-2W.
B. J. H. and J. Miller to City of Salem, deed for alley, blk. 2 Minto's add Salem, Colwell cl. 58-7-3W.

HAUSER NEWSOM AND MINTO TO CITY OF SALEM, DEED FOR ALLEY, BLK. 2 MINTO'S ADD SALEM, COLWELL CL. 58-7-3W.

W. G. McDonald et ux to A. S. West and A. C. Miller, lot 2 blk. 3, Jefferson.
Granville J. Price et ux to A. H. Berger, west 120 feet of lots 1-2-3-4-5 and 6 blk. 5, Eddy's add., Salem.
M. A. Nicely et ux to L. D. and M. E. Barr lots 1 and 2 blk. 7 Town of Turner.
A. H. Berger et ux to Joseph H. Albert, lots 4-5-6 blk 1 Riverside add Salem.

All Hope of Sentiment Is Now Abandoned

Youngstown, Ohio, Jan. 8.—All hope of immediate settlement of the big strike of steel workers at East Youngstown went glimmering early this evening when the strikers turned down company offers of 22 cents an hour, and stood out for their original demands of 25 cents.
With this decision, fears grew that rioting might break out anew tonight.

S. O. RUE LOSES BARN

Fire of an unknown origin started in the S. O. Rue barn in Evans Valley Monday morning about eight o'clock and soon destroyed the building. The family did not arise at their usual hour that morning, due to sickness among the children. Mr. Rue being the first one up, happened to look toward the barn and was amazed to see a small flame shoot upward from the roof. He ran to the barn at the same time calling to the family, and was successful in getting the stock out. One of the boys reached the loft with a pail of water and nearly smothered the fire, but while he was after more water the flames gained such headway that the barn could not be saved.
The neighbors were prompt in going to Mr. Rue's aid, otherwise the surrounding buildings would surely have burned. The granary and machine shed, which were only twelve feet from the burning barn, were saved.
The barn was practically a new one, was 26x36, with a 20 foot post. Thirteen tons of chest hay were destroyed, with a few articles such as hay fork, etc. \$200 insurance was carried on the barn.—Silverton Appeal.



A Galley o' Fun!

BEHIND SOCIETY'S CURTAIN

(By Hezekiah Snodgrass.)

(A thrilling realistic novel of high life. Published by the Wadsworth Mealy Company.)

Publisher's Note.—Mr. Snodgrass, believing that no author should write of matters wherein he is not fully informed, and being, moreover, a firm believer in the literary value of "local color," spent two days in New York City last winter. He visited the palaces of wealth, and even looked in the windows of some of the houses in Fifth Avenue. The results of this indefatigable research he has embodied in this novel, which, while possessing all the charm of a romance, is, nevertheless, a ruthless exposition of the terrible state of affairs existing "Behind Society's Curtain."

Chapter I.

It was evening. The beautiful parlor in the palatial residence of the Eversleys was brilliantly illuminated with three large lamps. Before the flickering firelight of the grate sat Seraphina Eversley, Reginald Eversley's lawful wedded wife. Her white hands were folded idly in her lap. She was the child of luxury and those exquisite white hands had never been condemned to the drudgery of hard work. She kept two hired girls, so that she did not even have to make the beds or sweep off the front stoop.

A ring was suddenly heard at the front door bell. A moment later the hired girl appeared at the door and said: "It's him, Miss Eversley."

"Tell him to walk right in," commanded the lady, imperiously.
A moment later a man entered the room with the grace and figure of an Adonis.

"Take a chair," said Mrs. Eversley, smiling sweetly at him, but trembling a little, though she did not know why. "Don't care if I do," he replied, alight, and laying his hat and coat on the piano, he drew a chair to her side in front of the fire and lighted a fragrant Havana cigar.

"Where's Reginald?" he asked, scowling fiercely into the flames.
"Oh! He's at the club, as usual," she replied, wearily. "He seems to do nothing else in the evening except go to that dreadful club and play cards and dominoes for money, and drink whiskey and beer. It's horrible she exclaimed.

"Yes," agreed the man, whose aristocratic sounding name was Francis Plessingham; "yes he ought to be learned better—but it's all the better for me."
"Why, what are you thinking of?" she asked, raising her eyebrows, gently.

"I'm thinking that you are just too sweet for anything," he complimented gracefully, speaking the French with an almost perfect accent.
"How lovely you speak French!" she observed, toying with the charms on his watch chain. "You speak almost like a French person."

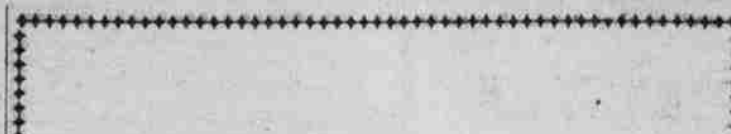
"Yes," he replied; "people often tell me so. It may be because the room I was born in was furnished with Louis Quince's furniture."
There was a long silence, while he puffed away on his cigar and watched the firelight playing among her beautiful tresses, where it looked like little red grasshoppers jumping around.

At last he threw the butt of his cigar into the fire and burst out: "My angel! My dear one! I love you! Let's murder your husband and run away together!"
She raised her blushing face to his, and he knew that Reginald Eversley's fate was sealed.

And thus it was that the snake of evil squirmed into the home of Reginald Eversley, bearing upon its back a terrible burden of woe, shame and expense.



Jones—I see by the paper that a flea can jump two thousand times its own length.
Brown—That's probably why we never hear of a flea getting run over by an automobile.
DIDN'T AMOUNT TO MUCH.
Willis—And who is that fellow Hen peck? Does he amount to anything?
Wallace—Oh! He isn't anybody. He's nothing but his wife's second husband!



'Tis Said--

Our nation is composed of a luxury-loving people, careless of cost and reckless of expenditure, with the lack of realization what wise economy means.

If that be so, let us endeavor to mold our habits and desires as wisdom dictates, and prepare for future emergencies and opportunities and open an account—NOW.

IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF

United States National Bank

Salem

Member Reserve Bank

STATE NEWS

Corvallis Record.—A couple of chunks, weighing a hundred or so pounds each, of ore from the Valley View syndicate copper mine were brought down last Monday and placed on exhibition at W. L. Turner's office. The ore will probably assay from 40 to 50 per cent copper, and was taken out of the bottom of the shaft at a depth of 60 feet. The ledge they are sinking is six feet wide, and growing wider with depth, and has every indication of a large and permanent body of ore.

Polk County Observer.—Snow cover, these days, when the rabbits come out, leaving their tiny tracks everywhere in the white mantle. From Dallas since the first snow fell a great many nimrods have gone in search of rabbits. Generally luck has not been very good, but some good marksmen have brought down a good supply. Happily Polk county is not infested with these pests, but there should be enough to make the hunt interesting.

The Tidings decries ordinary booster tactics, so far as Asaland is concerned. It says: "Our great asset is health and recreation. Let us exploit Asaland as a health resort and playground. Let us not get the cart before the horse and make the great mistake of starting our development with a real estate boom. It will be harder for Asaland to keep down a boom during the next three years, than to create one. Let the solid heads prevail and exploit our resort without developing a mushroom boom."

The Courier lists what's coming to Gardiner in 1916, as follows: "With the prospects of a large sawmill, two cold storage plants, with the enlargement of the Gardiner Mill company's plant, a pulp mill, the railroad completed, the harbor improved, dairying and farming on a larger scale, good wagon roads being built, finest of pleasure resorts being improved, hundreds of people coming into the country looking for homes, want more can the people ask for?"

New Year's day crop and weather report in Condon Times: "The week past has been cold and dry with drifting snow. Cattle and sheep are wintering well and the wheat fields are frore on up light. At the present writing there is a villainous northeast wind blowing that could cut you in two."

This is the Pendleton East Oregon doubtful if another town in the north-west has a rosier outlook than has this little city.

It seems to the Tillamook Herald that a fitting and progressive move for the beginning of the year 1916 would be to resurrect the commercial club and put it on a business basis.

LOOK FOR STUDENT'S BODY

Reno, Nev., Jan. 10.—A party of college men on skis set out on a daybreak today in an effort to reach the body of Harold Grinstead, University of Nevada freshman, who died Sunday morning at Allen creek while on a skiing trip. Two companions of Grinstead are with the body. While on the last mile of the eight mile trip, Grinstead became exhausted. He was carried to Allen creek, and two of the party returned to summon aid.
A rescue party set out last night but was forced to return by a blinding snowstorm.

The new Columbia Gorge park on the Columbia highway furnishes another interesting topic for letter writing week.

Always Watch This Ad—Changes Often

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We have all kinds of Axes, Sledges, Wedges, Saws and Equipments for the woods.
All kinds of Corrugated Iron for both Roofs and Buildings.
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