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THE TAX LIMITATION LAW

The Capital Journal has on the inauguration of new conditions created by law, invariably taken the ground that no law should be condemned without being given a fair trial. There are those so wise that they can tell long before a law goes into effect how much ruin and disaster it is going to cause, and they generally give the world the full benefit of their advice, which in perhaps nine cases out of ten, proves to be wrong. This was the case with the Fusuruth seamen's law which disgruntled the Pacific Mail so badly that it went out of business before the law went into effect, only to begin it all over again and at great loss. There are dozens of other examples that might be cited, but the reader will recall plenty without any suggestion. It is the same with the tax limitation law recently passed but which has not yet been given a trial. All kinds of disaster are predicted by some, and some in high places in the state government, too. We believe about this law as about all others, that it should be given a square deal, and a fair trial. If it proves as bad, or half as bad, as some would have us believe, it will be repealed without any trouble; but until its merits have been properly tested it should not be condemned.

The taxpayer will not find half the fault with it that the tax-eater does. One of the troubles with government is that each branch of it soon begins to believe it is the whole affair, that its especial department should be fostered and developed, and this regardless of the needs of the other branches. Every commission, every college, every department thinks its own is the most important. Our Labor Commissioner no doubt sees where great good could be accomplished by increasing the scope of his authority. The Public Instruction office could point out instantly where so much could be accomplished by this, that or the other thing. The Public Service Commission and the Industrial Accident department will tell you where "improvements" should be made. Our colleges can demonstrate the state is neglecting its duty and depriving the young of opportunity by anything in the economical line. Even the Fish and Game department can show that there is a vast field for amateur photography in its work that should be cultivated. And so it goes clear through the catalog to the last name in the index.

Taxes have doubled and trebled in the past few years, and apparently without sufficient reason. Marion county pays now nearly a million dollars a year taxes, or something more than \$15 a year for each person within its boundaries; it looks as though this should be enough to run the county, it being about the fourth of what it costs to run the state. Marion's total tax in 1914 on assessments of 1913 was \$996,657.06, of which \$183,784.80 was the state tax. In 1915 the tax on the 1914 assessment was \$931,722.55, of which \$138,443.55 was state tax. This left for county purposes for the year, \$793,279.00. This year's figures are not readily available, but if they are the same as those last quoted, then next year the county could levy a tax of \$840,776. In 1918 the amount would be \$890,522. It would be above a million in 1920 and this the tax payers are willing to try to get along on.

The wage earner and the businessman find it necessary to make their expenditures fit their incomes, because they are forced to do so or go broke. Would it not be a good plan to run the public's affairs on the same business principles that the careful man uses in conducting his private business?

The Capital Journal spoke yesterday of the crash that is sure to come on Wall street sooner or later, and the panic that struck the wheat market yesterday illustrates how easily such can be started, and how utterly unreasonable they are. The report of the sinking of an American ship in the Mediterranean started it and a story of German submarines coming to this side of the Atlantic to prey on commerce gave it a boost. A crazy spell hit the market and in two minutes wheat fell nearly fifteen cents a bushel. The market soon pulled itself together and prices advanced until half the lost ground was recovered. It shows though what small things can do and upset stock markets, and apparently make men lose all business sense.

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VILLA LOOMS LARGE AGAIN

Pancho Villa again looms the largest man in Mexico. But a short time ago considered out of the game, he has recovered from his wound and in a short time has succeeded in gathering an army of from four to five thousand with which he has captured the chief city of northern Mexico, and has probably put an end to the plans for the withdrawal of Pershing's forces from Mexican soil. The remarkable thing about this uneducated bandit is the power he has over the Mexican peons, and the blind loyalty with which they follow him. It would seem too, that he has the Carranza troops, as the expressive slang tells it, "buffaloed." In every fight with him they have been whipped and in most of the brushes have started to retreat as soon as they learned Villa was coming their way. If the reports from Chihuahua can be believed, the de facto troops under General Trevino did some real fighting, but with the usual result. The dispatches yesterday said General Trevino had retired from the city to join the forces said to be rushing to his aid, and that he would then face about and "retake the city." Perhaps he will but it is probable that when he has Villa on the run, he will be some miles ahead in the race. It would seem that this is a pretty good time for the American forces to assist in capturing the bandit, for he is now in the open, and could be brought to bay. Carranza however dare not let the Americans aid in the fight for fear of the feeling that would be aroused against himself.

Nothing definite may be known for several days as to the real situation, for while it is conceded that a Mexican might under some circumstances tell the truth, it is also recognized that those circumstances have, so far, never materialized.

If prices are maintained long at their present standard the back to the farm movement will get a boost it was not expecting. Poor folks will have to get on the farms where they can raise their own food or go hungry. There are millions of acres of land not yet in cultivation in this country and high prices will bring it under the plow and make it productive quicker than anything else. If this is accomplished, the "high cost of living" will prove to have been a blessing, though thoroughly disguised.

Secretary Jordan, of California weakened at the last moment and though he had insisted he would not certify to the election of the democratic electors until the returns from Orangethorpe precinct were received, he changed his mind; and issued the certificates to the whole thirteen Monday at near midnight. This definitely settles all doubt as to the election, though there has been but little even among the most timid, since the vote of California was completed with the exception of the one precinct.

In Rumania just now conditions have reached a "night or Blucher" stage. The Rumanians are being driven steadily back, and the Teuton advance seems irresistible. Apparently about the only thing that can check this and give the hard-pressed Rumanians a breathing spell is the coming of winter. Outside of the Balkans the war seems to have settled down for the season, and a good blizzard would probably stop the fighting, or most of it, until gentle Spring arrived once more.

The money kings of the east are beginning to consider whether or not it is the part of wisdom to extend further credit to the warring nations of Europe. They seem to think present loans safe enough, and that still further loans would be all right; but that they are beginning to think about it gives rise to the opinion that borrowing by these same nations in the near future will be considerably harder than it has been.

Portland is rapidly becoming an important ship building point. We are pleased indeed to know that this is so, for perhaps if our big sister gets a move on in the shipbuilding line she may consent to let the valley towns have a chance at some of the industries starting into life on the coast.



THE BANK ACCOUNT

Oh, happy day when I began to put my doubloons down in brine! While you with fear the future scan, a soul serene and calm is mine. Long was I slammed around by fate, the dregs of sorrow oft I drank, before I got my head on straight, and put some guilders in the bank. I used to blow my money in as fast or faster than 'twas earned, and one could fill a good large bin with iron dollars that I burned. I blew in every kind of pelf, the mark, the kopeck and the franc, before I tumbled to myself, and put my moldores in the bank. And then I always lived on prunes, was up against the ragged edge, until, to salt down my doubloons, I made a large brass-mounted pledge. Since then on rosy paths I tread, and merrily I whoop and yell; I do not fret, I do not dread the dreary old H. C. of L. I buy my car new rubber tires, and pour rich gas into its tank; he has all things that he desires, who puts his rupees in the bank.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

I am credibly informed that Police-man Varney and Mrs. Porter M. Pickett went before the Ministerial association at its last meeting and told that body that I had refused to raid and investigate a so-called "bling pig," or place where intoxicating beverages were kept. I am further informed that this was done with a view of influencing the ministers of this city against me for the office of city marshal and in favor of my opponent, and through them the voters of their several congregations. If those parties had told the whole truth concerning the matter I would be willing to let it rest without this reply, but as a half truth is often more contemptible and injurious than an out and out lie I feel that it is a duty I owe to my many friends to notice it, to tell the truth and shame the devil.

Some time last spring Mrs. Pickett and one Fred Endicott, the latter claiming to be a detective, came to me and told me that a shipment of liquor was made a few days before from a house near the fair grounds to Astoria over the Oregon Electric, and that the district attorney's attention had been called to the fact while the goods were in the depot at this city, but he would not do anything in the matter, notwithstanding the trunk and suit cases belonging to the liquor were pointed out to him. They also said they had called the attention of two policemen to the matter and they refused to interfere with the shipment. Mr. Endicott said that he knew where the liquor came from and that there was more in the house, as he had seen it. They then asked me to go and investigate and seize the liquor. As I knew nothing of the matter only what they told me, and as they, or rather Endicott claimed to have seen the packages of liquor, I asked them for a search warrant for the purpose, and refused to go without one. They nor either of them, although one had seen the goods and the other believed they were in the house referred to, would apply for the warrant. I conferred with Justice of the Peace Webster concerning the matter and he agreed with me that I had no authority to enter any man's premises with a view to searching them without a warrant from some court giving me that authority. I saw Mr. Endicott several times soon after the above visit and asked him for the warrant, but he never came through with it. If, as they said the prosecuting attorney had refused to interfere and two policemen had not seen fit to attempt a seizure when the liquor was pointed out to them, why should they at this late day fault me for refusing to do an unlawful act by entering and searching the premises of another without proper authority, simply upon the ipse dixit of an irresponsible "detective." By the way, I now hold a warrant for the arrest of said "detective" for non-support of his family.

I have endeavored to conduct a clean and gentlemanly campaign, and have refused to circulate or to encourage the circulation of the many derogatory reports in circulation relative to my competitor for the office of city marshal, nor have I seen fit to notice any of the many irresponsible reports in circulation concerning alleged delinquencies on my part, ranging from "hoose fighting" to "maintaining a blind pig in company with a prostitute," but when a police officer and a trump official publicly stand behind a report of the character of the one mentioned I deem it time to take notice and inform the public of the facts in the case.

I wish to call the attention of the public to the fact that this is the only charge of my refusal or failure to perform my whole duty as an officer, that my enemies have been able to bring against me after four years service as constable, and that charge fails when the facts are known.

E. E. COOPER.
(Paid adv.)

WOULD HAVE CITIZENS ACT

Editor Journal: Your editorial in Tuesday's Capital Journal touching upon the deplorable automobile accident covers the ground admirably but it should not be left to rest here. Only through the newspaper keeping this subject warm will any relief measures really be enacted. Surely you ought to be able to formulate some ways and

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means through which citizens interested in preserving their own persons and those of others may join in a determined effort to have our traffic ordinances kept to the letter. I feel that were I an alderman of this city; one who had helped make a law looking to the peace and safety of our citizens; and gone a distressing thing occurred through my never again having an interest in it after my vote was cast to make it; I should feel that part of this blame belongs to me; far more yet than this; the aldermen elect the officers whose duty it is to enforce the law, and that too upon their sworn oaths, but what comes of it. The citizen of a certain class sneers and the officer winks at it, mostly because of one thing in general made up of these particulars. Everybody knows everybody else; many citizens have a wide relationship; one business interest is interwoven into another and self interest is rampant and more yet beside. Everyone who owes another is afraid; everyone who is not afraid in that way is afraid in this; that when he displeases somebody else than somebody else will buy or another somebody and there you are; from any angle it is self interest; the officer afraid to do his duty; the citizen afraid to take part against a friend or relation, a political or social acquaintance. In a quarter century of ordinance making in this city I have seen them created and repealed just as this one or that one happened to displease Mr. Sunbbs or Mrs. Dubbs and every time it has been more ready to repeal than to make, or have them enforced. There must be a new order of things. Mr. Editor, and you must handle the matter for a time. Let the citizens

INSURANCE RATES JUMP

New York, Nov. 29.—Marine insurance rates which have been five to six per cent to the Mediterranean in recent weeks, jumped to eight to 10 per cent today. The loss of the Chemung hit New York underwriters hard, a large part of her \$600,000 insurance being carried here.

NONE BETTER YOU'LL LIKE IT

Butter Nut

BREAD

PURE AND RICH SWEET AND CLEAN

MY HUSBAND AND I

Jane Phelps

MILDRED FINDS FAULT WITH CLIFFORD

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.
I listened anxiously for Mabel Horton's answer.
"No woman gives another woman roses and diamond rose pins," she returned dramatically, just as we reached her gate. I was so thankful there was no time for further conversation on the subject, that I bid her good-bye quite cordially, although I had never overcome my initial dislike for her.
"Oh, Clifford! how could you be so foolish!" I exclaimed as soon as we were out of hearing. "It will be all over town that some man gave me roses and a diamond pin."
"What if it is?" Clifford demanded, but I imagined he acted a trifle annoyed with himself. "But what makes you think it will be all over town?"
"Because Mrs. Horton doesn't like me, and she is very friendly with Mrs. Jordan and probably will tell her what you said."
"What makes you think Mrs. Horton doesn't like you?"
"Because I'm—your wife, I started to say, then changed it to 'younger than she, I guess.'"
"Nonsense!" Clifford frowningly replied, then, "I am going to see Mabel this evening, and I will mention her not to mention what I said. So don't worry."
A Spoiled Walk
So I was to be left alone again while my husband was to "see Mabel."

Why had neither of them mentioned it during our walk? Doubtless Mrs. Horton thought Clifford didn't wish me to know about his plans, and so she also had refrained from speaking of the evening.
"Where are you going to meet Mrs. Horton?" I asked, trying to keep voice and manner casual.
"Lola Gardner gives a supper tonight. I promised to go; Mabel, of course, will be there."
"Was I asked?" I queried, knowing just what his answer would be.
"No, you weren't asked," he answered, then at once commenced to talk of something else.
I said nothing more. What was the use? But my walk was entirely spoiled, and all pleasure I had had in meeting Clifford was gone. He had once again allowed his old friends to offer me an insult, and had condoned it by accepting the invitation which ignored me.
Burns Mayson's Gift Causes Gossip.
The next day Mabel called; and the moment I saw her I knew something had happened, that she had something to tell me.
"What's all this nonsense about some man giving you flowers and diamonds?" she asked as soon as we were alone.
"He did give them to me," I replied, careless of what she thought.
"Mildred Hammond, what do you mean? Nell Jordan came in this morning and told the greatest yarn about some man who 'MUST BE' very much in love with you' sending you such wonderful presents. I told her it wasn't so; that you never would think of accepting such things as diamond pins from any man but your husband. But she insisted it was so. Had the nerve to tell me that Cliff—that's what she called him—had told Mabel Horton of it."
"He did." I smiled at the consternation on Mabel's face.
"Now Mildred Hammond you begin right straight at the beginning and tell me all about it!" she ordered.
I did as she asked; that is, I commenced when the box of roses arrived.
"And Mr. Hammond didn't object?" she asked, wondering.
"No, not only did he not object, but refused to allow me to consider refusing to accept it," I told her.
"But I can't understand! Burton would have been furious if I had done such a thing. The roses are all right, of course, but—diamonds."
"Well, you see Mabel, Mr. Mayson, the gentleman who sent me the roses and the pin is connected with Clifford in business, and it wouldn't do to offend him. That's all there is about it."
"Just the same I'm surprised."
(Tomorrow—Much Ado About Nothing.)