

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 .25c

### FULL-LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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New York, Ward-Lewis-Williams Special Agency, Tribune Building  
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### WHY THE DIFFERENCE

There is a great difference between men individually and the same men collectively. An entirely different standard of action is required of them. If a nation's honor is impugned it, according to the doughty and somewhat bloodthirsty colonel as well as some others, must fight. No doubt the colonel as well as those others alluded to have had things said of them that were rather insulting to their honor. Yet so far as is known none of them loaded up with a gatling and went gunning after the person who impugned their honor or lambasted their feelings. If the individual goes gunning for his traducer the law yanks him up tells him he is dead wrong and takes a swipe at his pocket book to even things up, or else throws him in jail. Yet he has only done as an individual what would be considered a patriotic act if he, acting with others, did the same thing for the nation. Yet he is punished for doing the same thing for himself. You see there is a difference between being insulted individually and collectively. It is the collective bunch that can always do things and get away with the honors and emoluments. If a highwayman holds you up at the muzzle of a gun and takes your money, the law, if it can catch him, sends him to prison. If a corporation, Standard Oil for instance, holds you up with a double barreled cinch and compels you to stand and deliver that is "business, big business," and perfectly legal. The highwayman takes a chance and gives you a slight one of taking a shot at him, and should you do so and get away with him you are considered a brave and patriotic citizen. You have successfully defended yourself and done a good job for the community.

With a corporation when it holds you up it is different. It is an intangible nonentity; an incorporeal figment of the law; an imaginary individual with all the rights and privileges of the real thing with none of his responsibilities. It has no eyes to be blacked, no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned. When Standard Oil raises the price of gasoline a cent a gallon it holds up the purchaser for that extra cent without reason and without right other than that of might. It is just as much a robber as the highwayman who holds you up with a gun only it takes no chances and gives you none. The corporation acts through its officers who are the tangible agents of the intangible body, yet if the fellow robbed by the corporation should take a shot at one of these the law would jug him instanter. The individual robber may be killed, but the collective robber is immune. Why the difference between the same thing?

The law dealing with corporations holds that its officers are responsible for its acts and punishes them—sometimes, for violations of the law, yet at the same time it would punish the man who treated the corporation as it does, and resented its robbery as he would that of the individual highwayman. Collectively we have one treatment for a corporation which like the impugned honor proposition is not permitted to the individual.

With the last war loan voted Tuesday by the English house the war debt of the British government is \$15,660,000,000. This sum is so vast that the mind cannot grasp it, no more than it can the money. Put in a semi-understandable shape, it would be about 25,000 tons of gold. This would load 500 cars of 100,000 pounds each, which would make ten trains of fifty cars each loaded with the yellow metal. It is a sum greater than all the gold in existence. It might be added just as a matter of encouragement to the thrifty that a good steady man if he lost no time could by saving a dollar a day from his wages accumulate this sum in 46,780,000 years.

The Serbs are retaking their country and of all engaged in the war probably have the most heart in their fighting. They are great fighters under any circumstances, but with their recent treatment by the Bulgars they can be depended on to get almost anything they go after. According to the dispatches yesterday they had attacked the Chuka Heights which command Monastir, and it is a pretty safe bet they capture them.

### JOHN D. CAN'T AFFORD IT

Four patrolmen and eight strikers were shot at Bayonne, New Jersey, Tuesday, when some six thousand strikers clashed with the police. The strikers were most of them employees of the great Standard Oil company, and struck in an effort to get their wages increased. Of course John D. could not afford to pay his men a wage corresponding to the increased cost of living though the products of his company were doubled. He could afford to employ a small army of armed guards to fire on the strikers but you see these would only have to be paid a short time, while a raise in wages would have to be paid indefinitely. This would have made too great a drain in the income of the old gasoline pirate who in the raise in stocks last Saturday made something over \$8,000,000. Then too an increase of wages might cut off the old man's stock of bright new pennies with which he dispenses charity, or dispenses with it, just as you are a mind to view his benevolence. His manager says the plant will be kept idle until the men are willing to return to work at the old wage. You see the old man has plenty of other factories, and if these do not supply the demand he will raise the price of gasoline until the demand grows less. Car shortage does not bother John D. for if he does not get his products to market he raises the price of what he delivers and gathers in the same amount of coin—or more.

Antone Fodera, a San Francisco businessman, was Monday sentenced to five years in prison, by Judge Beasley of San Jose. The crime for which he is to do time was the running down of a university student with his auto, the last of October in 1915. Fodera failed to stop when he struck and killed the young man, and was found guilty of manslaughter. The Capital Journal has called the attention of autoists several times to the fact that the killing of a person while the autoist was doing an unlawful thing might result in imprisonment for manslaughter. An accident, for instance, happening when the autoist was driving on the wrong side of the road, would be punishable, that otherwise might be excusable. A turning of street corners contrary to the rules laid down, should an accident follow, might also cause the autoist serious trouble. So might an accident resulting from passing a street car when stopped at a crossing. The principle of law is, that one doing an unlawful thing becomes responsible for all results of that unlawful act. If autoists will keep this in mind it may save some of them serious trouble.

Colonel Roosevelt says President Wilson's policy "is infamous." The colonel should be an authority on infamy after his treatment of Columbia and the swiping from that friendly nation of the Panama zone. That was about the most infamous thing a great government ever did to a smaller and weaker one. Naturally the colonel lets his angry passions rise when it is suggested that the United States pay for the stolen territory, because the offer to pay is a confession that we were in the wrong. As the scheme was engineered by Teddy, who has such a profound respect for the nation's reputation and so tender a solicitude for its honor that he can hardly sleep of nights, he objects to the country pleading guilty of larceny performed by its president.

Speaking of Mexico has anyone heard anything about that commission lately? It is possible it is still at work but is side tracked, like everything else, for baseball news.

The big liners are dodging in all directions fearing an attack by the German submarine. They are not particular whether they reach the port they sailed for or not, any old port looking good to them.

War news, market reports and nearly everything else will continue to take a back seat until the world's series is decided, which may be today.



### SALTED DOWN

I saved five dollars every week, against the day that's wet and dank. Sometimes it made my spirit shriek, to put that plunder in the bank. For there were sights I longed to see, and junketings I wished to make; to save was such a strain on me, I thought my old tin heart would break. But Susan Jane, my thrifty wife, was always watching at my side; and she would say, "You bet your life, you do not let the kopecks slide. Our strongbox must not spring a leak," my wife would say, in solemn tones; "and at the end of every week, you'll pickle five gunmetal bones." I used to wish that Susan Jane were more like other wives I know, that she would think it safe and sane to let the coin for pleasure go. Then I lay down with divers ills, and spent three weary months in bed, my stomach full of drugs and pills, and poultices upon my head. We paid the druggist and the nurse, the doc, who brought me back to health; and if I dodged the village hearse, it was because I'd saved some wealth. To every man there comes a day when Fortune wears a gloomy frown; and, while you're earning coin, I say, it's wise to salt some roubles down.



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### Highway Commission to Aid Seven Projects

Endorsement will be given seven projects for which portions of the forest reserve highway appropriation has been asked. This was decided upon at a meeting of the state highway commission

yesterday afternoon. The roads endorsed are as follows: Portland to Ashland, over the Pacific highway; Portland to Ontario, by way of Baker; The Dalles to Klamath Falls; Portland to Ontario, by way of John Day; Florence to Mitchell; Bend to Lakeview, and Eugene to Klamath Falls. A delegation from Eugene, composed of Judge H. L. Brown, County Commissioner H. M. Harlow and

E. J. Adams, and R. M. Jennings, of Marshfield, appeared at the meeting asking for state co-operation in building a road from Coos Bay through Reedport and Gardiner to Eugene. The affirmation was made that this road would be of slight grade and would be passable at all seasons of the year. The matter was referred to the advisory committee for investigation.



### BROOKE EXACTS A PROMISE

CHAPTER XLV.  
For the first time a doubt as to the wisdom of going out alone with Leonard Brooke assailed me. Then I remembered what Clifford had said in the morning, and shrugged my shoulders as I thought that what I did made no difference to him.  
"You see Nell knows all the people in the Franklyn set," Leonard went on boyishly, "and I'd hate to have them discussing you, or what you did. It's luck you wore that thick veil."  
"I came very near not wearing any. Mandy objected to the veil because it kept the wind from blowing on my face, and—" I stopped, embarrassed. I realized that I was drawing his attention to my swollen eyes.  
"Aren't you going to tell me what you were crying about?" he asked, and the sympathy, the tenderness in his voice almost made me cry again.  
"No, indeed! I surely am not!" I declared, laughing rather tremulously, "so do not ask me. Really it wasn't anything I should have minded. I'll learn in time not to care about such little things." I finished bitterly.  
"Well I won't urge you, and we are almost home. But I want you to promise me one thing, and that is if you are ever in trouble of any kind—or because of—me, you'll tell me at once. Will you promise?"

"Why, yes, I promise. But what trouble could I have because of you?"  
"I hope none. But remember, it's a promise," he reminded as I left him.  
**Nell Jordan Calls**  
That afternoon when I was dressing for dinner, and congratulating myself that my face showed only slight traces of the emotional storm of the morning, Kate brought up a card.  
"The lady's waiting, ma'am, what shall I tell her?"  
"Say that I am dressing. I will be down in a few minutes."  
I had been surprised when I looked at the card. My caller was none other than the Nell Jordan I thought of what Leonard Brooke had said of the gossiping proclivities of the lady. That she had not recognized me I was positive, and I would be very careful that I gave her no information. I dabbed my eyes once again with a powder-puff before I went downstairs. It was late, and the drawing-room would be dim. I hoped they would pass unnoticed.  
"I am so ashamed Mrs. Hammond that I haven't called before!" she gushed, as I greeted her. "But I have been so busy that really I haven't had time. But you will be generous and not punish me by waiting as long as I did, won't you?"

"I'll try not to," I replied in a non-committal manner, "but I too am very busy." I had decided that I did not care particularly for Mrs. Jordan when I met her at Muriel Franklyn's. Now I was positive I didn't like her, she gushed too much. There was something not genuine in her manner and speech. However I was as cordial as possible with her; keeping away from personal allusions.  
**Nell Jordan Discusses Brooke**  
"You know Leonard Brooke, don't you?" she asked. Then, "why of course you do! He was at Mrs. Franklyn's big dinner party."  
"Wasn't it an enjoyable affair?" I tried to turn her thoughts from Brooke.  
"Very! that Leonard Brooke is a fascinating fellow, isn't he?"  
"He has seemed very pleasant when I have happened to meet him," I evaded, speaking as carelessly as I could under her watchful eyes.  
"I met him out motoring this morning. He had a lady with him, but she was so closely veiled I couldn't see who it was. They must have been afraid some one would see them or she wouldn't have worn so heavy a veil on such a glorious day."  
(Tomorrow—Evaluating the Question.)

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