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THE THEORETICAL PROFESSOR

A Harvard professor wipes off his glasses and informs the people of the United States that the cost of living is but 25 per cent higher now than in 1785. We have no personal recollection of prices that season, but that is where we are on an equality with the four-eyed wisacre from the college. Like most of that class of theorists he is talking of something of which he knows no more than he does of the actual appearance of a dinosaur or an ichthyosaurus. He looks at the bones and then builds up an animal as he supposes it would or should look and passes it off as the real thing. His opinions are about as near correct as would those be of "a gnat on the back of an elephant trying to form an idea to the interior construction of the animal from the appearance of the hide." The chances are that same professor could not tell the market price of a dozen eggs or a sack of flour without looking at the market reports, and he would have to get someone else to look up the reports for him. The man working for a salary or wage, and the good wife who samples all the groceries in an effort to make the family purse stretch a little further, can give such literary relics of a paleozoic age as get into the professor's chairs of the big colleges, more real information in five minutes about the cost of living, than they would learn by their lonesome little selves in a lifetime. For absolute and inexcusable ignorance about every day affairs, or anything useful the average college professor takes the bun, the cake and the whole bakery. If one of them by some chance had to work and earn the money that is spent for what he eats, he would know without going back to 1787 or 1492, that the cost of living has doubled within the past two or three years, and almost within the past year. He would not admit it then but sagely point out to you that the cost of living was no greater, but that "the purchasing power of a dollar is smaller, and for this reason it requires more of them to satisfy the demands of the butcher, the baker and the balance of those who furnish the consumer with the things he must have. The cost of living would of course be not increased if only the wage owner would get a corresponding return for his labor." That is his solution of the matter, and so far as the last statement is concerned it is correct for it would not matter to the average wage earner how much food stuffs increased in price if his earnings increased in proportion. The purchasing power of the dollar has decreased, hence the cost of living has increased, but unfortunately the wage has not increased with it. It should not take a real live college professor, if there are such, to hit somewhere near the correct idea if he has a pencil, paper and average intelligence, to reach results on this. Last fall butter was selling at 30 cents a pound. Is butter any higher now than then, when the present price is 50 cents? Flour was \$1.25 a sack then, now it is \$2.50; has it increased in price? Potatoes were a cent a pound then, now they are three cents. Onions were a cent a pound then now they are six; cheese has advanced 50 per cent, pork 50 per cent, mutton 100 per cent and beef is the highest it has been since the cow jumped over the moon, and yet this bewigged and befogged researcher of the antiquarian fields says the cost of living has increased but 25 per cent since 1785. He might write a learned dissertation on the fourth dimension, the canals of Mars or what is beyond the limits of the finite, but anything so near as his stomach, or so evident as a market report are to him mysteries as profound as the Sphinx.

Indiana has followed Oregon's example and Wednesday the senate passed the bill making the state dry April 2. The house had already passed the bill and it is now in the governor's hands. It is stated he will sign it, and Indiana will edge into the great American Sahara. Old man Booze is sure having a rough road to travel, but the Hoosiers added insult to the decree killing him, by sentencing him to die on April Fool day.

It would add another complication to an already badly tangled situation should a submarine happen to send a torpedo into the vessel carrying Ambassador Bernstorff home.

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THE LEGISLATURE'S JOB

The senate does not seem to realize that the end of the session is near. Every day bills are re-referred and made the special order a day or so ahead, just as though there was an abundance of time. Hours are wasted wrangling over unimportant bills and when a bill comes up for final passage even though it has been through two or three committees, it is found it needs to go into the drydock for repairs before it can be voted on. The senate goes into committee of the whole to amend and correct glaring errors that should have been discovered on a cursory reading of the bill. There are six working days after today remaining in the session, and this is the situation. There have been 298 bills introduced in the senate and about 500 in the house. Of these, the senate has passed 115, withdrawn 11 and indefinitely postponed 21, a total of 147 disposed of in 32 days and there are 151 to be acted on in the seven days remaining, counting from Thursday night. During the same time the senate has passed 46 house bills and indefinitely postponed 9, or a total of 55 with about 450 yet to be acted upon. In other words the senate has passed upon a total of 202 bills and had when it began work this morning had about 600 to pass upon in the seven days remaining of the session. It would require the getting rid of these bills at the rate of 85 a day to clean up the calendar. This could be done if the bills were read and acted on without discussion, but that is an impossibility. It will be seen from this that many bills will never get reported out of the committee rooms, and some will die of inanition.

The Rural Credits bill has passed the senate and is now before the house. It caused lengthy and acrimonious discussion in the senate. There was a wide divergence of opinion as to many features of the bill and as it was passed, it apparently did not suit many who voted for it in order to get the amendment working in some shape. This fact indicates that it will take up considerable time in the house, but it should get through that body much quicker than it did the senate unless the legislators there should find some means of altering and correcting the unsatisfactory portions, and send it back to the senate for concurrence. The bill provides for the loaning of funds to farmers at 5 per cent interest, and also for raising the money up to \$18,000,000, by the sale of bonds. It is certain to be among the bills going through, no matter what others may fall by the wayside.

Reform is in the saddle and the reformers are evidently determined to ride roughshod to the devil. In South Dakota, some legislator with an idea of keeping politics out of religion and religion out of politics has introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor to discuss subjects of a political nature in any church on Sunday. The bill is evidently framed to prevent the making of prohibition speeches from the pulpits. It is not probable it will pass, but it shows to what extent "reform" has gone, and the disposition to make every person wear the same sized shoes, and that the size that fits the reformer.

The Norwegian idea as to the course to pursue in regard to Germany's establishing a danger zone, is that "European neutrals must decide on their policy toward Germany, according to their own interests, and not according to American sentiments." That is one way to look at it, but it lays aside all principles except those of expediency. However, it is up to them to decide the matter in their own way. America has no desire to say what they shall do.

Although Mayor Harley paid for the feed at the Hotel Marion last night the members of the legislature are not referring to it as a complimentary banquet. April 1. The house had already passed the bill and it is



ROUGH WEATHER

The wind is yelling around my dwelling, its voice is loud and shrill; its lams the case-ment, from roof to basement it shakes each joist and sill. The hearth is blazing, where I sit hazing my good old trusty lyre, more verses making, while deftly baking my shins before the fire. Roll on, rough weather, and bust your tether, the time for you is ripe! With books around me, can cold confound me? Oh, not on your tin type! When winds are speeding I like my reading more than at other times; when storms are roaring you see me poring o'er stately prose and rhymes. Before the heater I rock and teeter, and study Bertha Clay, serene, contented--oh, who invented the wild, wild winter day? Perhaps some duffer out doors may suffer, and cuss the blinked-blanked storm, while I'm perusing my tomes amusing, so snug, secure and warm. Such thoughts are silly; if he is chilly, he can't charge that to me; he hadn't orter--I gave a quarter last week to charity!

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Some Little Stories and Gossip of the Legislature

Senators Dimick and Gill locked horns again yesterday, and as usual over the sportsmen business, and for third time Dimick went to the mat. He took the count a day or two ago when his bill to prevent the baiting of ducks was up. Gill leading the fight against him. The Multnomah senator is the especial guardian of all "the beautiful creatures God has given us." He went into raptures a few days ago when idealizing the swan with its grace and beauty, which had become almost extinct due to wanton hunters who killed it just because it was a fine target. That was the one and only occasion when he and the Clackamas firebrand agreed. Dimick thought the protection of the swan a step in the right direction and stood manfully by Gill.

It was this probably that made him wroth when the killing of ducks came up and the nature lover turned against him and argued that a bag of 35 ducks a day per hunter was not at all unreasonable. Dimick recalled that only a day or two before Senator Gill had ridiculed the idea of a fisherman wanting to leave a stream with 40 pounds of certain kinds of fish, which he was seeking to protect, but was willing to have a hunter leave his blind with 100 pounds of ducks. It looked too much to Dimick, as though Gill's love for the beautiful wild things was cosmopolitan enough to include the Portland game hog, which Dimick thought anything but a handsome bird.

This feeling was increased the same day when Dimick brought up his bill protecting Chinese pheasants. The lover of the beautiful wild things of nature thought the closed season was not needed if the mother birds got busy and dodged Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Byrne and other birth control advocates, and so opposed the call of the wild, and turned his ear to the warm words of praise certain to come from the Portland Road and Gun club. By this time the Clackamas senator was getting groggy, but he was like the subject matter of his disputes with Senator Gill, "dead game." He eluded for the last time yesterday morning with the student of the wild--and lost. This time it was over the bill shutting net fishermen off from certain fishing grounds below the Willamette falls. Gill switched again and this time was for the conservation of the fish. The salmon was about as graceful a bird as the swan, and if not protected would soon be about as scarce. Besides sportsmen left lots of money with Portland hotel keepers. Dimick realizes now that these gentlemen are also included in Senator Gill's beautiful wild things, and are among those for which there is no open season.

Dimick says about the wildest bunch of things he has run across in many days are the consolidation bills now just ready for picking, and he ardently hopes Senator Gill will love them too. This would save the wounds he has suffered at the hands of the Portland Gun club through its representative.

Senator Farrell like a battle charger, snuffs the battle from afar and having horse sense does not snuff it at closer range. When he saw Senator Gill's bill regarding the fishing in the Willamette, was coming up for debate, he snuffed the battle all right, but evidently thought the distance was not great enough for satisfactory snuffing, and so had urgent business in Portland. Farrell is like Gill, a great lover of the lordly salmon, but he likes his in a can. He puts his share up that way, and did not want to get into an argument as to the merits of different modes of fishing. His general idea is "any old way to get the fish," that being the first consideration in his business.

During a lull while an amendment was being prepared to a bill the senators had a little sport among themselves and Senator Bishop unkindly asked Farrell, where he had been all morning that he missed the debate over the

fish on which it was so great an authority? The answer was noiseless. Farrell could not see any point to the joke, but the senators, generally, just grinned. Sterilization was attacked last night before the joint meeting of the house committee on health and public morals and the senate judiciary committee when a delegation of Portland people came up to ask that it be not passed. The bill was attacked by Mrs. Lora C. Little, of Portland, on the ground that it went against the tenets of the golden rule, which says, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." She declared it would work a hardship on the poor in that they could not fight an order to sterilize and it would allow the wealthy to escape because they could fight it. She declared it was a form of vivisection. She asked what mother wanted her children sterilized. The abnormality of the weak corrects itself in the opinion of Judge Muzley, of Portland, who presided as chairman of the meeting. He thought the weak ought to be treated tenderly instead of resorting to violence. That sterilization was liable to malpractice was the opinion of a number of chiropractors who came up to protest against the bill. The measure was declared to be cruel and inhuman. The Orton tenure of office bill, which provides for teachers holding their jobs until removed by a commission of three after charges were filed, was given a hearing last night before the home education committee last night and a number of Portland teachers came up to speak for and against it. It is provided in the Orton bill that when a teacher is hired she cannot be removed unless formal charges are made to a commission of three appointed by the circuit court. Transfer of teachers is to be made also by the commission. Speaking for the Orton bill were E. H. Whitney, I. J. Meloney, president of the Portland Educational association; Miss Ludie Calk, Miss Viola Ortschdel, president of the Grade Teachers' association, and Professor Koehn, of the High School association. Miss Grace DeGraf, Miss Johnson and Miss Alice Joyce spoke against the measure.

If the colonel didn't have a tip, he surely had a hunch that answered the same purpose, when he decided to stay home from Polynesia.

SALTS IF BACKACHY AND KIDNEYS HURT

Drink Lots of Water and Stop Eating Meat for a While If Your Bladder Troubles You

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and laggard. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, also you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy full of sediment, channels often get sore water seals and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of ad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Ad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

British blockade restrictions on importation of clover seed into Norway have been abolished, a consular report. This will be joyous news for the Norwegian huddlebees.

That eastern woman who wants a divorce because she found she had married, "not a man, but a store," might have been better satisfied if she had found she had married a bank.

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MR. LEVERING IS A DISTURBING FACTOR

CHAPTER CXLIII.
Morton Levering puzzled the white he, in a way, fascinated me. I tried to make out which of the girls we were entertaining attracted him enough to keep him staying on far beyond the allotted time for his visit, but in vain. Once or twice I had a suspicion that Elsie was more than a little pleased when he showed her any favor, but as soon as I dismissed it was out of the question. Elsie was so full of fun, so lively, no one would possibly think that she had a serious thought about this older man.
"I was rudely enlightened."
"Mildred--Mrs. Hammond--tell me, are you happy? Happy in your married life--I mean?" he asked one day.
"Why, of course," I stammered, taken unawares.
"There is no 'of course' about it! You either are or you are not. And I am very much mistaken if it is not the latter. You see, I knew Hammond before you did."
"I don't know what you mean, neither do I want to know," I lied glibly.
"What Mr. Hammond did before I met him is no more my business than it is his how he spent my time prior to our marriage."
"It is easy to see how you spent your time. One has only to look around and see the environment in which you had spent your life. God! he didn't waste any time, I'll warrant, after he met you in making you Mrs. Hammond."
"Why do you say that?" I asked coolly.
"Because you are the type he used to say he would marry."
"Give him the credit of his convictions, then."
"Almost a Quarrel."
"Oh, certainly. Always he was a stubborn brute once he had made up his mind."
"I was learning things of Clifford which I had often thought I should like to know--his life before he met me. Yet I resented Morton Levering's manner of telling; his seeming surety that I wouldn't care."
"That is another good characteristic," I retorted. "I hate people who are constantly changing their minds, as they do their clothes."
"You are delicious! Not many women would fight for a man as you do--fight to convince themselves, I mean. You do not convince anyone else."
"What do you mean--I do not understand," I answered, dressing yet longing, to hear him talk.
"You know well enough what I mean. You are unhappy. Any one with half an eye can see your misery, your constant worryment. Knowing Hammond as I do, there is only one deduction I can make. He is enamored of some one, and you are unhappy because of it."
"It is no such thing!" I declared.

(Tomorrow--Elsie Makes a Confession.)