

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 S. Commercial St. OREGON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, by Carrier, per year	\$5.00	Per Month	45c
Daily by Mail, per year	\$3.00	Per Month	35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, Peoples Gas Building

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

FRANCE'S GRAND OLD MAN.

The story of Clemenceau is the story of a fighter as well as a clever diplomat. He is the original old French political warhorse, and the clash of combat is pleasant to his ear.

Now, at the age of 77, he is fighting as bravely and gloriously for the rights of the French people as though he were a young soldier entering his first battle.

Like all strong men, he made fast friends and bitter enemies.

Forty-eight years ago, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, he was sent to Metz as one of the French delegates for concluding the treaty with Germany. When the cession of Alsace-Lorraine was proposed he roared with indignation and refused to sign the treaty, declaring: "Men cannot be sold as slaves in Africa, nor sold as serfs in Russia, nor delivered like cattle into the hands of Bismarck." In the face of disapproval and personal risk he stuck to his point, though he lost it, and with it much of his prestige.

He has lived to see everything he protested returned to France, and returned on exactly the same ground that he was laughed out of power for maintaining--the right of a people to self determination.

He has put heart and soul into his leadership in this war. He has visited the front trenches in the cold and snow, and worked with private soldiers in the ranks. He has kept in daily touch with the army heads. He has cheered and roused the people of France when all their hope had fled. Now, as presiding officer of the peace conference, he is reaping the reward of victory for France and the world.

All honor to Ole Hanson, mayor of Seattle! Of Scandinavian descent, he is an American of Americans, as his conduct as Seattle's mayor during an emergency proves unquestionably. And while we have Ole for the text we want to take the occasion to say that Scandinavian immigrants to this country, Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, seldom fail to make good citizens. They learn our language in a hurry, get to work without delay, go into politics and the first thing we know are running the country, and doing it a whole lot better than we native-born Americans could do it ourselves. Ole Hanson is a pretty fair sample of his race.

The legislators have gone to Corvallis to inspect the O. A. C. But we'll bet Kerr's salary--the biggest single thing over there--will never even get the once over.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

POST MORTEM.

Men skimp and save until the grave has got them in its keeping; they plant and sow in toil and weep for heirs' and lawyers' reaping. "I can't afford to step aboard a ship and visit Parry," says Farmer Jones, who has more bones than any man could carry. "I'd like to see the world," says he, "I'd like full well to travel; but saving dimes for wintry times just keeps me scratching gravel." Some day he dies, worn out he lies, by hard work beaten under; and lawyers stand on every hand and look around for plunder. He's left his wad and gone abroad across the silent waters; and every bone he had is blown by spend-thrift sons and daughters. For bonds and stocks and dust and rocks a dead man has no vision; no passing soul can take a roll into the fields Elysian. We live but once and he's a dunce who gets no fun from living, who always saves and never craves the joy of spending, giving. The wise man salts in fireproof vaults a portion of his treasure, then takes the rest and goes a-quest for eighteen kinds of pleasure. He puts a plunk in his tin trunk, then takes another dollar and paints the town a reddish brown and makes the peelers holler.

IDEALISTIC KAISERDOM.

Here is a telegram that the "People's Party", representing the German Junkers, sent to the former kaiser, on his sixtieth birthday:

"We gratefully appreciate the work which your majesty has done for the German Empire and the German people during more than thirty years. We heartily wish your majesty peace for the rest of your life and beg to assure you that millions of Germans who will live with us under new conditions and a new basis of state and life, reverence the monarchist idea and will repel every unworthy estrangement from the high ideal of German kaiserdom and Prussian kingship."

Who would have supposed, in this unsophisticated land, that there remained anybody in the world capable still of reverencing the Hohenzollern idea and speaking seriously of "the high ideal of German kaiserdom?"

These are the Teutonic Bourbons. They "learn nothing and forget nothing." Fortunately for Germany, they are now powerless to do anything but talk, and when they do that they make such fools of themselves that their utterances are worthless even for propaganda purposes.

One by one the consolidation bills are being killed in the legislature. About the end of the session, however, a resolution will be passed authorizing the appointment of a committee to investigate the feasibility of consolidating the various state commissions, and report two years hence. That has been the regular program for several sessions past--and not a single state commission has been abolished and there has been no consolidation of those departments which are more ornamental than useful and expensive besides.

The Capital Journal received this week a shipment of news print from the Oregon City mills by boat on which the freight and handling charges were about \$75 less than it would have been over the railroad. This incident illustrates the benefit of river transportation to a community.

You ought to go to the auto show.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

THE GLAMOUR OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

CHAPTER II.

Neil Forbes was a college graduate. That too was another attraction to me. High school had been all possible for me, and for most boys and girls of the town. One or two of the boys had gone away to work their way through college, but never had returned to their home town. So Neil was the first college man with whom I had come in contact.

He had been graduated about a year. He was just twenty-seven the spring he came to Huntington. He was working in an engineer's office in New York. His father was dead, but he had a mother and two sisters in Canada. Of course he didn't tell all this the first time I met him, but gradually as we became better acquainted.

His vacation lasted a month. We got up picnics and did all the things small town people, without much money, can do to entertain a visitor. He taught me to play tennis; but I beat him always at croquet. The time fairly melted away. I never had been so happy in my life as I had been since Neil came to visit his aunt. It had soon become "Neil" and "Neil" with us. And he spent almost as much time at our house as he did with his aunt.

Neil admired everything in the town. He often said how restful it was after the bustle and bustle of the city; and he thought the trees and flowers wonderful. When we told him that a place like ours could be rented for about fifteen dollars a month, he said one couldn't get a single room for that in New York. That such a home was out of the reach of all but millionaires. It made me quite proud of my home when he talked that way.

His aunt told mother in confidence--they didn't know I was where I could hear--that Neil was getting a hundred dollar a week in the office, and that he was expecting a raise. A hundred dollars seemed a fortune to me. It didn't need mother's surprised exclamation to make me fairly gasp. Why, no young man in Huntington ever earned as much as that. I doubted if more than two or three of the men in town had more than that to spend--men with families. It gave Neil an added interest in my eyes. Not that I consciously liked him any better because of his riches--as such an income seemed to me. But it proved his ability.

Neil was a happy natured fellow, always joking and smiling. He was tall, straight, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, although no one could speak of him as "thin." He had dark brown hair and laughing eyes. He dressed well, and was thoroughly well groomed. Is it any wonder that I should have loved him almost from the beginning? And that my dreams were colorful because of the part he played in them?

Now that I have told you how Neil looked, I suppose I should try and describe myself, Barbara Hill. Well, I was neither tall nor short. I was very light with almost gold-colored hair, but instead of the blue eyes that usually go with such hair, I had deep violet eyes. I had a good complexion, and for

the rest a nose, eyes and mouth like other girls. Altho Neil said I had the sweetest mouth he ever saw. But that was because I had dimples in the corners.

When Neil told me he must go the next day--he had already overstayed his time and could not go to Canada for a few days, as he had intended--I cried all night long. Then it took me an hour in the morning to remove the traces of my tears.

We spent that last morning together, wandering thru a little wood near the house, and sitting on a log where we had often sat and talked of different things--Neil doing most of the talking. Somehow I felt my lack of knowledge when with him, altho he never in any way obtruded the fact of his better education.

"I shall miss you, all," he had said, digging his stick in the soft moss at our feet.

"And I shall miss you," my voice trembled.

"Shall you really, Bab?" then he put his arm around my waist and kissed me on my cheek. "Will you answer my letters if I write you?"

"Indeed I shall." I returned as brightly as I could; yet with a queer little feeling of disappointment that he hadn't said more.

Tomorrow--A Kiss Meant Much to a Country Girl.

BIG CONSOLIDATION

(Continued from page one)

house rules, and others insisting that the house could control itself. Speaker Seymour Jones finally ruled that the members had a right to say whether the roll call should be dispensed with and that the house had a right to vote when it wanted to providing a quorum was present. An 49 of the 60 members were there and more than anxious to give the consolidation bill a final knock out, the speaker finally, after about two hours of wrangling, called for a vote as to whether the bill for creating a department of agriculture should be definitely postponed.

And it was with smiles and congratulations that members of the house most emphatically went on record as opposed to abolishing state jobs and as opposed to the proposed consolidation measures. It is conceded that with the showing made, not even a funeral will be necessary for the other consolidation bills. They are already dead and buried.

This most remarkable remedy cures the stomach to act naturally and keeps the bowels open. It is purely vegetable, producing only highly beneficial results.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Remedy. Absolutely harmless--complete formula on every bottle--only very best ingredients used. At all druggists.

Open Forum

ARE WE WAGGING OR BEING WAGGED?

To the Editor: Dairymen are very much concerned over the freakish market conditions that recently caused a drop of 20 cents in the price of butterfat in a week. The thing that disturbs the farmer's peace of mind is the fact that feed cost has not been reduced. Feed is the highest in history and it will be two months before relief can be had.

Turning to the probable causes that lead to such an unprecedented drop in the market, we are reminded of the remark made by a Washington county dairyman recently when he said: "The mil wags the dog, and it is making the dog sick. Why don't the dog buck up and make the tail wag?" He stated the case exactly. This whole dairy industry has been wagged about by the tail end. Over in Tillamook county where the dairymen have a perfect marketing organization within themselves the reverse is true. There the dog wags the tail as the dog creator intended that he should. Nothing illustrates this better than the mere fact that the price of Tillamook cheese raised two cents during the same period that butterfat in Portland dropped 20 cents.

Consumers are naturally glad to see the price of something drop. Butter has taken the lead and if every other commodity followed in equal proportion there could be little complaint. Such, however, is not the case. From December 20 to January 25 milk feed raised from \$32.10 to \$49, or 52 per cent. The evidence brought out at the milk commission's hearing in the fall showed that at the prices then prevailing dairy men were not getting cost of production the reader can imagine how painful it must be to the dairymen to be wagged about by the tail end of the industry, with the above results.

To produce at such a loss as the dairymen are now facing is ruinous. No other industry could absorb such a loss. The dairyman absorbs it by working longer hours, by working every member of the family long hours without compensation, and by disregarding interest on investment.

Relief is possible here and elsewhere as it was made possible in Tillamook--by organization. The Oregon Dairyman League provides such an organization. It has already produced results in the market milk situation. The machinery is in motion and its remains for the dairymen to demonstrate their ability to organize sufficiently to demand fair play.

If dairymen are prosperous all the numerous lines dependent upon it will prosper. The league deserves the moral support of every citizen of Oregon. May we have it!

OREGON DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE.

FIGHT AGAINST

(Continued from page one)

with them." The four bills to be reported out Monday afternoon are senate bills 67, 68, 69 and 95.

Senate bills 67 and 68, introduced by Senators Lachmund and Thomas are the ones causing the patented paving concerns the most worry. They are the bills which Mr. Hill insisted would drive the patented pavements from Oregon.

Senate bill 67 relates to specifications and provides that whenever the state or county contemplates laying a patented pavement there must also be specified in competition with the patented pavement at least one kind of non-patented pavement of similar characteristics.

The bid also provides that when any patentee or his agent, submits a bid for the laying of a patented pavement the bid must clearly specify the portion and amount of the bid representing royalty of license fee and the portion and amount representing cost of materials, labor, machinery, profit and other items relevant to the actual performance of the work.

Senate bill 68 provides that prior to the calling of bids by any public official for highway improvement there shall be filed with the proper public official a declaration from the patentee setting forth the terms, fees, price, royalties and conditions under which the patented material or mixture may be used by any contractor bidding on the job.

HARD SURFACE ROADS

(Continued from page one)

In this project the plan is to distribute the money over the greatest mileage of feeder roads.

In order to crystallize sentiment on this question it was arranged yesterday to call a mass meeting of citizens and farmers to be held in the Commercial club rooms on Saturday afternoon, February 15th. Manager Chapman of the club, has mailed out a circular letter to leading citizens in all parts of the county, calling attention to the fact that one of the greatest problems is now confronting the people in the matter of improved highways. Deeming it advisable to get an expression of opinion from the greatest number of citizens, he urges every interested man to be present and to ready to give his views. This meeting will decide the question whether or not the matter will be brought before the voters in a special election. It is believed there has been a vast change of sentiment in the matter of road improvement since the advent of the automobile and truck into the rural districts.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL DAY IS SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH



Roosevelt, the Citizen, amid America's rugged grandeur, Posomite. This photo was made in the spring of 1903.

MAYOR HANSON

A few municipal cars were running under guard.

Latest advices received by Police Chief Warren were that Mayor Hanson, commander of the western department of the army, who will be in charge of troops here under discretionary power, would arrive in Seattle at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Chief Warren stated that General Morrison would at once take charge of 500 soldiers who had arrived at Fort Lawton from Camp Lewis earlier in the day.

There was difficulty in determining to what extent traffic had been resumed on the municipal streetcar line. At 11 a. m. Thomas Murphine, superintendent of public utilities, said six cars were operating on the city lines and that each had two soldiers aboard.

E. B. Ault, spokesman for the strikers, said at 12:15 p. m. that cars number 218 and 192 were the only ones running on the city line. The police and guards were the only passengers he said. This date, he said, had been verified by two checkers.

Intimation that the Seattle tie-up would be formally declared off within the next 48 hours was given late today by labor men in close touch with the general strike committee of 530 officers, representing the 110 unions embraced in the sympathetic walkout, then in session at the labor temple. No official statement, however, was made or promised.

A small infiltration into shops and stores was begun by business men before noon.

Possible termination of the general strike would not, it was believed, affect the shipyard workers in whose backing for better wages the 40,000 other organized workers of Seattle had walked out.

"The strike is broken," declared Mayor Hanson this morning. Before going home last night that part of Seattle which had haunted the streets, watched soldiers take their bivouac in the post office, and saw the final arrangements of police and military precaution for any emergency.

All Night Vigils. At dawn thousands of citizens had emerged from hotels and lodging houses, or walked in from residential districts, while haggard city federal and strike representatives came from smoke hung council rooms after all night vigils.

Civic organizations had appealed to every business house and shop to hoist the Stars and Stripes sharply at eight o'clock.

The night had been passed in watchful quiet. Mayor Hanson, who at midnight had reiterated that he would stand behind his proclamation to the strike committee, snatched a few hours sleep under heavy guard.

Police Chief Warren had a large, manly protective organization ready for the call to undertake resumption of business, no matter what the strikers' attitude might be.

Martial law, which had been on many tongues yesterday, had not been declared on to eight o'clock this morning, although General Morrison, in charge of the troops had been authorized to act on his own judgment as the situation might develop.

The general strike committee had been reported in session practically all night faced by the dilemma of yielding under the mayor's challenge or seeing the thing through despite the ultimatum.

social strike statement, was that the strikers would take no action but to await any move by the authorities, having by Mayor Hanson's proclamation been placed on the defensive.

Thus the good natured apathy of the first day had passed through more sober and searching curiosity of the second and had come now to tense anxiety on the third.

Strikers wives marched with their men. The wives of business men with theirs. They met with challenging glances.

For Sour Stomach

Bloating, Gas, Coated Tongue, Sick Headache, Bad Breath, Biliousness, Indigestion or Constipation--take

FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS

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P. S. Meehan, Elm St., Hancock, Mich.: "I have given Foley Cathartic Tablets a thorough trial and can positively state that they are the best laxative."

J. C. PERRY, Druggist

Methods by which the carrying capacity of Pacific cables between San Francisco and the Orient, long congested, may be increased 30 per cent, have been devised by the inter-departmental committee on communications.

Lieutenant Harold Hamstreet, United States marine corps, has returned to Sheridan and resumed his place as associate editor of the Sheridan Sun.

With the 65th Coast artillery at Camp Dix are Lako Davolt and Arthur Tohill popular Kelo high school boys, who enlisted at the outbreak of the war.

Hundreds of Thousands

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