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SALEM, MODEST BUT DETERMINED

Salem Massachusetts, Salem West Virginia, and some two dozen other unknown villages back east are disgruntled because, forsooth, at least one place of that name is trying to do something to justify its being a community. Salem Oregon, is the place, and in order that it might not be handicapped in its laudable efforts to lift the name from that oblivion that has buried it for more than two centuries, it asked these other namesakes to go chase themselves, get married or do something that would change their names.

Salem Massachusetts gets real chesty over this and alludes to this, the only Salem, as a country village. It says it never heard of it, and that is easily believed. It is just as easily believed that it has never heard of the Pendleton Round Up, or Portland's lost woodpile, or U'Ren. It probably never heard of Joe Meek or Homer Davenport, or of the pioneers who crossed the plains in bull propelled pulmans and saved this greatest section of the universe to the United States.

Why the defunct village down next to Misery island, which got its name from being so near it, has been hanging onto the ragged edges of the map for three centuries, ever since the Mayflower unloaded the largest list of passengers that ever crossed the briny in a single ship. And what has it done in all that time? Hanged, burned and tortured twenty innocent old women because they were witches and bewitched others, and this at the behest of a crazy fanatic one Cotton Mather. What can be expected of a community that would be bewitched by a lot of old women when there was plenty of pretty girls around? Does that entitle that little old burg to get chesty and make slurring remarks about its betters? Then these same witch burners took up with Roger Williams, a good preacher as well as a good man, but when the general court disfranchised them for so doing, they went back on their pastor and their religion both, in order to save some land down around Salem Neck that wasn't worth two shillings a square mile. That was the price of their religion, and their friendship.

That was more than two hundred years ago, and we defy any resident of that yankee village to show that it has ever done anything since that justifies its existence. It has grown to a town, such as it is—of nearly 50,000—whose inhabitants are putting the paper in shoe soles, but with nearly three centuries to do it in there is nothing in that to make it chesty. Out West we can grow a town of that size in a week or two.

Salem West Virginia, also gets swelled up because it is asked to efface itself. So far as it is concerned it never even burned a witch, and if it ever did anything else no one ever heard of it. Besides before it gets the bighead it should remember its state was like the balance of the contrabands, only set free through the civil war. Then too, it has refused to pay what it owes to its old Mammy, good "Old Virginia," and while the federal supreme court has decided that it owes the old lady some \$15,000,000, it further says it cannot be collected because perhaps the whole state, Salem and all, is not worth it, and so refuses to let the state go on the auction block. No one would bid for it. Go to, you insignificant one. You never got into the limelight or any other unless it was the gurgling "moonshine."

Go join your shadbelled namesake down east at witch town and seek an alias to hide behind.

As for the others no one knows where they are and it is for this reason, this, the one and only Salem, wants them to efface themselves. This Salem is going to do things and wants a chance without some measly back east village infringing on its patents and copyrights. This Salem the real one has a reputation to maintain, it wants no smell of burning witches connected with what it does. It wants no betrayed pastor on its conscience, no repudiated debts to its old mammy. That is why it wants a fair start. It has done things and is going to do more. It has grown more hops than any section of the country for years. It is supplying the allies with prunes for the men in the trenches and would supply the other side too if it could deliver the goods. It has given the world the

Loganberry for its delectation and the cherry for its cocktail top dressing. It has emptied its horn of plenty in the effete east and delighted all eyes and palates with apples, peaches, pears, plums, and every fruit that grows outside the tropics. It has supplied the coast with potatoes and its onions are known from Alaska to Boca Chica. When in the far east the citizen in the halcyon Spring gathers the succulent young onion from its dish, he does not know it, but the sets that gave it life were grown on the beaver dam lands adjacent to Salem the one and only. It is growing flax and in the near future Salem linen will be as familiar to the world as that of Belfast is now. Besides all these things and hundreds of others that space and blushing diffidence forbid our mentioning, it was this Salem that started all this talk, not some other measly little namesake. Did any of the whole bunch ever stir up so much discussion about themselves in their hundred years of existence? We wot not with a great big capital wot.

Git, skedaddle, vamoose, get off the map, you unfits, and let the real and only Salem spread herself.

The Albany Commercial Club most assuredly has its nerve! It suggests an investigation of the game and fish department, alleging incompetence and extravagance in the administration of its affairs, when everybody at all familiar with the real situation knows that the fish and game department rules the state of Oregon and all the officials thereof, including the members of the legislature, with a rod of iron. In plain words the fish and game commission is the biggest thing in the way of a political machine in the state and does not hesitate to exercise its power whenever necessary. Two years ago it had the legislators performing like trained animals in a zoo and this session it maintains headquarters in the governor's executive office, and—well, that resolution of investigation will get less consideration than anything else that has been sprung on the legislature this year.

Some statistician estimates that colds cost the United States \$10,000,000 a year in the way of lost time and poor work done on account of the measly snuffles, general depression and "cultusness." As this would only amount to ten cents a piece, the estimate would seem entirely too low. One thing is sure, and that is the colds are worth much more than that; for anyone with a good, or bad cold, which ever describes the condition, would gladly give fifteen cents or more to be rid of it. The amount of coin spent for cough drops and medicine for colds in this country in a year would far exceed that sum. This does not take into account the alcohol baths internal and external made necessary by these same colds. The extra laundry bill caused by the "run" on handkerchiefs would make a startling bill alone in the course of a year.

Governor Withycombe has promised Rev. E. B. Lockhart, pastor of the Methodist church at Stayton, that soon after the legislature adjourns, he will visit Stayton and fill the pulpit of the church at the regular Sunday services. There is something significant in this excellency seeking the quiet of that little city after the legislature adjourns and something really suggestive in his devoting the day to preaching and prayer, so soon after the lawmakers leave. Is he doing penance or offering praise?

A Judge in New York granted a wife a decree of separation from her husband recently because he had not taken her to a theater in five years. At first blush this does seem like inhuman and cruel conduct, but we should not overlook the fact that the movies have put about all the theaters worth seeing on the bum, and as for the movies, while most of them are all right perhaps that husband had run against a real bad one and so held aloof. Let's see, wasn't it about five years ago that Charley Chaplin made his appearance?



THE RICH MAN

The rich man, in the diatribes of virtuous and moral scribes, is full of sin and tricks and guile, dishonestly he gets his pile. Wealth is for him the only lure; he has no patience with the poor; that he may gain his place on deck, he steps upon his brother's neck. He is a pirate and a fraud; the law should strip him of his wad. We all applaud this sort of stuff, and hail the scribes, "Lay on, MacDuff!" We yell "hooray!" and wave our hats, and help to roast the plutocrats. And while we cuss the wealthy lads, we're busy hustling for the scads. We bust suspenders every day, in fear a plunk will get away. The more we get the more we need; we have the rich man's grasping greed, without the wondrous skill he owns for gathering the shining bones. And that is why he has our hate; we're down on any soulless skate who takes in plunks where we get dimes; we can't forgive his goddess crimes.

ASTOR IS DEMOCRATIC
Mrs. Astor is trying to link Fifth avenue in a neighborhood betterment plan. Vincent was one of the chief mourners at the funeral of the colored janitor of the offices of the Astor estate.
New York, Jan. 26.—Vincent Astor, the world's richest young man, and his beautiful young wife, each scored once for democracy today.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.
Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action, yet always effective. They bring about that exuberance of spirit, that natural buoyancy which should be enjoyed by everyone, by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.
You will know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets by their olive color. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

Salem Now Ranks Third In Bank Deposits

Out of total bank deposits in the state of \$144,596,080.74, the city of Portland has \$82,300,000, or a total of \$89,600,407.03, according to a statement issued yesterday by S. G. Sargent, superintendent of banks. Nineteen cities and towns outside of Portland hold 25.3 per cent of the total deposits and the remaining 129 towns 25.4 per cent.
Twenty cities and towns, or 12.2 per cent of those having banking facilities and 85 institutions, or 32.5 per cent of the number of banks, hold 80.7 per cent of the deposits in the entire state.
The following cities and towns have total deposits of \$1,000,000 or more, according to the last statement:

No. of City or Banks tows.	Deposits.
26 Portland	\$82,300,000.00
2 Pendleton	5,488,562.25
4 Salem	5,417,253.04
4 Astoria	4,086,477.77
4 Eugene	3,316,235.87
3 Baker	3,213,902.31
3 The Dalles	2,191,544.37
4 Albany	2,140,007.08
4 Medford	1,885,460.60
2 La Grande	1,761,244.13
3 Marshfield	1,726,305.66
4 McMinnville	1,507,104.23
3 Oregon City	1,524,244.29
2 Klamath Falls	1,524,090.19
4 Roseburg	1,454,217.17
3 Corvallis	1,388,267.82
3 Lakeview	1,299,927.23
4 Hillsboro	1,087,229.48
2 Burns	1,043,462.10
2 Heppner	1,003,271.88

\$5 4132,907,974.70

EUGENE TO HAVE FLAX MILL

Announcement of the early erection of a mill at Eugene to handle the pro-

GIRLS IN SCHOOL OR AT BUSINESS

who are delicately constituted, who have thin blood or pale cheeks, will find in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a true tonic and a rich food to overcome tiredness, nourish their nerves and feed their blood. Start with SCOTT'S to-day—and say "NO" to substitutes.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 16-21



LITTLE STORIES

(Continued from page one.)

committee on medicine and pharmacy, and will later have to go before the ways and means committee, as it also carries an appropriation.

The first bill to come up for passage was No. 45, by Mr. Jones, of Lane county, permitting the county court to make temporary appointment to fill vacancy in the office of justice of the peace. After it was explained by Mr. Jones it was passed.

The bill fixing the standard of measurement for cranberry boxes and barrels, which was reported back with the recommendation that it pass, with a short explanation was passed. The bill was introduced by Mr. Schimpyff.

House bill No. 180, by Representative Thomas, regulating the inspection of orchards, was passed.

House bill No. 122, by Representative Gore, fixing the capital stock of title guaranty companies and title insurance companies according to population, passed.

The bill by Representative Burdick, house bill No. 190, allowing water masters traveling expenses, reported back with the recommendation that it pass, was passed.

The bill by Representative Peck, house bill No. 209, giving the city of Myrtle Point jurisdiction over county roads within its limits, passed.

Senate bill No. 4, by Senator Dinick, regulating the driving of automobiles by intoxicated persons, was passed without any opposition.

From 1900 to 1909 acres of flax was made by Secretary George Quayle of the Eugene chamber of commerce in his annual report, made before the chamber Monday evening. The annual business is estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$125,000, and it is to be financed by Will Lippman, of Portland, David Auld and Mr. Quayle of Eugene.

The announcement followed the report of the secretary as to the success of the "Eugene flax experiment," and his statement that the indications are the Eugene experiment will pay all expenses, including money advanced by the banks, and pay the farmers something in addition to the guarantee, which has already been said.

Flax Sale Cancelled
Contained also in the report was the statement that an offer of \$1000 a ton for four tons of the Eugene flax for a Belfast mill had been made, only to be cancelled when the German raider a few days ago played havoc with entente shipping.

Mr. Quayle reported also that efforts are being made to secure machinery for the manufacture of linen fish line, which now commands a high market price.—Eugene Guard.

CRISIS OF WOMAN'S LIFE

Change Safely Passed by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Wagoner, Okla.—"I never get tired of praising Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because during Change of Life I was in bed two years and had two operations, but all the doctors and operations did me no good, and I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which brought me out of it all right, so I am now well and do all my housework, besides working in my garden. Several of my neighbors have got well by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. VIOLA FINICAL, Wagoner, Okla.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness should be relieved by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through the crisis.

It may be said that in this ultimatum game with Greece, either party would be seriously embarrassed if the other should do anything to stop it.

To Overcome Eczema

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can stop burning, itching eczema quickly by applying a little zemo furnished by any druggist for 25c. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment zemo is applied. In a short time usually every trace of eczema, tetter, pimples, rash, black heads and similar skin diseases will be removed.

For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, always use zemo, the penetrating, antiseptic liquid. It is not a greasy salve and it does not stain. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for skin troubles of all kinds.
The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.

BEWARE

In This Sign

"100"

We Shall Conquer

Watch This Space



MURIEL TEARS THE OUTCOME OF HER PLAN

CHAPTER CXXXI.
I had confessed to Burns Mayson that I loved some man other than my husband, and my cheeks burned as I thought of it. But he had forced the confession from me I reasoned, as he and Clifford smoked and talked business for the short time he remained.
"No I will not stay for supper, thank you," he had replied to Clifford's urging; and I knew he felt the embarrassment of the situation almost as much as I did.
After he left neither of us talked much. Clifford appeared distraught, and I felt that his business excuse had been a false one; and that he probably had been with Mabel Horton. I wonder yet why I was so jealous of Clifford at this time? But that I was, and intensely so I could not deny. I felt that I no longer loved him, but it hurt me every time I thought of him as spending his time with another. It was wounded pride, perhaps, but it was there.
The next morning immediately after Clifford left I went over to Muriel's. "Are you a child, or a woman, Mildred?" she asked when I told her of my failure to make Clifford jealous, and that my action had only brought me embarrassment, and to Burns Mayson, pain. I told her that he had asked me to leave Clifford and had told me he loved me.
"I did the best I could, Muriel," I said weakly.
"You didn't think for a minute that I meant you to carry on a cheap flirtation with Burns Mayson, did you? Didn't I tell you that it was women of poison, of charms who such men as Mr. Hammond desire; and of whom they would be jealous. You could easily have let him see that Mr. Mayson was pleased to be with you, without making that poor man think you had fallen head over heels in love with him! I'm ashamed of you, really I am!"
"Oh, please, Muriel!" I begged, then to her astonishment and mine I burst out crying. "I never said I wouldn't cry before you!" I declared half hysterically.
"Cry all you want to, I don't care. I should think you would cry. Of all the blundering—oh I won't say what I'd like to—there dear, don't cry any more. It will all come out right in some way. I'm sorry I ever told you to make Mr. Hammond jealous. It is all my fault," and Muriel put her arms around me. Her sympathy was worse than her scolding, and I cried and sobbed for quite a time before I could control myself.
"There!—that will do for another five or six years." I said as finally I controlled myself, "please forgive me Muriel for being such a little silly, but I guess my worries lately have been too much for me."
"Sympathy Now."
"I don't wonder. Next dear just lie down on the couch for a while. I'm going to give you a cup of good strong coffee, and you are to spend the day with me," and Muriel arranged the pillows comfortably before she left me to get the coffee.
With a sigh I closed my eyes, and tried to rest; but it was impossible. Burns Mayson's declaration had brought the possibility of leaving Clifford more strongly before me than it had been before. Then too I had now acknowledged my love for another. The thought of divorce was in my mind. I somehow felt sure Clifford wouldn't fight me. But divorce was to me an abnormal thing. Father and mother never talked of such things, and I never had known any divorced couples. I was a long way from feeling that it was wrong; yet I couldn't persuade myself that it was right.
"Asleep dear!" Muriel's voice roused me from my musings.
"No, only thinking," I replied as I sat up and took the coffee. "Thank you Muriel, I'm sure I shall be more like a normal human being after I drink this. I didn't eat any breakfast, and took only a sip of coffee."
"I was afraid you hadn't eaten anything, so Norah's making you some toast," she returned just as Norah appeared with a tempting breakfast on a tray. "Now don't say a word, but eat. I've done enough damage to want to repay you in some way."
(Tomorrow—Mildred Meets Leonard Brooke.)

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Established 1868

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

Transact a General Banking Business
Safety Deposit Boxes
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT