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### OUR DISTINGUISHED ROBBERS

It was Pope who said: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Or if he didn't say it, some one did, or something like it; and he said it before man had perfected that modern gang of highway robbers known as "trusts." The food riots in this country, and in its metropolis at that, show the effects of the system. The pirates of former years robbed and plundered a few ships, and the world waged war on and exterminated them. The robber bands of a few centuries ago who held up travelers and made little better than honest wages in doing so, have been driven from every civilized country. In their place we have gangs of organized robbers who would not accept as a gift the paltry sums their distinguished forbears, the pirates and robbers aforesaid, considered rich plunder. The sugar trust with head quarters in New York City can with the expenditure of a few dollars for telegraph tolls raise the price of sugar over night, dip its spoon into every cup of coffee or tea, slip its fingers into every cake or sweetmeat, and along with the small boy lick its tongue around the candy held in his sticky fingers. They can do this and turn millions of dollars into their coffers, without taking any risk of personal injury as did the robbers of old. Standard Oil can say to gasoline, "go up," and it goes, while the millions it "earns" by its arbitrary decree, comes in trickling rivulets from every nook and corner of the country, swelling into a vast stream as it nears the great maelstrom, New York City where it is sucked down and disappears.

The clothing trust can make two suits of clothes grow from the wool that only sufficed for one before; and the leather trust can make us walk straight and step lightly in shoes for which we must pay it whatsoever price it demands, while the paving trusts stand in and make even the walking cost double what it should. The hog that is sent to Chicago to be assassinated by his brethren, brings eight or ten cents a pound and is sent out to the consumer in 30 cent bacon or ham.

So it goes through the whole list. The great American consumer is held up and robbed scientifically, and satisfactorily to the robber, at every turn. Water and food; warmth and light; fuel and ice; every thing that covers and protects us from heat or cold; all that satisfies hunger; all that contributes to our pleasure or comfort; everything but the air we breathe is cornered and controlled by these gangs of modern pirates of the business world.

Is there a remedy? The answer is yes, two of them. One is socialism which necessity has forced in a large degree on the warring nations of Europe, and which necessity of another kind is forcing on us in America. The other is anarchy. There is a third remedy, but so far it has seemed powerless, or has not been tried, and that is a vigorous prosecution of the trusts and punishment that will fit their crimes--if such can be found. This has been, is still, the hope of the common people and if it is not applied now when these trusts have their hands on the throats of the whole country, when they have placed food beyond the reach of the toilers, then all hope from that source must be abandoned and the country can select from the two remedies remaining that which will most quickly bring relief.

The legislature having the six per cent limitation hanging over it remained inside the law, but it used every dollar available. What would it have cost the state if that six per cent law had not been placed on the statutes? No one can answer the question, but that the sum would have been large is shown by the cutting and slashing the ways and means committee did, in order to stay inside the limits.

The Oregonian made a bulls eye when it suggested that Portland should not only build ships for others but some for herself. She should load them, too, with Oregon products, and send the Oregon made goods, the Oregon grown products to the markets of the world in Oregon made ships. It was a pertinent question it asked: "Is Portland no match for Christiana in enterprise?"

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Stories come from Europe of the wretched denizens of certain countries subsisting on herbs and grass. Yet while awaking our sympathies for these unfortunates, some other fellow is telling us how much more healthy and happy we would all be if we abjured meat and lived upon a strictly vegetarian diet. It may suit some folks but the Nebuchadnezzar stunt never appealed strongly to the balance of his family, nor to most folks since. Still he is said to have lived on pasture seven years, but unfortunately the sacred pages are silent as to whether he took on fat on that diet.

With prices at the present altitude, the "back to the farm" movement should begin with a rush. A man with an acre of beaver-dam land could start a bank in a year or two. The trouble with that proposition is that these prices are entirely fictitious and will soon get back to normal. We fancy they will, as Kelleher has sometimes said, take "a step in the right direction," soon after Henry gets at work investigating the cause and the causers.

Among the last acts of the legislature was the passing of a bill placing all measures on the ballot that were submitted by it to the people to be voted on at a special election to be held June fourth. It looks as though we are to have a red hot campaign over the bonding issue, as undoubtedly there will be strong opposition to it as well as a determined effort to make it a success.

Figures given out by the Lord of the British admiralty show the loss of ships since the renewed activity of the submarines, is increased only about 50 per cent over that before it began. Another statement made by him is that eight million men and nine million and a half tons of explosives have been moved across the channel up to October last, with only trifling losses.

The loss of ships in the danger zone has steadily decreased from the start of the new submarine activity. Whether this is due to increased British activity, or growing scarcity of submarines is the puzzling question. England is not making any loud claims, but is gleefully hinting that she is rapidly eliminating the dangerous divers.

The German idea of mixing potatoes with the flour in making bread would not work here. With potatoes at four cents a pound and wheat at only about two and a half cents, it may be we will have to reverse the plan and mix good wheat flour with our mashed potatoes to reduce the cost.

The country's oil sources are said to be about half exhausted, but as they will last until John D. has secured a competency for his declining years, he is not worrying over it, and if he can view the situation calmly the balance of us should not lose sleep over it.

The size of the cranberry box is now fixed by law, but as none of those teeth sharpening globules of concentrated acidity are grown in this vicinity we refuse to mention what that size is. With sugar at nine cents the simple mention of cranberries is soul disturbing.

A very common advertisement in the newspapers of the country reads "Dodge Brothers' Motor Car." This is good advice but why not also suggest dodging sister's car and mother's and all others?

With onions at 18 cents and limburger cheese at 29 the latter may be the cheaper as a breath perfume, as less of it will go considerably further.



### LIFE IS SHORT

The span of life is much too brief, the years too fast are jumping; we're in the sere and yellow leaf before we've started humping. But yesterday, it seems to me, and pastry I was making; and now I'm old as I can be, my bent limbs feebly shaking. But yesterday I went to school and scrapped with vulgar fractions; and now old age begins to cool my zeal for useful actions. If I could live five hundred years, my funeral would find me a household word in all the spheres--a name I'd leave behind me. But just when one is getting wise, in shape to cut much clover, his works get bulky and he dies, and his career is over. Man lives a youthful score of years, in which he's merely growing; a score, before he disappears, in which he's merely going. The years in which he puts up grass are but a fleeting thirty; fate takes him from his task--alas, that fate should act so dirty! And yet it's useless to repine, or halt in our endeavor; let's try to make a job as fine as though we lived forever.

### AGED GATE KEEPER DEAD

William, Ore., Feb. 22. -- William Baxter, a pioneer of the Willamette valley, and for 30 years a resident of the Little Nestucca at Dolph, died Wednesday last, and the remains were brought out last Friday by a son, Peter, and buried in the family lot in Salem. The trip to Willamette was made by team, and the rest of the way to Salem by automobile. Mr. Baxter had a toll gate at Dolph

until a short time ago. He went into the country in the early days, took up a government claim and developed one of the finest farms in Tillamook county. Mr. Baxter leaves two daughters, Mrs. P. S. Frazier, of California; Mrs. Margaret Mendor, of Dolph, and three sons, W. E. Peter, and George. His wife died some years ago.

### TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS

## CHICAGO WHICH FEEDS COUNTRY IS FEELING EFFECTS

### Sugar Jumped by Retailers Without Advance by Refineries

### CABBAGE YESTERDAY 13 CENTS IS TODAY 17

### Milk Advanced 35 Per Cent-- Prediction Prices Will Be Higher

Chicago, Feb. 22.--Food prices continued their steady upward trend today. Prices, which yesterday were considered prohibitive, at the opening of the markets today showed no indication of declining or even stopping in their sky rocketing.

Conditions in the crowded tenement districts and among the poorer classes, described as serious, for the past week, are regarded as critical. Charitable organizations report acute suffering. Urgent relief measures are being taken by city officials and charitable institutions.

Rabbits and fish, confiscated by game wardens, are being distributed among the needy.

The reports of relief workers, gathered together last night and today, show that Chicago's poor are facing one of the most critical food famines in the city's history. The food scarcity in itself is not so evident, but exorbitant prices make it practically prohibitive. "I visited eight families," one report reads.

"They are living on oatmeal alone. This forms breakfast, dinner and supper. Sugar and milk are unknown." "Mother of family of three lives on two bananas per day," reads another report.

Rice, oatmeal and beans are the chief articles of diet of the poor. Many families have not tasted sugar or milk for weeks. Scores of cases of malnutrition have been reported to city hospitals.

A tour of the market today revealed the following conditions. They were accentuated by night, dealers declared: Potatoes--Retailed yesterday at 85 cents to \$1 per peck. Today they are \$1 to \$1.05. Will go higher before night.

Sugar--Retailed yesterday at eight cents per pound, the day before at 7 1/2 cents. Today at 8 1/2 to 9 cents. Cabbage--Retailed yesterday at 13 to 15 cents; today at 17 cents. Will go higher.

Milk--Representatives of producers' association with a membership of 12,500, at conference here last night raised price of summer milk from \$1.55 to \$2.12 per hundred, to begin April 1. Means 12 cent milk.

Sweet potatoes, apples, onions, carrots, citrus fruits and all vegetables "stronger and firmer."

Eggs--Wholesale price yesterday reached 44 1/2 cents. Retail, 53 to 60 cents. Dealers predict higher quotations today.

Cheese--Increase from 1 to 2 cents per pound wholesale. Beef, pork, poultry--All slightly higher on wholesale market. Retailers shifting burden to housewives.

Today the Chicago grain market, the largest in the world, was practically sus-

### SHIP ORLEANS (Continued from page one.)

Tucker. Of her crew of 30 men, 33 are Americans. She carried contrabrand. In her cargo were automobile trucks and parts, contrabrand under the German interpretation. The Orleans only recently came under American registry. Heretofore she had been an Argentine vessel. Her sailing was delayed while papers transferring her to this port were made out. The Orleans did not conform to German instructions for American ships. The American flag flew from her mast and she had the Stars and Stripes painted on her sides. Otherwise there was nothing to distinguish her. The Oriental Navigation company declared when the Orleans left that it would continue to operate its ships across the Atlantic, ignoring the right of Germany to prescribe a danger zone.

- #### ADVERTISED LETTER LIST
- Advised February 20, 1917.  
Adams, Mr. D. C.; Barton, Hon. J. S.; Bennett, Mr. W. L.; Bacon, J. I.; Barry, T. E.; Bush, Mill Lillian; Brown, Mrs. J. D.; Danforth, Mr. J. B.; Emburn, Miss R.; Fray, Mr. James E.; Gilner, Mr. W. F.; Gray, Mr. Warren; Hanks, Mr. Robert; Hansen, Mr. Edw. T.; Hawley, Mr. Geau; Howard, Mr. S. G.; Hunt, Mrs. E. A.; James, Mr. S. M.; Koney, Mr. M. J.; Kuney, Mr. Ralph; Kraus, Mr. Andrew; La Cross, James; Nelson, Mrs. C. V.; Peate, Miss

## MY HUSBAND AND I Jane Phelps

### CHAPTER CLV.

The following morning we received a message from Zona. "Start immediately, love to mother, Zona." And another from Clifford saying: "Will come tomorrow. Have important business, if Mrs. Sutton improves, wire so will not start. Clifford."

Now as I look back across the years I see that Clifford's message was a perfectly normal and sensible one for a business man to send; especially in view of the fact that he had only so lately spent so much time with us. But at the time it increased the bitterness I felt toward him that he could hesitate a moment. Zona hadn't I thought, not coming to be fair enough to recognize the difference. Mother showed no improvement so I did not wire him. Zona came before mother became unconscious.

"My baby!" she whispered as Zona bent over her. She knew Curtain also and again told him that she trusted him to be good to Zona. We never knew whether she recognized Clifford or not. She passed away a few moments after he came.

### GOD'S ACRE

I can scarcely write of that sad time even after the lapse of years. We laid dear mother to rest beside father in the quiet old churchyard where all the Suttons had been buried. Then we returned to the empty house; empty although filled with people because its guiding spirit had departed.

Clifford left immediately after the services. Morton Levering, who had come on also left that day, but not until he had had a long talk with Elsie.

Zona and Curtain were to stay at the old home until after the will attended to. All the servants had to be looked after; Elsie were to go home with me, the house closed, all but the kitchen wing which we would leave in charge of the old house-keeper.

Elsie made no objections when I told her that it was mother's wish she should go north with me; neither did she show any particular pleasure. She, like myself and Zona, was too utterly crushed by our loss to feel interest in anything.

When the will had been read we found that mother had done as she told me. After each servant had been remembered, a few friends left mementoes of her friendliness, the remainder of the not inconsiderable fortune father left was to be evenly divided between the three of us. She wished the old home kept by one of us; and all the servants who wished to remain she advised us to keep.

We lingered on in the old place for two or three weeks longer. Then Elsie, Mandy, Edith and myself started back north where once more I knew my old problems would be waiting for me.

### THE ARRIVALS

### THE WELCOME

When Clifford left he asked me to wire him when I started and he would meet me. But for some unaccountable reason--then, I decided not to, but as the train steamed north I knew that I had not wired him because I wished to catch him unawares. I had fought against the practical acceptance of Clifford's women friends, yet always there lurked the desire to know more of them; more of his relations with them.

I had been forced to sacrifice many, most of my ideas since I married Clifford Hammond; I had seen my illusions slip from me one by one until if any were left I was unconscious of them.

Elsie had been very quiet ever since we left home. But I noticed that she frequently read a letter she had received the day we left; and that she mailed one, rather the porter did for her at one of our stops. I asked no questions, yet I wished she would confide in me. I was positive the letter was sent to Morton Levering. Saturday I felt the stirrings of my jealous nature even as regarded this man who was nothing to me in any sense. I really was delighted that he had turned to Elsie, who loved him. I had liked him, and the fact that he had valued me, and wanted me flattered me. Perhaps I was a bit piqued that he was so quickly consoled, even though it were by Elsie.

Tomorrow--Loose Ends.