

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

CHARLES H. FISHER, Editor and Manager.

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A DECISIVE VICTORY

Yesterday was a busy day for the sellers of turkeys in most of the northern cities. At Chicago the price was forced down about five cents by the determined action of the women who refused to buy at the 35 cent price at which the birds were held. In Portland prices were as strongly cut through the same influence, and some other things also took a small drop. Flour slipped down a nickle a sack, and potatoes shaded off. Reports from many cities showed that the buyers refusing to stand for the prices asked, forced them down. It remained for Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to make the record showing. There the women were thoroughly organized, and their team work produced unexpected results. Turkeys had been placed on the market at 38 cents a pound. The women refused to pay it and insisted that 18 cents was all they would pay, and it was up to the dealers to take it or leave it. They left it—for awhile. They had a big stock of turks, for Pittsburg had been unusually prosperous due to her steel and munition plants, and thought the people would stand for it. They probably might have done so had not the determined house wives who realized how hard Dad worked to earn the money for that Thanksgiving turkey, stood pat, firm in the determination to get turkey at 18 cents or to go without it. Along about noon with the big turks still hanging undisturbed in the markets the dealers began to picture what a Thanksgiving they would have with their whole stocks of turkey on hand. Then they got scared and dropped the price to a quarter of a dollar a pound. Nothing doing so far as they could see, among the house wives. They knocked off another nickle and waited smilingly for the rush of buyers. It did not materialize. The women had been willing to pay 18 cents but when they saw the panic they had started they thought better of it and began to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Turkey offered to make a separate peace at fifteen cents, but the women were not ready for peace yet, for even a woman requires a little time to get over a mad spell, and they had been pretty angry. Then there was things doing, the more timid ones seeing visions of tons of turkey left on their hands, became panic stricken and threw caution as well as sense to the winds and their turkeys on the market at whatever they would bring. Big fat gobblers went at three cents a pound and no questions asked. There was a grand rush then and the dealers plucked up courage and advanced the price to five cents. And the women smiled and still bought. Then the price was raised to 18 cents just what the women had expressed their willingness to pay, but the sales went on. It was a remarkable victory, and one that will mark the beginning of an era in domestic history. It demonstrated to the women that they had the power in their own hands to stab old High Cost of Living in the midriff and cut him in two at the pockets.

It showed them that the remedy for unjustly high prices was the refusal to buy. It showed further that it was not an embargo that was needed, that is a national embargo. The only measure of that kind necessary was the placing of their own little private embargo on the dealer by preventing him sending anything away from his shop.

Just where the end will be is hard to foresee. When a woman finds she can easily boss things she is pretty apt to try it often, so as not to forget it, and to keep her hand in.

A season of unusual hilarity is in sight for dealers in many things though foodstuffs are likely to feel it most. It will be no unusual thing in the near future to see the haughty woman customer ask coldly the price of an article, and without comment pass on and out.

The unapproachable High Cost of Living has run up against the inevitable female and his name is Dennis. The next thing these same women will be curling his hair, tying bows on his neck and making a regular poodle of him. He will eat out of their hands and sit up when told to. This being the case let us all on this of all days, be and remain especially thankful.

THE OLD, OLD ANSWER

A New York paper has been trying to discover the greatest temptation to young men in a city. It took the method of asking various noted men and women. Jacob Schiff made the reply that "the greatest temptation to young men was young women." Each of the others gave a different answer. One said it was "idleness," another "desire for pleasure, incited by the glare of Broadway," another "high living and spending more than one's income," "clothes," said another. From all of which it will be seen that the first man to answer gave the correct solution. He named the whole thing, the others being but the symptoms of the real disease. A little thought will convince anyone that the things named by all but Mr. Schiff are but the evidences of the real temptation, the young woman. His desire for pleasure, the wearing of fine clothes, the glare of Broadway, the spending above one's income each and all the but the means to an end and that end is the one temptation—the girl.

The effort to keep prices normal is commendable and necessary. The cornering of foodstuffs should be absolutely prevented and the forcing up of prices by combinations be promptly and severely punished; but it must not be overlooked that there is a natural advance in price due entirely to shortage of supply that cannot in the nature of things be prevented. Such is the scarcity of real fresh eggs as distinguished from the cold storage kind. The present price of wheat is another, and these natural conditions cannot well be changed. The wheat crop is short and the farmer is getting little more for his crop than he would under ordinary crop conditions at half the price. It is the same with potatoes this year. Here in Oregon the crop is good and the farmer is lucky, but at the same time the fact that he is lucky is because his fellow farmers in other states are not. The reason for high prices is that the demand outruns the supply, and the increasing price that reduces consumption is about the only cure. This tends to hold prices down, and this is the real remedy as has so plainly been shown in the turkey deal of yesterday.

While talking of high prices it should not be overlooked that genuine fresh eggs are worth whatever one can get for them. Just at this season they cannot be produced at fifty cents a dozen or for that matter at any price. Here in Oregon the hens are always late in getting their winter clothes, and most of them are either changing their wardrobes or have just come out of the hands of the dressmaker and are too proud to get down to egg production. Fresh eggs just now are about as scarce as snowballs in summer, hens teeth, or redeemed political pledges.

Our good friend the Oregonian seems much gratified that Portland is becoming especially prosperous on account of the shipbuilding going on within her limits, or near them. The balance of the state rejoices with her in her new found prosperity, but at the same time hopes that Portland will not reject that prosperity because it is caused by the war rather than a tariff law.

The London Times most strenuously objects to any peace measures being undertaken by the United States. That journal naively remarks that "such movements are utterly mischievous among belligerents." It would be really too bad if the United States should start something that would disturb the pleasant relations now existing between the countries of Europe.



FUTURE DEEDS

Sweet friend of mine, it doesn't pay to tell of things you will achieve; the golden era is today; and promises too oft deceive. "Tomorrow I will cut much grass, tomorrow prizes will be won." Tomorrow! But today, alas, goes by and you have nothing done. Tomorrow is a vision dim, that makes the dreamer's heart feel good. Today the man of sense and vim goes forth and saws three cords of wood. Today we know we are alive, our bones and thews obey our will; it is our privilege to strive, and put some kopecks in the till. To-morrow, when the madding crowds of workers throng along the pave, we may be wearing jaunty shrouds, all neatly dolled up for the grave. The things I've done may count a bit, and gain some measure of applause, when I this daily round have quit, when I have crossed my pulseless paws. The lofty ends that I pursue won't make a record till they're won; the things that I intend to do, will never count until they're done. And so, my friend, again I say--and, saying it, I'm strangely moved--the golden era is today; don't let it vanish unimproved.

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FEDERAL COMMISSION BEGINS STUDY OF EIGHT HOUR LAW



The commission appointed by President Wilson to investigate the operation of the Adamson act met in New York for its first informal session. The hearing was held in the rooms of the interstate commerce commission. The commission is composed of Major General George W. Goethals, George Rublee, and Edgar E. Clark. General Goethals went on the retired list of the army on Nov. 15 after forty years' service. A discussion of the railroad situation and particularly the Adamson eight-hour law, from the standpoint of the country's business interests, began also in Washington at a special meeting of the national council of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Several hundred representatives of commercial organizations met, with many well known speakers on the program. The meeting was called for the purpose of having business interests affiliated with the chamber express their views just before the joint congressional committee appointed to investigate railroad questions meets next week. In addition to the Adamson law, questions of strike prevention and wage fixing for common carrier employees by the interstate commerce commission will be taken up. Attorneys of the department of justice continued working on details of the government defense to railroad suits attacking the constitutionality of the Adamson act. It is probable that an effort will be made to take one of the suits to the supreme court as quickly as possible, so that a final determination that will be binding upon all lower federal tribunals may be had near January 1, when the law, unless enjoined, becomes operative. So far as the department is informed, the first suits set for hearing are those of the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific railroads at Kansas City on Nov. 29.

OPEN FORUM BE THANKFUL

Editor Capital Journal: May I through the "Open Forum" state my views why the people of this country should be thankful? Think of the scenes of the past at Thanksgiving time. Of the beautiful crops, of happy homes, with laughing children. The children looking forward to the holidays beyond Thanksgiving Christmas. All agree that those were times to be thankful for. People say that at the present time we have not as much to be thankful for. Look at the European countries now. In this world conflict our hearts go out to the suffering men, heart broken mothers, and starving babies. Have we not many things to be thankful for? What a privilege it is for us, those who have money and means, to be able to help these suffering people, not only in our own country but in other countries across the seas. "The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do is this: to make thankful other hearts; for lives that are grateful and sunny, and glad, to carry their sunshine to lives that are sad." RALPH EDMONS.

GERMANY PREPARING

(Continued from page one.) "God has helped us up to now—and He will help us further. "The almost superhuman hero is that of our troops, which cannot be expressed in words of thanks, and clear conscience that we have as the first and only ones who are ready to end the war by a peace guaranteeing our existence and our future, gives us a moral right to such confidence. "But, gentlemen, this report ought not to make us forget our duty. Our enemies do not yet want peace. They have superhumans at their command and almost the whole world delivers

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them war material." This contingency the chancellor argued that it was necessary Germany do everything in her power to manufacture war material. "Hands that are idle assist the enemy," he said. **War Minister's Story.** Another speaker in the reichstag meeting was the war minister, Lieutenant General Von Stein. He pointed out the paramount role that war material is playing in the present war. The heroism of German troops at the front, he said, therefore, imposes upon every German at home the provision of these troops with necessary materials. "The enemy has suffered appalling losses from our artillery," he continued. "For a long time opposite my sector there stood a very energetic French general. On his death and wounded captured we found information which was incomprehensible to us. From it we learned how many death sentences had been passed by him on his own soldiers. At our victorious attack against the much-quoted Thiéval wire hedge, drawn across machine guns placed behind, the order was given by the French, 'whoever retreats is shot.' "At the attack against the heights south of Avre Court, which played such an important role during the last minutes of the attack, enemy prisoners taken there said they had received the order: 'Everybody who retreats will be shot.' "For us such an order is incomprehensible. The heroism and sense of duty of our soldiers justifies our confidence that they will never be found failing, even when fighting against forces numerically superior."

28,000 Employees Get Wages Raised

Chicago, Nov. 30.—Twenty eight thousand employees of the International Harvester company bit into expensive turkey without a twinge today. The company tomorrow will put into effect an increase of 10 per cent for common labor and clerical employees. Twenty eight thousand employees in plants and offices in Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, New York and Wisconsin will be affected.

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MY HUSBAND AND I
Jane Phelps

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
CHAPTER LXXXIX.
"It is just as I feared," I told Clifford. "Nell Jordan has spread it all around that some man gave me a diamond pin, and that you do not resent it, because you told of it."
"How do you know?" Clifford asked, and I could see by his expression that he was annoyed.
"Why, Muriel Franklyn came in this afternoon, and she was so excited over it. She said that Nell Jordan had called and had told her what you said to Mrs. Boston—by the way I thought you were going to tell her not to mention it—and they had it all fixed up that some man was terribly in love with me, and I don't know what else."
"D—fools, all of them!" Clifford declared. "I did tell Mabel not to mention it, but it seems that she had repeated what I said to Mrs. Jordan before she came to Lola's supper. Mabel didn't mean to make any trouble, and will be heart-broken about it. It's only a tempest in a teapot anyway, so forget it."
Leonard Brooke hears the Gossip. A day or two passed; then one evening when I was again alone Leonard Brooke called. He acted constrained, unlike himself.
"What is the matter?" I asked.
"Are you not feeling well?"
"Oh, yes, I am perfectly all right," he replied.
"But there is something, I am positive. Please tell me what it is?" I urged.
"Well, if you must know, I HAVE heard something which annoys me."
"Something about me?" I queried, a premonition of what was coming seized me.
"Yes," he answered, soberly, "it IS something about you."
"Out with it, then," I returned, laughing, yet not feeling mirthful in the least.
"Is it true—please pardon the question—that some man other than your husband gave you valuable diamonds?"
"Yes, it is true that a business associate of my husband's sent me some roses and a rose pin of diamonds as a souvenir of our trip. And I don't quite understand why everyone is so interested in that fact."
"And that is what those gossips have been trying to hurt you with?" he said gently, wonderment and relief in his voice.
"Have they tried to hurt me?"
"Perhaps I have put it pretty strong. But just the same it DOES HURT a young and pretty woman to have such garbled stories going the rounds. And I want to thank you for being so frank with me."
Leonard Brooke Makes a Confession. I changed the subject and we soon were chatting as comfortably as if nothing unpleasant had been discussed. We talked of the latest opera, tried some new songs, and I absolutely forgot that I had felt uncomfortable when he had mentioned hearing the gossip about me and Burns Mayson's diamond pin.
After we left the piano we talked quietly for a while. Leonard told me of himself, his bygone, his later ambitions. I listened eagerly until he paused, then rallied him because he had remained single.
"Why have you never married?" I asked, in a laughing manner. "You are too domestic a man to remain a bachelor."
"Because you are the only woman I have ever met whom I cared to call wife," he answered.
"Oh, forgive me—I didn't mean to be personal," I flammered.
"There is nothing to forgive. I have only told you the truth. And I am glad you know just how highly I regard you. But as I did not meet you until too late," he went on more lightly, "suppose we just continue good friends as we are. Only promise me that you won't try to marry me off to someone less attractive than yourself, or to rid yourself of me. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool old bachelor."
(Tomorrow—A Telegram From Burns Mayson.)

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