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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

RAILROADS KILL OUR INDUSTRIES

Transcontinental railroads are seeking to raise the rate on bottles shipped into Salem. This might look like a small matter to some communities but locally it is one of the biggest questions confronting us. It strikes at the big fruit juice industries which have been established here and buy in the East many carloads of bottles, so many carloads that the figures would look unreasonably large if compiled and given out. Raising the freight rate means an added hardship for industries struggling to gain a profitable foothold in the commercial world. It is a serious question, indeed.

Why the railroads should invariably seek to throttle all enterprise and industry throughout the Northwest seems strange to the average man, but it is most assuredly the case. The lumber industry has suffered repeatedly from the deadly thrusts of the railroad rate men who always seem to want all the traffic will bear and press the limit a little in order that nothing may escape them that might be extorted from the millman and manufacturer. Instead of encouraging industries that in due time would bring them additional business if successful they take all the profits and more, too, for carrying goods to market, or the raw material to the factory, and the result is inevitable failure.

Why this short sighted policy is adhered to is not easily explained but it is religiously pursued and the Salem bottle case is an example of it.

If the kaiser wins the war there will be no republican party in this country, as Chas. E. Hughes has pertinently remarked. That view of the situation ought to induce more republican leaders and newspaper editors to get into line with Former President Taft and Elihu Root, quitting about the administration and kicking about everything and boost for the United States of America. That will help a whole lot to save the nation and go a long way toward preserving the republican party. If the movement to place party above country is persisted in there will be only a few sad remnants of the g. o. p. left when the war is over—for the great mass of the voters of all parties are loyal and will stand for no copperheads in times like the present.

The proposed starch factory is one of the most practical moves set afoot in the valley for a long time. It means the establishment of an industry that will make a regular market for potato growers which will protect them from complete loss in the years when low prices prevail. It means also exporting less of the raw material and more of the finished product. The great need of the valley is factories to work up our raw material and consume our products, keeping here the labor cost of manufacturing and distributing it among our working people. More money will come into the community if a large part of the potato crop is shipped out in the form of starch than is received for it now.

Louis J. Simpson, the leading businessman and booster of Coos Bay, has thrown his hat into the ring and is now a sure-enough candidate for the republican nomination for governor. He is an active, energetic and successful businessman and has one splendid recommendation to public consideration--his home people are almost unanimously for him and think he would make the best governor the state ever had. A man who has the fullest confidence of those who know him best is usually a good man to trust in any position.

General Bonchbruneyevitch is commanding the Russian army according to the dispatches today. That name reinforced with some barbed wire entanglements ought to stop even Hindenburg's legions.

The spectacle of Germany forcing peace upon the Russians with fire and sword only shows, we presume, that the Prussian militarists love peace so dearly that they are willing to fight for it.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

On February 7th we received balance of Liberty Loan Bonds
Now prepared to make deliveries to those buying them.

CIVIL SERVICE TYRANNY

Federal employes at Washington are opposed to the eight-hour day. They are fighting the Borland bill very vindictively and abusing the author of the measure as well as everybody favoring it. They only work seven hours a day now and get thirty days vacation every summer on full pay; naturally they dislike to see any law enacted that will compel them to earn the pay they draw from the government.

The opposition to the Barland bill is one of the fruits of the civil service system which in time will give the people of this country a great deal of trouble. Civil service tenure of office is tending to build up a strong and insolent class of life-time office-holders, who frequently neglect to treat the public courteously and make little effort to earn their salaries--because they have life jobs, no matter which political party is in power. There is in the country now a vast and growing army of civil service employes who all but defy the government and the people because they are so strongly entrenched in their positions.

Some day the people of the United States--the plain people--are going to revolt against this civil service tyranny and wipe it out of existence. They are going to demand that the office holder serve the public and make an honest effort to earn his salary or get down and out and give place to some one who will do it.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FEBRUARY

The second month of this year is with us, gentle reader, reminding us that winter drear will soon be a seceder. The month itself is rather punk, with misfit brands of weather, with snow and sleet and kindred junk, and winds that shriek together. But let it whoop and yawp and bawl, we won't be greatly worried, for it's the briefest month of all--short horses are soon curried. And when it goes to hit the straw, comes spring, with buds and roses, when we'll no longer need to thaw our frozen knees and noses! So when the rude and raucous blast in maudlin fury chills you, and when the sleet storm, driving past, dismays and almost kills you, remember winter's on the wane, it is his parting flurry; spring's coming, mild and safe and sane, and you should cut out worry. Spring's coming with its birds and bees, and babbling brooks and chiggers, and how we'll welcome things like these, worn out by winter's rigors! Spring's coming with the sounds and scents that soothe the jaded spirit, and I much doubt if there are gent's who won't applaud and cheer it.



WALT MASON

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, mucous discharge, headache, dizziness--struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone. Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head, soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.

The Daily Novelette

THE MIGHTY KIOWA.

Big Kiowa, chief of all the Apaches, called "Copperjaw"; "Son of the Sun"; "Squatting Father of all the Squaws"; "Friend of the Fish"; "Lighter of the Moon"; "Protector of the Papoose"; "The Mighty Talker"; etc., was greatly loved by his people.

For, had not their beloved Chief been spokesman for them when the great white fathers had distributed their own land among them! Had he not, thinking only of the welfare of his people, wisely chosen the richest land for them with the biggest slice for himself? Had he not chosen the land with the greatest number of oil-wells, which made them all wealthy and gave them wonderful wigwags that were lighted within with the magic spirits of the white man, "electricity"? And were not these wigwags warmed with the queer white fire called "steam"?

Truly the mighty Chief had done great deeds for these, his people. But big Chief Kiowa sat upon a pile of broom corn outside his palatial wigwag in his beloved land of Oklahoma, and large wet tears dropped off his stolid cheeks. "Oh, great red Chief, hello!" greeted Mrs. Eliza Squawk, wife of a rich squatter nearby. "How-ee-oo-la," (good morning), said

the big Chief. "Yes, it is," replied Mrs. Squawk. "I hope it gets warmer, though. But why weepst thou, oh Chief?" she asked.

"Atoka-cuddle-choteau," (I am very sad), replied the great Chief. "But there's no reason for the weeps. Can't I bring you a wampum sandwich to cheer you up?" she asked, "or a few drops of fire water?"

"Naw-naw!" replied the Chief. "How about some coconuts, dressed with pickled alfalfa salad, heh?"

"Naw-naw! Cherokee-chitocco-ol-rin-oo," (I am traveling in evil luck), answered the Chief.

"I guess you do see wild beasts like that from trains. Still, why the weeps?" again asked Mrs. Squawk. "Then in an unusual burst of confidence and tears, Chief Kiowa gave vent to his long pent-up feelings. "Kotche-chee-koo--wawk-whootchee," (Big Chief Bender, the pitcher of the white man's baseball, is getting \$20,000 a day from his mighty oil wells while I, the greatest chief since Mivne-wathia, father of the mighty Squawks, am only getting \$19,000 a day. Ugh--ugh!" complained the poor Chief.

DON'T SUFFER WITH NEURALGIA

Use Soothing Musterole

When those sharp pains go shooting through your head, when your skull seems as if it would split, just rub a little Musterole on your temples and neck. It draws out the inflammation, soothes away the pain, usually giving quick relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister. Many doctors and nurses frankly recommend Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet--colts of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). It is always dependable.

30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Mrs. Etta Dorion, of Ogdensburg, Wis., says:

"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

How Mrs. Boyd Avoided an Operation.

Canton, Ohio.--"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well.

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."--Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.



Every Sick Woman Should Try
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
Before Submitting To An Operation
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

MIXED REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER X.

As we turned toward home I forgot the man who had reminded me of George. It was silly. He never would be up-town to a fashionable restaurant in the middle of the day. But I did not forget Merton Gray, nor the look of admiration I had seen in his eyes. He was young too. Perhaps he would be more tolerant of mistakes, my mistakes, than George's older friends. He was nice-looking, too. He was tall and dark and slender. There was none of the affection of dress of the usual artist. He looked--well, like my brothers, and the boys at home would look if they were dressed in the fashionable garments he wore. I was sure I should like him. I liked his name, too. "Merton." It was different, and some way seemed to suit him.

Then my glance fell on the books. Why had I brought home so many books? I had bought them. He would know that at the end of the month when the bill came in. But should I wait until then and let him find it out that way, or tell him now? I was becoming so afraid of doing the wrong thing--of annoying him--that I hesitated over the simplest matters. I was fast losing all initiative; fast having all individuality absorbed because of my anxiety to please my husband.

I had been pained as a child over my purchase; over the thought that compelled it. But now I was calmed and frightened. Had I again done something I should not? Surely Mrs. Loring had some reason for her merriment.

Books on Etiquette Prove an Annoyance

Then I thought of what I had said about Merton Gray, at which she had again laughed. I had said that he did not look at all like a famous person. I really had meant it as a compliment; but she had seemed to think it was something funny, to be laughed at. If she repeated it to him would he also feel in the same way? Or, the thought that I had belittled him! Oh, dear, I sighed, would I ever learn! And was life worth living when one had to be so particular what one said and did?

When we reached home, instead of carrying the books into the library, the natural place, I had Annie take them into the guest room. I had not decided what to do about telling George; and he wouldn't see them in there.

All the afternoon I pored over their contents. I read so many rules for behavior, so many silly--so it seemed to me--directions how one should act, that by the time I dressed for dinner my mind was in a whirl. On the morrow I would take only one subject, and try and find out all there was to learn of it before I proceeded to another. In that way I could remember what I read.

I wanted to be "good form" as George called it. Wanted to be his sake, more than for my own.

Dinner was ready when he came in. So we had no time to talk until we met at the table.

A Dinner Table Conversation.

"How's your arm?" was his first question. "Fine! and oh, George! I saw Mrs. Loring today, I took her to the Elite Restaurant in the car. She had an engagement there." I could not fail to notice the start he gave, but I was so interested in what I had to tell him

that I went right on talking. "and she said you had accepted an engagement to dinner for a week from tonight; and she introduced me to a Mr. Gray, Merton Gray, an artist who is to be there, and--"

"Where did you see Gray?" he interrupted.

"In the street. She called to him, to find out if he had an engagement for that night. And George it isn't to be a big party, there are to be only twelve people."

"That's quite a good sized dinner party," he said dryly.

"She told Mr. Gray we were going and he seemed quite pleased. Do you know him well?"

"Fairly. He goes with a younger set usually. But he is an addition to a dinner party--at least the women seem to think so. What else did you do? You seem to have had rather an exciting day as far as I can judge."

"Should I tell him about the books? I decided not to; but I felt guilty."

"Oh, nothing. I came right home after I left her at the restaurant."

"You will need a new dress for that dinner. Go to Mercedes and order one. Better order another white one to take the place of the one spoiled the night you cut your arm."

"All right. I wish you would go with me."

"I will for the fitting. They may take advantage of your ignorance and not do good work."

(Tomorrow--Happy--Reprises.)

German-American Paper Defies City Ordinance

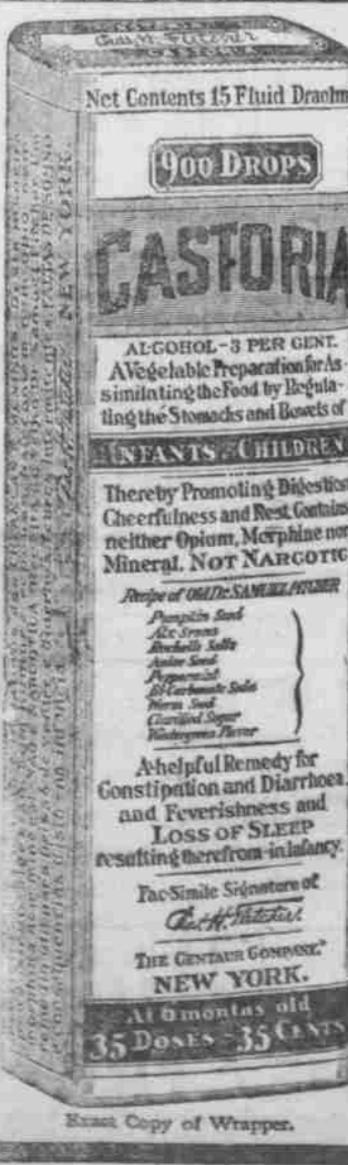
Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 21.--English translations of German articles in adjoining columns will not be published by "Germania," local German daily, according to Max E. Socha, its editor. This will not be done unless a law is passed by congress compelling such action, the editors say.

"The city council has no power to enforce its demands that we publish in our paper English translations. We file our translations of every article published in German with the postmas-

About Constipation

Certain articles of diet tend to check movements of the bowels. The most common of these are cheese, tea and boiled milk. On the other hand raw fruits, especially apples and bananas, also Graham bread and whole wheat bread promote a movement of the bowels. When the bowels are badly constipated, however, the sure way is to take one or two of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper.

ter, the department of justice and officials in Washington. This is all that is required of us."



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Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY