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L. S. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

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THE SAGE BRUSH HONORED

The Nevada legislature two years ago refused to adopt the sagebrush as the emblem of the state, but the women's clubs took the matter up and the present legislature formally declared it the state emblem. It is peculiarly appropriate. The greater part of the state is covered with this hardy plant, and as it is about the only thing that can thrive in that dry climate it deserves well of the state for giving it a vegetation it otherwise would not have. There is another bit of vegetation that few outside of the state are aware finds its home in all parts of Nevada, and that is the wild onion. Like the sagebrush it is everywhere and performs a double duty. Its reddish purple flowers please the eye and its delicate fragrance reminds one of home when grandma has a cold. Besides with the sagebrush it forms a splendid combination for the culinary department of the state. The sagebrush enables the longeared and fleeting jack rabbit to exist, not only furnishing him in times of stress the wherewithal to get through a hard winter, but it also aids him in eluding his enemy, the lank and always hungry coyote giving him something to dodge around as well as hide behind. It also is responsible for the sage hen which is some suffragette, bossing the family even, furnishing the name for the species. The sage rooster is seldom heard of, though he is, next to the turkey, the largest game bird in the whole country. He is also, especially along toward Spring, when he has had a few weeks diet of succulent young onions mixed with his regular sage, the gamest bird that ever delighted the palate of a sunbrowned and desert blown epicure engaged between meals in following his beloved burro between mining camps. The sagebrush furnishes the jack rabbit and the sagehen for his especial delectation. It also furnishes the flavor, and the fuel to cook him or her with. At the same time the burro fills up on the gray and delicately tasseled tops of the Nevada forest trees, absorbs a few gallons of sweet alkali water, and thus filled with a home-brewed sage tea defies the desert and drouth, and patiently plods along with his master in the chasing after the end of the miner's rainbow. The women's clubs of Nevada, sagebrush clubs, did well to force an unappreciative legislature to adopt the lowly sagebrush as the state's emblem, for without it there would be no Nevada.

NO MORE RAILROAD STRIKES

The decisions of the supreme court in the Adamson law case seems to be far reaching and to contain some elements not fully pleasing to the brotherhood leaders. It is claimed that under it employes on public utilities, such as transportation companies, are subject to regulation by congress just as the roads are; and that congress can pass laws that will prevent strikes in such employments. It is the country's right to have its business protected, and it is probable it will not be necessary to legislate on the subject. Labor now has an eight hour day, and as the court decides congress has the right to fix wages as well as rates on the roads, there should be no occasion for further strikes. Not only that but the managers and their men are closer by reason of the trouble just settled than ever before. Hereafter there will, perhaps be a quicker and fuller recognition by each of the others rights, and both will take a broader view of their mutual relations and interdependency. It is probable the railroads will ask congress for permission to charge higher rates, it being estimated it will cost them \$50,000,000 more to run their roads than under the old arrangement. So as the people pay the extra cost of peace, they are certainly entitled to have it.

The latest report from Mexico is to the effect that Villa drew General Murguia into a trap and slaughtered 1,200 of his command. While it is probable Murguia got badly whipped if he met the bandit; when the stragglers who skipped first get back to their company it will be found that a round dozen will cover the fatalities unless a few of the more badly demoralized outran themselves and died from fright.

CONCERNING COMPANY M

Company M has a record that not only Salem, but the state and for that matter the nation so far as is known of it, is proud. When the call came for men for service in Mexico Salem's crack company was one of the first in the nation and the first in the state to say "Ready." It did good service, although fortunately there was no fighting to be done, and coming home under the change in the nature of the service, lost more than half its former members. It is now below the standard required to give it recognition and unless it can be recruited up to standard, Salem will lose the company. With it the armory will be closed and the capital and second city in the state will be left without a semblance of a militia company. It will be a misfortune if this is allowed to happen. It will be more than that, it will be a disgrace. If any city in the state should have a military organization it is the state's capital. A vigorous campaign is on to recruit the company up to standard, and surely there are enough patriotic young men here to fill its ranks to the limit. Many seem to think that any semblance of militarism is a crime; overlooking the fact that such organizations are maintained not for the purpose of attacking anyone but simply as a means of defense should the occasion arise. Another feature of the service is the physical benefits derived. There is nothing that will give a young man such a straightening up, such carriage, as military training. This is shown most emphatically in the appearance of the West Pointers and the boys from the naval academy at Annapolis. They are the best drilled and finest appearing lot of young men in the world and their physical "set-up" is due entirely to their military training.

An auto apparently has no more sense than its aboriginal ancestor, the cayuse. At Portland Monday an auto owner cranked up his machine that was evidently cranky enough without it, and without throwing it out of gear. When the juice came on it switched its tail, so to speak, and with the same devilishness that governs its cayuse relatives started a stunt similar to those at Pendleton. It first ran over its owner, or tried to. Making a partial failure of this it dashed across the street mounted the sidewalk, struck a pedestrian with one of its fore feet, or wheels, or whatever it fights with; then it knocked down a woman and would have done further damage but ran against a fruit stand and as it could not turn around like its cayuse prototype it had to stop. Bystanders lifted it off the woman and turned it over to the owner, as peaceful a little auto as could be found anywhere.

It does not seem possible the sun has made half of his journey north already this year, but the halfway post was passed yesterday. In a short time now we will quit patronizing the man in the woodyard and pay our simoleons over to the iceman. When we quit buying heat we have to purchase cold, and no inventor has yet found a way by which we can get either for use when the other gets too sociable.

The Southern Pacific Company is said to be preparing to spend \$60,000 in improvements at Corvallis. The same railroad has not spent that amount of money in Salem altogether since its tracks were first laid through the outskirts of the city by Ben Holliday back in the seventies.



THE HOLDUP

When'er I blow myself for taters, I curse the greedy speculators who've made the prices high; retrenchment is an empty byword when prices still are shooting skyward, and no relief is nigh. It matters nothing if the richer are held up when they buy a pitcher of cream or gasoline; the rich folk need to do no yapping if they, when in the market shopping, are taxed an extra bean. But I am sorry for the toilers, true victims of the heartless spoilers who make the prices soar; the honest men whose kids are many, to whom the losing of a penny is tragedy, and more. It is the marvel of the ages how they, upon their meagre wages, still seem to make their way; the burden on their backs grows broader, and still they buy the household fodder, and live from day to day. They live, but on a scanty diet, and now we hear of frenzied riot, led by indignant dames; and still we're stung when buying taters, and still the sinful speculators pursue their wicked games.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Engene will charter a special train and attend the Roseburg Strawberry festival. Medford will also send a big delegation.

Eastern Oregon is pleased with the appointment of Turner Oliver as attorney and registrar of the Federal Land Board.

Baker girls have organized for the purpose of encouraging enlistments.

McMinnville by a large majority yesterday voted the \$90,000 bond issue, to increase the gravity water system.

The strike being ended Hood River yesterday shipped sixteen carloads of

OPEN FORUM

BY A SALEM MOTHER

"You ask if I think a young man should join the National Guard. Well, my boy is a member of Company M and went to the border with the others last summer. He says he had a fine time and I know he has changed a great deal in the past year.
"Somehow I don't even just as he was before he went away. Frank seems to have grown up—I find myself relying on him more than I used to. He has, one, in a measure, to take his father's place. His father you know, fought in the Civil War, and so Frank naturally was attracted by the Guard."
(Here the interviewer asked the lady if she would advise all young men who were free to do so to join the local company.)
"That depends. Some boys have other members of the family to provide for. Of course it would be inconvenient for those to go away with the soldiers. But there are many other boys who don't have to support anyone who would not only be serving their country by joining the guard but who would be helping themselves. Fortunately our income is sufficient so that when the call for service comes Frank can go away with the knowledge that I and his sister are provided for.
"I feel, too, that the guard really does something for its members. In Frank's case it has built him up physically and has helped him develop self reliance to a large extent. Until he went to the border I always looked on him as a little boy but now I look up to him.
"Wouldn't it hurt you if President Wilson should call for troops or company M should be ordered to camp again?" was the next question.
"Yes, it would. It would hurt my mother to part with her son for an indefinite period. Mothers are selfish, I suppose. But I realize it is a man's duty to protect his home just as it is a woman's to make the home worth protecting. Some one has to do the work and I want my boy to do his share.
(The interviewer frankly stated here that it seemed probable Frank would be called on again within a few weeks to see service with the company, because of the acute situation with Germany.)
"I have heard that said and to tell the truth have been rather hearing it. I'll miss Frank and shall probably cry like a girl when he goes, but I would not keep him back if I could. The time is coming I firmly believe when every young man will have to spend a certain amount of time in military service and I suppose if Frank does his part now he will not have to do it later or at least he will be better equipped to do it if he is called on."
The interviewer parted from Mrs. B—with a feeling that he had come into touch with a splendid example of American motherhood. She was willing to subjugate her own feelings in the matter because she realized in a high degree her son's duty to his country. She saw plainly too that the hour is about to strike in which those who are willing to enjoy all the benefits of a land at peace must do their parts to make such peace possible or be compelled by law to do so.

A LETTER TO UNCLE SAM

As Salem, Mass., has decided to get off the map and go to Salem, Oregon, is now really on the map of the United States, we'll write Uncle Sam a letter.
Dear Uncle Sam:
No one enjoys a clean joke and a hearty laugh better than I.
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men"—but we'll lay aside all joking and come right down to business.
First, we realize you are in trouble, are being tried and tested and all true, loyal Americans are ready to stand by you no matter what the cost may be, but let us reason together for "until we stand," and "in God we trust," your mottoes, Uncle Sam.
You represent a Christian nation and

No Eggs, Milk or Butter

The following recipe shows how an appetizing, wholesome cake can be made without expensive ingredients.
In many other recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more by using an additional quantity of ROYAL Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup water	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup seeded raisins	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 ounce citron	2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening	2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

—The old method (fruit cake) called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS—Put the first eight ingredients in a cup and beat three minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake in moderate oven in loaf pan (found in tin with hole in center is best) for 30 or 40 minutes. Use with white icing.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients, mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 135 William Street, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum No Phosphate

New Albany Paper Suspends Publication

The Morning Republican, the new paper which started business in this city, March 15, has suspended publication. The solicitors have been called in and other employes turned off. Charles P. Ohling, the editor and manager of the Republican, has gone to Salem, but could not be located in that city this afternoon and the Democrat was therefore unable to secure a statement.
According to City Editor Ball, who covered the local field, the principal banker of the enterprise, failed the first day of the issue, and since that time the others withdrew their support. Mr. Ball returned to Portland this noon.—Albany Democrat.

There is a three-fold secret in the religious life, union with, yielding to, and abiding in Christ.
If you are a Christian you are in union with Christ, next step is to yield over will wholly to the Divine will, then you must abide, stay and God will manifest Himself to you, in other words, reveal Himself and His plans.
A crisis comes to every life, to every nation, has it come to you?
There is a band of consecrated Christians out here in Oregon, that want to help you, Uncle Sam, they are ready and willing to go as evangelists to those warring nations and as instruments in God's hand touch and melt the hearts of those leaders.
Oh, a little "upstart out west," yes, but if you are ever nearly just let them know for God is their leader and has told them what to do.
—JOAN.

MY HUSBAND AND I

Jane Phelps

MILDRED TALKS WITH BROOKE

CHAPTER CLXXXIV
I could not answer for a moment. Was Clifford right, and would Leonard "get over it" as he expressed it? I realized that I didn't want him to get over it, even while undecided as to my own course.
When you read a story in which a woman—especially one who has borne children—plans to leave her husband, and the writer tells how easily, how smoothly this upheaval of her life is accomplished, don't be too ready to believe it. A girl who has been carefully brought up, who has never known but the one man has a hard and bitter fight with herself, her conscience, before she decides upon the irrevocable step. Even then she often doubts the wisdom of her course.
Clifford was a bit improved. But so slowly had it come about so slight was the improvement that it was even yet scarcely noticeable.
Finally I said:
"You are better, Clifford—not much but a little," as he shook his head.
"And when you are well you will not mind things that worry you now." He started to reply just as Kate called me.
"Mr. Brooke is down stairs," she told me when I had closed the door.
I was glad. I wanted to talk with Leonard. I was anxious to know his feeling for me had not changed; that he did not disapprove my returning to nurse Clifford. I had not seen him since my return, altho he had written me several sympathetic letters.
"Leonard is surprised," I exclaimed as he took both my extended hands in greeting, "I should have sent for you had you not."
"Something is worrying you," he said gently, looking keenly at me.
"Yes—I am terribly worried," I replied, then plunged headlong into a recital of my anxieties. "Clifford has been, is still dangerously ill," I told him. "He will not try to get well, and the doctor is helpless in the face of his indifference."
"Why won't he try?" Leonard asked.
"Because I am leaving him."
"Pretty time to commence that sort of bluff, isn't it? I don't mean to be unfeeling when he is so ill; but he has had you for years and didn't get particularly anxious to keep you. Why should I mean so much to him now?"
"I can't explain Leonard. I do not understand it myself. But it is so. Yesterday he begged me to stay; and again just before you came he pleaded with me to give you up and stay with him. He knows all about my intention regarding you—that we are to be married as soon as I get my divorce."
"Well?"
"I want you to help me, Leonard. Tell me what I must do. I can't spoil your life—and mine. Neither can I go thru the years feeling like a murderer."
Leonard Refuses Responsibility
"But my dear girl, I can't decide for you," he answered quite calmly, instead of protesting that I was his, that he must have me, as I fully expected he would.
His attitude, his evident desire to shirk responsibility was so foreign to his earlier talk and methods that I was almost too astonished to answer.
"Why Leonard?"—I commenced haltingly, "you must help me. Why dear, it's your business to."
"You're not my wife yet, Mildred. Had you left Hammond when I first urged you too, this would not have happened. Now that it has you must decide for yourself—altho I can't quite believe that your decision will affect Mr. Hammond's stay upon earth."
"There was something about Leonard's answer that grated on me, that unaccountably hurt me. I think he saw it for as he rose to go, he spoke of our future life together and of the happiness he would try to give me. Yet—even then I missed something—not in his words, nor actions—but in the tone. It seemed to lack that passionate appeal I formerly held."
(Tomorrow—Love in the making.)

NOTICE TO READERS

The serial story "My Husband and I," which has been running in the Capital Journal daily for some weeks past, will end Friday evening. It will be followed Saturday evening by the synopsis of a new story bearing the same name. This will be a sequel to the present story cleverly written by Jane Phelps, and it will have entirely new characters and scenes. Our readers are sure to find it very entertaining. Remember the first chapter appears Saturday evening.

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