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THE PINNACLE OF SNOBBERY

There is some discussion just now as to the failure of the American youth to enlist in the army or navy, and the laws are blamed. It is at least an open question as to that being the real cause of the scant enlistments. Not long since an exchange had an editorial on the treatment accorded a little bunch of marines ashore from a cruiser. They went to a moving picture show, and while enjoying the treat were asked by the usher to move and go into the gallery, that others attending the show objected to sitting near them. To their credit be it said they refused to move. They had paid for their seats, were decently dressed and properly behaved, and all the fault that could be found with them was that they wore their country's uniform. However, the usher insisting, they finally, to avoid a scene, left the theater. If such is the treatment soldiers and sailors are to receive at the hands of the public they are sworn to protect in case of war, is it any wonder that the manly boy is backward about enlisting in a service that is looked down upon by social snobs? The American uniform stands, like the flag, for our liberties and our safety; and the American who feels above taking off his hat to the one or associating with the wearers of the other should be sent into Mexico and forgotten.

Now that Polk county has actually appropriated the money for the Willamette bridge at this place it looks as though another year will see it completed. Marion county has been ready to put up her part for some time and presumably the city of Salem is also ready. Now if the county judges and other officials will get together and agree upon both the type of bridge and the location it will permit the starting of work on the structure early in the Spring. If this is not done another year may pass before the dangerous old bridge now in use is done away with.

A Portland man has brought suit against another "wealthy" citizen of that village demanding \$50,000 damages for the alienating of his wife's affections. An old poem has the lines: "The jingling of the guinea cures the hurt that honor feels." It is evidently truth as well as poetry for the amount of damage due to the loss of affections is always measured by the size of the defendant's bank roll, rather than the warmth and depth of the alleged affections. The same affections alienated by a poor man would not be considered worth going to law over.

An aviator suggests that each city and town hang out a sign of some kind so that birdmen can identify the place without coming down. A number of them may refuse to do this for the reason they do not care whether the high flyers recognize them or not. It is a safe bet though that Seattle and Portland will each get busy and comply with the suggestion lest some one passing over might take the one place for the other, which would make both mad.

Japan is patterning after Great Britain and is having a break up of her cabinet. Some of the younger leaders object to the present prime minister. Terauchi, because he is old and has no party affiliations. It sounds strange to an American to speak of a man holding high office and not being connected with any party, but then this is in Japan where civilization has not yet got beyond the realms of sense and reason.

A prize steer thirteen months old and weighing something less than a ton was sold in Chicago Thursday for nearly \$2,000. Anyway the price was at the rate of \$1.76 a pound, which is the highest beef has been since the memorable occasion when the cow jumped over the moon.

Butter and eggs are both on the toboggan slide in Chicago and as butter started first the skids should be in good running order for the hen apples.

Republicans in congress are backing a bill to stop election betting. We don't blame them.

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"PASSING THE BUCK"

Everyone who has played cards realizes how hard it is to remember whose turn it is to deal. It is this trait, or failure of memory, that was the originator of the term: "passing the buck." Among poker players in the olden time it was the custom to lay a pocket knife on the table and this was passed to the next man by the dealer, so that when the hand was played, the man with the knife without asking that momentous question: "whose deal is it?" proceeded to pass out the cards, passing the knife again as soon as he finished his deal. In those same olden days a large portion of the pocket knives had a buckhorn handle, so the term "passing the buck" just naturally followed. The meaning conveyed by passing the buck, and the meaning of the term now, is that it is the person's turn to deal to whom the buck is passed.

It has not only come to be a common expression but also a common habit. An example of it is before the public just now over the argument about high prices. The consumer rebelled against prices that were getting to be prohibitive, and naturally the only person he or she, mostly she, could complain to was the retail grocer. Now the grocer was only charging a fair profit for his work, and naturally he did not feel like standing for the blame. So he "passed the buck" up to the jobber with its palpable hint that it was his deal. The jobber feeling that he like the grocer was only adding a fair profit to what he paid the wholesaler, argued it with the grocer and finding him "so" in his ways passed the buck to the wholesaler. The wholesaler was not the original producer and so he "passed the buck" along to the packers of meats and canned stuffs, to the millmen and sugar makers, to the importers and all the balance of whom he gathered up his stock. The game is not played to an end yet and the buck is travelling around the table. It will reach the ultimate source in time, and then there will be no more passing. Instead there will be a general reduction in prices in some lines and then the buck will be passed down again to the retailer who will be told to get in and sell goods and build up a trade once more.



JOHN BARLEYCORN

"It seem to be deep in disgrace; they're shutting all doors in my face," sighs John Barleycorn, as he swallows a horn, and three or four chasers to chase. "Where once I was welcome as guest, they split up my coat and my vest, and bust me with chairs, and kick me down stairs, and say it is all for the best. Oh, once I was haughty and proud; my diamonds were many and loud; I traveled in state and was close to the great, and looked with disdain on the crowd. I handed down laws and decrees to henchmen who got on their knees, to list to my rede, for favors to plead--and fawners were busy as bees. But now when my visage appears, the people don't greet me with cheers; and cabbage and sticks and tomcats and bricks are spoiling my hat and my ears. The people," John Barleycorn said, "are cutting out vintages red; I do not see why they go back on old rye, unless they've been counting their dead."

THE ROBINS COME WHEN TOLD ABOUT IT

Salem, Or., R. 8, Dec. 4, 1916.
Mr. T. J. Cheshtre,
Salem, Oregon.

Dear friend: Some days ago I noticed your query in the Journal, regarding the robins and the suggestion that perhaps "they were all down to Ella McMunn's." They were not, just then, but they evidently took the "hunch" and came the day before Thanksgiving, one hundred strong. I had not missed them until you said they were gone, and then I thought that perhaps they had eaten so many of our cherries that they had all died from appendicitis.

I rather wonder where they have kept themselves--further north perhaps till winter weather drove them back. They are having a big time eating the grapes that grow on the roof of the woodshed which we did not gather because the shingles are old and we were afraid we would go through if we tried to get them. I do not really love the robins--they are so greedy--and when in winter time we put food out for all the birds the robins drive the smaller ones away, even when they are so full themselves that they have to walk sideways to see over themselves in front. Last winter there was just one lone bitter quince left hanging on the tree and during that awful storm they used to come and peck into that, but we left a lot of apples for them and many quinces besides the grapes so I guess we will be bird headed quarters this winter. Five other beautiful birds have been here for a few days--the size of a blackbird, black head and dark blue body. Were its head blue and body black it would answer the description of the crow-blackbird given in farmer's bulletin 513. It has not the bright blue of the blue jay or the California jay but squawks as if it is some sort of jay. I am interested in birds but know so little about their names. Think the bird elms must be broken up. At least I see nothing of them in the paper.

Thanking you for remembering me in print
I am, yours very truly,
ELLA McMUNN.

Try the Journal classified ads

STATE NEWS

The number of Japanese in Oregon is close to 5000. This figure was arrived at after perusal of the Japanese Guide Book, which is printed by the Japanese association of Oregon, in the native tongue, for the information of Japanese tourists.

This pamphlet gives the exact number of Japanese people in Oregon last year at 3519, and it is believed that the number has not changed materially within the last year.

Umatilla county now has a school-masters club. At a meeting of printing of all the schools in the county, an organization was perfected with the election of Superintendent Washburn, of Milton, as president, and Principal Russell, of Athens, as secretary. The organization is open to all teachers. Principal Russell was elected to represent the organization at the annual state convention of teachers in Portland during the holidays.

Roseburg Review: The Oregon brogue deal will be larger this year than ever before, and will be handled by the well known eastern distributors, John Nix & Co., from its Chicago office. The house of Nix was the first in the field and literally developed the market for the now well known "Um-qua" brand put up by the Umpqua Valley Fruit union of Roseburg, for which John Nix & Co. are sole distributors. They will have around 200 cars starting late in February or early in March.

Charles W. Morris, who took his mother-in-law to Arlington a few days ago, reports having seen the wreck of a motor truck on Shuter flat that was destroyed by fire in a somewhat peculiar way, says the Fossil Journal. In passing through a great drift of "mumble-wood" that had blown off the fields and filled the lane as high as the fence a spark from the engine set fire to the weeds, and, as Charlie said, "You know the rest."

OPEN FORUM

AUTO SPEEDING

Editor Journal: Since the sad death of Miss Egidon in Salem a short time ago a considerable has been said through the local press about reckless automobile driving. Some of the writers blame the reckless drivers, others along with this the general apathy of the people which has a certain negative influence--a sort of "don't care if they do it--it's none of my business if the law is transgressed." This may be true to a certain extent.

There is one thing all the writers I have read have singularly omitted and that is the city of Salem permits or allows a high rate of speed within its limits! Do you want the proof? Here it is. As you come into the city from the country, along the principal roads you will see a nicely lettered admonition in these words: "City limits slow down to 20 miles." This admonition is a few feet from the ground and fastened to a post or upright. Said admonition is evidently for motorists only. Now just think of what the city allows. It allows an automobile to be driven along its streets at the rate of 20 miles an hour! It may be said this is outside the fire limits. Yes but inside the city limits. Within the fire limits the speed is 15 miles an hour. In the Capital Journal of Dec. 4 a writer thinks this is "slow traveling." Let us see. Our fast race horses--our big trotters--cover a mile in two minutes and this is going some. It is at the rate of 30 miles an hour--a speed somewhat above that made by the Oregon Electric and the S. P. from Salem to Portland. Now is half this speed on the crowded streets of Salem "slow traveling?" It is certainly too fast! When passing the school houses of the city during school hours the autoist must slow down to 10 miles which is only a third less than the speed allowed in the fire district. Is this rather "slow" driving along a street which may have several children playing in the foreground? If the writer in the Journal could run that distance in that time along the streets of Salem he would find himself at the end ready to stop, 20 miles an hour is fast enough in the country unless in an emergency.

Many cars do not go that fast, some but 10 or 12, as all car drivers are not speeders. And this is doubtless fast enough on any ordinary occasion-- plenty fast on a busy street filled with vehicles and pedestrians. Motorcyclists also drive too fast but are not so dangerous as the car drivers. When we consider that the railway trains and the Oregon Electric cars must slow down to much less than 20 or 15 miles within the city limits it is simply astonishing that the city allows the autoist to drive his car twice as fast, and particularly when a large number of them are or may be speeding all the time, going and coming with no warning bell or other auditory device, which the slower moving rail cars are required to use and which come into the city only at stated periods and not all the time.

—DOLLA MURR,
Portland, Dec. 7.

DEUTSCHLAND DUE HOME

New York, Dec. 8.—The merchant submarine Deutschland is due back in her home port of Bremen today, if the speed maintained on the last trip across the Atlantic was kept up after she left New London, Conn.

The Deutschland departed for home on November 21. She was just seventeen days making the trip from Bremen to the New England port.

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MY HUSBAND AND I

by Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XXVI

Clifford and I talked little while we were dressing; but after I had finished I asked: "How do I look, Clifford?" "Very nice indeed," he responded, looking critically at me. "You remember I wore this dress in Chicago," I volunteered. "He gave me another glance before he replied: "It is very smart and becoming, so don't think any more about the burned one--I suppose you are still regretting that." "It was lovely," I returned, "but I am so grateful and so thankful to you for saving me that I have not thought much about the dress." "Don't talk about it!" he said, impatiently, with a shudder, again growling pale as he had before. Just then Kate came in and asked a question, then it was time to go downstairs to receive our guests. Clifford gave one glance into the dining-room, and while he said nothing I could see he was pleased.

Burns Mayson was the first to arrive, and the others followed in quick succession. They all looked so lovely--the women I mean--and the men were so smart in their evening clothes that I was indeed a proud hostess as I greeted them. The Dinner. Burns Mayson sat at my right, Mr. Norville at my left. Mrs. Horton was next Clifford and the rest arranged as I thought best. The dinner was absolutely perfect. Twice Mr. Mayson said so low no one

NONE BETTER YOU'LL LIKE IT

Butter Nut

BREAD

PURE AND RICH SWEET AND CLEAN

DEATH OF EDMOND P. EVANS

Edmond Price Evans, after ailing for the past ten years and being confined to his bed for six months, died at his home in Woodburn December 3, aged 73 years, 3 months and 29 days. He is survived by a widow and six children--Earl, Arthur, Nora, Ruby, Mabel and Ralph. He also leaves a brother and sister in Missouri and two sisters in Kansas.

Mr. Evans was born in Butler county, Ohio, August 3, 1843. At the age of 19 he enlisted to serve in the civil war in company P, 125th Illinois Volunteers, and was enrolled Sept. 3, 1862. He was in the service 3 years, 2 months and 24 days and was honorably discharged from the service on June 9, 1865, at Washington, D. C. In the year of 1883 he moved to the state of Kansas and in 1894 was married to Miss Lizzie M. Green near Atwood, Rawlins county, Kansas, where he lived until 1911, when with his family he moved to Woodburn, residing here until the time of his death.

The funeral of this estimable citizen and comrade was Monday, services being held in the Church of God chapel, Rev. Oscar Lewis officiating. Among the many present were members of the Woman's Relief Corps and G. A. R. post, attending in a body and aiding ritualistic service at the chapel. Interment was at Belle Passi cemetery--Woodburn Independent.

DON'T WASTE TIME

It's a waste of time to experiment with liniments and plasters when you have a dull, throbbing backache or sharp, stabbing twinges. Get after the cause! Help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Read this: A. J. Wood, 629 North Commercial street, Salem, says: "Kidney and bladder trouble got to a point with me about two months ago when I was obliged to take some steps in checking it or suffer more serious results. The worst time I had was just after getting up in the morning and the kidney secretions were very annoying. I believe using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from Dr. Stone's drug store, and my kidneys were restored to a normal condition and I was freed from every symptom of the trouble." (Statement given January 30, 1906.) On April 11, 1916, Mr. Wood added: "I have had very little trouble from my kidneys or backache since I got hold of Doan's Kidney Pills. I don't know of anything equal to them." Price 50 cents, at all dealers. Don't simply reach for a kidney remedy--get Doan's Kidney Pills--the same that Mr. Wood has twice recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

NO MORE SOUP

Portland, Or., Dec. 8.—The soupless age is upon us. Retailers of canned chicken gumbo and other brews announced today that soup factories throughout the United States had agreed not to sell any more of their product for 30 days, on account of a scarcity of ingredients.



THE DINNER GUESTS ARRIVE

but me heard: "You are a perfect wonder!" And once he told me: "You are lovely to-night, you put the others in the shade." "I felt a little embarrassed until I looked at Clifford and saw him leaning toward Mabel Horton, and saying something evidently intended only for her ears. Then I was glad that SOMEONE appreciated me; that someone said nice things to me. Once during the dinner the subject of music was brought up, and I thought regretfully of Leonard Brooke. He would have been able to discuss it so knowingly. Then, too, I missed his handsome, clean-cut boyish face. But I remembered that he would soon come to the dance, and thought only of my guests--when Burns Mayson would allow me to remember anyone but him. "I know I am monopolizing you shamefully!" he apologized. "But Norville lives here. You can talk to him after I go back home." Leonard Brooke is Late--And Disagreeable.

Soon after we left the dining-room the later guests began to arrive. Soon all were there save Leonard Brooke. What had happened? Surely he would not disappoint me and stay away. Of a sudden I lost all interest in my guests, and could only watch the entrance to the living-room where the dancing was going on. I was dancing with Burns Mayson when I first saw him, and was surprised at the thrill of gladness which ran through me. We stopped near him, and I presented the two men. I saw at once that they were antagonistic, Leonard either could not, or did not care to hide his feeling; while Burns Mayson was suavely polite. "I have saved the next dance for you, Leonard!" I said, boldly, I did not care what he thought of me, I MUST talk to him. "You are indeed fortunate," Mr. Mayson said in a cold voice. "Thank you, Mrs. Hammond, and pardon me for coming so late," Leonard said to me, utterly ignoring Mr. Mayson. "You ask what's the matter with me, I'll tell you!" Leonard said in a smothered voice, "I hate that man! Hate to have him near you with his smooth ways and his millions!" "Why, Leonard?" I replied, surprised at his outburst, "he is absolutely nothing to me but a business friend of Clifford's, and as such I must be nice to him. I have to go in to supper with him, so please do not attach any importance to it. Clifford arranged everything," I added, puzzled to explain why I should be so anxious to convince Leonard. "So you will excuse me if I leave after this dance," he burst out, and I noticed he was white as a sheet. "Certainly, if you desire to leave," I replied, pride coming to my rescue; if he wanted to act like a spoiled child, why, all right. Yet after he had gone all zest for my evening seemed to fade out, and I went through my duties as hostess mechanically. (Tomorrow--A Call From Muriel Franklyn.)