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Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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UNCLE SAM IS AT WORK.

The United States is preparing for war on the greatest scale ever undertaken by any country on so short a notice. England at the start did not act one-half as promptly or with such tremendous energy. While we have been watching congress and getting weary of delays over the food control bill and some other things we have lost sight of what has really been done. We have placed our regular army on a war footing, and done the same thing with the national guardsmen, organizing an army of half a million men who are already in a fair state of preparation for facing the enemy. On top of this we have registered ten million men of fighting age and are rapidly selecting from these another army of 687,000 men. The most stupendous job of all however, is the building of sixteen cantonments for housing and taking care of this vast army. These cantonments will have an average capacity of 50,000 each. In other words they will be sixteen cities with a population of 50,000 each, and these will be of modern buildings provided with electric lights, baths, water systems and sewers. These sixteen cities will house and feed a population practically equal to that of the state of Oregon. There will be sleeping quarters, dining rooms all modern conveniences that would care for all the people in this state and these cities will have been built within less than three months.

It shows the magnitude of the task ahead of us when such preparation as this is made. The munition factories are turning out vast quantities of munitions and an army of men is making uniforms for the other army that is preparing for the front.

Another army is making aeroplanes with which to assist in wresting the supremacy of the air from the Germans and making them fight blindly. At the same time another army is at work building merchant ships for transporting the army and its supplies across the Atlantic. It is because we have not taken part in the actual fighting that we are disposed to think the government is delaying and hesitating, which is far from the facts. We have done more in the way of preparing for war than England did in a year, and there is certainly no greater need of hurry on our part than there was on that of England in the first year of the war. America is not open to the charge of wasting time, outside of the work of congress. There has been unnecessary delay there, and there is now and will continue to be delay at that source, but it is the fault of our system of government.

There is no place where one is so alone as in a great city. This is emphasized by the dispatches yesterday telling of the deaths from heat in New York, and how those stricken were left lying on the pavement unnoticed by the passing crowds. It is not exactly heartlessness that causes this apparent neglect of fellow beings, but because the city has provided persons for taking care of just such cases. "The police and hospital ambulances will look after him," is the feeling of the passer and explains why no sympathy is expressed or no attempt made to assist. Still, one can hardly realize that city life can destroy the instinct to help one under such circumstances. It may be that we country folks, as New Yorkers would call us, are behind the times, but we are not ashamed of the fact that we are at all times willing to stoop to lift the stricken and to give such aid as we can. It may be countryfied, but it at least is not inhuman.

Hoover will not have to spend any time suggesting reduction in the size of bathing suits. They have been shrinking so radically the past few years that about all that is left of them is the fast colors, and a puckering string.

The weather sharps announce another week of fair weather. If it is state-fair weather the announcement will please everybody.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason



WALT MASON

THE WICKED KAISER

The kaiser, so dispatches say, would bring us dire disasters, and loathsome agents, in his pay, are selling poisoned plasters. With deadly germs these plasters swarm, like skippers in old cheeses, and if you put one on your form, you'll die of punk diseases. O'er tales like this we groan and grieve, and wring our hands and snifle; we are so easy we believe such tinhorn brands of piffle. The kaiser stole my shorthorn pup, and killed my old cat, Tabby; he put some poison in her cup, and knocked her cold and flabby. The kaiser's agents come at night, when darkness o'er us thickens, and all the cops are out of sight, and steal my Leghorn chickens. The kaiser sent his loathsome spies to rob my humble dwelling; they stole some sinkers and three pies, and left me vainly yelling. The kaiser's pretty busy now, with enemies all round him, who kick up such a beastly row the racket must confound him. Yet he finds leisure, while he kills, and dodges new disasters, to send out men with poisoned pills, and gummy porous plasters. Oh, bunk and piffle! Tommyrot! Some Ananias told it! Say, will we ever learn to spot a fake when we behold it?

MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

IN IMPULSIVE ACT

CHAPTER CXMI

There sat Junior perched up on the sergeant's desk, eating candy, and chattering away to the officer and a couple of burly policemen as unconcerned as if he were at home. First Tom, then I grabbed him and kissed him over and over, paying no attention to his little sticky hands and face, nor to his struggles to free himself.

"I don't want to go home!" he declared, when Tom spoke of starting. "I want to stay here," and he commenced to cry.

It was really ludicrous. Tom and I were so happy, so excited over finding him safe and all right, and the little rascal refusing to go with us.

"Don't you want to go home to baby sister and Norah? Poor Norah feels so badly because you ran away."

"No, I want to stay here with this man's," and he hid out of my arms to struggle against the sergeant's knee, much to the officer's amusement.

"Very well, Mamma will have to get another little boy," I said, pretending I was going to leave him there.

Junior paid not the slightest attention to my threat, but adoringly played with the brass buttons on the sergeant's coat.

In the meantime Tom had been questioning the officer who brought Junior into the station house. He had found him wandering around, and unable to tell him where he lived, or anything save his name was "Junior Tom" and something about "Norah."

I saw Tom take his pocket book out and after thanking the officer lay a twenty dollar bill on the desk. The officer tried to refuse it, but Tom insisted that he give it to his little boy to start a bank account. It had developed during the conversation that the officer had a boy about Junior's age.

Reunited Junior cried when we took him away, but as soon as he got home and was cuddled and played with by Norah whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping, he became his old sunny self.

"What in the world did you give the officer that money for?" I asked. "It is their business to take care of people. I don't think it was at all necessary. You're too impulsive."

"Why, Sue, you don't begrudge twenty dollars for our boy, do you?"

And He Did



AND HE DID

"No, nor a good deal more if it had been necessary. But that officer's boy probably has more than Junior. I think it was perfect nonsense. You preach economy constantly to me, then go and do some extravagant thing I wouldn't think of doing."

"Well, it is done, so we won't talk about it," Tom answered, with the air of finality he could assume when displeased with what I said.

You may be sure that Junior was perturbed and coddled that night. When he said his prayers he added to the usual list, whom he asked God to bless, "and the nice man's in the park," much to our amusement.

For days afterward I went with Norah when she took the children to the park; when gradually as Junior seemed to realize that he must not run away from her again, I once more trusted her to go alone.

A Housewarming Tom had laughingly suggested that we have a sort of housewarming. We couldn't have many, so few of our friends were in town. But we would have Walter and Helen, Carol Blacklock, and the Hendersons, Vivian Morton would not be back for another month, or I should have invited her.

I was quite excited over it. Tom too, seemed more interested than he usually did over any of our attempts at entertaining.

"It's too bad we are an odd number," he said.

"Yes, I wish Vivian was at home."

"I don't suppose there is anyone else we might have," he returned doubtfully.

"No one that I want," I replied. Then all suddenly it flashed over me

The Daily Novelette

THE COLOR SCHEME

The sun was beginning to set over the great city, tinting the fuliginous clouds a scintillating red.

Mrs. Velocipede Johnson, called, stopped and set down her basket of wash in wondering amazement, mirthful awe and hilarious surprise, as Mrs. Chadicling tottered upon moving.

"Well, I nebber," ejaculated Mrs. Velocipede Jackson. "A Chinese woman! The first ebber I see! Well, ef that ain't the mos' enrious sight! Good as a circus! It sho' do beat all how some races o' folks is born so comical looking! Ha sho' do beat all!"

And as she stood cackling, Mrs. Strutting Crow, wife of the chief of an Indian village connected with Whiskeybush's Wild Woolly West Show, suddenly drew up her little bronco and stared, fascinated.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Frothingham Minor, leaning out of her sumptuous ninety cylinder Squire car and raising her lorgnette to a languid eye.

"A squaw person! Well, Tee hee! How very amusing. Drive on, Henri, and do be careful not to run over any white children."

The sun, yawning bluishly, finished the day's setting.

that Tom might be hinting for an invitation for Miss Coleman. Let him hint! I would pay no attention.

We made out a very nice supper menu, I set the table with the lovely tablecloth and napkins Carol had brought me from Europe, and Tom sent some flowers both for the table and the living room. Really the house looked most attractive, and as I waited for our guests to arrive I thought how wise I had been to insist upon moving.

They all came together. That is arrived at the house at the same time. We had a good laugh over it as they all came from different directions. We played cards until ten o'clock when we adjourned to the dining room for supper.

Helen and Claire Henderson went in to raptures over my table.

"I never saw a more exquisite cloth," the latter said. She herself had such lovely linen that it was the more flattering to have her so admire mine. (Tomorrow—A trifling disagreement)

LAST MEXICAN WAR VETERAN IN CALIFORNIA, DEAD

Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 11.—Franklin Dufour, the last of the Mexican war veterans in California, died here today. He was 95 years old and had been ill only a short time. He was a member of Lieutenant Lansdale Post, No. 67, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Lotie Robb, of Stockton, a daughter and four sons residing here.

HOT WAVE HITS PORTLAND.

Portland, Or., Aug. 13.—Portland today is prepared for another day of record heat. Yesterday the thermometer reached 92 degrees and one prostration was reported.

Housekeepers Look to Hoover to Loosen Grip of Speculators

The good housekeeper will certainly approve of any efforts that Herbert Hoover may make in the control of the food problem if he can make it uncomfortable for some of the big packing plants that have cornered the market in the way of canned goods. According to dispatches from Washington, the first move will be to investigate why canned tomatoes are so high, especially as the output this year is several million pounds more than last year. The housekeeper is evidently aware that the canned tomato she was buying one year ago for ten cents will now cost her 20 cents and the can that cost 15 cents about this time last year is passed over the country for 25 cents. And all this notwithstanding the enormous output of tomatoes in every part of the country excepting this northwest. Retailers say it is not their fault, as the cans that were sold one year ago at 90 cents a dozen are now quoted at \$1.90 and those wholed a year ago at \$1.50 a dozen are now offered at \$2.20. Hence if Mr. Hoover, who trod the streets of Salem about a generation ago, will make it uncomfortable for the big packing plants that have brought the entire California output of tomatoes, he will receive the thanks of this part of the universe. According to reports, the big packing houses have the tomatoes and are going to make the people pay war time prices, unless something happens to cause a sudden repentance.

These Useful Publications May Be Had For the Asking

The Union Pacific system has just taken from the press two very useful and highly valuable publications, one the "Columbia River Gorge," giving a topographical map of and describing how to make a series of short jaunts into that wonderfully interesting region. Since the completion of the Highway a large number of delightful foot and pony trails have been constructed into the nearby mountains, fastnesses that may be easily "conquered" on foot in a day, using Portland as the starting point and taking a convenient morning train to the nearest station. Many Columbia Gorge scenes beauty its pages.

The other is a convenient indexed pocket map of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, printed in colors and giving the latest map data of those states. These publications are for free distribution on application to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

BALL PLAYERS ENLIST.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—Uncle Sam has launched a recruiting drive among the semi-pro ball players of Chicago, and is meeting with generous returns. More than 100 have been enlisted.



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We have decided to move our Furniture business from 349 North Commercial street to a new location. Entire Stock is being sacrificed to avoid expense of moving. Unheard of low prices. Come and reap the benefit.

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Sale Is Now On—So Hurry—Take Your Pick While the Picking Is Good

\$12.50 Iron Beds	\$9.50	\$12.00 6-foot Extension Tables, sale price	\$9.00
\$7.50 Iron Springs, sale price	\$4.50	\$7.50 Rockers, sale price	\$4.50
\$12.00 Pure Cotton Felt Mattress	\$9.50	\$26.00 Rugs, sale price	\$22.50
\$3.00 Oak Dinners, sale price	\$2.50	\$15.90 Kitchen Cabinets, sale price	\$10.00
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