

SATURDAY EVENING,
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Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

CHARLES H. FISHER,
Editor and Manager.

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POOR OLD UNCLE SAM

Some years ago when the city put in the cluster lights along State and Court streets, the Postal Department made a contract with the electric light company under the terms of which four cluster lights were put in on the postoffice grounds and the department agreed to purchase lights for them for a period of five years at the end of which time the clusters and posts became the property of the government and under the charge, of course, of the department.

This contract ran out some time ago and the department refused to longer pay for the lights so the postoffice yards are now, after the sun goes down, and unless the moon is shining, as dark as the ways of a government official.

The city pays for the lights around the block owned by Uncle Sam, he being the only privileged character in the city and getting his lights free. In spite of this some inspector with less brains than salary came up this way, saw that the government was being robbed by the city of Salem and the light company, and having reported the infamous proceeding this expense was cut off.

Of course Uncle Sam is poor and needs all the money he can gather in to pay salaries to useless officials, and cannot afford to pay electric light bills. So the postoffice glim was doused and \$11 a month saved for the salary grabbers.

It is pleasant to know that in some American bosoms there still remains a deep and abiding patriotism that looks after the country's affairs and prevents it going into bankruptcy. Still one cannot help but think that the Capital City of the state that pays for the lights all around the government's property would not be asking too much in requesting it to shed a few rays across the gloom of the postoffice block, and pay for the same.

THE CANAL NOT A FAILURE

Our national pride in the Panama canal received a severe jolt when in the heyday of its first success, it was blocked by a slide in the Gaillard cut. The prolonged interruption of traffic has raised doubts as to whether, after all, the big ditch is not a failure.

These doubts, however, ought to be dispelled by the report of the committee appointed from the National Academy of Sciences, by President Wilson, to make a thorough investigation of the problems. The scientists announce that, although other slides are likely at intervals, for some years, nothing so bad as the last slide need be expected.

"After the present difficulties have been overcome navigation through the canal is not likely again to be seriously interrupted. There is absolutely no justification for the statement that traffic will repeatedly be interrupted during long periods for years to come. The canal will serve the great purpose for which it was constructed, and the realization of that purpose in the near future is assured."

Senator Lewis introduced a resolution yesterday denouncing all Mexican aid to Villa as treason. He asked that those helping Villa be prosecuted as traitors. This is a bright idea. It would be much better to bring the Villistas into court and try them by jury, than to fight them. The senator thought, to simplify the situation, should introduce another resolution compelling Villa to surrender. Otherwise his first "Be it resolved," will be useless.

Tex Rickard, who staged the fight tonight, is a far better champion than either of the men who stand up and slug each other. Willard gets \$47,500 as his share and Moran \$23,750. The total expense is estimated at \$101,000 and the total receipts at \$150,000. This leaves the man who does none of the fighting with a greater sum than the champion himself. However this is the way of the world; it is the man at the head of things that rakes in the coin, and not the fellow who does the work.

AN UNFORTUNATE WIZARD

Nikola Tesla, the electrical wizard whose discoveries and inventions have added so much to the advancement of civilization, is in distress. In a formal statement made to the corporation counsel of New York, he confesses that he cannot pay his personal taxes; that he lives on the tolerance of his creditors; that "his hotel bill has not been paid for several years." He hasn't any assets worth mentioning. He used to own nine-tenths of the stock in the Nikola Tesla Company, he says, but he had to get money for a new electric plant. All his inventions, about 200 in number, have been made over to the company. The inventor says that nobody owes him money, while he owes scores of people. He has no money in the bank; he has no horses, no automobiles, no jewelry—nothing.

This is a pitiful predicament for a great genius to be in. And his plight is something which society as a whole should be ashamed of. It is not Tesla's fault that he has no business ability. His scientific genius alone is a sufficient gift for any man to bring society.

With proper arrangement of the work of mankind, such a highly specialized talent as Tesla's would be kept from all worry about income or business matters and left alone to do its big work. Inasmuch as society isn't organized on any such sensible system, why doesn't some rich business man with a turn for philanthropy endow and manage Tesla?

While some zealous patriots have been so bitter in denouncing President Wilson for his slowness in chastising the Mexicans on account of Villa's acts, it might be well to recall the fact that we at one time acted as badly toward Mexico as Mexico has toward us. Along in the '70s, Cochise, an Apache chief made raid after raid across the border into Mexico murdering and robbing, and when pursued fleeing back into the United States where he was safe from Mexican pursuit and also from trouble with this government. Mexico stood for it because she was the weaker and had to, and not because she was pleased with it. After Cochise went the way all bad Indians go, it was not long until his noted successor, Geronimo followed the same tactics, and kept at it for years, and finally when he tired of the game he made his own terms with the government and was never punished. It makes considerable difference whose ox is being gored.

The Oregonian yesterday in defending Mr. Pitcock against an attack from the ex-Governor West and published in the Oregon Journal said some real unkind things about the late governor. The Oregonian should be ashamed of itself. The governor was given a parole by the people and the big paper should give him a chance to make good.

A Junior Lieutenant on the U. S. S. cruiser Saratoga which had just returned from six years' duty on a China station, committed suicide in his quarters on the vessel Friday. His commander said he was horrified at the act, that he "saw the lieutenant the day before and he appeared in his usual splendid spirits. He was not married."

"Tis sweet for brethren to dwell together in unity." Witness the gladness of life down in Portland shared by the Oregonian and the Oregon Journal.



SATURDAY NIGHT

The days of the week bring us labor and care, to keep the pot boiling we wearily hump; and often we feel, with a pang of despair, that, spite of our efforts, we'll land at the dump. There are things without number demanding our mon, the high cost of living is surely a fright; but let us can care when the week's work is done, say "Shoo!" to our troubles, on Saturday night. If neighbors come over to gossip a while, don't let them refer to the wolf at the door; don't let them exhibit spring samples of bile, or sprinkle sad tears, by the quart, on the floor. Just tell them you're willing, at most other times, to listen to roasts with a fiendish delight, to jump on the plutes and their various crimes, but peace is your portion on Saturday night. Unhappy the man who must carry his grouch away from the shop or the office or mart; who takes it along when he goes to his couch, and cuddles it close to his bitter old heart. Unhappy the man who must worry and fume when the week's work is done, and his pipe is alight, who cannot say "Shoo!" to the phantom of gloom, when he sits in his rocker on Saturday night!



High School Notes

The high school was very fortunate in securing Mary Agnes Best, connected with the pageant at Ryan's hall, and a speaker and a writer of note, to speak Friday morning to the pupils of the school of her experiences in the East Side of New York. The students certainly enjoyed the stories and enjoyed her again and again. The students of the high school will enjoy a vacation on Monday as it is the annual spring day for the teachers of the school. Most of the teachers will go to Portland as the grand opera presentation of "Madame Butterfly" is on Saturday night. The Wireless club is now in good working order and has recently received several pieces of apparatus from the school board. Among the pieces given them are: New aerials, rotary spark gap, transformer, aerial switch. The boys themselves are making an oscillation transformer and a case to contain the whole of the apparatus. The apparatus as it is now will send about 100 miles and will receive anything on the coast. Let The Capital Journal print your sale bills and other job printing.

OPEN FORUM

MR. BROWN ASKS QUESTIONS ABOUT "TRY SALEM FIRST"

Editor Capital Journal: In one way and another I've heard the slogan "Try Salem First" and I like it for many reasons, but let us be reasonable. Now first of all what are we to try in Salem? Climate? That is good. Situation? Very fair to look upon. Salem is a city beautiful and I heartily endorse the ideas advanced by Mrs. W. P. Lord in an article in the March 14 issue of this paper. Salem's beauties could be trebled and one look at the northwest end of the bridge on South High street abutting Mill Creek should convince even the most obtuse. Take the meaning of the name Salem—peace—add the effect of the discussed project and you have what? Beautiful peace? Isn't that enough to inspire any amount of civic pride? But is Salem to bear out the synchronism? Let us see. Let us now discuss further the Salem first idea.

Attention, farmer! We will not discuss commerce. Commerce, my unbridled explains, is "interchange of commodities, personal intercourse, trade traffic, dealing." All right, but are you getting your share or is it a one-sided deal. You produce, pay taxes, purchase and improve. There is four parts to your side of agreement. You are criticized for patronizing mail order houses, yet I've noticed on the grocery shelves a brand of two or three things not manufactured from the produce you raised, some of which, for lack of local facilities for handling, went to waste on your hands and when you did dispose of your crop, you didn't get Salem made goods in return, and you paid the manufacturer, the city of Seattle or Portland mobile men a bonus as well as the transportation company who are not Salemites. Are you getting returns for "trying Salem first?"

What has Salem to offer the laboring man in the way of employment? Most of the active industries are owned by outsiders and as for the state institutions, you must be born to the purple or at least be a favorite at court, to gain recognition, let alone employment. And who supports these institutions, the official or the taxpayer? Does the taxpayer get preference in employment proposition.

I came to Salem with money I invested in Salem property and Salem industry, employed Salem labor. I spent my money in Salem. I lost it to Salem people. I asked employment of Marion county. I got half enough to keep the wolf from the door, but not enough to pay taxes and interest to any of the balance on my home. I asked employment of the state and got three months employment and a lay off with no reason given for dismissal. My count job was given to a single man of alien birth. Now a friend puts me at the head of a business for myself from which I pay him a just commission.

I hear one of Salem's business men, presumably a member of Salem Commercial club, has some work along my line. I hasten joyfully to see him, make him the best proposition I can, as he has probably yelled "Salem First!" also, but an utterly told I'm not the man, he wants —, of Portland. Is that the result of any short coming of mine? I could cite a number of references from reliable Salem people.

Is it fair, I deal with Salem firms, why will not Salem firms deal with me? Show me one good substantial reason why I must lose my home for lack of employment, while strangers to our city and land are preferred and I'll gladly abdicate.

From June first to October 29, 1915, I had employment three months and two weeks, two months in northern Oregon and one in eastern Oregon and two weeks by the side of my wife in a lumber camp five miles south of the court house. I tried Salem first. I believe I can furnish proof that I was once a competent foreman. I handled a crew for four years for one Traverse City, Michigan, contractor. I believe I could furnish references of ability to handle a rock crusher, or a grocery clerk or solicitor, and I have laid out a quantity of paint but there is nothing for me to do in the place where I went and lost the money made in other places. I'm no knocker, no chronic kicker—yet, but I've got to kick or starve, steal or beg, and I want to do it well so as to bring results. What's the matter with Salem or what's the matter with me?

Respectfully,
W. K. BROWN,
R. B. 3, Box 4, Salem, Ore.

"The Eternal Law"

Editor Journal: Life is one continuous round of seeking and finding, of demand and supply, of cause and effect. The first man, looking out upon life or prostrating himself before the idols of his own making, to the highest type ever made manifest in human personality, ever found himself confronted with the same problem, with the need of seeking and searching, whether for food or for truth.

"What Seest Thou?" is an ever present question from which there is no escape. It involves a eye motive of a human heart. What a queer world this would be to most of us, if we could discern the secret motives of men's hearts. What sudden changes would take place. How many social friendships would dissolve as by magic. The question is really as old as time, as vast as life, as near as breath itself. Not an interest, relation or need into which it does not enter. In every impulse, desire, passion, virtue, hope, fear, in every experience from the cradle to the grave it finds its place.

The child at play; the boy at school wrestling with his problems; the sick seeking health; the poor crying for help; the unemployed seeking work; the manufacturer seeking markets; the explorer searching for worlds to conquer; the philosopher in quest of truth; the scientist searching for facts, the artist seeking beauty; the mystic seeking God, alike find themselves with the same everpresent question—"What

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

caused by illness and old age, Henry J. Polla, one of Oregon's oldest pioneers, and a resident of Stayton for the past 18 years, died at his home here Monday, March 20.

Henry J. Polla was born in Maury county, Tenn., November 7, 1832, and with his parents moved to Missouri in 1839. At the age of 20 years, young Polla taught the western fever and came to Oregon in 1852, buying land south of Stayton in Lane county, the most of the same place still being held by the family. October 13, 1859, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Jane Williams, who still survives him. Three children were born to the couple, all of whom are still living. John F., on a farm just across the river, Mrs. Susan Trask of this city, and Wm. F. also of Stayton.

Mr. Polla has been a consistent member of the Baptist church since 1870, and was ordained deacon in 1888. He was a good citizen, loving husband and father, and had many friends, which was evidenced by the large crowd at the funeral to do honor to his memory.

The funeral was held on March 22, at the Baptist church in this city, Rev. Lawrence officiating. Interment was in the Lane Oak cemetery—Mail.

DEATH OF JOSEPH PAZINA

Joseph Pazina, a well known farmer living near Townsend station, died at his home on Friday, March 17, of pneumonia, after an illness of 10 days. Mr. Pazina was born in Germany in 1849 and came to Oregon in 1905, settling at Summit, Lincoln county, where he lived until about eight years ago, when he removed to this section.

Mr. Pazina was a good citizen, a good neighbor and a devoted husband and father. He was a man of sterling character and made many friends here. The funeral was held Sunday from the residence under the auspices of the M. W. A. Rev. O. C. Weller, of the Presbyterian church officiating, and the interment was at Belle Passi. Deceased leaves a wife, three sons and three daughters to mourn his demise.—Woodburn Independent.

Special Real Estate Bargains

160 acres with buildings, orchard, berries and other improvements, in good location, for \$2500; \$1500 cash. This place is worth twice the price asked; truly the owner is hard pressed for cash and has offered the land for a few days at 1-2 of its value—BE-LIEVE ME HERE IS A BARGAIN.

Here is another: Two nice lots, well improved and good residence, well located, for \$900; 1-2 cash. This property has a permanent renter for \$7.50 per month; it is worth \$250 at least, but it must be sold. Why pay rent when you can purchase a home for about 1-2 of its value.

I can sell 100 acres of good land, 1-2 cash and seeded, with buildings, for \$3,000; 1-2 cash. In this county, near town.

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