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THE GOOD IN HOBBIES

The busiest man, who alone knows that recreation is the best rest, finds it in hobbies, and these same hobbies that to the busy are a source of life and spirit would be to the idle useless and without meaning.

There are hobbies and hobbies. There are hobbies that are the natural ebullition of full spirits and sympathies.

There are hobbies which mark the individuality of men and women as above the commonplace and not hedged within the narrow boundaries of life's mere routine.

The best among us like to step aside from the trodden path and smell the fragrance of some favorite flower. This flower may not be confined to the botanical order at all. It may be an orphan child, a fallen friend, a general charity, or any other of the many sacred objects of care that have come into the world to lift us out of everyday sordidness and the misery of seclusion and self.

The woman who has money to supply every want and servants to do every household task sometimes seeks refuge from ennui in caring for the poor. God bless her and her hobby! Would there were more like her and more hobbies like hers!

Andrew Carnegie's pet hobby is the founding of libraries. John D. Rockefeller's is the endowment of colleges. No doubt the pleasure they find in giving is commensurate with the benefit this world receives.

It is hobbies which lure us out of the noisome shadows of selfish existence to cleanse ourself of moral and mental malaria by bathing in the sunshine of a broader life.

DES MOINES PLAN HAS FAILED

The so-called Des Moines plan of city government, which was pointed to as an example by many opponents of the old systems, appears to have failed. It was adopted seven years ago and was quite a novelty at that time, thus attracting almost as much attention as "Galveston plan," following the great flood in the Texas city.

Councilman W. F. Mitchell of Des Moines has resigned, after branding the whole plan as a failure, a conclusion in which he seems to be backed up by a majority of the people.

According to Mr. Mitchell's statement the bonded and floating indebtedness of Des Moines has increased nearly \$1,000,000 since the plan was put in force seven years ago. The plan was heralded as one that would eliminate partisan politics from all municipal elections, place the responsibility for the success or failure of the city government upon the heads of the individual commissioners and generally make for economy and efficiency. Mitchell says politics has not been eliminated and that financially the plan has accomplished no good. Mitchell favors electing councilmen by districts rather than at large, paying them for one meeting a week. He believes all municipal executive control should be vested in the city manager, together with power to enforce all laws and ordinances and to control all city work. Mitchell believes this would kill the political phase he believes has made the old Des Moines plan useless.

A Corvallis man, through the Courier of that city, advocates the issuing of new money in large quantities by the government to be loaned to the people at 4 per cent. Splendid idea—but why charge any interest at all? The government presses could turn it out at very small cost, and might sell direct to those who need it at the cost of printing. Better still would be a law authorizing any one in need of money to order it printed in quantities to suit at the local job printing offices. Some of these plants, in Oregon especially, are not very busy now and printing money would be a lucrative job that would give employment to more printers and pressmen and assist the rising tide of prosperity to grow into the proportions of a tidal wave. The Corvallis man's idea is not all revolutionary but in line with the present tendency of regulating everything and curing all the evils from which

the body politic suffers through legislation. The government should take care of its people or go out of the governing business. Why should the people be compelled to labor to raise grain and potatoes and livestock in order to sell them to secure a little of the filthy lucre called money, when all that is necessary is to print all of the commodity that is needed? The only weak thing about this plan is that the printers would still be compelled to work, or the supply of money would be cut off—but no doubt the Corvallis statesman will be able to eradicate this little inconsistency if his wife can take in sufficient washing to support him while he is thinking it out.

The social forces that are seething underneath the calm exterior of Chinese life are not all in favor of Yuan's assumption of the title of emperor, is the opinion of one of our Eastern exchanges. That there are good reasons for that step is beyond doubt. The oriental reverence for established custom is not among the least of these. The government of China is notoriously weak. It was believed that this step would strengthen it. The struggle is not between a republican and a monarchical government so much as it is between a highly decentralized and a greatly strengthened central government. The situation is not unlike that existing in America prior to and during the Civil War. Yuan represents the growing centralized power of the republic under Lincoln; his opponents represent the states rights ideas of Calhoun and Davis. There the parallel ends, except that it is undoubtedly true that only a more powerful arm striking out from Pekin can save China from the fate that has already overtaken Korea, Tibet and Mongolia.

Some of our bloodthirsty American editors must envy the thoroughness with which the Carranzistas are cleaning up the adherents of Villa in Mexico. They have demanded a blood atonement for the sacrifice of American lives and it is being offered with a vengeance. We doubt if even these editors themselves could improve on the ghastly scenes enacted at Jaurez where the riddled corpses of many bandits have been exposed to public view in order to satiate the cry for blood and vengeance.

The price of lumber is going up. That is good news for those on the selling side of the game, and if it means more mills running and more men employed it will be good for the state of Oregon in general.

Now that the Garden of Eden has become a battleground those warring rulers might agree that Eye was responsible for starting the row.

Astoria wants to become a naval base. The ambition is laudable—but perhaps Portland will object.

The president seems to be in more of a fighting mood since his marriage.



TRAGEDIES

The king was riding slowly, reviewing of his troops, when, with a zeal unholly, the band sent up some whoops. The steed was much affrighted, the king was scared, alas! and o'er its head he skited, and landed on the grass. And operators tireless the dreadful tidings hurled, by wires and by the wireless, all o'er a breathless world. To Greenland's icy mountains the dreadful message flew, by Africa's sunny fountains the sweating heathen knew. By many an ancient river, on many a palmy plain, the news made people shiver, and filled their souls with pain. And as their ire grew larger, we heard the nations sing, "Oh, let us lynch the charger that bucked and threw a king!" Know all men by these presents, and also by this sign: That day ten thousand peasants were shot and killed like swine. Yea, while that worst of horses indulged in leap and bound, ten thousand nameless corpses were piled upon the ground. They lay beside their rifles, all stained with blood and dirt, but who can heed such trifles when royalty gets hurt?



Newton Walker, prominent citizen of Donald, died after a brief illness, at Salem Friday morning, aged 44 years. The funeral was held in that city Saturday.

Parents and Teachers Organize at Orchard
At the school rally held at Orchard District, Polk county, February 3, the parents organized a Parent-Teacher association. They also voted unanimously to introduce the hot lunch for the pupils at the noon hour.

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STATE NEWS

In a recent issue of the Oregonian appeared an article telling of a visit of a Wasco Indian to the Indian Rock at the city hall in Portland, and his translation of the signs carved in the rock, which have long been a mystery to those who have visited the city hall. The Wasco brave told his hearers that the characters carved in the rock were tribal marks set there by the hands of young braves who, it seems, had to visit the rock alone at night and put their marks upon it as a sort of test of their courage, which qualified them to be warriors. The rock at Portland was brought from Eastern Oregon, near Mauchalia in Douglas county, on lands now owned by John Tarrin, is a similar rock, which is literally covered with Indian sign carvings, and no doubt their significance is the same as those on the Portland rock.

Marshfield Record: The idea of Ten Mile in seeking a trout hatchery is met with the advent of the Williamette Pacific railway hundreds of people are coming to that district to angle and the expectation is that the additional number of fishermen is likely to deplete the lakes and nearby streams and they desire, therefore, to secure at least 100,000 trout fry this season to liberate in the lakes so that in the second year hereafter, there will be available. The hope is to have a hatchery established on the Ten-Mile lakes at Lakeside, where at least 100,000 trout may be hatched annually. Although the movement has been on for some time, it is not believed the state fish and game commission can set quick enough to supply fry this year, and the proposition is the matter will have to be handled by private subscription for 1916.

Medford Mail-Tribune: The charging station of the mineral springs system, located in Lithia park, is seen through a visit of inspection. It is a neat and tasty building, filled with intricate and expensive apparatus, the workings of which are explained by attendants in a matter to interest everybody. Experts from the Westinghouse factories, also from the Garach Electric company, of San Francisco, have been on the ground of late applying the acid test of thorough investigation as to the merits of the various machines installed.

Roseburg Review: Jump-off Joe, the famous old landmark of Nye Creek Beach, near Newport, is almost demolished, according to recent word from Newport. During the recent storm that has been raging along the coast, the "shoe" has almost disappeared. Jump-off Joe is one of the most famous reefs along the Pacific Coast, and its disappearance will be regretted by the thousands who visit Newport every summer. During the past few years it has gradually been succumbing to storm and sea and each season tourists find less of the famous rock to greet them on their stroll along Nye Beach.

Oregon Voter: Lakeview has kept busy doing its share in the Straborn railroad. Nearly all the right of way for 26 miles has been donated as the result of the activity of the local committee. Klamath Falls has not been given any definite part to play, but its biggest men say they are at Mr. Straborn's service. Burns has offered \$150,000 to build the railroad built via that city. Gradually Bend has been working out the terminal and right of way duties assigned to it. Nothing definite has been asked of Portland as yet, but a strong committee is ready to buy itself just as soon as Mr. Straborn has carried his plans to the point where he can make a definite proposal.

Candidates File at State Secretary's Office

H. A. Canaday, of Medford, is a candidate for nomination by the republican party for the office of district attorney for Jackson county.

Dr. J. C. Smith, of Grants Pass, is a candidate for nomination by the republican party for the office of state senator, seventh senatorial district, comprising the county of Josephine.

NEWTON WALKER, PROMINENT CITIZEN OF DONALD, DIES

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Newspaper Conscience and Service

(From Texas Journalist.)
James Keeley, publisher of the Calumet Herald, said these things recently to the editors of Iowa, assembled at Iowa City, speaking on the topic, "The Newspaper."
No newspaper can do its duty to the readers and public alike unless it possesses a social conscience. A newspaper too often has been regarded as a mirror reflecting the public—a mirror more or less defective, but still a mirror.
The real newspapers of today have outgrown the looking glass phase of existence. A newspaper can more nearly realize its mission the nearer it comes to attaining the ideals of the clergyman and priest in their ministrations. Their flocks are numbered by hundreds, ours by millions.
With a social conscience on the job, the newspaper will not confine its energies to printing the news (accurately) and commenting editorially (also with accuracy) on men and measures. It will initiate helpful movements and fight, in the ring and outside, to carry them to a successful issue. It must be of service today, not only in politics and morals, but in aiding in the solution of the problems that are part of the daily life of the people. It must not only urge the public to vote the right ticket, but should plead with them to vote for a clean city administration, but must fight alongside those who are preaching the doctrine of a clean home. It must not only teach patriotism, but must show the folly of the annual massacre on July 4—a slaughter doubly horrible because it was done in the name of patriotism. It must not only decline to receive the dirty dollars from lying, murderous medical advertising, but it should teach the people how to keep well. It must not only at annual meetings of newspaper men and advertising men glorify "Truth" as the guiding star of advertising, but should 365 days in the year protect its readers from those to whom Truth is a troublesome jade.

Average Paper Is Clean.
There has been a great forward movement along these lines in the last decade. The average newspaper in America today is a clean paper. There are not many examples left of Virtue on the editorial page and Vice in the advertising columns. Today I could add \$200,000 yearly to my revenues if I would accept classes of advertising we all carried years ago. But it would be tainted money, and in the long run would prove a losing investment. The advertiser of honest goods has developed, let us say, social aspirations—repulsive, though such a thing may be to some Spartan mind. He doesn't like to sit in the same pew with the quack, the loan shark, the mining swindler, the oil pirate, and the merchandise faker. He likes to associate with clean, decent persons. And in the long run, he is going to be the broom that will sweep the few remaining Augustan stables.
I have little sympathy with the myopic individuals who believe, or rather say, that if nothing were printed about crime it would cease or decrease. They are wrong, absolutely wrong. Publicity is the greatest deterrent of crime, and many a man has been held from breaking the law, not because he dreads the punishment the law would mete out to him, but because he feared the publicity that would result from his wrongdoing. The punishment of public opinion often is more potent and dreadful than that imposed by judge or jury. Scores of times men have come to men—men now in the penitentiary, men who would have been in the penitentiary were it not for a miscarriage of justice—and pleaded for the suppression of the stories of their crime. And in nine cases out of ten they have urged wife, children and the family as the reason for concealing the record of their wrongdoing. My answer always has been "Why didn't you think of them before you did this thing? An an-thinking of men, women and children who have been defrauded by you and of the other men, women, and children who will suffer unless your form of villainy is stopped."

Errors Do Creep Into Print.
I admit that sometimes things are printed that should not appear. Sometimes the man at the head of the bus-

ness makes a mistake, but more frequently the mistake is made elsewhere. The thoughtlessness and heedlessness of youth and inexperience is largely responsible for this kind of error. But with age comes wisdom and with wisdom tolerance. Young men furnish the steam and older men the brakes.
There is no better investment than a single standard of honor, honesty, truth and integrity from the title to the last agonizing line on the back page. Those who reap the worthless fields of honesty gather golden harvests. Truth, cleanliness, and decency or the greatest dividend payers on earth.
If man were superhuman it might be possible to hold even the scales between men who differ on religion, politics, political economy, sociology, and all other topics, issues, and happenings which create discussion in the world. No man can serve two masters, and I have found it equally difficult to satisfy those who hold divergent opinions on any public or private matter. Each thinks his point of view is being unfairly treated. When both sides feel measurably certain that you are not far wrong.

Opinions Should Be Barred.
There should be no partisanship in politics, no prejudice in religion, no hostility to organized labor, no antagonism to wealth per se, no color of personality, and, in fact, opinion should be barred from the report of every happening, every meeting, every public discussion, everything that goes to make up the daily grist of news. The natural inquiry arises, "Why isn't it so if the man at the helm wants it to be so?" My answer is: Human frailty and human infirmity.
An honest man makes mistakes and a newspaper is operated and produced by finite minds. The decent newspapers want to print the truth. There is nothing to be gained by printing a lie. A lie is a business boomerang. A newspaper's reputation for reliability is its stock in trade. Inaccuracy is the cardinal sin. Doubtless some papers are in need of abolition, but the number is decreasing.
I believe suppression of news is more of a wrong than the printing of a piece of news that possibly might better not have been written. By improper suppression a newspaper sells its soul and betrays its readers. To my mind it is the high treason of journalism. No paper that permits its advertisers or the personal, social, and financial friends of its editors to control or taint its news and editorial columns ever has become a big newspaper, a successful newspaper, or a newspaper that is respected by the people. The man in the street instinctively senses this sort of treason and he punishes. Would that we editors had the omniscience of our oracles, the unerring days the ear held reign, and the sphere of influence was limited by auricular range. The eye has been enthroned and the whole world of our field. In older times the mightiest voices reached thousands but fell silent within the mile. Our silent voices defy distance and seek our myriads behind brick walls. We talk to those who never see us. The thunder of our presses dies away, but it has bred a billion living tongues.
Our responsibilities are great because our power is so immense. Forget the former and the latter waxes. Instinct which can pick out lies and truths in official statements and enable us to say when a victory is not a victory and when a rout is a strategic move of intelligence and military cunning.

His Answer to Thom.
I had one answer for these many men and it ran something like this: "You say you know what is true and what is false in the news that we print. Come to Chicago and the Herald will pay you more money than you can make in your own town in a year. You are the man of the whole country—yes, the whole world—is looking for a man when you start and I will reserve a room for you at my club, meet you at the depot, and see that you are well taken care of in every respect."
Guess how many accepted the proposition.
The newspaper of today occupies the position of the herald of old. In ancient

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HAVE YOU STARTED YOUR MERCANTILE SAVINGS ACCOUNT?

If not, do it today.

Don't spend all your earnings. Nobody expects you to save all you make, but to spend all is an imposition on yourself. Save two dollars this week—or even one dollar—Start a Savings account with it. It's so little you'll be ashamed to draw it out, and it'll be so lonesome you will put some more in to keep it company. In a few weeks you will have the savings habit. Also you'll have money earning 4% interest. Isn't it worth while?

Savings accounts at the U. S. National Bank can be opened and deposits made by mail. As a member of the Federal Reserve bank, the United States National is under United States Government control and supervision.

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