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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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OREGON LEADS AS A LOSER

Oregon is getting some reputation as a loser. Everyone has heard of the "Lost Cabin Mine," which according to the most reliable authority was first missing in 1851 or '52 and has been undiscoverable ever since. Then some years ago a quartz mill was lost up in the Greenhorn country, Baker county, and was not found for eleven months. This, however, seemed to be more a case of strayed, for it was found 70 miles from its accustomed range.

Then a whole railroad train was lost up in eastern Oregon for a week or two. Then a steamboat belonging to a Mr. Stevens and run by Captain "Big Bill" Turnbull of Vancouver, ran away and hid behind Switzer's island opposite Vancouver. On top of these was a town at one time on the Santiam, that disappeared, and never was heard of again.

Coming down to recent days, skipping many political to know how in the Sam Hill, or any other highway that unfortunately for their bearers were not, the state seems to be keeping up its reputation.

But a few days ago Portland officials announced the city had lost 1,000 cords of wood. Now that would make a woodpile four feet high, the same distance wide and 8,000 feet, or a little more than a mile and half long. This we submit is "quite a chunk" to lose and would seem to be about the limit, but it is far from it.

It remains for Lincoln county to take the cake, break the records, and flaunt the pennant as a loser. The report made by the surveyor of Lincoln county to the Secretary of the Interior in 1914, showed the county had 320 more miles of county road in 1913, than in the succeeding year.

The secretary of the interior was puzzled. He was not familiar with Oregon's ability as a loser. He wanted reputations that were irretrievably lost, and many more authority, 320 miles of county road could get lost in one brief year. He sent out an expert, who expeted in vain. All the roads in the county seemed to be in place, and the farmers hadn't missed any. It appeared to fill the description of the poet, once at large on Fifth Plain, north of Vancouver, who wrote those rather bewildering lines:

"The seeming of the Thing unknown,
To thee unknown today;
Now brings it need to fullness grown
To wither and decay."

That was what apparently happened to 320 miles of Lincoln county highway. However when the head of one of Uncle Sam's departments wants anything he wants it bad and generally gets it that way. This applies to information as well as other things. The experts found no vacant places where roads had been, but were no longer there, and so they gave it up, classing it as one of the unsolvable mysteries.

Finally a letter was written by the department to the county judge of Lincoln county asking him if he knew the whereabouts of 320 miles of county road, that was giving the secretary a sample of Villa action. Yes, the judge knew all about it and consequently there was nothing mysterious in it. You see, wrote the judge, the ocean beaches along the western border of the county are of hard sands, and make the most beautiful roads in the world, when they are not under water. That 320 miles of highway is of the submarine variety, and is, or is not, according to the moon. One surveyor measured the roads when the tide was out, the other when it was in. There was 320 miles difference. And all this inquiry and mystification was caused by the carelessness of county officials in letting the roads stay out of nights and thus getting moonstruck.

General Geothals says conditions on the canal are better than he anticipated and that it will be again opened for the passage of vessels April 15, or one week from Saturday, and that in his opinion the canal will not again be closed by slides in the Culebra cut. This is good news for the coast as it will have a tendency to relieve the present freight congestion. Now if Portland and Sound ship yards will just hurry up those wooden ships it will be appreciated.

While those blue print warriors are drawing plans showing how any old nation can land a half million or more troops on our shores in a couple of weeks, they entirely ignore the fact that we have a navy about equal to any except England's. They assume that we would be doing nothing all the time and just waiting for the foreigners who ever they were to get through. These same fellows were nearly scared into a duck fit when the old Oregon made the trip around the Horn, lest some Spanish fishing smack should run across her and send her to the bottom. Yet when the test came, the good old ship showed she was able to have whipped the whole Spanish navy as a breakfast job. Preparedness is all right and perfectly proper, but the methods the big army and bigger navy advocates are using to scare the public into taking their advice is too much like a quack doctor who frightens folks into taking his nostrums by picturing all kinds of suffering and death from a stubbed toe or an ingrowing nail.

There is a fable about king log and king stork that applies pretty closely to Wilson and Roosevelt. The fable in effect is that the frogs in a certain pond became weary of their king, a venerable log that reposed quietly in the pond and which proved always a safe place of refuge for them. They tired of its apathy and the progressives among them concluded to try another king and selected the stork for the job. The stork proved a much more lively king than the deposed log, but he had an inordinate appetite for frog, and had also a bad habit of dining on his subjects. They had a real live king but it was death to the frog family.

Unless you register as a democrat or republican you cannot vote at the primaries. The law provides that all parties polling less than a certain number of votes shall nominate by convention. So if you are a prohibitionist, socialist, progressive, or belong to any other political party you can take part in the convention. If you are a republican or democrat with a liking for prohibition you cannot register as the latter and vote as one of the regular party at the primaries. At the general election—no matter how you are registered you can, of course, vote for any person or party you please.

A huge turtle with many hieroglyphics carved on its back has arrived in San Francisco from Mexico. An attempt will be made to decipher and translate the old fellow's private library. The sailor who discovered it thinks it was an object of worship in old Aztec days. It may, however prove no more ancient than the skull of Calaveras described by Bret Harte. If it had steps up to its platform its connection with some of Salem's street cars could easily be traced.

The principal occupation of American military officers seems to be publishing stories of America's weakness and pointing out to the world just where her vulnerable spots are, and how an enemy could best take advantage of them. If this is what this country is educating army officers for, the quicker West Point is abolished the better.

Colonel Roosevelt earnestly desiring the presidential nomination, baits his hook with the dainty verbal tid bit: "I am not for war." Here is Bryan's chance to pass Teddy the dove cote, and come out strong for preparedness. It's a poor politician who can't change his views over night if the wind gets in the right direction.

In selecting county and state officers if the voters will choose them for their ability for the place rather than for the fact that they vote this or that ticket, or their fathers did before them, they will get better service and be acting in a rational business way too.

The great American hen when she is onto her job can lay a dreadnaught costing \$17,000,000 every two weeks the year round, and not have to do any extra cackling over it either. So far as the cost is concerned it is a trifle to your Uncle Samuel.



DOWN GRADE

The road down hill is easy, your gait is brisk and breezy, companionship is gay; and as you trot along it, the dead game sports who throng it will cheer you on your way. You ply the bowl and flagon, and jeer the water wagon, the hydrant and the pump, and, laughing at the sorrow which will arrive tomorrow, you hasten to the dump. Your gait grows ever swifter, with willie-waught and snifter, four fingers at a throw; with decency you quarrel, and sneer at all things moral, and to the dump you go. Oh, faster yet and faster, you speed on to disaster, and steeper is the slope; friend, stop and look and listen, while yet in sight there glisten the snowy robes of hope! Some turn around and scramble back through the rock and bramble, a weary, racking climb; but there are hands to aid them, and, though sore feet delayed them, they reach the top in time. But most of those who amble down hill don't try to scramble back to the healthful pump, back to the sane existence they're leaving in the distance, but keep on to the dump.



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Big Appropriations for Coast Defenses

Washington, April 6.—The biggest appropriation for coast defenses and fortifications in American history was proposed today in a bill Representative Swager Sherley, of Louisville, Kentucky, introduced.

His measure provides \$21,907,050 for fortifications, submarine mines, field artillery and ammunition. It also authorizes the expenditure of \$12,300,000 on munitions contracts.

The house committee on fortifications today adopted the program of the war department board of review, which just investigated fortification problems. It calls for 16 16 inch guns, two of which will defend New York, Boston and Cape Henry. The mounting of seven 12 inch guns upon Barbette carriages with equipment for high angle fire, giving a range of 30,000 yards, is recommended for New York, Boston and either Portland or San Francisco.

Employment of 34 three inch anti-aircraft guns is advised at various fortified points.

Japs Order Lumber for Ship Building at Home

San Francisco, April 7.—That the Japanese are preparing to make a tremendous bid for world trade was believed in shipping circles here today when K. Hiramoto and other officials of the Onaka Shosha Kaisha line arrived to purchase lumber for their new fleet of merchant vessels. They came to America for lumber, it was stated, because ship building activities in Japan had made the purchase of materials there impossible.

It was reported that several of the new Onaka vessels might be put on the voyage between San Francisco and Japanese ports. Captain J. Kanino, formerly of the liner Funama Maru, on which the Japanese steamer magnates arrived, is already in Seattle negotiating for large lumber purchases.

Guiseppe Brought Suit To Recover His Grave

San Francisco, April 7.—Guiseppe Farina was plaintiff yesterday in a suit to avert the body of G. Bianchini from a grave at San Mateo, so that he might occupy the tomb himself. He told Judge Graham that Bianchini got into the grave under false pretenses, Mrs. Bianchini promising to remove the remains as soon as a permanent resting place was found. The judge ordered the widow to exhume her husband's body within six months. Farina has set his heart on being buried in the disputed grave.

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Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician

Dr. F. M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel ailments. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a few well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, you will know them by their olive color.

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Telephone Girl Took Shot at Peeping Tom

La Grande, Ore., April 6.—One "Peeping Tom" probably is discouraged with his operations today as a result of an experience with a plucky telephone operator last night. The girl was alone at her home when she saw a leering face at the window. Though frightened, she maintained her composure. Reaching for a telephone nearby, she asked one of her friends at the exchange what she should do.

"Shoot him," advised the girl at the other end. The young woman secured a revolver without arousing the suspicions of the persistent peeper. She fired through the window at pointblank range. "Peeping Tom" fled. It is not believed the bullet took effect, but it served its purpose.

JUMPED TO HIS DEATH

Los Angeles, Cal., April 7.—In a fit of epilepsy, Charles L. Marshall, 53 years old, a wealthy retired man of Milwaukee slashed himself with a pocket knife here and leaped from the seventh floor of the Clark hotel.

The leap resulted in instant death. For a time William McKay, Marshall's chauffeur was held by the police until an investigation of Marshall's death had been completed. Marshall came here more than a year ago from Milwaukee. It is understood he was the son of a wealthy banker there.

BANDITS MADE GOOD HAUL

Pittsburg, Pa., April 6.—Masked auto bandits entered the First National Bank of Houston near here today, held up the cashier and escaped with \$17,000 in cash. Posses are on the trail.

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