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UNION LABOR MAKING ITS BED

Union labor at a meeting in Portland recently sang America and this while indulging in a strike that is tying up all the shipyards at that point. Now if these same singers will make their conduct square with the sentiment of the song, Portland's strike troubles will soon be ended and instead of singing their patriotism the workers will be playing its music with hammer and saw, and willing hands will keep all the instruments of shipbuilding playing a perfect accompaniment. Lip patriotism is too much like lip service to pass muster these days. President Wilson has made a personal appeal to the strikers to return to work, promising a speedy settlement of the dispute, and that whatever settlement is made shall date as of, as we remember it, July 30. However the date is immaterial as it is the intent to make the agreement date from the time labor consents to abide by it. The employers have stated they are willing to accept any agreement the government may make. If the strikers want to play fair they will make the same pledge. The government's greatest need just now is ships, and the only way to get them is to build them. There are none to be purchased anywhere. Without them the war cannot be won. Is American labor to remain idle wasting time over the question of open or closed shops? Does the patriotism of the American worker end in loyalty to his union? Outside the question of patriotism there is another which organized labor will do well to consider, and that is public sentiment. Heretofore this has generally been with organized labor in its efforts to better the condition of workingmen generally. Because of this has won many things for which it battled. Its course in the present strike is driving its friends away from it daily by the thousands. Public sentiment is against the strike, and it cannot win. It can, however, give union labor a set back from which it will never recover. A month's continuance of the shipyard strikes and Union labor can count its friends by enumerating its membership roll. The government is going to build ships and if it cannot do so peacefully it will find a way. Union labor is missing the greatest opportunity of its existence to make friends that will remain such. The opportunity to make enemies who will stay such, is just as good. Which course does Union labor think the better one? Which result does it desire to accomplish?

The appointment of Clyde Aitcheson to be interstate commerce commissioner is pleasing to the republican politicians who are extremely anxious to see a "non-partisanship" in national administration—so far as the distribution of offices is concerned. The Oregonian even tells us that Senator McNary—filling a place to which a democrat was elected—"exerted his influence" in behalf of Aitcheson and is much pleased over the appointment. Meanwhile, here in Oregon, not even a day laborer is appointed about any institution unless he can show straight republican credentials and swears allegiance to the governor. Non partisan school boards have been made partisan and the state fair board is a political machine as dyed-in-the-wool as the state highway commission and other arms of the government. Oregon republican politicians are non-partisan with a vengeance, however, when it comes to the distribution of federal patronage.

Such news as is given the public concerning the I. W. W.'s these days fails to mention their gathering any place as they did a short time ago. Instead they are taking exactly the opposite course and are getting as far apart as possible. Many are skipping to Canada seeking a cooler climate since Uncle Sam began making it warm for them.

Those who remember the Haywood trial for the murder of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, will shed no tears on learning he is again in the toils and stands a very good chance of doing considerable service for the government in an humble capacity at some state prison.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

SHOULD USE OREGON WATER POWER

But a few days ago a corporation was formed in this state with a capital of one million dollars for the purpose of making nitrates from the air. Its place of business is Bend on the Deschutes river where there is an abundant water power. The amount of the capital indicates the industry will be begun on a large scale. It is something the government should have gone into long ago, and it no doubt would have done so had not a lot of little pinheaded politicians in congress wanted to get the plants located, not where water power was abundant and cheap, but where some of their constituents would get a rake off for some dinky little water rights on Peewee creek. If some of the restrictions on the use of water now running to waste here in Oregon were removed and the government would give some assurance that the companies would be protected and their plants taken over by the government at the end of the war, if the government itself did not want to go into the business now, a dozen such companies as that at Bend would soon be operating. The way to conserve water is to use it. When it has passed down the mountains and reached the sea, not even Secretary Lane can bring it back, nor can he use it. It is a dead waste, doing not even the Hon. Pinchot any good other than to help keep him in the limelight.

The appointment of Clyde B. Aitcheson to the interstate commerce commission meets the hearty approval of all who are at all familiar with his work as state railroad commissioner of Oregon. He is an indefatigable worker, a lawyer, and has given the subject of rates as well as all other matters coming, or liable to come before the railroad, profound study. There is perhaps in the United States no man better fitted by his natural abilities and his study of the subject, for the place. Oregon regretted his leaving the state's employment but is satisfied in that the federal government has secured his services and the whole people will get the benefit of his superior management. There was considerable room for improvement in the interstate commission and Uncle Samuel has made it.

For years republican national administrations promised continually to do something for the farmer—but never got beyond the promise stage. In direct contrast President Wilson in one four year term enacted a rural credits law, which has already enabled farmers to borrow many millions of dollars at such a low rate of interest that 6 per cent paid annually will keep up the interest and also pay the principal at the end of 36 years. Although republican campaigners for Hughes in the West, notably Senator Jones, of Washington, ridiculed the rural credits law, the branch bank in the senator's own state (at Spokane) has in his past six months loaned the farmers of the Northwest over \$11,000,000. Naturally a good many farmers got their eyes opened last election and voted for Wilson for re-election—and a much larger number will change politics when they have another opportunity to vote.

There was one feature of last year's state fair that being absent this, was sadly missed; and that was the Sagebrush band of little folks from Harney county. If it is any satisfaction to the youngsters to know they were missed they can rest assured that they were, for there were many mentions of them made by visitors. Maybe they can come again next year, but come to think of it will have to be another bunch, for two years makes considerable difference to young folks. It won't be long until these same youngsters will be able to send their own little ones down, coming along for old time sake.

The strike at San Francisco is settled and the shipyards are running again. The strike at Portland, it is claimed, will end within the week. It is surely hoped so.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FOLLOWING ADVICE



WALT MASON

Last spring wise people came around and said it was my duty to plant to spuds my garden ground, foregoing things of beauty. I'm fond of flowers and lovely buds, with care I grow and treat them, and I have not much use for spuds, excepting when I eat them. But then the sages came along, with taunting sneers and joshes, and said my beds of flowers were wrong, I should be raising squashes. The country needed sifted peas and other wholesome rations, not columbines and things like these, to feed the fighting nations. And so I planted peas and beans, uprooted all my lillies, and raised a thousand tons of greens, and now I have the willies. For no one seems to want the truck I raised with so much ardor; no man will blow a single buck to fill with it his larder. My neighbors all have done the same, great piles of fodder growing; the wise guys steered them to the game, just as they set me going. No nation comes to buy my sass, no king or queen has rubbered and priced my peas or sparrowgrass, my squashes, plain or Hubbard. So I lament my roses dead, my cup of sorrow drinking; next year the nations will be fed by someone else, I'm thinking.

The Daily Novelette

BACK TO LIFE.

"Ah," exclaimed Dr. Everglades, rubbing his hands, "he's coming out of the spindrin gas splendidly! The light of intelligent recognition is in his eyes, gentlemen—I feel that the operation has been successful."

The doctors in the encircling seats, for whose instruction the great Everglades had undertaken the delicate and extremely hazardous operation of removing a portion of Apfel Strudel's wuxpannum and sewing it to his twid-jix, leaned forward breathlessly as Apfel Strudel sat up on the operating table and looked about him dazedly. For six years a victim of aphasia, his memory had been completely gone.

"Who—where am I?" he murmured jaxtrously.

"You are Apfel Strudel, Apfel Strudel, Apfel Strudel," Dr. Everglades pronounced slowly and distinctly. "You have been operated upon because you completely forgot your name, the members of your family, and everything about yourself except your meal times."

Apfel Strudel nodded vaguely.

"That's so—I'm Apfel Strudel—Apfel Twoberry Strudel. And you say I have a family?"

"You have a wife," replied Dr. Everglades. "Don't you remember her name is Henrietta and she weighs 300 pounds. And you have eleven children that you can now begin to support again, and a mother-in-law."

Apfel Strudel's face lighted up with complete recognition, and then darkened like a thunder cloud.

"And I had the good luck to forget, and you deliberately dragged me back again! Take that—and that—and that!"

And leaping up he seized the operating table, and broke it in a hundred pieces over the great doctor's head, and fled out into the night never to return, clad only in his operating sheet.

DEATH OF MRS. BEEBE

A wave of grief sorrow passed over this community upon receipt of the news Tuesday that Mrs. George Beebe had passed away at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of that day at the Good Samaritan hospital, Portland, after an operation. Mrs. Beebe had recently returned from the hospital, where she had been operated on before, and had arrived home apparently much improved, but Monday she was again attacked with illness. Dr. Weaver of Hubbard was called in, and she was taken by auto back to the Good Samaritan hospital accompanied by the doctor, her husband and daughter. The remains were brought to Woodburn yesterday afternoon. Funeral services will be held in the Masonic Temple this Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock under the auspices of the Order of the Eastern Star. Interment will be in the family plot at Hubbard cemetery.

Mary Emeline Grim was a daughter of pioneers, the late John and Frances Emeline Grim, and was born on the Grim homestead near Hubbard on May 11, 1858. On December 26, 1887, she married George H. Beebe and they lived for many years in Hubbard, where Mr. Beebe was in business and was postmaster for awhile. In 1901 they moved to Woodburn, where they also engaged in business and Mr. Beebe was mayor of the city in 1905, at present being the city recorder. Two children were born to this union, Seth and Lois Beebe, the former having recently enlisted in the ambulance corps and went to American Lake, coming on Sunday informed of the death of the mother, the children idolized—Woodburn Independent.

And now, aren't you ashamed that you roasted the "state fair weather?"

And He Did

NOW, WILLIE, TAKE YOUR BALL OUT IN THE YARD AND PLAY!



AND HE DID—



DEATH OF HUGH McCULLOUGH

Hugh McCullough died at his home in this city last Sunday morning, Sept. 23, at twenty minutes to three o'clock, aged 79 years.

Deceased was a native of Ireland and was born in County Down in March 1838. He married Miss Eliza McDonald in Ireland and from this union were born 14 children, six of whom with the wife survive him—Francis D. McCullough, Portland; William H. McCullough, Paso, Texas; Mrs. Lizzie Jennings, Kit Carson, Colo.; Rebecca, Nathan J. and Arthur D., at home. All of these children were born in Ireland but the last, who was born in America.

Mrs. and Mr. McCullough came to America with their children in 1880, locating first in Philadelphia, where they resided one year. They then lived at Tabor, Iowa, one year; Dawson county, Neb., 10 years; Goldendale, Wash., 5 years; near Woodburn, one year; in California, one year; Portland 7 years, and in Woodburn since 1914 to the time of his demise—Woodburn Independent.

DEATH OF MRS. ROGERS

Mrs. Melinda A. Rogers, for the past seven years a resident of Silverton, passed away peacefully at the home of her son, C. W. Rogers, on Coolidge street Saturday night, September 22.

Mrs. Rogers had been a patient in invalid for many years, having suffered a stroke of paralysis a number of years ago which since had rendered her almost helpless. During these years she has been lovingly cared for by her children, who endeavored to make her last years happy.

Mrs. Rogers was a loyal Christian woman, a good mother and was fully prepared and longed to be called home. She leaves two children, Mrs. H. L. Ford of LaGrande, Oregon, and C. W. Rogers of this city—Silverton Appeal.

OLD TIMER AT BUTTE

Butte, Mont., Oct. 1.—David B. Weaver of Saxton, Pa., a member of the party of men who discovered the first gold in Montana in 1858, is here today to attend the dedication of a monument on Gold creek October 6 to commemorate the discovery.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS
UNWELCOME NEWS

CHAPTER XIX.

We didn't reach home until after eleven o'clock. We had a little trouble which took some time to straighten out. So when we arrived at the apartment Bob proposed that Tom and Elsie come in and see what we could find for supper.

"There won't be very much," I said ungraciously. "Della went home over Sunday. I wanted Bob to myself. I had shared him long enough."

"Trust you for finding something nice!" Bob said heartily.

"I do my best," I returned, conciliated by his tone, and the implied confidence in my ability.

I did manage to get up quite a respectable supper. It was after twelve when Tom and Elsie left. As they were going to bed I said to Bob:

"You had an awfully good time didn't you?"

"Yes, and I expect to have a few more before cold weather sets in."

"Why, what do you mean? You know father and mother come in town this week. The house will be closed until next summer."

I know, but there are other places a fellow can put up. The club, or an hotel.

"I don't understand," I returned, my heart sinking unaccountably at his manner more than at his words.

"If October is a pleasant month we can still have three or four more Sundays of play."

"What do you mean? Play what, and where?"

"Golf and tennis, of course. And at the usual places. Tom and Elmer Root and I were planning yesterday on our way up town. The three of us will go down either Friday or Saturday night, stay until Sunday night. We can always pick some chap to make a foursome."

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You visit a Doctor of Vocations, who analyzes you, your business, discovers your ailments, tells you what is wrong and proceeds to assist you in applying the REMEDY.

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The answer unhesitatingly is "yes." I can tell you after a consultation (which is based on definitely scientific principles) just what line of work, professional, mechanical or commercial you should undertake as a LIFE VOCATION.

Would you consider a physician presumptuous, who after an examination, told you the condition of your stomach?

You would not of course, for while you are the owner of the stomach and are better acquainted with the conditions surrounding it, still the physician has made more of a detailed study of the matter and is therefore better qualified to give an opinion and effect a cure.

So, I have made a careful study of people and vocations and am in a better position to help you than you are to help yourself.

My office at Room 2, Salem Commercial Club, will be open for business from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. My fee is small. You are invited to call.

JAMES M. HEADY,
Doctor of Vocations.

PORTLAND PRIZE FIGHT

Portland, Or., Sept. 29.—Joe Benjamin and Lloyd Madden fought through six fast rounds here last night to a draw. Referee Jack Gray stopped a fight between Charlie Mout of Oakland and Charley Davidson of Seattle in the sixth, giving the decision to Mout.