

# Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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Editor and Manager.

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### EVERY CITIZEN TO BLAME

The terrible tragedy of Sunday night in which one of Salem's brightest young women was struck and fatally injured by a recklessly driven auto should awaken the people of the city to the criminal carelessness not only of city and county officials empowered with the enforcement of the laws, but of the same criminal carelessness and neglect of each and every citizen. This applies not alone to Salem but to every city and village in the United States. The laws pertaining to auto travel are practically dead letters. The sheriffs, policemen, and constables of this and every other city or section are alike guilty of failure to enforce the speed laws or any other in which an auto is connected in any way.

There is not a day passes that the speed laws or the regulations as to turning corners, or some other, are not violated dozens of times. How many arrests have been made on this account in Salem in the past six months? You will not require a lead pencil to make the calculation. Why are the laws not enforced? Is it because the officers deliberately fail to do their duty? In a sense this may be true, but back of it all is the fact that public sentiment winks at the violation of the law and does not demand its enforcement.

The young man who drove the deadly auto Sunday night is in jail facing a heavy criminal charge. If fortunately, he had not struck any one when his auto skidded across the street does anyone suppose he would have been arrested? Yet he was violating the law, according to the statement made concerning the accident, in two material ways: he was exceeding the speed limit and he was on the wrong side of the street. Why would he have escaped arrest? For the reason that whoever saw the violation of the law would not have taken the trouble to report it or enter complaint. Yet that is the duty of every good citizen when he sees the laws violated. So in the final analysis, while the driver of the auto was directly responsible for the tragedy, the indirect cause was the people of Salem. It is not a pleasant accusation to make yet who of us can deny our responsibility? If we had insisted on the laws of the state and city being enforced within our city this tragic death would have been avoided. It is not worth while blaming the police or constabulary, for if public sentiment demands anything, that it will get from the police or any other officer. What the people connive at and palliate, they cannot expect their officers to punish.

A short time ago there was a similar tragedy out beyond the Fair grounds when a car driven at high speed, in a dense fog and on the wrong side of the road, crashed into a Ford machine and killed one of its occupants. What was the punishment in that case? What did the coroner's jury in that case decide? That the dead woman was to blame equally with the other party for trying to get out of his way.

Every day from all parts of the country the wires bring stories of death and disaster due to reckless autoists. These stories are so common that news editors on the larger papers throw them in the waste basket as being unworthy of mention.

The sensible careful auto owner must suffer from the acts of the speed maniac, and the heedless. For their protection from general condemnation the laws should be enforced and every violator of the auto laws punished. It might be a good scheme to transfer the army of game wardens from watching pheasants and hunters to watching the roads and taking care of human life rather than that of the birds. It is evident the end of the era of auto lawlessness is near. There is a feeling of prejudice growing up against autoists by those who do not own cars that bodes no good to either. When men openly talk of carrying a gun to protect themselves against speed maniacs it is not a long distance to a tragedy in which it will not be the person in the street who furnishes the subject for the coroner.

### THE WILL-O-THE-WISP, CHASER

Every day practically, the reports from the gambling center of the universe, Wall Street shows prices climbing higher and higher as speculators wild for unearned

money risk their all in the hands of the Goddess of Chance. There has been an unprecedentedly long period of steady advancing prices, and the end has not been reached. That means that it is still to come. And when it does come there is going to be a tumbling of many houses built of cards and the wrecking of many families whose head is now swirling in the mad vortex of speculation? There is not a person playing the game who does not realize that sooner or later there will come the crash, but they delude themselves with the idea that they will get out before the market drops. No doubt that is their intention, but a certain place is said to be paved with that material. They think they will get out but they never will, for the simple reason that when they get out with a profit, they will see another opportunity for just one more flyer at the market, and if this is successful still another until when the final crash comes they will be ground to dust and blown away in the whirlwind. Stocks are worth, that is standard stocks such as railroads, just what they will pay interest on and no more. That most of the stocks are now far above that standard is beyond question. It is the superabundance of money that has caused this inordinate stock gambling craze, for the reason that the chances for the honest employment of capital are scarce—that is in New York City. When the crash comes it may be from an unexpected, and perhaps a trivial cause. It may be the end of the European war; it may be the sudden activities of U-boats off the Atlantic coast; it may be any of dozens of material causes, and it may be from some trifle light as air. Let a panic start in Wall street and the bulls will stampede and wind round in a milling that will leave most of them financial wrecks. However it is natural for men, some men, to gamble and neither example nor precept will deter them. Even financial ruin will only in time drive them back to the "street" to regain what they have lost. If it ended with them it would not be so bad, but in the settlement the whole country will be hurt, for the innocent will have part of the burden to bear.

About the smallest thing England has been guilty of lately is the refusal to grant safe conduct to the Austro-Hungarian ambassador recently appointed to this country. It was one of those petty, contemptible things which no self-respecting government would consider. It is an act that we cannot take notice of other than for what it is, a piece of gross discourtesy. If this is a sample of English ideas of fair treatment even of an enemy it is evident she needs to take some lessons in old fashioned decency. There is nothing she can hope to gain by such ill manners other than the contempt of all right thinking people, and she is rapidly gaining that.

It is only a few hours until Thanksgiving Day is with us again. It is high time therefore to make up your mind what special things you should give thanks for. Of course it is not for us to suggest, but still if there is any trouble in finding something to rejoice over and return thanks for, do not overlook that the eleven-on-a-side prize fights end on that day. Every newspaper man has this to fall back on yearly when he sums up the grand total of his innumerable blessings.

Eggs are fifty cents a dozen, which is admitted to be some price, but then one does not have to buy them. If everybody took that view of it and refused to pay the price it would soon come down. Scarcity whether actual or created by skillful manipulation is what puts prices up because the demand is greater than the supply. This suggests its own remedy and that is to reduce the demand until the supply catches up with, or gets ahead of it.

With Germany deporting Belgians and placing them at work in Germany; and France and Russia importing Orientals to work in the munition plants so as to release an equal number of citizens to be turned into soldiers and corpses and other war material, it looks as though the science of war has about reached its zenith.



### THE SAFE DRIVER

Along the street I drive my car, my rate of speed is safe and slow. I pull up where the children are, and give pedestrians a show. Some day pedestrians will be, by statute, from our highways cast, for any candid man must see that they're a nuisance, first and last. But since they are permitted here, in spite of motorists' appeals, I hold it wise my car to steer so they won't get beneath the wheels. I watch the street where'er I go, and dodge all live stock gone astray, and toot my horn that men may know my juggernaut is on the way. The road rules I have all by heart—I learned the whole blamed list, complete, and no man ever sees my cart upon the wrong side of the street. And while I exercise such care, while modestly my motor hums, along the teeming thoroughfare some badly locoed speed fan comes. He knocks the sawdust from some gent who hasn't time to climb a tree, and then, without or with intent, he slams his car right into me. I say, when from the dismal wreck I climb, and realize the worst, "The man who gets it in the neck, is he who swears by Safety First!"

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Established 1868  
CAPITAL . . . . . \$500,000.00  
Transact a General Banking Business  
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### Stayton News

(Capital Journal Special Service.)  
Stayton, Ore., Nov. 28.—Mr. Frame, who has been ill at the home his daughter in Stayton, has recovered and is visiting relatives near the city.

Frank Foster was presented with a couple of volumes last week by some of his church friends as a token of their regard, the event being his birthday.

Everett Gardner was in Marion last Tuesday.

Portland, Eugene and San Francisco excoior men were here last week with the result that the Gardner and Stayton Excoior mill contracted for its output for the next three years at a very satisfactory price.

Mrs. J. W. Mayo was in Salem last week for a day's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ringo will spend Christmas in Salem with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lockhart will spend Thanksgiving in Salem and on Sunday will eat turkey at the home of Attorney S. H. Helzell and his mother.

That women are taking an interest in politics was evident when the two parties here nominated their tickets for the city election, there being a good showing of the weaker sex at one of the meetings. The results of the gatherings have been printed in the Journal.

Miss Grace Elder is in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephen, of Salem, were in Stayton Friday and Saturday.

Joseph Hamman has returned from a Britonhush visit.

Clarence Bencamp went to O. A. C. Saturday to see the big gridiron battle.

Miss Frances Lambert, who came from Los Angeles to attend the funeral of her father, returned to the south last week.

Mrs. H. H. Vandervort, of Salem, returned to the Capital City Sunday morning after a visit here with Mrs. Arch Capell, her sister.

It is reported that Mrs. Halford, who went east some months ago, will return to Stayton in the near future.

The ground floor of the opera house has been turned into a skating rink of the roller variety. Bud Davis is proprietor.

Miss Gladys Hamman spent Sunday in Salem.

Mack, who was working in Salem, was here a day or so last week, returning to Salem on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tefft, who recently moved from near Sublimity, are comfortably settled in their new farm home at McKee, four miles from Woodburn.

The small two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mayo fell on the floor while playing and fractured an arm this week.

Orlie Mack, who has been working in Salem for Will Babcock, was here over Sunday visiting his family. It is expected he will return to the Capital City this week.

W. W. Elder, Dr. Eaton, Mrs. J. P. Wilbur, Mrs. C. D. Stayton, Miss Minnie Foley, Mrs. H. Lilly and Mrs. Cain took part in a Thanksgiving service at the M. E. church last Sunday night.

Horace Lilly, the hardware man, and his wife, will spend Christmas at Jefferson to which place a sister of Mrs.

**OPEN NOSTRILS! END  
A COLD OR CATARRH**

How to Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more sneezing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggle for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

**Clifford Learns of the Gift.**  
"The remembrance from Mr. Mayson came this morning," I told Clifford when he came home to dinner.

### Children Cry for Fletcher's

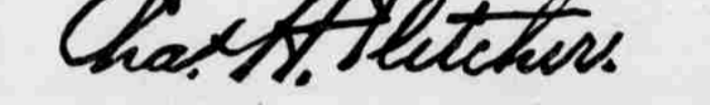


The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

**What is CASTORIA**  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



**In Use For Over 30 Years**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### 1485 Boys, 1578 Girls In Salem Schools

The Salem public schools are now attended by 2,663 pupils, according to the report of Superintendent Todd for the month ending November 10. Of this number, 1485 are boys and 1578 girls, giving the girls a majority of 93.

But if the boys hold out, in coming years, the girls will be in the minority, as between the ages of six and nine years, there are 323 boys and 294 girls. But in all the other divisions of ages, the girls have the best of it, excepting for those listed over 20 years of age, where there are 22 boys and 16 girls.

The per cent of attendance was 95 and 165 parents were interested enough to visit the school during the month. Other visitors not parents or members of the school board numbered 98.

The report shows that the attendance has gradually been growing since the beginning of the fall semester.

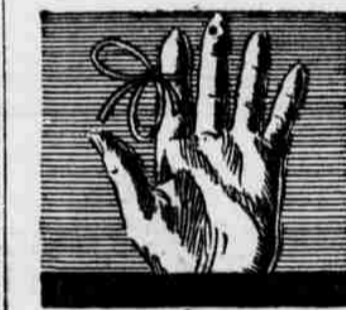
### TO BUILD FOUR SHIPS

Portland, Ore., Nov. 28.—Contracts for four 3,300 ton steamers have been awarded the Albina Engine & Machine Works here, it was learned today. The fleet will cost \$2,500,000. All four vessels are destined for the European trade.

### IT'S GREAT FOR BALKY BOWELS AND STOMACHS

We want all people who have chronic stomach trouble or constipation, no matter of how long standing, to try one dose of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy—one dose will convince you. This is the medicine so many of our local people have been taking with surprising results. The most thorough system cleanser ever sold. Mayr's Wonderful Remedy is sold by leading druggists everywhere with the positive understanding that your money will be refunded without question or quibble if ONE bottle fails to give you absolute satisfaction.

For sale by J. C. Perry, druggist.



### Don't Forget

to insert that little Want Ad that you had in mind—get it in to-morrow's paper



### MY HUSBAND AND I Jane Phelps

#### A BOX OF ROSES AND A PIN

CHAPTER LXXXVII.  
Finally it came. An immense box of the most wonderful roses. As I opened the box I gave little squeals of delight which brought Mandy and Edith downstairs to see what had happened.

"What was it?" he asked as he took off his coat.  
"Come and see!" I returned, and led the way to the library, which was all fragrant with the scent of the roses.  
"I thought it would be either flowers or bouquets. Must have cost a penny," he remarked as he bent over them a moment to inhale their sweetness.

I had gone but a little ways when I met Mrs. Horton.  
"Why, how-de-do! Mrs. Hammond, I am going your way I guess," she greeted, then fell into step beside me. At the end of the block we met Clifford, who insisted upon walking home with Mrs. Horton.  
"The walk will do you good," he silenced my objections, "and dinner won't spoil it if it does wait a few moments."  
"What gorgeous roses!" Mrs. Horton exclaimed. "I am quite jealous Clifford flowers."  
"But I didn't buy them," Clifford assured her in what I thought an apologetic tone. "I am no bloated bondholder to buy such flowers as those, and diamond pins to fasten them."  
"You excite my curiosity," she returned. Then to me, "May I see the pin?"

(Tomorrow—Mildred Finds Fault with Clifford.)