

# Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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### LET ALL SHARE EQUALLY

Mr. H. N. Pope, of Texas, "President of the Association of State Farmers' Union Presidents," favors protection on all agricultural products, declaring the present and all systems of tariff are "hyphenated." He says: "Cotton is our only agricultural product that cannot be helped by a tariff as it has to be sold on a free market while everything the cotton grower buys he buys in a protected market."

Mr. Pope is mistaken about cotton being the only agricultural product that cannot be helped by a tariff. Wheat has had a tariff placed on it but it did not protect it in any sense because we exported wheat all the time and important only wheat needed for seed which was thus made higher for the farmer. The great mass of agricultural products are not in competition with those of any other country so far as local markets are concerned, the price being fixed by the laws of supply and demand, and no country could ship them here unless in case of a failure of crops which placed the price so high that that product could for a short time be sent here with a profit.

The gentleman also says that cotton cannot be protected by a tariff law and so asks that it be protected by a minimum loan law empowering the Federal Reserve Board to fix and protect a 12-cent-a-pound minimum loan price on cotton. This would be the same as the government guaranteeing a price of 12 cents a pound. If cotton sold in the foreign markets for less than that sum the government would have to make good the difference. This would be a good thing for the cotton grower; but how long would it be with this system once adopted before the same thing would be asked by the wheat grower with just as much reason and right? It would necessarily follow that all other agricultural products would be placed on the same basis, and your Uncle Samuel would have a contract on his hands of raising revenues from some source to pay the bills and it would bankrupt him.

At the same time Mr. Pope is correct in one thing and that is that the tariff should not be "hyphenated," but be applied to all products—or none. As Mr. Pope says of cotton, so is it about all agricultural products. The manufacturers have been protected but the farmers never. Under the tariff system they cannot be protected, and if it is right to protect certain industries, then some system should be devised by which all should share in the rake off. The only difference between the tariff system and that proposed by Mr. Pope is that under the tariff the manufacturer collects his own bonus, while under Mr. Pope's plan the government would have to collect it and turn it over to the grower. There are but two producing classes that have never been protected in any way, and they are the farmer and labor. The latter has always had to compete with foreign labor imported at the rate of from half a million to a million a year. Why not, to give labor an equal show with capital, if we are to go into the paternal government business, provide a minimum wage gauged by a commission to correspond with the cost of living? If protection is a national blessing then the proper thing to do is to arrange it so that every person in this country gets an equal amount of it.

It is bad enough to have Uncle Sam's weather sharps telling us the day before about the weather and insisting it will rain; but when we are having the brand of weather served for the past two weeks it is a low down trick to tell us four or five days in advance that it is going to rain on a certain date. This on the principle that "what the eyes cannot see the heart cannot grieve for." Monday these hard-hearted folks had to butt in and say the last part of the week would be rainy.

Carranza may not be a candidate for the presidency at the coming election in Mexico. A fellow must want of-fice pretty badly who would come out for that job. Perhaps Villa might make the race.

Hughes, Fairbanks and some others insist we had war with Mexico. Wonder what the folks over in Europe would have called it?

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Data from the Oregon agricultural college shows some things that are food for thought. The increase in the freshman class was 31 per cent. The increase in logging, vocational mechanical engineering, highway engineering and commerce, was more than 100 per cent. In all classes of highway engineering the increase was 157 per cent. Electrical engineering showed a gain of 83 per cent and pharmacy 41 per cent. It would be interesting to know whether there has been any increase in the number studying the agricultural branches, but this data is not given. From the per cent of increase in other branches it would seem that there can be but little increase in agricultural students. Would it not be a good idea to change the name to make it cover the branches taught, in a general way?

While Mr. Pope of Texas is asking aid from the government to increase the price of cotton to at least 12 cents a pound, there is a movement on foot in the east to have an embargo placed on wheat to force the price down. It is not at all probable that either plan will be successful. The movements however show how the public mind is turning to socialism, as a means of relief from difficulties, for that is what both plans amount to. Here in Oregon the same turning to the government for aid is noted in the proposition made at a meeting of farmers at Corvallis, Saturday, where resolutions were adopted asking the state to lease or purchase lime quarries and furnish the farmers lime at a small per cent above cost. It might perhaps be a good thing, on that we pass no opinion, but that it is socialistic is evident.

According to the latest announced program Colonel Roosevelt will deliver four and possibly six more set speeches within the next two or three weeks. One of these will be at Chicago, another two days later at Denver, the third in Louisville on the way back to New York, and the fourth in New York a few days before the campaign closes. Besides these two others may be arranged for. These will prevent any danger to the colonel's think tank exploding, these operating as a sort of safety valve.

If republican claims are correct as to what the states are going to do at the coming election, President Wilson might as well pack his grip about the first of March and get ready to move over into New Jersey. One enthusiastic correspondent says Mr. Wilson cannot carry Texas, and Lamar Toozee says Massachusetts is solid for Hughes. Those two statements should settle it.

The Coos Bay country is proceeding to make good in all lines. The last returns show the Rogue river fisheries have broken the record with a pack of 60,000 cases and the silverside run yet to be packed. The pack is worth nearly \$300,000, which is some money to be gathered from one little river.

The republican managers gave Mr. Fairbanks a bum steer as to what he should talk about here. Whoever loaded him is some years behind the times or he would not have talked about the tariff on sugar, or blamed the Underwood tariff law for Oregon's car shortage.

The Oregonian says the Portland businessmen visiting Coos Bay will carry optimism into that section. If they do they will find they are "carrying coals to Newcastle," for Coos Bay is where Optimism lives.

That was some ball game Saturday, especially the last inning. Just one run needed to tie it and the bases full when the end came.

Have you registered? If not forget it. You will probably have a chance to look after it two years from now.

**Rippling Rhymes**  
by Walt Mason

**CAMPAIGN THUNDER**  
My friends, when I'm elected, the people, now dejected, will bid farewell to grief; I'll make their sorrows bubbles, to all their tears and troubles I'll bring a prompt relief. The people now are groaning; for justice they are honing, and hone for it in vain; but when I am elected, an end may be expected to all the stress and strain. The tyrant and the spoiler now rob the humble toiler, their feet upon his neck; but when I am elected the tree will be erected on which they'll swing, by heck! Oh, men with spades and axes! they burden you with taxes—that is the tyrants' plan! But when I am elected all laws will be rejected which tax the working man. The rich men ride in motors; on foot you go, O voters, your feet all seamed with scars; but when I am elected this sin will be corrected; you'll all have choo-choo cars. Alas, my friends and neighbors, you're wearied by your labors, your strivings gall and irk; but when I am elected a change will be detected—no man will have to work!

It takes more than a visit from his wife's mother to make a man happy. Sometimes a cigar draws better than the actor it is named after.  
Being popular consists largely in remembering what to forget.  
Wedding Invitations, Announcements and Calling Cards Printed at the Journal Job Department.  
You may get all that is coming to you in this world, but look out for the next.

property in Marion county belonging to them, an injunction has been issued.

A report as to inventory and appraisement of the property of Nellie, Celia and Lily Strobaaker, minors, has been returned by the appraisers appointed in the matter, Ole Sater, E. G. English and M. G. Gunderson. The report

### STATE NEWS

Garland Courier: The Clear Lake tunnel, through which water will be taken from Clear Lake to Winchester Bay and Reedsport, lacks about 250 feet of being completed. Before this work could be done an air shaft had to be driven upward to the surface, nearly 70 feet, on account of the air being so bad in the tunnel that men could not work in it. This makes the second air shaft which had to be driven on account of bad air. Pete Moran, who has had charge of the work of driving the tunnel, sank the shaft without the aid of a dynamite to make his location and when completed only missed his calculation by a few inches, he having depended on as his guide soundings made in the tunnel below the bottom of the shaft. The tunnel will be completed by Christmas if no unforeseen events happen to prevent.

Albany Democrat: A very unusual case was brought before the officers today when D. S. Reimer, a farmer residing one mile north of Dover, on the O. E. railroad, was arrested for debt. The arrest was made by authority of section 259, Loris Oregon laws, which provides that anyone not a resident of the state, or one about to leave the state may be taken into custody on account of debt. Reimer was arrested this morning by Sheriff D. H. Rodine on a writ of arrest issued by County Clerk Russell and sworn to by E. Grunnels.

Oregon City: At an average cost of 67.8 cents per square yard, Clackamas county has this year applied 36,000 yards of hard surface or asphalt concrete pavement on the more heavily traveled roads of the county. The total cost per mile of this work, done under the direction of the county road master, with equipment and labor supplied by the county court, has been \$42,504, excluding the cost of grading and preparing the base, figures formally announced by County Judge H. S. Anderson yesterday show.

Hood River, Ore.: Indian weather forecasters and hunters who have killed bears this fall are predicting another hard winter for the mid-Columbia district. Herman Prange, an Oak Grove resident, killed a 450-pound bear that had invaded the orchard district. The rolls of fat are declared to indicate a long, severe cold winter.

Indian George, 99-year-old patriarch of local redmen, who foretold the big snow last year, warns his white friends against coming cold. George bases his forecasts on the condition of moss on trees and the great crop of acorns.

Marshfield Sun: The steamer Congress has imbedded herself in the sands at the government works until now it looks as if the great problem would be to float her. She is aground forward and with her own crew working and the tug Onocenta pulling, on her she refused to come out of the hole she has burrowed in the west shore line of Coos Bay. The tides are now increasing and Saturday they reached the maximum. If on that date the Congress fails to float the bar dredge Michie will be put to work digging her out. It's the forward part of the liner that is resting on the sands. She is ready to start north as soon as she gets off.

Oregon City: The ladies' circle of Stafford, at a recent meeting, authorized the purchase of lumber for the construction of board walks in that part of the community where such conveniences are most needed, and have called upon the men of the community to lay the walks. A building bee will be held on October 5, when every man in the community is expected to help in building the walk. A chicken dinner will be served at the home of Mrs.

**Developing Your Efficiency**

THE first step in the development of personal efficiency is to put away in a safe place a portion of your earnings.

You never saw any one who had developed a great deal of efficiency, who kept his income about him in "coin of the realm."

It is most difficult to save money when its constant presence gives a constant temptation to spend.

A check drawn for every expenditure, leaving a permanent record of to whom, what for and how much—that is the efficient method of discharging obligations.

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Van Northwick for the workers.

Hood River Glacier: Thomas Goss, a Civil War veteran and member of the G. A. R., who owns a vast side ranch, continues to market each week several crates of strawberries of the evergreen variety. Mr. Goss states that he will have small quantities of the fruit, which meets with a ready demand from the customers of local grocery stores at a price of 15 cents per pint box, for sale as late as November.

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**MY HUSBAND AND I**  
by Jane Phelps

**CLIFFORD ATTENDS THE DINNER--ALONE**

CHAPTER XIII.  
I had obeyed Clifford. I called up Mrs. Horton and told her he would be impossible for me to come. When she pressed me for a reason, I had been too embarrassed to evade—or lie, grateful that I was sure from the tone of her voice that she understood, and was glad.

There is a limit to forbearance; and in spite of my good resolutions, I felt I had nearly reached mine as regarded Clifford's friends.

What was there in his past life—that between him and these people—that he was so determined I should not meet them? I asked myself this question over and over but could find no answer which I considered adequate.

Of course I remembered what he had said about my being straight-laced, and a sort of kill-joy, but I had told him that I wouldn't say a word no matter what they did; that I would be a "good fellow" if only he would take me with him; let me know the people with whom he spent his time.

"Where's my white silk vest?" he asked the next afternoon. He had come home early, gone immediately into his room and commenced to dress.

"Here it is. I had it sent to the cleaners, and it only came home this morning. Doesn't it look nice?" I tried to speak carelessly, although I felt intuitively that he was going out—to attend the very dinner he had forbidden me.

"It's lucky it came back," he said, as he slipped it on. "Don't sit up for me, I shall probably be late."

"Are you going to Mrs. Horton's dinner?" I asked, all my good resolutions forgotten.

"Yes. Have you any objections?"

"Oh, Clifford, why wouldn't you let me go if you were going? It isn't fair! I was invited."

"It is enough that I do not choose to have you go," he replied, scowling, then he gave my cheek a perfunctory peck in place of a kiss, and was gone.

**Leonard Brooke Calls.**

I hadn't a moment to fret, although my cheeks burned with indignation. Almost as soon as I reached my room Kate announced Mr. Brooke.

"I am very fortunate," he said gaily, as he took my hand in greeting. "I scarcely dared hope I would find you at home and disengaged."

"I am very seldom out," I returned, then feared he would think me neglected and pity me, so added, "that is un-

less Mr. Hammond takes me to some play. We are both very fond of the theatre."

"So am I!" he responded heartily. "Is Mr. Hammond in? I never have been fortunate in finding him in."

I felt that he was GLAD to find me alone; but I pretended to believe his polite platitudes, and expressed my regret that he again had missed my husband.

I did not remember whether I have mentioned it or not, but Leonard Brooke was a fine musician, and I also sang. So after a bit we went into the drawing room, and for an hour or more we sang duets, or he played for me.

When the clock struck 11 I was astonished. It was hard to believe that the evening which had promised to be so lonely had passed so delightfully—and so quickly.

Kate served us a bite of supper, and just at 12 o'clock Mr. Brooke took his departure with many apologies for remaining so late. It was after 3 when Clifford came in. I pretended to be asleep so he did not speak.

(Tomorrow—Clifford Leaves of Brooke's Visit.)