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VILLA'S ELASTIC CURRENCY.

THE MEXICAN REBEL, VILLA, has discovered a new way of creating currency. He has the son of Banker Terrazas, the John D. Rockefeller of Mexico, a prisoner, and has made demands for ransom, threatening to put the young man to death if the ransom was not forthcoming. However, he did not feel like waiting the delays attendant to the ransom plan, so he compelled young Terrazas to sign innumerable bank checks, and he compelled all merchants and bankers to honor them. It will thus be seen that this bandit, uneducated and unsophisticated in the ways of finance, has by his genius out the Gordian knot, and has at one fell swoop, so to speak, established a currency system of his own that has remarkable elasticity. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the caudillo-like properties of the currency, and the only thing that can possibly put an end to the currency issue is an attack of writer's cramp on the part of young Terrazas. True, the merchants and bankers might run out of funds, but the failure of reserves is liable to happen to any system of banking. However, so long as a man's remaining on earth depends on his ability to dig and his industry in that occupation, he will handle his shovel rather lively. Mr. Wilson, our own president, was some months getting the wise senators to quit talking long enough to take a vote on our currency bill, and congratulates himself on his success. It might be well for him to send for Villa when he has another matter that really requires speedy action. If ignorance is bliss and gets the money, why search the encyclopedias for wisdom? By the way, that is the only place that article can be found, there and in the dictionaries.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

THE HISTORY of the J. Thorburn Ross case from its first trial to the culmination Christmas eve, when a full pardon was given him by Governor West, is not a peculiar one, for the simple reason that it is common. Having in his charge several hundred thousand dollars of the money belonging to the state school fund, he misappropriated it. He was indicted, tried and found guilty. On appeal to the supreme court the verdict in the lower court was sustained. Then his case was taken to the United States supreme court, and there again he was pronounced guilty, and his case remained to the circuit court here, where Judge Kelly sentenced him to a term of years in the state prison, but at the same time paroled him. The final cleanup of the matter and the balancing of the books was completed Christmas eve, when the governor gave him a full and complete pardon, restoring him to full right of citizenship.

At this glad Christmas time, when there at least should be "peace on earth and good will towards men," a broad charity rather prevents such comment as the occasion seems to require, and so we only remark that heaven and the state prison, so far as the wealthy are concerned, have points of strong similarity, as both are so hard for the rich man to enter into. We do not see that there is much else to be said. We congratulate Mr. Ross, but we do not recommend him as peculiarly fitted for any fiduciary position. He will get it without any recommendation from anyone.

WHEN IS NEWS SOMETHING ELSE?

NEWS is anything which is in the public mind. Advertising is the art of instilling into and maintaining in the public mind interest in salable merchandise. Hence there is a news interest in any extensively advertised article. Note an exception to this rather loose-jointed syllogism in the state of Indiana. There the state board of health, in satisfaction of numerous requests for information about widely exploited "prescription" proprietaries and beauty nostrums, issued a pamphlet giving analyses of many of them. Indubitably this was a matter of news interest to the people throughout the state, otherwise the many requests would not have been sent in. The news interest had been inspired by the advertising. The official pamphlet was given out to the Indianapolis newspapers and mailed to a list of dairies throughout the state. "As news it possessed a value that every newspaper recognizes," writes an experienced and disgusted reporter, whose name we suppress, since he probably wants to hold his job on the Indianapolis daily which employs him and which "turned down" the story.

Obviously it possesses such value. Here was information from an official source proving that the beauty-seeking women of the state by thousands had been purchasing at exorbitant rates Epsom salts and borax as complexion beautifiers, granulated soap as a hair-grower, salt water and fat as a dandruff eradicant, and so on through a long list of petty fakery.

Suppose a story should turn up in the day's news of a crook who had sold \$50,000 worth of gold bricks to the confiding women throughout the state on the famous "Spanish prisoner" swindle, how the newspapers would have chuckled into headlines over it! But concerning this vaster and even more absurd confidence game, not one line appeared in any paper in Indiana. Why? Because the perpetrators of the fake are all advertisers. For Indiana journalism the following simple riddle may be found appropriate: Question—When is a piece of news not a piece of news? Answer—When it touches advertising profits.—Colliers.

FIRST PRESCRIPTION.

[UNITED PRESS LEARNED WIRE.]
London, Dec. 26.—Professor Elliott Smith, famous Egyptologist, today formally announced the discovery of what he believes to be the first prescription ever written by a doctor. The date is about 2000 B. C., and the prescription, which is written on Egyptian papyrus, throws an amusing light on the efforts of the ancient medical men to deal with acute mania. Some fourteen in-

gredients are mentioned as the formula for an ointment to weaken a husky sufferer who evidently proved too strong for his medical advisers, and the patient had to be anesthetized fifteen times a day until he was sufficiently calmed to be treated with the usual medicine.

Is 1914 to be the good year, at last, when the Alaska steamship line will be finally and permanently established?

What is the Touchstone for a Woman's Age?

BY DOROTHY DIX.

The other day a group of women were discussing age, that topic always interesting to their sex, and how you could tell how old Ann is.

"Not by birthdays," they exclaimed with one voice. "There's no such foolish way of telling a woman's age as by the years she has passed. A varied assortment of birthday presents doesn't make a woman old. There are women who are mere debutantes at 80, and others who are the oldest inhabitants while still in their cradles."

"Nor can you tell how old a woman is by her looks nowadays," said the woman in the taupe suit, "for it's only the very young who have any character lines in their faces."

"By the time a woman gets old enough to acquire a real human expression on her countenance she begins to have her wrinkles ironed out by massage, so there are no little telltale lines left around the eyes and mouth by which you can give a guess at how many summers, and also winters, have rolled over her head."

"It's grand-daughter who has got the crow's feet now, and grandma whose face is as smooth as a China doll's."

"And everybody wears handmade complexion," agreed the woman in blue, "and even the mere chits are sporting gray hair, just as all the old dames flaunted mahogany years ago, so that your eyes no longer give you a yardstick by which to measure a woman's days."

As For Clothes.

"And as for clothes," wailed the woman in the red hat, "there's no difference between the things that 10 and 60 wear unless it is that 16 is a little more dignified and conservative in its taste. Why, the only thing that makes me suspect that I'm getting old myself is that I find myself passing up good substantial dark colors in favor of baby blues and pinks and that I sort of lean toward hats with Queen of May effects and when a woman of my age begins to yearn for millinery with wreaths of flowers it's a sure sign of the approach of senile dementia."

"Well," said the woman in taupe, "my test for approaching age in a woman is to notice whether in her conversation she shies away from dates as a nervous horse does from an automobile. When a woman avoids locating anything in any particular year it's because she doesn't want you to get a line on her."

"Another test that never fails is when she always says 'we girls' did so and so, and when she always prefaces reminiscence by remarking, 'I was very young at that time.' If you will notice you will observe that all the little youngsters in college call each other 'women,' while ladies who are 40, or half passed, always speak of themselves and each other as 'girls.'"

"Right, oh," exclaimed the woman in the black hat, "all of those signs of age are signs that never fail in dry weather. But what we think of a woman's age doesn't matter."

"It's what she thinks that counts, and the most amusing and pathetic thing on earth is the sight of a woman who has had it dawn suddenly upon her consciousness that she is growing old, and who is getting busy to stop the clock."

"You know how it is. She's gone along, like the balance of us, thinking that she's drunk at the fountain of perpetual youth, and then, one day, she takes a look in the glass, and sees that she has got fat, and settled-looking, and that her hair is turning gray around the temples, and lines coming about her mouth."

"Talk about your punies! She's in a blue funk, and she beats it down to the nearest beauty parlor, and boils and bakes herself, and has her poor body pounded into a pulp, and begins to do without everything she wants to quit. And she tries to youthify her conversation by giggling and acting kittenish, and talking girly-girly stuff that sounds as if she had softening of the brain."

"I pray God on my knees to save me from acting the fool when I cross the age line."

"I think," said the woman with the long feather in her hat, "that the real test of age is not physical, but mental. It depends upon the suppleness of your soul, and not your body."

We Are Mentally Young.

"We're young physically just as long as every muscle is flexible and pliable and quick to change and movement, and we are young mentally—really young—just as long as our minds are alert to new ideas, new thoughts and capable of taking new points of view."

"The first sign of physical age is when we begin to stiffen up at the joints, and to prefer to sit and watch others play to playing ourselves, and we have begun to grow old mentally when we begin to think that all modern progress is foolishness, and that the old ways are the best ways, and when we want to hear the old music and read

the old books, and harp upon the past. 'I don't mind admitting, in confidence, that the first realization I had that I was growing old came a few months ago when I found myself shocked at all the new dances, and comparing them in my mind with the dances that prevailed when I was a girl. I'd been saying that the tango and the turkey trot, and so on, were indecent, and all of a sudden I realized that that was exactly what my mother had said about waltzing. She had compared the waltz unfavorably with the lancers and the quadrille of her youth, and her mother had considered the lancers and quadrilles vulgar, romping dances as contrasted with the minute of her days."

"And I observe that the young people now find nothing at all shocking or suggestive in the dances of today, it's just a case of other times, other manners."

"And another tip I got that I was growing old was that I couldn't reconcile myself to the new clothes. I was horrified at the tightness and the splitness, and I wanted a good old fashioned rooney shirt, with plaits in it, and with petticoats under it, and a waist that came up high in the neck and long in the sleeves."

"And what did you do?" asked the woman in the blue hat.

"I went and bought me the extreme clothes I could get," smiled the woman in the black hat.

"Well," said the woman in taupe, "I can tell exactly how old a woman is. I ask her where she stands on suffrage, and if she doesn't believe in it I know she's 45 if she's a day. You could find a hen's tooth quicker than you could find a young woman who doesn't believe in equal rights for men and women."

NEW POTATO FROM NEW ZEALAND IS BLIGHT PROOF

A new blight proof and frost resisting potato has been discovered by John Harris, of Ohura road, Rautahi, New Zealand. The discovery is said to be the most important one in agriculture for many years, and the agricultural department of the New Zealand government has investigated the phenomenon and admitted that the properties claimed for the new potato are beyond question. Harris has been experimenting with the potatoes for years, and some time ago he noticed a healthy stock growing among a crop of Northern Stars and El Dorados all of which were affected by blight, and finding it in a perfect state, began to experiment. The result is that a potato now called the New Era has been grown. The plant was carefully nourished and tended, and for several seasons a new crop was propagated from the seeds of the previous crop. The variety has been placed under the closest observation but no occasion has there been the slightest trace of blight or disease caused by frost, though the crop planted next to it had been blackened by the severe cold and is even now badly affected. The average yield is about 19 tons per acre. Rayless, of the government agricultural department has made an inspection of the growing crop, and though he has formed no theory to explain the origin of the New Era, he admits that the potato is really frost resisting and blight proof.—Japan Times.

TOTS SEE DOLL COLLECTION.

[UNITED PRESS LEARNED WIRE.]
Bucharest, Dec. 26.—The Sallies and Mamies and Maggies and Sadies of Bucharest today were given the treat of their young lives. Carmen Sylvia, queen of Romania, who has the largest and most expensive collection of dolls in the world, invited hundreds of poor children to an exhibition of her dolls. The aged queen, whose only child—a little princess—died at the age of four years, has made a collection of dolls representing every nationality under the sun. The doll nursery contains 1800 dolls.

IF YOU ARE A DRINKING MAN

You had better stop at once or you will lose your job. Every line of business is closing its doors to "Drinking" men. It may be your turn next. By the aid of ORRINE thousands of men have been restored to lives of sobriety and industry.

We are so sure that ORRINE will benefit you that we say to you that if after a trial you fail to get any benefit from its use, your money will be refunded.

When you stop "Drinking," think of the money you'll save; besides, sober men are worth more to their employers and get higher wages.

Costs only \$1.00 a box. We have an interesting booklet about ORRINE that we are giving away free on request. Call at our store and talk it over. Perry's Drug Store.

Wonderful Reductions prevail all over the store for the next two days

The following goods will be sold at clearing prices, profits not considered. A clean sweep is the order. Out the goods must go. Ladies' Coats and Suits, Furs, Sweaters, Silk Petticoats, Shirt Waists, Kimonos, Bath Robes, Ladies' Wool and Silk Dresses, Silks and Dress Goods, Table Linens, Silk Hosiery, Handkerchiefs for Men and Women, Men's Neckties, Men's and Ladies' Kid and Leather Gloves, Ribbons and Fancy Neckwear, Men's and Boy's Clothing, Millinery, Dolls, Toys and Games, and Hundreds of Other Bargains. Shop early and get the best choice.

Ladies
85c
50c
Union
Suits
Now
49c

SALEM OREGON
CHICAGO STORE
THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

\$3.50
Fur
Muffs
Now
1.49

The Markets

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.
Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85c; Bluestem, 95c; Fortyfold, 85½@86c; Red Russian, 84c; Valley, 85c.

Millstuffs—Brån, \$20.50 per ton; shorts, \$22@23; middlings, \$30.
Flour—Patents, \$4.60 per barrel; straight, \$4.00; exports, \$3.65@3.80; valley, \$4.60; graham, \$4.60; whole wheat, \$4.80.

Corn—Whole, \$36; cracked, \$37 per ton.
Hay—Fancy Idaho timothy, \$17@18; fancy eastern Oregon timothy, \$15@16; timothy and clover, \$14@15; timothy and alfalfa, \$13@15; clover, \$8.50@10; oats and vetch, \$10@11; cheat, 10@11; valley hay, \$10@11.

Oats—No. 1, white, \$25@25.50 per ton.
Barley—Feed, \$24@25 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$27@28.

Groceries, Dried Fruits, Etc.
Dried Fruits—Apples, 10c per lb.; currants, 10c; apricots, 12@14; peaches, 8@10; prunes, Italian, 8@10; silvers, 18c; figs, white and black, 6½@7½c; raisins, loose Muscatel, 6½@7½c; bleached Thompson, 11½@12c; bleached Sultanina, 8½c; seeded, 7½@8½c.

Coffee—Roasted in drums, 18@32c per lb.
Nuts—Walnuts, 19½c per lb.; Brazil nuts, 20c; filberts, 15c; almonds, 20c; pecans, 17c; coconuts, 90c@1 per doz.

Salt—Granulated, \$14 per ton; half-ground, 100s, \$10.25 per ton; 50s, \$11 per ton.
Beans—Small white, \$6.00; large white, \$4.75; Lima, \$6.30; pink, \$4.90; red Mexicans, 5c; bayou, \$4.40.

Rice—No. 1 Japan, 5@5½c; cheaper grades, 4½c; southern head, 5½@6c.
Honey—Choice, \$3.25@3.75 per case.
Sugar—Fruit and berry, \$5.20; Honolulu plantation, \$5.15; beet, \$3; Extra C, \$4.70; powdered, barrels, \$5.45; cubes, barrels, \$5.20.

Fruits and Vegetables.
Green Fruit—Apples 60c@82.25 per box; pears, \$1@1.50 per box; grapes, Malaga, \$7.50@8.50 per keg; Empress, 83.75@4 per keg; grapes, crates, \$1.75@2; casabas, 2½c per lb.; cranberries, \$11 per barrel.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 1@1½c per lb.; cauliflower, \$1@1.25 per doz.; cucumbers, 40@45c per doz.; eggplant, 7c per lb.; head lettuce, \$2@2.25 per crate; peppers, 5@7c per lb.; radishes, 10@12c.

Butter and Eggs.
Butterfat, per lb., f.o.b. Salem, 37c.
Creamery butter, per lb., 37c.
Poultry.
Fryers, 12c.

per doz; tomatoes, \$1.50 per box; garlic, 12½c per lb.; sprouts, 11c per lb.; artichokes, \$1.50 per doz.; squash, 1½c per lb.; pumpkins, 1½c per lb.; celery, 50@75c per doz.

Potatoes—New, 75c@81 per cwt.; sweets, \$2.25 per crate.
Onions—Oregon, \$2.15 per sack.

Dairy and Country Produce.
Butter—Oregon creamery, solid pack, 30c per lb.; prints, box lots, 34c.
Eggs—Oregon ranch, 45c per doz.
Cheese—Oregon Triplets, 16½c; Dai-sies, 17c; Young America, 18c.

Veal—Fancy, 13½@16c per pound.
Pork—Fancy, 11c per lb.

Provisions.
Hops—1913 contracts, 23c; 1912 crop, 14lbs., 19@20c; piecises, 14½c; cottage roll, 17½c.

Bacon—Fancy, 28@29c; standard, 21½@25c; English, 21@22c.
Lard—In tierces, choice, 14½c; compound, 9½c.

Dry Salt Meats—Bacon, dry salt, 13@14c; backs, smoked, 14½@15½c; bellies, dry salt, 14½c; smoked, 16c.
Smoked Meats—Beef tongues, 25c; dried beef sets, 22c; outsiders, 20c; in sides, 23c; knuckles, 21c.

Pickled Goods—Barrels, pigs feet, \$14; regular tripe, \$10; honeycomb tripe, \$12; lunch tongues, \$22; lamb tongues, \$40.

Hops, Wool, Hides, Etc.
Hops—1913 contracts, 20c; 1912 crop, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 10@16c per lb.; valley, 16@18c.
Mohair—Choice, 25@26c per lb.

Hides—Salted, 12c per lb.; salted calf 16@17c; salted kip, 12c; salted stag, 6½c; green hides, 11½c; dry hides, 21c; dry calf, No. 1, 25c; dry stags, 12@13½c.

Country butter, per lb., 30c.
Eggs, per dozen, 40c.

LOCAL WHOLESALE MARKET.

Brån, per ton, \$25.00.
Shorts, per ton, \$27.00.
Wheat, per bushel, 80c.

Oats, per bushel, 33@35c.
Chittim Bark, per lb., 4½@5c.
Hay, Timothy, \$15.00.
Oats and vetch, \$12.00.
Clover, per ton, \$9.00.
Cheat, per ton, \$11.00.

Butter and Eggs.
Butterfat, per lb., f.o.b. Salem, 37c.
Creamery butter, per lb., 37c.
Poultry.
Fryers, 12c.

Heus, per lb., 11c.
oysters, per lb., 8c.
Steers, 7@8c.
Cows, per cwt, 4@5c.
Hogs, fat, per lb., 8@9c.
Stock pigs, per lb., 7 to 7½c.
Ewes, per lb., 4c.
pring lambs, per lb., 4½@5c.
Veal, according to quality, 11@13c.

Feats.
Dry, per lb., 8c.
Salted country pelts, each, 65c@1.
Lamb pelts, each, 55c.

NO CRIME TO HIRE ANYONE TO COMMIT MURDER.

[UNITED PRESS LEARNED WIRE.]
Paris, Dec. 26.—Because, under the French law, it is no crime to employ persons to commit murder unless they actually accomplish it, or in other words, "deliver the goods," Professor Rouquette, of Stanislas College, Clamart, today was set at liberty. A few days ago he accosted a couple of young men from the country, named Billard and Gavelle, in a Paris cafe, and besought their help in getting rid of his mother-in-law. They accepted the job, and the professor paid them \$50 on account.

First of all, the two countrymen spent the money in riotous living, then, they went to the police and told their story. When Rouquette was arraigned he denied the story, and later not only admitted the truth, but said he had instructed the young men to break up the furniture and steal any valuables they might want, in order to give the impression that the crime was committed for burglary. In spite of this confession, Prof. Rouquette got off on the plea of his attorneys that his act constituted no crime in France. It was not until today, however, that a higher court handed down a formal decision favoring the arguments of the defendant's lawyers.

DEWEY IS SEVENTY-SIX.

[UNITED PRESS LEARNED WIRE.]
Washington, Dec. 26.—Admiral Dewey, hero of Manila Bay, was seventy-six years young today. His years did not keep him away from his desk and duties at the navy department, but the constant stream of callers to offer congratulations did. Besides "best wishes" personally offered by high officials and friends in Washington, the Spanish-American war naval hero was literally showered with letters and telegrams of congratulations from all over the country.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. TRAVELERS' CHECKS.