

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

CHARLES H. FISHER,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

L. S. BARNES, President CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily by carrier, per year\$5.00 Per month.....45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per month.....35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

New York Chicago
Ward-Lewis-Williams Special Agency Harry K. Fisher Co.
Tribune Building 39 N. Dearborn St.

The Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone Main 81.

PORTLAND'S CONTENTION IS CORRECT

We do not agree with the Oregonian on many things, mostly political, but its stand in the Astoria rate case strikes a responsive chord, for we believe it is correct. It is the only newspaper in Portland that seems to understand the importance of the event, and what it means to Portland. It realizes the situation is grave and says so in no uncertain terms.

The Oregonian points out that while it conceded Astoria's contention was correct, that Portland's salvation as a shipping point was at stake, and that a vigorous, united and persistent fight must be made until she is given preferential rates as compared with those of Astoria or the Sound.

For forty years Portland has spent her money generously to open the Columbia, and remove the bar at its mouth. Through her efforts the general government has done a great work, and Portland has not stood idly by while this was being done, but has put up her coin and her energy in aiding the good and necessary work.

She has done a man's part in opening and deepening the channel of the Columbia and made herself an inland seaport. Her work has brought the sea 110 miles nearer the Inland Empire than Astoria.

Why should she not be allowed the advantages arising from this work?

Astoria has an undoubted right to have the same rates as Sound ports, and indeed from a strictly honest view, really a little better rates for the reason the haul is shorter.

Why should Portland not have better rates on grain from the great wheat belt of eastern Oregon and Washington than Seattle with a great mountain climb or a haul through Portland 180 miles longer, or than Tacoma with a haul of 150 miles further, or Astoria 110 miles?

At the loading end of the routes the railroads are careful to make rates according to the length of haul. The rates from Wallowa to Portland are higher than from Pendleton. Why? Because the haul is longer. They are higher from Pendleton to Portland than from The Dalles or Biggs. Why? Because the haul is longer. Why should distance be always counted by the railroads on one end of their roads and not on the other?

It costs as much to haul grain from Portland to Seattle as it does from Pendleton to Portland. Why then does the railroad make a charge as far as Portland and none from that point to Seattle or Tacoma?

If the railroads are paid sufficiently for hauling grain from Pendleton to Seattle by way of Portland they are paid too much for hauling it from Pendleton to Portland. That is an indisputable statement.

If the rate they now have from Pendleton to Astoria is enough, then the same charge for hauling the same grain from Pendleton to Portland passes out of the realm of profit and becomes larceny.

In making this discrimination against Portland they must rob the grain grower to pay for their favoritism.

Then too, it costs towage and other expenses for ships to come from Astoria to Portland and the differential in Portland's favor should be large enough to cover this expense to put her on an equality with other terminal points. Why should the railroads haul grain from Portland to Astoria for nothing, in competition with paid river traffic?

There is no possible light in which the situation can be seen that does not back Portland's contention and point to a lower rate for Portland than her competitors as the only honest, square solution of the problem. It is right, and therefore wrongs no one.

Now comes another faddist with the proposition that America make her armaments strong enough to guarantee the peace of the world, saying if this was done the nations of Europe would join her in ruling out wars of aggression. He is certainly an optimist to propose such a thing when according to some statesmen we are not able just now to guard ourselves against being overrun by any nation that is in an over-running mood.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Established 1868

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

Transact a General Banking Business
Safety Deposit Boxes
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

"DEMOCRATIC" MALADMINISTRATION

Nebraska has a republican candidate for the republican nomination for the presidency. That is, there is a league formed in that state for the purpose of nominating Henry D. Estabrook, of Nebraska and New York. You see the league understands it can hardly expect to get a presidential nominee from west of the Mississippi, so generously shares its candidate with the great state of New York, for political purposes only. The league is charmingly frank in its statement of the desire of the republicans of Nebraska and as it claims of the balance of the country. It says: "The republicans want to put an end to democratic maladministration of national affairs." Had they left out that word "democratic," they would have been less ingenuous, and perhaps much further from the truth. It will be noticed that it is only "Democratic" maladministration of national affairs, that is worrying the Estabrook League of Nebraska. The republican brand would be all right.

The two Fruitdale boys who Monday dragged three little girls and a boy all younger than themselves, from an icy pond, and they were each only twelve, showed they not only had grit but initiative. They realized it was up to them to do the saving, and they did it as well and perhaps better than older folks might have done. If there are any Carnegie medals not working, the right place is designated for two of them.

The English house of parliament Monday voted an additional war credit of £420,000,000. This brings the total for the war up to £2,082,000,000 or in round numbers \$10,000,000,000. The interest alone on this sum at 5 per cent would amount to \$1,370,000 a day, yet the government is not discouraged and asserts the country's ability to meet all its obligations and that every dollar of this debt is backed by gold.

That peppery gentleman over in Seattle who is so disgruntled and indignant because some one spoke rather disrespectfully of Washington, had he stopped to think would have realized that all his life he had daily overheard much worse things said about God, and he never resented them either. Why?

Milwaukie grange recently discussed the question: "To what extent does the prosperity of the farm depend on the farmer's wife?" The grange unanimously answered the question correctly saying it was 100 per cent. They modestly added however; "plus the activity of the husband."

A dispatch yesterday says Indian Agent Crane was killed by Indians at the Keams Canyon agency last Friday. That news has a familiar sound to the old timers, and it does not seem so many years ago either that that kind of dispatches was common.

The Russians make more rapid progress through Armenia if they did not try to memorize the names of the places they captured and also to pronounce them. They moved right along after taking Mush, probably looking for Milk.

Grants Pass turned the first sod on the site of its \$600,000 sugar factory Monday, and Tuesday the price of sugar which had been steadily advancing, dropped 10 cents on the hundred. Decidedly quick returns.

If Washington was alive now and accustomed to reading the war news he would find it harder still to tell a lie. It is as difficult a job as looking at a woman's hair and deciding which is switch.

Since the allies landed in Greece she has almost ceased to be a nation and is only a spot, and a Greece spot at that.



HURRYING DAYS

The march of time is swift and steady, the speeding days we cannot hold; six weeks of '16 gone already, before our New Year vows are cold! It's truly hard to realize it, that six fat weeks have jumped the track; and yet no gentleman denies it, who keeps tab on the almanac. The spring will come before we know it, with all its wealth of growing greens, when every long-haired bughouse poet sends sonnets to the magazines. The summer will be with us shortly, to fill a want that's long been felt; then delegates who're stout and portly will wonder why they do not melt. And then the fall, both chill and balmy, its place in the procession swipes; and, when the nights grow cold and clammy, we'll put up stoves and cuss the pipes. Then winter, arrogant and burly, will shake us with his frosty fins, and we will do our shopping early, before the Christmas rush begins. Thus go the days, and thus the seasons, they hurry past, to come no more; and there art fifty thousand reasons why we should make each moment score.



OPEN FORUM

THE COUNTY AGRICULTURIST

To the Editor: Mr. James, of Beauty Valley, for several years had been raising more bushels of wheat to the acre than any other farmer around the country. Many of his neighbors tried hard to do as well, but they never could come up with him. His wheat always looked so uniform all over the field and stayed so free from mixture with other kinds of wheat. It never entered their minds that the reason for it was other than better methods of handling the soil. One year smut was bad all over the country, but Mr. James' wheat showed very few signs of it. Then his neighbors began to get a little superstitious about it, and said it was providence. The next year Mr. James sold his wheat to his neighbors for seed at a high figure. They all raised a bumper crop the coming summer, and laid the cause to the season.

One day the county agriculturist called on Mr. James and asked him how he managed to grow such wheat. Mr. James took him out into the field and pointing to several different heads of wheat said, "Do you see any difference in them?" "Sure I do," replied the agriculturist. "This head and this one are a great deal longer and plumper than the rest of them. There will be as much again wheat in this head as in that little one there." That is the secret of my success," replied Mr. James. "Every year I go through my field just before I cut it and spend a half a day selecting the best heads I can find. I gather enough to make me a peck of grain when it is shelled. I sow that on a quarter-acre of ground and raise my next year's seed from that. Now that is all there is to it. My place is small, and I only raise five acres of wheat a year. But two years ago when the smut was so bad I raised twelve bushels more to the acre than any of my neighbors. I never sold a bushel for less than a dollar. I call sixty dollars pretty good pay for a half a day's work."

"I tell you, Mr. James, I am going to spread the gospel of your success all over the county," remarked the county agriculturist.

"Yes I would like to have you tell every farmer in Marion county about it, if it would do them any good," replied Mr. James. "If every farmer in Marion county would practice my method of seed selection Marion county wheat would become famous the world over. We couldn't begin to supply the demand for seed wheat at double the market price."

"I'll go one better than give you my blessing on your efforts, I'll give you a dollar for every farmer you succeed in getting to undertake it this coming summer. Then," Mr. James continued with a chuckle, "I'll bet you five dollars you don't earn five dollars off of me next year."

"I tell you," Mr. James went on, "the farmers have been following so long the same old grooves their forefathers taught them to follow; they have worn them so deep traveled them so automatically; glide along with so little friction, that it is almost impossible to pry them out and get them to follow any other course. They would follow the old ways if they starved to death."

"Why, I have known Lane over here for years. He is a fine intelligent fellow, and well read. Every once in a while we get together, and he speaks off to me a whole lot of new ways and practical methods for doing things, and goes on to tell how much better off the farmers would be if they only would practice them. But Lane is still plodding along in the same old grooves his grandfather used. He has worn them so deep he can't even jump up and catch hold at the surface let alone pulling himself out."

"Why the average farmer is so set to death at the idea of trying something new for fear he will fail. They always want the other fellow to try it first to see whether it will work. Then they watch him succeed at it for years just like they have watched me succeed with this wheat; each year declaring

Feature No. 4.

MOOSE LODGE ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE SHOW THURSDAY, MARCH 2 GRAND OPERA HOUSE



BURNETT H. GOLDSTEIN.

Goldstein will be at his very best. The big Moose audiences will see the best. He'll make the people grin and laugh. Until they grow as fat as Fat.

Monologist, Lawyer, Statesman, Humanitarian, Economist, and Tragedian. Yes, all these and more, Mr. Goldstein is also a Thespian, and not alone that, he is also candidate for Legislature (and there is no doubt of his nomination) from Multnomah county.

Mr. Goldstein is all sugar and cream when it comes to Monologue stuff, when he stands before an audience telling stories, you can anticipate one continual round of laughter. Mr. Goldstein also takes part in a three corner act with Charlie Robinson, and Fred L. Moreland. This act which the Moose Committee is also trying to bring here, is a hum dinger, so we may have the pleasure and privilege of hearing Mr. Goldstein twice in the one evening and at the same place.

The writer had the privilege of looking over Mr. Goldstein's press notices, and he is known as the man that can make the Sphinx laugh. There is no doubt he would replace the serious countenances of Chemawaw pupils with a ray of smiles if they were present to hear him.

Mr. Goldstein is a strong card for the Moose night and is considered one of the main attractions.

Feature No. 5 will appear here Tomorrow.

Always Watch This Ad—Changes Often

Strictly correct weight, square deal and highest prices for all kinds of junk, metal, rubber, hides and furs. I pay 2 1/2c per pound for old rags. Big stock of all sizes second hand incubators. All kinds corrugated iron for both roofs and buildings. Roofing paper and second hand linoleum.

H. Steinback Junk Co.

The House of Half a Million Bargains.

302 North Commercial St.

Phone 808

they are going to try it the next year, yet they never succeed in working up sufficient — I have no name for it, to start in.

"But don't let me discourage you. There are enough of them that want to discourage you without me helping them. There are a few farmers that lead out, and still more that lag not very far behind. I really believe the farmers are raising up more and more all the time. They are gradually becoming more self-asserting, developing their individuality. Education is the only thing that will help them. Keep shoveling it to them. There is no question about their ability to receive and retain it. There is no class of people on the earth blessed with larger and healthier brains. Even if they don't use it themselves, their children stand a chance to inherit the knowledge from them before they too get too old to utilize it."

E. M. PETTYCROW,
Salem, Oregon, Route No. 7.

SCHOOL RALLY IS HELD

The annual school rally of district No. 32 took place in West Salem Friday and consisted of an all day program with Mr. G. A. Burkhead, principal of school, serving as chairman. Dinner was served in the old school building at noon to school children and all others present to the number of 23. The program was as follows: Piano solo, by Johanna James. Recitation—Albert Lamb. Dramatization—Primary Children. Reading—Esther Sneed. Violin solo—Delbert Moore. Address on Industrial Work for Girls—Miss Cowgill, from O. A. C. Dinner. Round Table discussion on live up-to-date school questions. Short talks, by Rural School Supervisor H. H. Parsons. Address—Assistant State Superintendent Charlton.

To the Man on the Road ---Talk Home Today

You know what a comfort it is to you; you can realize the comfort it gives the loved ones at home. Our improved "Long Distance" service has made it possible to talk to 1800 cities and towns in California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and Idaho, connecting 693,000 telephones.



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

