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### NOT A MONEY MAKING WAR

Have Americans changed in disposition within the last 50 years? When the civil war broke out there were thousands who saw in it a chance to better their condition financially, and they proceeded to better it. They were not particular as to the way this was accomplished either. They furnished the men at the front with clothing that would hardly hold together, with shoes whose soles were a very cheap quality of paper, with hardtack full of worms and bacon that smelled to heaven and back again. There was no compunction of conscience about compelling the men at the front to suffer from a scarcity of food and an abundance of cold. The foundations of many a fortune were laid in those days, bricked with the necessities of the country and mortared with the blood of the soldiers.

It appears this sentiment has vanished, and instead there is a general outpouring of patriotism that places the welfare of the country above the selfishness of the individual. Of course there are many who would coin the country's needs into money for themselves, but these are the exception. Besides the sentiment is strong enough just now that the person or corporation caught trying to make inordinate profits out of the war would fare hardly at the hands of the people. Capital realizes that it must bear its share, and that while the great working classes must furnish the men, that it is up to them to bear a large portion of the cost. The great steel works, the railroads, the shipbuilding plants, all the great manufacturing industries are offering their services and their products at practically cost, and at the same time expressing willingness that their incomes should be taxed even to the point of confiscation if the needs of the country require it. This is the right spirit, and with the country so united in sentiment it will be irresistible.

"Frank admission is good for the soul," says the proverb. Yesterday a German paper published in Berlin warned its readers that "Germans must not underestimate the seriousness of the United States entering the war." It says: "The United States military strength must not be shrugged at. We must not make the same mistake we made regarding Great Britain's military force." This is the first admission on the part of Germany that she has been mistaken about anything since the war started. It gives hope that other mistakes will be seen and acknowledged, until getting the habit the whole war will be admitted to be a mistake, and those responsible will be willing as far as possible to rectify it.

Congress took up the matter of issuing five billions of bonds yesterday, and while some opposition developed it was stated by the house leaders the bill would be passed sometime today. One authority gave the time as two o'clock, but if it is passed during the day it will be fast work. However the sentiment seems to be getting general that so long as we have entered the war we must use every energy and resource to bring it to as speedy a close as possible. This has caused those who opposed the war to get in the front ranks in the matter of going the limit and the pace.

The high cost of living may be compensated in some degree by where the living is done. In Siberia eggs are nine cents a dozen, meat three cents a pound and butter twenty cents. Other foodstuffs are in proportion, and living is not acquainted with the gentleman who rides on its back in this country, and who is known as Mr. High Cost. Yet those who have spent years in Siberia, gladly leave it for the chance to face hunger and perhaps some suffering rather than stay where food was cheap and abundant. Here in America the cost of living is high, but all things considered--it is worth it.

The author of the epigram: "If you don't get what you like; like what you get," never passed through just such a shower bath of a Spring as the present one. Of course one can say it is a beautiful Spring all right and pretend to like it, but what's the use of lying about it?

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### OVERLOOKING THE HAY

It having been demonstrated that man takes kindly to oats and corn for breakfast why does the thrifty housewife not experiment on him to see if he cannot be made to appreciate a diet of alfalfa, or clover? Most men are easily tamed and trained; why not hit High Cost of Living with a bale of hay? Just think how much less kitchen work there will be when wifey comes down stairs in the morning, spreads the table cloth and after herding hubby into his stall gives him a slap with a currycomb or a hair brush while she quietly gurgles "stand over Bill," throws him a quart or two of oats, pokes a forkful of hay in his manger and amuses him by reading the news to him as he chews his fodder. If he does not like this kind of reading and has awakened to the real inwardness of modern hygiene she might get out a government report showing how much protein there was in the peeling of the potato he throws away when he is allowed a luxury like that. The carbohydrates in corn compared with those in other foods and especially meats; should make an interesting breakfast study, varied with a dissertation on meat diets, the production of uric acid, and its effects. Here is a vast field for exploration and exploitation which the busy housewives are overlooking.

Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria are admittedly launching "peace feelers" through the medium of Switzerland. The Bulgarians connected with the legation at Berne are, it is claimed, making an effort to learn what sort of a separate peace would be granted them. Austria-Hungary also wants to know what terms she is to expect. This is quite a step down from the haughty position taken only a few months ago, when she stood with Germany dictating terms the two would be willing to concede.

Hopgrowers and dealers estimate 7,500 acres of hop fields have been plowed up in the Willamette Valley within the last year. This area planted to potatoes, at a reasonable estimate should produce 1,125,000 bushels. This at the present price would represent a value of about \$3,000,000, or much more than the hops from the same area would have brought.

The more Brazil thinks about a German submarine sinking one of her ships and killing three of her citizens, the madder she gets. Apparently it will be but a short time until the kaiser can count her as among those who are not on his visiting list.

Those fourteen deaf boys who ran away from the state institution in Washington to enlist showed they were not as deaf as some who can not hear their country's call.



### SPRING ENTHUSIASM

The more I sing of gentle spring, the more I want to carol; these pleasant days I turn out lays and anthems by the barrel. As fresh the earth as when its birth occurred in distant ages; we shed our years and hop like steers, or kangaroos in cages. All winter long my works were wrong, and grief in me was reigning; and other jays who went their ways in anguish were complaining. I'd walk a mile before a smile I'd see upon a critter; all men were sore and o'er and o'er they cursed the winter bitter. But now I walk around a block on legs that wish to gambol, and fifty styles of cheerful smiles I witness in my ramble. Spring, sweet and calm, is nature's balm for all our ills and ailings; our souls it cheers, and dries our tears, and shames our idle wailings.

### A Few Words About Gladiolus Now Salem's Official Flower

In the recent election to choose what flower shall be Salem's flower, considerable interest was aroused over the gladiolus, which was chosen over a number of other varieties. It may be of more than passing interest to give some added information concerning this flower, concerning which there is apparently much knowledge.

In the first place, it is not a new flower for a chapter from "The Fields of France," by Madame Mary DuChaux, on The Mediaeval Country House has the following to say: "In summer a strew of fresh rushes, mint, and gladiolus (that flower so dear to mediaeval eyes) covered the pavement with cool fragrance, while a bough of some green tree or flowering bush filled the hearth."

It was the custom in those days to strew rushes on the floor for carpets.

The following bits concerning the gladiolus are taken from "The Well-Considered Garden," by Mrs. Frances King, and may be found in the state library:

"The best recent happening for the lover of this flower, and consequently, of course, the best thing for the grower of gladiolus in this country, was the formation of the American Gladiolus Society. To all who take a serious in-

terest in this flower, I would recommend the small monthly publication "The Modern Gladiolus Grower," published at Caledon, New York, by Mr. Madison Cooper, himself an amateur; this paper is the organ of the American Gladiolus Society, and a very fountain head of expert information in all matters relating to gladioli.

#### A Glorious Pair.

Now for the glorious pair Niagara and Panama. Niagara shall have the first word. Niagara is quite worthy of several descriptions. I therefore give first its commercial one, prefacing that by the fact that it has already secured three honors from horticultural societies, including one from the American Gladiolus Society. "In type," says its originator, "the variety resembles America, but the flowers appear to be somewhat larger, measuring four and a half inches across. In color the flowers are of a delightful cream shade, with the two lower inside petals or segments blending to creamy yellow. The flower spikes are very erect, and stout and are wrapped with broad dark green foliage."

Panama, a sister of Niagara, was the third captivator of the gladiolus show. I here declare, speaking with all possible earnestness, that it is the softest and most charming tone of pronounced rose-pink I have ever noticed in a flower. It makes one think of roses, of the best roses, particularly of Mrs. John Laing, and while I have never traced the idea which obtains here and there of growing gladioli among roses, because of the leggy look of both roses and gladioli at their best, yet if it must be done, Panama is the flower to place in our rose beds.

#### Gardens of Enchantment.

With the older gladioli, Peace, Dawn and Afterglow, we have a sextet of what seems to me the most beautiful of the newer gladioli, America excepted, but America is now established.

"No flower of the garden proves more irresistible than this," speaking of the bloom called "Mrs. Pendleton."

"Its lovely perpendicular line first, lily like, is like; then its truly prismatic range of exquisite color. No wonder that hybridizers in Holland, France, Germany, Great Britain and this country, have been earnestly working for years upon so beautiful a subject, or that amateur hybridizers are beginning to crop out in our own land."

"The cultivation of the gladiolus is so exceedingly simple, the results so wonderfully rewarding, the color effects so certain of accomplishment with flowers which come as true to type and color as these; there is everything to praise in this flower, no check to the imagination when forming one's summer plans with lists of it by one's side. Gardens of enchantment might easily be created by the careful use of two annuals such as dark heliotrope, ageratum Stella Gurney, and the lavender, cool, pink and palest yellow gladiolus mentioned in these pages. A mistake of judgment would be almost impossible with these materials in hand."

### WAR VS. KAISER

(Not poetry but my views in verse.)  
By Ivan G. Martin.

For freedom's cause the colonies,  
Once fought a king's aggression;  
And conquered both by land and sea,  
Vile baseness oppression;  
Great China--yes and Russia's free;  
No tyrant there holds sway,  
The smugness  
Of Britain,  
Kings must respect today.

Through all the ages history,  
Shows that the misused masses,  
Will fight for right and liberty  
Eliminating classes;  
'Tis well that Germany take heed,  
The spirit rises in Russia,  
The hate of greed,  
Love to be freed,  
Is spreading now in Prussia.

Our Uncle Sam with patience, long  
In peace, has tried to cement  
Crazed Europe--Wilhelm, dazed, head  
strong,  
Has broken each agreement,  
What justifies his right to say  
"The seas are my great war zone;  
Come not this way,  
For here I slay!"  
The seas are also our own.

War contraband, no one denies.

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Full details will be announced shortly, we believe, and should you want some of the bonds and will call on us, we shall furnish you with particulars when available.

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Deserves of confiscation,  
But passengers, relief supplies,  
Should go to every nation,  
Who gave the kaiser right, consent  
To murder men and others  
With crime intent,  
The innocent,  
The children, wives and mothers?

Who made it right for him to run,  
O'er Belgium unoffending,  
Destroying famis with sword and gun  
And ravage, burn--contending  
That prisoners should work and toil,  
As slaves for Teuton captors?  
One would recoil,  
At such turmoil  
In ancient history chapters.

"To hell with neutrals, we must win,"  
The kaiser has repented,  
But he will pay for crime and sin,  
Before the war's completed,  
Yes let the emperor raise head,  
The spirit ripe in Russia,  
The hate of greed,  
Love to be freed,  
Is spreading now in Prussia.

Some say America will see,  
A million German traitors  
We think this false but if you be  
Among our nation haters,  
Go home if you are fair and wise--  
Go back to Europe's turmoil,  
Or in surprise,  
You'll realize,  
We're ninety million loyal.

America has longed to see;  
Has pleaded, prayer and waited,  
For peace and freedom of the sea,  
Each day the news belated,  
Told of our ships, torpedo tossed,  
Unwarned in neutral water,  
And millions lost,  
At cruel cost,  
Unjustified, this slaughter.

America maintains good will,  
For Germans in the trenches,  
May we proceed with justice, till  
O'er Europe's bloody stretcher day  
And then in peace for ages,  
May cannon lay,  
In rust's decay  
And love fill history's pages.

### State News in Brief

The state board of control is receiving inquiries concerning bids to be made for furnishing supplies for the state institutions. The bids are made semi-annually and the next bidding comes in June. R. B. Goodin, who has returned from Roseburg on a trip connected with listing supplies, will soon be ready to advertise for bids.

Many inquiries are still being received by G. G. Brown, secretary of the state land board, concerning rural credit loans. He says that the number of loans are coming in regularly and it appears that the farmers are taking readily to the idea.

Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction Carlton is in Portland attending the fourth annual conference of Oregon educators. The conference is being held at Reed College and is under the direction of the Oregon Social Hygiene Society. He presided at this afternoon's meeting. The conference is taking up the subject of training teachers to give sex instruction to high school students.

to the state industrial accident commission during the past week. The fatalities were Joseph McCord, Portland, shipbuilding; Leonard K. Sashy, Portland, paper mill; William C. Stutzer, Portland, saw mill. There were 337 accidents reported and 261 were subject to the provisions of the compensation law.

At the rate applications are being received for membership in the National Education association, it is probable that Oregon will have about 3000 members by June, which is 2000 more than was promised to get the national educational convention for Oregon for this year. Forty seven membership certificates were issued yesterday by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill. Thirty four certificates went to Ashland, six to Corvallis, two to Prineville, two to Gladstone, one to Baker, one to Roseburg, one to Paradise, and one to the parent-teacher association at Gladstone.

Four fatal accidents were reported

Phone 81 Prompt Service

## My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

### TOM TELLS THE RESULT OF HIS TRIP

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Where are you, Sue?" Tom called cheerily.

"Right here, dear," I answered realizing with a start that I had done nothing about dinner, and struggling to my feet.

"Why what's the matter?" he queried, excitedly, "why you're ill!"

"No, dear, I'm all right now, I'll tell you all about it while I get dinner."

"We'll get dinner together--that is if you are sure you are able?" he added.

"Yes indeed!" and then I told him of the day's experience finishing with the loss of Helen's money; and my use of the five dollars he had left for our furniture installment.

"Never mind the money, as long as you are all right! you are sure you are?"

"Yes, Tom, I feel a bit shaky but that's all."

"Thank God it was no worse," he said fervently. Then, "I have just a bit of news for you, good news. Haviland found an old debt due father he was able to collect. He divided it between mother and me. We can finish paying up that installment man. I think there will be just about enough."

"But you won't take it ALL in that way, will you?" I asked a vision of new clothes before me.

"Yes, I want to feel that they are paid. It annoys me to have a man coming here collecting, and I don't like the looks of it either."

**Sue Speaks Out.**

"I think I should have some of that for a new suit, Tom," I blurted out without thinking. "I need one awfully!"

"But Sue"--Tom hesitated. "I hate to deny you dear, but if we have this debt off our minds we can plan much better, and you can put away what we paid them for your suit."

But I wasn't satisfied. I forgot that I had thought before I dropped off to sleep that an accident in the subway had kept me from doing something foolish, something that might make Tom angry--and he could get angry, and something I might regret. Just the knowledge that he had enough money to buy me a stylish suit, made me determined to have one.

But I said no more to Tom. It wasn't easy to go against him. He could be very stern. But from that minute I never gave up the idea that if I managed I might dress well--not as well as Helen Thurston perhaps, but so I wouldn't look like a fright.

"You said you paid for the taxi, didn't you Sue?"

"Yes, why?"

"If Mrs. Thurston offers to pay for it, or any part of it, don't accept. Your paying for it helps to lighten your obligation because of that lunch?"

"Very well," I replied, but I couldn't help thinking what I might have done with that three dollars and sixty-five cents.

**A Promised Lesson.**

The next morning Helen came to my door enveloped in a big kitchen apron.

"Walter just telephoned that he was going to bring two business acquaintances home to dinner. It's an awful bore, especially when I know so little about cooking. Would it be asking too much--do you feel able to give me that cooking lesson this morning?" she asked rather shamefacedly.

"No indeed! I'll come right in," I told her.

We spent a very busy morning. The two men were business friends of Mr. Thurston's, and from what Helen said I judged he was going into some sort of a deal with them.

"What shall you have for dinner?" I inquired when I--after finishing my own work went across the hall.

soup, fried chicken, sweet potatoes, a salad and some nice dessert. That with coffee, crackers and cheese will do nicely."

I thought it would when I found that Helen knew nothing about cooking anything she had mentioned. She wanted the sweet potatoes cooked, and corn fritters with the chicken.

(Tomorrow--An unexpected invitation)