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HIS SECOND TERM BEGINS

While the second inaugural of Woodrow Wilson as president of the United States took place today, his second term began at noon yesterday when the oath of office was administered to him by Chief Justice White. Four years ago in taking his office he saw the world at peace, and little dreamed of the terrible upheaval so soon to take place. As he begins his second term he finds a world at war, and the edges of its black cloud shadowing the country whose destinies he is to guide for the next four years. No president in the history of the republic, save Lincoln, has had such momentous questions to decide, such demand for clear judgment. No president has needed, or shown such broadness of mind, such unlimited forbearance and patience.

Through more than two years and a half of his administration he has had to face the complaints of portions of his own people, whose sympathies were with one side or the other in the terrible conflict still raging in Europe. By some he has been accused of favoring one side; by others of leaning toward the other. And through it all he has had but one object: to maintain the strictest neutrality. That he has done this is evidenced by these same complaints which accuse him of being partial to both sides.

He is still using his every energy to maintain that neutrality and to keep this country out of war. If he succeeds, he will have done the country inestimable service; and if he fails it will be only because every conceivable effort to avoid it has been in vain. He has asked of Germany only one thing, that the right of Americans to travel and pursue the trade and commerce of the country on the high seas be recognized, and that Germany so conduct her undersea warfare that their lives are not jeopardized. He has asked simply that the rules of civilized warfare be followed, and that neutral non-combatants be not attacked, or their lives endangered. Germany first recognized the fact that this request was proper and acceded to it. A month ago she declared she would no longer pay any attention to the rules of civilized warfare but would destroy all who came within certain zones. That is the issue now pending between this country and Germany—and, notwithstanding the opposition of a small body of senators and representatives the country at large are willing to trust President Wilson to handle the knotty problem.

It is the honest and earnest wish of every true American that war with our old neighbor can be avoided, but if it must come a solidly united nation stands behind the president in anything he may do to maintain our rights and those of humanity, and to make our flag a protection to all who seek the shelter of its folds. President Wilson's first term started with the world at peace and ended while it was at war. It is the ardent hope of all that this second term starting with a world at war may end with a new world at peace, and at peace forever.

The West Coast Lumbermen's Association's records show that the unshipped balance of transcontinental and local orders held by association mills is 17,372 cars, or more than 11,000 cars above the normal. Besides this many mills have shut down and the cut last week was only 67,688,373 feet, which is nearly 25 per cent less than normal. Many millions of dollars that should be circulating in the northwest are not doing so, and all because the railroads are not doing their duty. It is claimed by the roads that conditions will get worse for a few weeks, but that about April first it will begin to get better and that in a short while, unless war matters interfere conditions will soon be normal again.

C. C. Chapman sized up the legislature before the Portland Civic League Saturday evening in "a straddle." He said "The legislature just closed was more mediocre in the matter of the individual ability of its members, than any I have attended—and more honest." Chapman generally so qualifies his statements that he saves his life; but still calling a man honest hardly balances the offense of saying he is mediocre.

A Portland man has come to the front with a substitute for potatoes. His recipe is two quarts of water, one pound soft wheat flour, one pound of potatoes, half a pound of split peas and two ounces of lard. This he says will make a cheap substitute for potatoes. Let us see: One pound of potatoes will cost say 4 cents. A pound of flour will cost at least 4 cents and half a pound of split peas will cost about the same while the two ounces of lard will cost three cents. This would give a mixture, not counting the water, of two and five-eighths pounds at a cost of fifteen cents or about six cents a pound, as a substitute for the same amount of potatoes at a cost of something less than twelve cents. This is about the way most of the food substitutes figure out. The discoverer says it is more nourishing and fifty per cent cheaper. If his ideas of nourishment are as valuable as those about cost, his discovery is a notable one.

Miss Eunice Hughes, of Los Angeles, is another who has made a discovery about food values. Eunice urges as a good and sufficient breakfast "half a pound of chocolates." She says "it will make you feel better and put you in cheerier spirits than a regular breakfast of bacon and eggs and grape fruit." This should make an ideal breakfast for a laboring man, especially if it was served in a pretty box tied with a bow of pink ribbon, and before the workman crawled out of bed to do a hard days work.

The poultryers of New York city are up against it. The Jewish women declared a boycott on all poultry and the result is there are 300,000 pounds of turkey alone left over from Sunday, instead of the whole supply being used up as usual. It is stated that if the boycott is kept up the dealers will have to take the count as they have supplies contracted for and have to accept shipments whether they sell them or not. Surely this is the "woman's age."

With more than half a billion dollars appropriated for the navy the time is not far distant when Uncle Samuel will be in condition to protect not only his own shores but to assist in maintaining the peace of the world.

The Oregon Agricultural College having been given a fat appropriation celebrated the event by organizing a new "Frat." The latest is the Lambda Chi Alpha. It is not an agricultural implement.

You can tell all old Oregonians today by their broad smiles. The rain began falling Saturday night.



PEACE AND WAR

Peace is the noblest, greatest cause, a peace that's firm and stable; with shock absorbers on my jaws, I boost it all I'm able. Year after year, without surcease, this theme I have been yapping; but there's a time to talk of peace, a time to talk of scrapping. When Uncle Sam is threatened sore with some great dire disaster, I don't admire the peace graft bore whose tongue goes ever faster. I don't admire the bloodless wight who thinks the land's a goner, if we would rather up and fight than wallow in dishonor. I didn't raise my maiden aunt to be a noisy brawler, but when the battle charges pant, she'll step out doors and holler. I didn't raise my lovely niece to fool with swords and lances, but she, I know, will pass up peace whenever a foe advances. I am too old and fat to fight, out where the weapons rattle, but warlike odes I'll gladly write, to cheer you in the battle. Go forth, brave hearts, bold, unafraid, if there should be a riot! I'll bring you pails of lemonade whenever things are quiet.

TO KEEP US SANE

Perry Prescott Biogelman
O MY AMERICA! May God still keep thee sane!
At World at War! With armies meeting shock on shock,
With prideful legions rising, but to fall like rain,
And crashing guns that shake the mountains till they rock,
With nations hurling strength on land and sea,
We pray, O God, to Thee
To keep us sane.
While 'round us bursts the lightning is rending, searing flash
And blood, like sacred rain, deluges brother soil;
While swirls the maelstrom close with angry suck and dash,
And hot-heart, white-hot brains ferment, and seethe, and boil,
Hold thou the helm, O God of Liberty,
Till eager Peace come back to earth again
And men are brotherly
And wise and sane.
We see the marching men, the bursting, tearing shell,
The tongues of flame, the gaping wounds; we hear the cries,
The groans, the wail of babes, a sacrifice to Hell!
We see the smoking ruins making night of daylight skies,
The sad-eyed women and the rolling fields of grain,
The empty hearthstone's silent desolation,
Unuttered, stabbing pain
As compensation.
O girl, America, to play a brother's part,
The Elder Brother of the world, whose words unfold
A Wisdom for the healing of the World's bruised heart!
AMERICA! For Truth and Right be Bold!
Fling forth thy flaming sign of Stripes and Stars,
The Sign of Hope, of Christ, of Peace, of Strain-
Loss Power to Heaven's bars
And keep us sane!
Oregonian: Nearly a million feet of Oregon fir was aboard the American steamer Santiam when she got out of the Columbia river yesterday afternoon at 3:10 o'clock for San Pedro, with the only cargo of lumber to be dispatched during the day. The departure of the Santiam and the movements of other lumber carriers formed the principal activity on the water-

VICE PRESIDENT

(Continued from page one.)

in the cause of constitutional freedom. "Everywhere in America are ardent voices proclaiming the essential elements of patriotism. He who seeks out of them all to select one clear note of love for country may fail. I conceive it to be far more important to examine myself than to cross-examine another." "I have faith," he said, "that this government of ours was divinely ordained to disclose whether men are fitted by nature, or can by education be made fit for self government; to teach Jew and Greek, bondman and free, alike, the essential quality of all men before the law and to be tender and true to humanity everywhere and under all circumstances to reveal that service is the highest reward of life. I cannot believe otherwise when I read the words and recall the sacrifices of the fathers. If ours is not the golden rule of government, then Washington wrought and Lincoln died in vain."

World Moves Forward.
"I believe that the world now advancing and not retreating, is nevertheless moving forward to a far off divine event wherein the tongues of Babel will again be blended in the language of a common brotherhood; and I believe that I can reach the highest ideal of my tradition and my lineage as an American—as a man, as a citizen and as a public official—when I judge my fellow men without malice and with charity, when I worry more about my own motives than conduct of others. The time I am liable to be wholly wrong is when I know that I am absolutely right. In an individualistic republic I am the unit of patriotism and if I keep myself keyed up in union with the music of the union, my fellow men will catch the note and fall into time and step."

"I believe there is no finer form of government than the one under which we live and that I ought to be willing to live or to die, as God decrees, that it may not perish from off the earth through treachery within or through assault from without; and I believe that though my first right is to be a partisan that my first duty, when the only principles on which free government can rest are being strained, is to be a patriot and to follow in a wilderness of words that clear call which bids me guard and defend the ark of our national government."

Johnson Not Present.
The address concluded, the vice-president administered the oath to 15 new senators, and 10 senators who were re-elected. Senator-elect Hiram Johnson, of California, easily the star of the incoming senatorial delegation, did not appear. Ceremonies in the senate chamber began at 11:45 when Senator Sausbury, of Delaware, president pro tempore, assumed the chair. He was followed by senators and senators-elect who seated themselves at the left of the vice-president's desk. Speaker Clark and members and members-elect of the house then were announced after the march from the opposite end of the capitol. They found seats at the rear of the chamber.

There was no stir when a senate official with a flourish announced the ambassadors, ministers and charges of foreign embassies. **Resplendent Diplomats.** Resplendent in uniforms of many varieties and colors, the diplomats, headed by Ambassador Jusserand of France, dean of the corps, took their seats in front at the right of the vice-president's desk. Russian Ambassador Bakhmeteff and Ambassador Spring-Rice with other allied diplomats were near the head of the procession. The Teutonic diplomats were noticeably absent.

A sharp change from the splendor of the diplomats was apparent as the supreme court of the United States followed. A prayer by the senate chaplain opened the real ceremony.

Secretary of the Senate James M. Baker read the already published proclamation of the president, calling an extraordinary session of the senate and the vice-president proceeded into the chamber, escorted by the congressional committee on arrangements. He ascended immediately to the rostrum and took the oath.

Cheers Great President. The senate had risen to greet all of officials. It added cheers to its greeting when President Wilson, with his aides, entered the chamber. Both senate and gallery cheered while the president marched down the aisle to his seat on the floor of the senate, directly in front of the rostrum. He was attended by a big committee of senators and representatives.

In the same party were Chief of Staff of the Army Scott, and Admiral Benson, ranking admiral of the navy, and members of the cabinet. Marshall followed the oath taking with his inaugural address, and called to the rostrum the new and re-elected senators in alphabetical order. The new senators are:

J. O. Wolcott, Delaware; Park Trammell, Florida; Harry S. New, Indiana; Frederick Hale, Maine; Joseph G. France, Maryland; Frank B. Kellogg, Minnesota; Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, New Jersey; Andrew A. Jones, New Mexico; William M. Calder, New York; Philander C. Knox, Pennsylvania; Peter G. Perry, Rhode Island; Kenneth D. McKellar, Tennessee; William S. King, New York; Howard Sutherland, West Virginia; and John D. Kendrick, Wyoming.

Has it made good?
MANY years ago we sold our first OWL cigar. Today you can buy the OWL anywhere.

One thing must have happened during these years. The OWL must have made good. It must have made many friends.



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RENEWED TESTIMONY

No one in Salem who suffer backache, headaches, or distressing urinary ills can afford to ignore this Salem man's twice-told story. It is confirmed testimony that no Salem resident can doubt.

W. C. Johnston, 4021 Mill St., Salem, says: "I had pain in my back, across my kidneys. My back ached at night and I was lame in the morning. I tired easily and was languid and nervous. I also had headaches and dizzy spells and my sight blurred. The kidney excretions contained sediment and didn't pass often enough. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they soon relieved me. I am going to continue taking them expecting to be cured."

A Later Statement.

On April 11, 1916, Mr. Johnston said: "It has been nearly two years since I have had occasion to take a kidney medicine. I couldn't recommend anything equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for lame back and kidney disorders."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Johnston has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

MY HUSBAND AND I

Jane Phelps

A TALK WITH LEONARD

CHAPTER CLXX.

I was intensely shocked at what Clifford had tacitly admitted about his relations with Mabel Horton. While I had jealously mistrusted him, yet I was not prepared for his admission.

"It was easier than I thought, Leonard," I told him when he came in the next afternoon. He will make no trouble about Edith if I get my divorce quietly somewhere away from here, where incompatability, or some other excuse covers up the real cause."

"And you will marry me at once!" he exclaimed, joyously.

"I don't know that I shall marry you at all. Wait a minute," as he started to speak. "I want to feel perfectly free. I am not sure that I shall want to marry. I have been very unhappy more so than anyone knows. And"

"But that is just the reason you must marry me, so that I can make up to you for all you have lost," he argued.

"But can you, can anybody give me back our lost ideals; our happy carefree youth and belief in human nature?"

"I will give yours back if"

"I doubt it, Leonard."

A Promise.

"Try me and see," said he.

"I shall leave almost at once, Leonard, and I want you to make me a promise. I want you to stay away for three months. I want to be alone with Edith, and Mandy and my thoughts. Will you promise?"

"If you exact it, I must. But it will be hard, Mildred, very hard. I have loved you from the very first time I met you at Muriel's dinner. Love's without hope for years. Don't make it harder for me than you can help. You'll write to me, answer my letters, won't you?" he pleaded.

"Yes, we'll write often. That will help a lot, won't it?" I queried, trying to speak lightly.

"A crooked smile was his only answer for a minute. Then after making me promise to call on him for anything I should need he left me. I was to see him but once more, the afternoon before I left Glendale. He kissed my hands as he left, once he leaned toward me as if to kiss my face.

"Not until I am free. I am still Clifford's wife, and so long as I am I shall be true in every action."

"I beg your pardon, Mildred. I might have known, and I honor you for refusing me."

Mandy Is Told.

"Mandy I want you to pack our trunks. You, Miss Edith and myself are going away for a long time. Be sure and pack all our clothes. Put in father's and mother's pictures, and that one of himself that Mr. Hammond gave Edith on her birthday."

Mandy looked the astonishment she was too surprised to voice.

"I am going to leave Mr. Hammond for ever, Mandy, and we are going away so that I can get a divorce," I explained.

"Yassum. An' fo de Lord sakes les' us go quick! I knowed yo' would have to sum time. He's too ole fo' yo' honey, he's too ole fo' yo' young things lak yo' to mak' 'em happy not to mak' 'em sad."

"That will do Mandy. We'll say nothing unkind about Mr. Hammond. He's Edith's father and she loves him. We must be careful."

"That's so, missy Mildred, that's so! I wouldn't hurt the po' lil' lam' for anything."

"I know you wouldn't, Mandy. Now go and commence the packing. I want to leave day after tomorrow."

Now that it was decided I was in a very fever of unrest to get away. I wrote to Edith and Zena explaining my reasons as well as I was able, trying to be as kind to Clifford as possible, and putting all the trouble on the great disparity in our ages.

"We have had no quarrel," I wrote, "and are parting sensibly, because it is, or seems the best thing to do."

(Tomorrow—The Break.)

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