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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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AFTER IT IS DECIDED, WHAT?

There is much interest being taken in the Adamson law test case now before the United States supreme court, and there seems to be an idea that when that august body has passed upon the matter that there will be a great light thrown on it, the subject of the eight hour day and the right of congress to fix wages on a public utility. There may be reason for this faith in the effete East, but here in Oregon not much is expected of the decision other than that the matter will be still further befuddled when the supreme court gets all its legal verbiage fastened upon it. Oregon has reason to doubt any clearing of the situation by the supreme court, for it has had some experience in that line. When the Oregon-California land grant cases went before the supreme court, naturally the citizens of this coast, many of whom were directly interested having locations that were or were not valid, and which they had been unable to learn, were profoundly interested. The case dragged along wearily until finally the wires brought the glad tidings that the supreme court had decided it. Everybody read with avidity the court's decision, and then that same everybody as of one accord asked: "What does it mean?" Everybody asked, but nobody answered.

In substance the court held the grant was a gift in praesenti, and the title passed from the passage of the granting act. It held the Southern Pacific was the grantee of the Oregon & California railroad and as such took over all its rights in said lands. It held that the company had a title in fee simple with a string or condition on it. It held that under the granting act the company must sell the lands in tracts of not to exceed 160 acres to one person and at a price not above \$2.50 per acre. It held that as no time was fixed in which the company must sell said lands, that it was left to the company to sell the lands when it got good and ready, and that it need not sell them at all.

It left every fact in the controversy worse muddled than it found it, and the settler, or would-be settler as far as sea as ever. It left the question so far undecided that the company claims under the decision the right to sell and remove the timber from the lands before offering them for sale, and even denying congress the right to take back the lands at \$2.50 per acre until the company has removed the timber.

If the court can manage to befof the Adamson eight hour bill one half as badly as it has the land grant bill the tangle will not be straightened out in the next fifty years. The East may look forward with some degree of confidence to a solution of the Adamson law tangle, but out this way we feel differently about it. We have reason to feel so.

The Oregonian tells a soul harrowing story of the ill treatment of a negro named Crawford in South Carolina. The case was one of cold blooded outrage, and it is pleasing to note that the businessmen and leaders in the community got together and condemned it. The trouble started over a dispute with a storekeeper, and the wrath of the element that attacked the negro was on account, so the Oregonian states, of the temerity of the negro in disputing a white man. Well let us see. Over in Silverton not long ago a colored preacher was run out of town and made to stay out too. What was the nature of his offense? So far as has been heard from it was converting a whiteman and making a christian of him.

Greece proposes to maintain her neutrality even if she has to fight the allies to do so. In the light of the manner in which the allies have allowed all who joined them to be whipped without any material aid being rendered or offered them, Greece is displaying considerable wisdom and most excellent judgment.

The Coos Bay limited was wrecked Wednesday night by a cow that thought the track would make a nice place for her night's lodging. The cars have not been running long on that line and the cows have not learned yet that the engine carries a cow catcher. It might be added that the cow was wrecked too.

JUST OVER THE BORDER

About all that is definitely known as to the situation at Chihuahua is that the de facto troops were badly whipped and all that could skip made a run for the border. General Gonzales and others are organizing a new army to go back and retake the city, so they say, but what use there is in taking it when Villa can take it away from them again whenever he wants to, is something an American cannot understand. Many of the residents are fleeing across the river into the United States from Juarez, fearing the dread bandit will capture that city. This is hardly probable as Villa will not be likely to show himself that close to the American armies, as he knows they are able to take a fall out of him, and he realizes that fighting Americans and Mexicans are two distinct and widely different jobs. In the meanwhile though, he has dropped a monkey wrench in the running gears of that American-Mexican commission and delayed any agreement being reached concerning the border. One of the things insisted on by the American commissioners was that Carranza must show not only willingness but ability to guard the border, and this is just what he has demonstrated, or Villa has for him, that he cannot do. The end of the Mexican trouble is still apparently a thing of the remote future.

Mr. Green, who yesterday exhibited samples of onions grown near the city on a small tract, says he was told the soil would not grow onions profitably. However he is satisfied with the result of his experiment and will plant a large tract next year. His experiment justifies going into the business on a larger scale, for he produced from a tract 30 by 40 feet square, 14 sacks of first-class onions, or at the rate of 518 sacks to the acre. They will average about 85 pounds to the sack, which would make the yield per acre 44,000 pounds, or about one pound for each square foot of land. At two cents a pound they would make the crop from an acre worth \$880. If thus result or even half of it can be obtained from a large area, it will prove one of the most profitable crops the valley can grow. Of course there are many onions grown in the valley, but heretofore the greater part of them have been grown on beaver dam land. Mr. Green's experiment shows that the average land will do well enough.

While congress discusses the proposed food embargo it should not overlook the fact that when crops are good prices are low. The fact that crops were short and conditions made an unusual demand on them is responsible for a large part at least of present high prices. If measures are to be taken to maintain prices at a level or near it, congress to be fair will have the job on its hands of keeping prices up to normal when crops are abundant. It will think twice and then several more times before putting its foot into that trap if it is possessed of even a modicum of wisdom.

It is a matter of sentiment, of almost religious duty, to eat turkey on Thanksgiving. The disposing of the remnants for several days after in the shape of cold turkey, turkey hash, turkey soup and whatever other shape the careful and saving little housewife can devise to present the once noble bird, is a matter of economy only, and to that extent a duty. Still the last fond good bye to the Thanksgiving turkey is not evidenced by copious tears.

The Oregonian Friday had a lengthy editorial on "New York's Relation to the West." The answer is: "There ain't no such animal." It used to be that New York gambled on everything that came out of the West, and got rich at it. This is no longer. Since the seventh day of last month New York would not gamble on anything west of Pennsylvania, and is doubtful about some sections north of herself.

According to the statement made by Attorney General Brown the present liquor law will remain in force until the legislature provides such laws as are necessary to make the new law effective. This means that for six weeks or two months yet two quarts can be purchased every 30 days. As after that there will be nothing doing, it is likely the ordering business will be run to the limit until that time.

The sheriff at Seattle has considerable contraband whiskey, seized in raids, in his possession; and says a gallon of it is used daily to keep the water in the city's auto tanks from freezing. We do not pretend to doubt the sheriff's story, but well—who saw the autos get it, and did they get it in the neck?

The women of Portland have called a meeting for today to take steps toward giving old High Cost of Living the fight of his life. The old pirate might as well surrender and save his face, for the women are thoroughly aroused and that settles it.

Next comes the city election. Pick out your chief of police and recorder, and if you are lucky enough to live in the right precinct you can also make choice of a councilman. The city election and Christmas are the only hilarious occasions left for the year.

Those defacto troops are not champion fighters but are sure winners as foot racers. In their flight from Chihuahua, they threw away their guns and being in a hurry left their horses and reached the border on foot.

The women of San Francisco, without any organization or concerted movement, but acting individually, reduced the sales of Thanksgiving turkeys in that city by fifty tons, so a prominent dealer estimates. That amount was sent back into cold storage. Turkey differs greatly from chicken as a steady seller, it being largely a creature of sentiment, at least so far as Thanksgiving and Christmas are concerned; and when these days are past turkey is a "by-product." It looks as though hereafter the turkey price will be fixed sometime before Thanksgiving and fixed at a price below thirty cents, too.

The director of the mint recommends the coining of a two-and-a-half-cent piece, and says the country demands it. For one thing here on the coast it will do away with a five cent raise being the minimum one permitted on most products. While congress is having the matter under discussion it is as well for someone to get a name for the new coin.



THE HAS-BEENS

I read the papers every day, and oft encounter tales which show there's hope for every jay who in life's battle fails. I've just been reading of a gent who joined the has-been ranks, at fifty years without a cent, or credit at the banks. But undismayed he buckled down, refusing to be beat, and captured fortune and renown; he's now in Easy street. Men say that fellows down and out ne'er leave the rocky track, but facts will show, beyond a doubt, that has-beens do come back. I know, for I who write this rhyme, when forty-odd years old, was down and out, without a dime, my whiskers full of mold. By black disaster I was trounced until it jarred my spine; I was a failure so pronounced I didn't need assign. And after I had soaked my coat, I said (at forty-three), "I'll see if I can catch the goat that has escaped from me." I labored hard; I strained my dome, to do my daily grind, until in triumph I came home, my billy-goat behind. And any man who still has health may with the winners stack, and have a chance at fame and wealth—for has-beens do come back.

KILL THE WEED-LIEN AMENDMENT

Editor Journal: At the coming city election voters are to adopt or reject an amendment to the city charter allowing liens to be placed against their property for what is called weed cutting. An ordinance is to be drafted if this charter amendment is adopted authorizing the city to have weeds cut on vacant lots and on streets in front of anyone's property and charge the expense to the owner of the property, and if not paid the charge becomes a lien against the property, the same as a mortgage or street or sewer assessment. There are already liens authorized by law for all kinds of taxes and improvements, including sidewalks, and now weeds are to be made the basis of another kind of lien. There should be some way to get rid of noxious weeds without putting a cloud on real estate and authorizing the city to sell it under marshal's sale. There is a state law against certain kinds of weeds but it seems that it is not enough to suit the city officials. So the city council has initiated this new proposition for another kind of an encumbrance on property, with costs of advertising and expense of getting up and filing the lien. Several attempts have been made in the past to put over an ordinance for the same purpose but they have been defeated and this

charter amendment should be defeated. This is not a favorable time to encumber property with new improvement charges. Rather let us get rid of some of the loads we have to carry before we put on new ones. See what an opening there might be made for a big swindle by having a weed-lien ordinance. A city marshal or street commissioner or whoever is made the high lord constable of the weed patch might set fifty men at work beautifying the city moving weeds on vacant lots, and on unused streets, from a combine with some law firm to prepare the thousands or two thousands liens, get a rakeoff for publishing the notices ten days in some newspaper as required by this amendment, run bills for thousands of dollars against the property owners, pay them all out of the city treasury and tax them up to the property in the form of liens. This scheme has been worked before and it will be worked again if the voters do not kill this amendment. These are days when a chance to make easy money by official and legal procedure is not overlooked by anyone, not even city officials. Safety first. Kill the bill. —E. HOPFER.

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Market Was Sluggish But Prices Firm

New York, Dec. 2.—The New York Evening Sun financial review today said: The trading market time very largely in today's short session of the stock market. Prices were firm for the most part with particular strength in the railroad department. There was no great demand, however, but such as it was the level of the market was raised because of the recent driving of stocks. Business conditions continue in good form. According to R. G. Dun and company failures this week were 23 percent smaller in number and 36 percent smaller in amount, the actual number being 237. Railroad earnings in October at hand today disclose an increase in gross for the Chicago and Northwestern of \$1,204,988 and in net \$99,321 and for the Central Railroad of New Jersey, an increase in gross of \$18,270, a decrease in net of \$184,020 and a loss in surplus of \$217,619. Prices in the industrial list was somewhat irregularly changed, although the prevailing tendency was upward. The steel and copper shares were narrow in the extreme with few exceptions like Utah Copper, which advanced through 124 and Chile Copper, which crossed 34. United States Steel common made fractional gains, moving closely around 126. Further advances were general in the late trading save among certain of the specialties.

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A DELIGHTED GUEST

"CHAPTER XCI
From the bouillon to the coffee the dinner was perfect. We had mushrooms and kidneys under glass, roast duck with the most delicious dressing, caudled sweet potatoes and other vegetables, alligator pear salad, and a wonderful dessert; each dish cooked and served as only Mandy knew how. When we finished Burns Mayson remarked: "That's the best dinner I have eaten in years. Hammond, I envy you!" I was very proud not because of what he said, so much as that he had said it to Clifford. "Mrs. Hammond manages very well," Clifford nonchalantly replied; but I knew by his expression that he was pleased, that our guest's expressed admiration had gratified him. After dinner Clifford proposed that I play and sing. I was very much surprised, as he seldom listened to me unless I requested him to. But I made no objection and played and sang for more than an hour. "You are a fortunate man, Hammond," Burns Mayson remarked as he rose to go a little before midnight. "It seems that Mrs. Hammond is able to do many things, and do them all well." Burns Mayson is Discussed. "The dinner was very nice!" Clifford volunteered after our guest had left. "Wasn't it?" I replied. "Mandy surely is a wonderful cook." "Mayson was very complimentary," he rejoined. "He was very kind and nice to say all those things about me," I laughed. "He did flatter you a bit! He will be here for some time, and we must have him often. He seemed to enjoy it." "That will be nice!" I replied. "But Clifford, why do you suppose he never has married? He's very attractive, rich, and not old—oh—" I stammered, remembering that he was younger than Clifford, and fearing I had been unkind to mention his age. "I imagine he has too good a time to tie himself down," Clifford answered, then turned to his paper. He always read an hour before he went to bed, no matter how late it was. I couldn't understand then, why so many people, Clifford among them, spoke of a man "tying himself down" because he married. And why they inferred that they could have no more good times. But at that time there was much I did not understand. A Division of Time. Burns Mayson seemed to try to devise means for dividing his time between my husband and me. Business with Clifford, his amusement and entertainment with me. Almost every day some plan was made by which I lunched with him, either with Clifford, or alone. Then he never had visited Glendene before, and insisted upon exploring the surrounding country with me to guide him. He had rented an automobile and often of afternoons he would call for me, and we would drive for an hour or two on the smooth country roads around Glendene. Several times we had passed Leonard Brooke, who had called but once since Mr. Mayson's arrival. Unfortunately I had then been out. He bowed so coldly on the occasions when we met him, that I had a feeling that he was displeased with me, although I could not imagine any reason. I had explained all about my pin and flowers, so it could not possibly be that. I determined to call him up the first opportunity I had; but I was so busy, that I put it off from day to day. I spoke of it to Clifford, but his reply was neither reassuring nor comforting. "What difference does it make if that young cub isn't friendly?" he asked. "He's probably lonesome for some place to spend his evenings. Let me see, he's musical. You've been too good to him, playing and singing with him. Artists are usually selfish!" (Monday—A Dinner Dance is Planned.)

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