

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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PROHIBITION MAY BE NEXT "ISSUE"

Bryan, the silver tongued, says he will devote his entire energies to making the democratic party the champion of prohibition. He has done splendid work for that cause and his efforts have borne fruit. However he has undertaken a big contract, though no bigger than he would have on his hands if he undertook to reform the republican party in this respect. One thing against this reformation is the vote of New York which would go against any party advocating prohibition, and this has heretofore been a great factor in preventing either party adopting a prohibition plank. Now that the New York bugaboo has been shown to be such, and that the country can elect a president without its aid, the matter should be easier of accomplishment. Bryan remarked a few days ago that he would undertake this work because the democratic party was too good a one "to fill a drunkard's grave." Whether he succeeds or not it is certain that it will be but a few years until the United States is as dry as Oregon will be after Governor Withycombe takes a whack at the proclamation business and puts the "bone dry" law into effect.

It is a safe bet that if the democrats do not climb onto the water wagon in the next few years that the republicans will, and with the sentiment growing rapidly in favor of prohibition it will win. In fact this is about the only issue left on which that party can come back. The tariff, on which it relied, is as dead as a last year's bird's nest, so far as being a political issue is concerned, for before another presidential campaign is on, the Tariff Commission appointed to frame a tariff on business principles instead of predatory desires, will have finished its work, and its ideas will perforce be given a trial at least before any changes will be considered.

It will not be at all surprising if one or the other old parties comes out straight for prohibition at the next election.

Bunjui Suzuki, president Laborers Friendly Society of Japan, which is simply a union labor organization, told the Federation of Labor at a recent meeting that American labor need no longer fear Japanese competition for they had learned and adopted the American ways and now demanded as high wages as the Americans. He stated the movement was growing rapidly in Japan and that in a short time the society had increased from 10,000 to 30,000. Mr. Suzuki also expressed the Japanese laborer's idea about peace. "War retards human progress and destroys civilization," he said. "The purpose of labor is not destruction but construction. We do not wish to spend our precious blood for the glory of munition manufacturers." All of which shows that Japan, the youngest in civilization, has learned its true lesson and has gone up in the class far above some of the oldest nations.

Evidently those isolated counties in eastern Oregon are in earnest about wanting the Strahorn road built, for wherever bonds were required to aid the road they were voted almost unanimously. In Lakeview a \$20,000 bond issue was voted on, the money being needed to secure certain rights of way, and the vote was 249 for and 9 against. Klamath county voted \$300,000 by a practically unanimous vote, and it looks as though practically all the conditions precedent, stated by Mr. Strahorn had been complied with. This being the case there should be something doing in the way of railroad building in the big Inland Empire next year. It will be a great day for the state when all its isolated portions are brought in touch with each other.

While little is being said about it, it is probable another year will see work begun on the road connecting the Coos Bay country with Eureka, California. The gap is not a large one and is such that it can soon be closed. It will open a rich mineral section and a wealth of timber, besides avoiding the haul over the Siskiyou. With the new dry law in force there is really no use longer for the road to Hornbrook except during the summer as a scenic route.

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WE HAVE A RIGHT TO BE WRONG

There seems to be considerable meat in England's contention that her blacklisting of certain firms is a matter of her own business entirely. Lord Gray sets up this defense, and it is certainly one worth considering before condemning England for her course. He points out that the blacklist is simply an order forbidding English subjects trading with certain persons whom the government names and whom it considers as practically enemies, and that to trade with them is "giving comfort and aid to the enemy." He also suggests that if England cannot control her own subjects no one else can, and that it would certainly be preposterous for the United States to hold she could control them and dictate with whom they should or should not trade. In other words the United States in so doing would be acting just as it objects to England doing, dictating with whom English subjects should trade while denying England the same authority over her own subjects.

We do not want to overlook the fact that other countries can be right occasionally and this great and glorious common wealth frequently wrong. According to the law of general averages we have a right to be wrong half the time and it is fair to presume that the hustling American will keep up his average on any old thing.

It is stated that Villa has decided to brand all Carranza soldiers captured by him with the letters V. C. which are the initials of the de facto president's name, Venustiano Carranza. Refugees say the bandit leader ordered them branded as traitors because they did not drive the Americans from Mexico. The most interesting part of the story is not told, for it is not stated whether the branding is to be done before or after the Carranza soldiers are stood up with their backs to the wall and shot. In other words whether they are to be branded before or after death. So far, Villa has slaughtered all the Carranza soldiers caught by him and his new order will have but little effect except perhaps to make the Carranza troops run quicker, faster and farther than heretofore, and they will have to hurry to do any of these things.

The manner in which the United States capitalist has gone into the ship-building business is shown by the report of the department of commerce which gives the number of vessels built in this country in the past 10 months as 968, with a total tonnage of 405,894 gross tons. These were for American owners, and besides there were 37 wooden ships and eleven steel ones built for foreign owners. Portland is coming to the front as a ship builder and leads the northwest in this line. It looks as though the lower Willamette and part of the Columbia are destined in the near future to be one great ship yard where the Oregon fir, the best ship timber in the world, will be made into vessels to carry Oregon products to the markets of the world.

Wheat broke the record in Portland yesterday when a lot of bluestem sold at \$1.65. Unfortunately there is little left in the hands of the growers and not a great quantity in those of the buyers on the coast. It is estimated that not more than five million bushels remain in the three northwestern states.

The Southern Pacific promises speedy relief from the intolerable car shortage and reports that it has 500 new cars on the way to the coast, or soon to be so. That number would help some but while the company is about it it should get a plenty. It should not overlook the fact that Salem may require one of the old ones for a depot.

With eggs selling at 50 cents and butter 90 cents a roll in Oregon towns it would seem as if the threat of Chinese eggs and New Zealand butter had little back of it.

Ten thousand car loads of lumber have been sold by Northwest mills but it is undelivered because of the inability of the railroads to furnish transportation facilities.



Rippling Rhymes

OLD AND OUT



I heard the down-and-outer say, "I'm canned because I'm old and gray. Employers shoo me from their doors; they want young men to do their chores. I know I'm long on sterling worth, but there's no place for me on earth, no job for me beneath the moon, for I was born some years too soon. Youth must be served, and age must slide down where the dump is yawning wide." I've often heard this dismal spiel from gents panhandling for a meal, but in my daily walks I find that old boys do not fall behind, if they still keep their smiles on straight, and keep their habits up to date. Too many old men sing this song, that every modern thing is wrong. They're always talking of the past, and so they're also rans at last. A man's gray hair will cut no grass, if he can make things come to pass, if he will blithely do his stunt with cheerful and undaunted front.

STATE NEWS

Lake County Examiner: H. A. Wilder has an exhibition at his plumbing shop a burner which is designed for making a gas stove out of any sort of range. The complete outfit includes the tank and the burner with the pipe attachments. The makers of the burner claim that it will give as much heat as any other fuel and arranged so the heat can be regulated. It takes about five minutes to install the burner and about two minutes to take it out. Kerosene is used as fuel. The makers also claim that it can be used in a heater with as good results as if wood is being burned.

Bend Bulletin: Future plans for the development of the soda ash fields of the American Soda Products company at Alkali Lake were discussed at a meeting yesterday in Bend of several of the representatives of the company and its employees. H. L. Emerson, of San Francisco, representative of Mr. Spreckels, arrived in Bend Monday and held a conference with F. L. Young, of Paisley, and other employees of the company. Mr. Emerson, with Mr. Young, will spend about ten days at Alkali Lake looking over conditions.

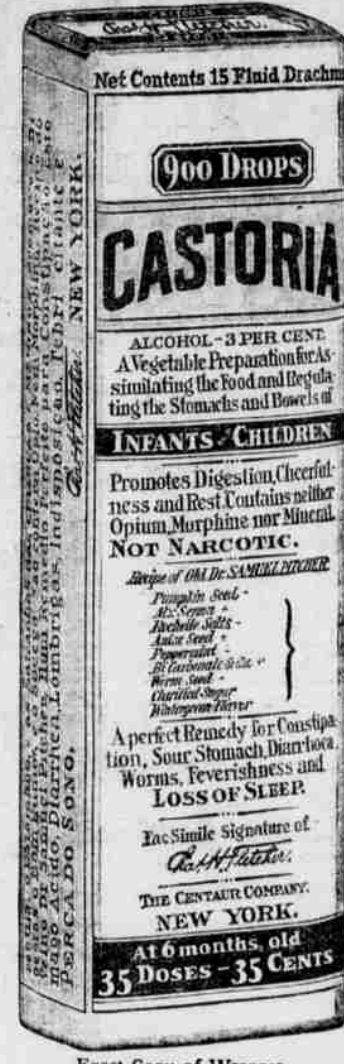
Coos Bay Times: The Porter Wrecking company, which made a lucky strike in floating the steamer Bandon at Port Orford recently, has now undertaken to salvage the Bear. Under the agreement, the wrecking company will receive one-half of the value of the boat. If they cannot float her, she will be dismantled and they will get one-half the value of the parts removed, the cost of the operations being first taken out. Joseph Fyfe, of the Estabrook company, has an interest in it.

East Oregonian: An order for \$20,000 worth of Pendleton Indian blanket cloth was placed this morning with the Pendleton Woolen Mills by the Northern Pacific Railway company, which will use the cloth to make suits for the members of the Northern Pacific marching club which will participate in the big winter carnival to be held in St. Paul from January 27 to February 4. The order was placed in person by C. C. Kyle, superintendent of general office building, and L. B. Richards, of Tacoma, general superintendent of lines west of Paradise.

Starbuckian: R. Lyon the sand hill cranberry rancher is in town today delivering a portion of his 1916 crop, which according to his estimate was only about 25 per cent of what it should have been. Mr. Lyons harvested 100 bushels and although the yield was light, the quality was superb. Mr. Lyons raises a number of varieties, but those brought in today were Michigan Prolific and Seales Jumbo. Both kinds are large and the berries are fine keepers. Mr. Lyons declared the cranberry business is not fully known here yet and there are many things which affect production. He believes his shortage this year was caused by keeping the vines covered with water too long and also on account of a frost after the vines were in blossom. Mr. Lyons finds that fertilizing a cranberry patch increases the yield very materially and he plans on fertilizing every year hereafter. He has five acres all of which will be in bearing next fall.

Pendleton Tribune: Orders for new freight handling equipment aggregating \$2,500,000 have been placed by the Union Pacific system for the O. W. R. & N. company, according to word received here. It is said that the company is paying a bonus for the rolling stock for the earliest possible delivery and that it is scheduled for February. The order is for 1500 standard 100,000 pound capacity box cars and 2500 new automobile cars. These cars now cost \$1000 each.

Dr. Massey is away on a business trip. E. Robertson has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Neal Olsen in Washington. Homer Davis is up from Portland, the guest of Bazier Small. Prof. Cole, of California, gave an entertainment in the Masonic hall on Monday evening. The Epworth league receiving one-half of the collection.



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Turner Tidings

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Turner, Ore., Nov. 16.—Arthur Edwards is having some repair work done and new porches built on his farm house.
Mr. Small, Sr., and little Hollis Bones had a bet on the election but when time came to check up accounts it was found that both were betting on the winner.
Master Sammie Pamerton is able to be out among his playmates again.
Ruth Edwards was very pleasantly surprised last Thursday evening by her classmates, the occasion being Miss Ruth's birthday.
Mrs. Bert McKay spent Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Jennie Moore.
W. G. Smith is carrying the mail this week on Pearson's route.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Roberts were dinner guests at Fred Gunning's Sunday.
Little Mervin Pearson is in the hospital. He was operated on for appendicitis Tuesday morning and is doing nicely.
Mrs. Lou Small entertains the Ladies' Aid at her home this week.
The democratic rally and bon fire Monday night was well attended. The band boys made an agreement among themselves to celebrate the election results regardless of who won. So the affair caused a great deal of jollification among the "Wilson Support."
S. L. Hulien was a Turner visitor Tuesday.
Dr. Massey is away on a business trip.
E. Robertson has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Neal Olsen in Washington.
Homer Davis is up from Portland, the guest of Bazier Small.
Prof. Cole, of California, gave an entertainment in the Masonic hall on Monday evening. The Epworth league receiving one-half of the collection.

A great many people from Turner attended to Salem Tuesday night to see "The Birth of a Nation."
The lecture at the state training school Sunday afternoon by the converted gambler was well attended by Turners.
Mrs. Belle Busby Crail and little daughter, Mildred, of Corvallis, spent Sunday in Turner, the guests of Mrs. Crail's school friend, Mrs. G. W. Moore. Johnnie Chavis is on crutches the result of too much football.
Miss Ruth Watson is home from eastern Oregon, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Watson.
Mrs. Helen Potter, of Salem, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Humphrey. Owing to ill health Mrs. M. Morris has postponed her visit at Golfax, Wash.
Mrs. Alma Knight and brother, W. T. Richey, were in Portland this week. Their sister, Miss Emma Richey, is reported much better.
John Cannon and Ike Small are wearing broad grins over election results.
Joe Bowers and a large crew of men have been working north of Turner for the past week. They are registered at "Bar's."
On Friday of last week several large flags were waving from the democratic houses of the town. Mrs. J. M. Bones had up a nice three by five linen flag on her front porch and during the morning some good and true friend or friends of the defeated candidates deliberately took the flag, but here's hoping that the wanderer will be returned, as the owner can not help but feel that it's only a joke.
Several of the homes of Turner have been opened to outside students whom wish to attend school, and more room yet for those who wish to help night and morning for their board.
It is a pleasant recreation to visit the Turner school and notice the improvement from week to week. Mrs. Hazard's beginners' class of '16 are making rapid strides and have begun to cause the second grade uneasiness and hard study to keep out of their way.



A DAY'S SHOPPING

CHAPTER LXXVII.
The next morning before we had quite finished our breakfast Clifford said to me:
"You better get yourself something new to wear today. Mayson is going to ask us out to the country club tomorrow or next day, and I want you to look all right."
"But, Clifford, I've a dress that will be all right. The only thing I really might need is a new coat. Is it a long ride?"
"About an hour, I believe."
"Then perhaps I had better get a coat. I have only my evening cot and street coats."
"Get something that's right. Want me to go with you?"
"Oh, will you, Clifford?" I asked. It was the very first time he had ever offered to go shopping with me, and I was as pleased as could be.
"Yes, I'll go," and we went directly to our rooms and dressed for the street. Such a good time as I had. Clifford bought me a perfectly stunning motor coat, a hat to match and several other things. Finally we wandered into a jewelry's and he bought me a dear little wrist watch. The bracelet which held it was a tiny band of diamonds, and the watch was set in blue enamel and diamonds. Then he bought Edith some lovely little pins for her shoulders. I was so delighted at his thought for her that I almost forgot to thank him for what he had bought me.
A Lunch With Clifford.
After we left the jeweler's Clifford led the way into a fascinating little luncheon room and we had the daintiest luncheon all by ourselves. Clifford was so nice, so pleasant, that I chatted and laughed unreservedly. I somehow felt nearer to him than I had in months. Not once throughout the luncheon did he correct me or find fault with me, or with anything I said or did.
Then, too, he ordered all the dishes I liked, and was so careful they should be just right. I was ashamed of myself when the thought came that because he had seen Mr. Mayson's admiration he had found me more worth while.
But all such thoughts and ideas were dissipated when he said:
"Remember to be especially careful to say or do nothing to offend Mayson. I think I have him where I want him, but nothing is very certain until it is signed, sealed, and delivered. So just be on your guard, not to do anything to offend him."
"I don't see why anything I should do would offend him anyway," I returned. "He is nothing to me, nor me to him."
"Never mind what you see or don't see. Do as I tell you."
A Friend From Home.
After we finished luncheon Clifford left me, and I wandered around by myself for an hour, then turned toward the hotel.
"Mildred Sutton! where did you come from?" a voice called.
I turned around and there stood Mabel Frost and Clara Merriweather, from home. I was so delighted that I could scarcely gather my wits sufficiently to be coherent.
"When did you leave home? How are father and mother? When did you see them?" I asked, giving them no time to answer.
"One at a time, please Mildred," Mabel laughed. "We have been in Chicago a week. Your father and mother were all right when we left; I saw them a day or two before that. Now you tell us what you are doing here? Is Mr. Hammond with you? I am afraid of him; he's so dignified."
"He's not always so terribly dignified, and there's no need to be afraid of him. We have just finished the jolliest kind of a luncheon together," I bragged.
"Well, I'm glad for your sake," Clara spoke up. "I couldn't marry a man as old as he is. I'd be frightened to death of him."
"Well, you lunch with me at the Blackstone tomorrow and I'll show you he's no ogre—that is, if he has no engagement and can be with us. He is here on business, you know."
(Tomorrow—The Luncheon.)