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WE PAY \$5,000,000,000 A YEAR

One of the arguments used by pacifists against war is its cost. It is pointed out that the nations of Europe have accumulated a debt that it will take long years to pay. At the same time these same people illustrate their argument by comparing the conditions in Europe with those here. The fact is, the European war has levied, and is still levying heavy toll on this country. True it is caused by war, but a war which up to this time we have taken no part in. While there has been a great influx of gold and a redeeming of securities that has brought apparently great wealth to this country, the people of the country have paid an amount far larger than all this gathered gold and returned values, on account of the war. The difference is that we, as a people, have been paying cash for the cost the war has piled up on us. It has come from the consumer and from every walk of life, this toll levied by the war, and because it is not ostensibly due to the war we accept conditions as they are and do not realize that we are now paying several billions of dollars yearly as our part of the burden of war. We are paying \$450,000,000 more a year as a nation, for our bread than we would do under normal conditions. In 1916 we consumed 18,626,793,238 pounds of sugar, or 186 pounds for each person. This cost us about \$1,750,000,000. This is about \$800,000,000 more than it would have cost us had it not been for the war. The United States uses yearly about 350,000,000 bushels of potatoes, the average price of which is about 60 cents a bushel. Just now they are selling at four times that, and for the year have averaged far above half that increased price, so we have paid for our spuds some \$300,000,000 more than we would have done had there been no war. Our bill for meats, far the heaviest of any one article of food on American tables, has much more than doubled and the increase in its total is not less than a billion dollars, and is probably far more than that. This makes our increased expense for living, on those four articles alone, flour, sugar, potatoes and meats \$2,500,000,000. Add to these the increased cost on the innumerable other articles of food, and to these still, the increased cost of our clothing, shoes and luxuries, and \$5,000,000,000 would be a moderate estimate of what the United States is paying as its share of the war burden. The amount proposed to be raised for the first year of the war with Germany into which we have just entered is just equal to the expense that has been forced upon us by war conditions. As a matter of economy, so far as the cost of the war in money is concerned, we cannot make a better investment. If our entering the war will shorten its duration, or put an end to it within the next year, we will have put our money to good use. For on top of what it has cost us we should not overlook the fact that so long as Prussian militarism is allowed to exist these same conditions are liable to be thrust on us as well as the balance of the world at any time and without provocation. We are investing our money to obtain a guaranty of peace for all time, and if this object can be obtained no price we may have to pay will be too great.

CLOVERDALE, OREGON, HAS RECORD

From cities in all parts of the United States come the same story of young fellows within the age liable to conscription in case that system is adopted, rushing to the hymenial altar in order to avoid doing their duty to the country. At Chicago a thousand or more stood in line awaiting their turn at the marriage license counter while a hard hearted clerk refused to put on extra men to handle the crowds. The result is that less than a fourth of them could secure licenses and will have to stand in line perhaps several days before the coveted license can be secured. Chicago, San Francisco, New York, even our own metropolis, Portland, all had the same experience. Standing out boldly from these is the record of Cloverdale in this state which holds the record, and sends word to the world, or at least to the female portion of it, that the open season for husbands in that district is closed. Every man who is not married has enlisted, and is off to serve his country. Cloverdale is not large but she is sure "some town" when it comes to loyalty.

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SPOILED LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

William Brownback, of Portland, is 40 years old, at which age a man is supposed to have lost the ardent style of puppy love which leads so many youngsters to do all sorts of silly things, or in other words is "old enough to know better," but the fact remains that William is a regular movie sort of lover of the cave dweller variety. He saw and was charmed by a sweet girl of 76 summers and at least as many winters, but evidently she did not kicken to Willie. He was not her style of playmate and she coldly refused to be wooed or hooded into matrimony. Now the average youth of 40 sin-glutted years travels on the assumption that there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught out of it, and if one special fish, generally in cases of love lornness called birds, should refuse the bait he casts his fly in some other pool, knowing he will get a rise in some of them if the lady fish is at home, and she generally is on matrimonial day. That was not Willie's way. Instead he armed himself with a marriage license, went to the home of his lady love, knocked down the back door, and also knocked the lady's little son, aged 56, into the wood box and proceeded to carry off the lady in regular days-of-chivalry style. All might have gone well had not a measly cop interfered and woke Willie from Love's young dream with a club.



THE SPRING STUNT

The winter's left me feeling faint, but when I've got my wind, I'll buy a quantity of paint, all ready mixed and tinted. And while you talk of war's alarms, and grind your saber true, my house will have some added charms; I'll paint it pink and blue. I won't neglect the springtime stunt, to talk of siege and wreck; if I am needed at the front, you'll find me there, by heck; but till I hear the tocsin sound, and see the helmets shine, I'll spread the ochre all round, with oil and turpentine. When martial stories stir our pride, and rumor wildly roams, we're all too prone to let things slide around our happy homes. We stand around in warlike groups, and make our frenzied brag, of how we'll slay the knave who whoops base insults at the flag. And while we frame our lurid vows to guard our native shores, we all forget to milk the cows and do the other chores. But I shall paint the cistern pump until my country calls, and then I'll answer, on the jump, in my tin overalls.



WALT MASON

COURT HOUSE NEWS

William Henry Frank, proprietor of the Red Cross Pharmacy, secured a license to marry Miss Vera Ruth Coode, a popular Salem girl, this morning from the county clerk.

Three marriage licenses were issued yesterday afternoon by the county clerk and this number came the nearest to a rush that the clerk has had for some time. The licenses were given to Gottlieb Stoller, a farmer of Salem; Augustin Schalek, also of Salem; Carl A. Krehbiel, a farmer of Silverton; and Lillian C. Lighty, also of Silverton; Vernon B. VanCleave, a farmer of Silverton, and Ruth A. Lighty, also of Silverton.

Selection of a jury in the case of Harvey against McKay, an action for damages resulting from personal injuries received when an automobile crashed into a buggy, occupied the morning in the circuit court.

Basing their claim that the court erred in giving instructions to the jury in the case of the Eagle Grocery against E. W. Powers & Son, an action in the circuit court for \$400 damages for an alleged broken prime contract and in which the jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendants, the plaintiff filed a motion for a new trial yesterday.

County Judge Bushey yesterday allowed the final account in the estate of J. A. Wied, which brings the estate affairs to a close.

In the matter of the estate of J. H. Settlemier, deceased, Judge Bushey yesterday set a time for the final hearing

of the accounts of the executor, F. W. Settlemier.

Mrs. Effie McPherson, wife of "Prez" McPherson, the latter being sentenced to the state penitentiary Monday for an indefinite term of from three to 20 years after pleading guilty to the charge of rape on the person of a 14-year-old girl, filed suit yesterday in the circuit court for divorce. McPherson was to ask for a parole yesterday but withdrew the petition and was taken to the penitentiary.

In her complaint Mrs. McPherson states they were married on January 1, 1914, and that one child has been born to them. She asks the custody of the child.

Glean Lee, indicted by the grand jury of non-support of his minor child, was sentenced yesterday by Judge Kelly to one year in the state penitentiary. He was immediately paroled by the judge, and is required to pay \$12.50 each month for the support of his wife and child and also to report regularly to the court.

State House News

Considerable road work is projected for this summer by the counties of the state, according to reports sent in to the state highway commission. At the meeting of the commission yesterday at the state house, Judge Masters of Douglas county, asked for an appropriation of \$190,000 for the improvement of 107 miles of the Pacific Highway in that county. He stated that Douglas county was willing to meet the appropriation dollar for dollar. Although the board was favorable to the proposition it did not take any definite action.

State News in Brief

Medford democrats are sore over the appointment of Bert Anderson, chairman of the Jackson County Republican Central committee as appraiser of the Federal Loan Board at a salary of \$2,400 a year. They have written Senator Chamberlain protesting the appointment.

A grand patriotic parade with Civil War and Spanish-American war veterans in line, is planned as a feature of the opening of Portland's rose festival.

G. E. Geismar and son, W. L. Geismar, of Portland, arrived by auto in Ashland yesterday from Hornbrook, Cal. They are said to be the first autoists to make the trip over the Siskiyou this spring.

Chief of Police Christensen, of Eugene, yesterday swore to a warrant charging Henry C. Schaefer, of Emeryville, Cal., with a statutory offense. Schaefer, representing himself to be a traveling salesman for the Pacific Manufacturing Book company, and a 15-year-old girl, arrived in Eugene from Portland Friday.

Oregon woolen mills are making cloth for soldiers' uniforms and this is sent to Philadelphia to be worked up. It is proposed to have the Oregon made cloth turned into uniforms at Portland.

Peter Hessler, a German, aged 70, committed suicide at his home near Gaston Monday, taking the shot gun route. He was in poor health and despondent. Bottles and demijohns, of many sizes filled with sake were taken in a raid in Portland early last night. Officers making the arrest confiscated seven tubs of sake and rice mash, a press and other paraphernalia for making Oriental liquor.

The board of directors of the Oregon Pioneer association at Portland, at a preliminary meeting last Saturday arranged for the forty-fifth annual reunion.

The Crown Willamette and Hawley pulp and paper companies of Oregon City, last night gave their employees a

tion in the matter.

A request for an appropriation was made by H. Hirschberg and Dr. Butler for the road from Independence south to the Benton county line. Assistance in improving the road from William up the Salmon river to the Pacific coast in Lincoln county was asked by Frank Mann of Rose Lodge, Lincoln county.

Fred N. Wallace, manager of the Tualum irrigation project, was re-elected manager of that project at the meeting of the state desert land board yesterday afternoon. The position carries a salary of \$175 a month. At this time approval of eight sales of land in the project was given.

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for polishing is an outfit unequalled for economy and convenience.

BLACK—TAN—WHITE

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SHINE WITH SHINOLA AND SAVE

five per cent bonus for March. The increase affects 1,500 mill workers and amounted to between \$4,000 and \$5,000.

The hoisting of the United States flag, which took place at Independence yesterday, was attended by 500 people. Addresses were made in three languages. A. C. Egan for the Americans, Adolph Ditch for the Finnish people and Mr. Thorsen for the Swedish people.

W. Lair Thompson, president of the Oregon State senate in 1915 and for the past 10 years a prominent and successful attorney of Lakeview, Ore., has removed to Portland to reside permanently. Mr. Thompson became a member of the law firm of Snow, McCannan & Bronaugh.

ARGENTINE DECIDES

(Continued from page one.)

Argentine citizens were gloomy over the announcement, considering that England's threat of a coal embargo, in reprisal for the ban against exportation of wheat from Argentine, had "sand bagged" President Irigoyen into his course of attempted placation. They credited Irigoyen with attempting to avert the coal embargo without rescinding the wheat embargo order. Freedom of export for this grain would it was said, create a grave situation in Argentine because of the scarcity of the crop.

Leaders figured today that Argentine was neither neutral nor unneutral. The prediction was widely voiced that the republic would speedily be involved in the war.

Simultaneously with his proclamation, President Irigoyen ordered federal intervention in Buenos Aires province to supplant governor Urdarte on account of his disaffection toward Irigoyen.

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THE "COME-BACK"

The "come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living, demands attention to satisfy the cry for a health giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful! Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befall the over zealous American. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per box. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. They are the pure, original, imported Harlem Oil Capsules.

My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

A LUNCHEON AT THE HALLDORF

CHAPTER XV.

We hurried across the street and into the spacious lobby of the Halldorf. I never had ventured into any of New York's big hotels, and was more than surprised by the magnificence, as well as by the number of people either lunching, or chatting together.

Every available space it seemed to me was filled with tables, and every table with people. I felt timid at first, embarrassed as I followed Helen into a room looking out on the avenue.

"I like the Palm room best," she remarked, "but we are late and would have to wait for a table—yes, for two!" interrupted herself to say to the waiter. Then, "near a window if possible."

He led the way to a tiny table set closely in the window embrasure. One could see the people passing in the street, quite plainly, and I judged — from the way some of them stared — that they could see us quite as well.

"What have you in the entrees today that is very nice?" Helen asked, as the waiter stood, pencil poised in air.

"Chicken livers — or madame is fond of crab meat. It is especially nice today. O is Halldorf."

Very well, we'll have the crab meat. A salad, hearts of lettuce, and a sweet, French pastry I think. Then to me. "What shall we drink, Sue?" "Coffee please," I told her, "while I studied the menu for crab meat."

Apalling Extravagance.

"I can't find the crab meat on the menu," I said to Helen as the waiter moved away to execute her order.

"It's in the specials for today," she told me at the same time pointing out the place.

"Oh!" I gasped, the price appalled me, one dollar and twenty-five cents a portion. "Is one portion enough for two?" I asked.

"Sometimes it would be if they would serve it, but they won't," Helen replied.

"But their prices are something awful!" I couldn't help saying.

"Not for New York. They you have to consider the service," she answered nonchalantly.

I said no more about the expense, but compared it with what we paid at the only hotel in my home town. Dinners there were fifty cents, breakfast and luncheon twenty-five. At Atlantic City we had stayed at an American plan hotel so this really was my first experience of the kind.

As I watched the people in the crowd, and in the expensive food, I wondered where all the money came from, then as usual — of late, wished I had more of it.

Two girls near us were drinking wine, and when I called Helen's attention to it — I really was shocked — she simply shrugged her shoulders, and replied:

"Oh, that's nothing. Everybody drinks wine — if they like it, and can afford it. That girl facing you is Fannie Horton; her father is worth

millions."

A Wide Acquaintance.

"Oh, how nice it is to know who people are!" I exclaimed, it makes them so much interesting, don't you think?"

"Yes, I guess it does. But when you have lived in New York a few years you will know as many as I do. There, you see that girl just going out! That's Claire Mumford, she's an orphan. Her father left her two millions when she comes of age. She must be pretty near old enough to claim it. Doesn't it seem wicked for a young thing like her to have so much money, and we have to economize so closely?"

I nodded in answer. I wondered what Helen called economizing, surely the luncheon she had ordered; the shopping she had done — the pretty trifles purchased, her stylish clothes, weren't indicative of any special economy.

Just then the waiter brought our luncheon, and in enjoying the delicious and unusual treat I had no more time for thought. Yet when he brought the bill, and I saw what a little Helen had left of a five dollar bill I was shocked again. Why she had to take more change from her purse to give him the tip which I considered more than generous. She saw my look, and said carelessly:

"I always give them at least 10 per cent. It insures good service."

(Tomorrow—An unwelcome message.)

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