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### HEEDING THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL

Marshall Field, the third, heir to fifty million dollars, enlisted in the ranks of the Illinois National Guard as a private, yesterday, and went into camp on an equal footing with the other young men from all walks of life. That was a manly thing to do but not an uncommon occurrence since the nation called its sons to war. Scions of the wealthiest families of the country, Vanderbilts, Astors, Armours, and others not so well advertised as millionaires, are serving the colors in the ranks by hundreds and asking no special favors or privileges. We talk of classes in this country now a days, that is many persons do, for the land is filled with agitators who rail at conditions and revile our laws and the officials who administer them, but when the days of peril come and national honor and security are at stake the class distinction, so-called, disappears as by magic and we behold one hundred million Americans only—ready to fight, to die if need be for the flag that symbolizes the greatest nation and freest government on earth; a nation where every citizen walks erect in the knowledge that his rights of citizenship are not abridged and where no man need to doff his hat unwillingly to one of higher rank or nobler birth; where liberty is so common that it is sometimes unappreciated or else is interpreted to mean license to abuse the sacred heritage of citizenship.

We have been told by certain individuals that wealth should pay the cost of war; that the toll of blood and treasure will be taken from the poor. But already we know that this charge is untrue—that if our soldiers are called upon to man the battle trenches of Europe before peace comes to the warring world the millionaire and the poor man will pay the cost of the conflict alike and die as comrades side by side. Rich men, a multi-millionaire publisher being a notable example, are asking that the financial burden be placed upon their shoulders and manufacturers of the country are tendering their dividend-paying plants to the government at its own price for any purpose for which they may be of service. The wealth of the nation will pay the bills and pay them without a murmur, because it is American wealth and realizes its origin and its obligations.

The people of the United States have been sneered at because in fancied security they have stood for peace and taken the peaceful professions of other great powers in all sincerity, and have no great military establishment or ocean-dominating navy struggling at the leash to meet the alien foe; it has been said that we are not a nation but a mob made up of all peoples and lacking in national character, pride and patriotism. Already these slanders have been refuted. The thrill of patriotism fills the land today; it pervades every home and rules every industry.

If it comes to the battlefield and trenches there will be no hyphenated Americans manning the guns and carrying the stars and stripes to victory. Irish Americans and Scandinavian Americans and German Americans and all the other hyphenated citizens of our political campaigns will be plain Americans then with a common work to do and a grim determination to do it.

The nation is being tried as by fire and it will emerge from the test stronger in all respects and more firmly welded together by the sacrifices made upon the altar of a common country.

The water company of Bend responded quickly to the request of the governor that special terms be given by water companies to children planting vacant lots in the cities. The Bend company wired the governor that it would furnish water free to all children cultivating lots, and would also furnish them seed if they were unable to buy it. It is probable most of the other water companies will follow Bend's example so far as furnishing the water is concerned, and that in this way a material addition to the supply of vegetables will be secured.

America has not had many wars but every time she has gone to bat she scored a home run. She has never lost yet. Her batting average is 1,000.

### SOME USELESS WORRYING

London is worrying itself over the situation between this country and Mexico. It is feared Carranza may place an embargo on oil, which would be a severe blow to Great Britain which gets a large part of her oil supplies from Mexico. There was a time when most people in the United States were strongly against war with Mexico. They are so no longer. Our patience has been exhausted, and the majority of the American people would be rather glad if Carranza would come out in the open, and show his hand. If he is disposed to act squarely, and treat foreigners in his country decently, we can do nothing. The really bad feature of the situation is that he can do just as much nothing as can this country. Ostensibly at the head of the Mexican government, he is in fact in control of but a small part of the country. A half dozen bandit leaders challenge his authority in different sections and defy him successfully. It is for this reason the people of this country are beginning to feel that Carranza's open enmity would be the best thing that could happen just now. It would result in a thorough cleaning up of Mexico and the establishing of a stable government. Bandits would be done away with, and the Mexican people assisted in getting on their feet. Once Uncle Sam undertakes the house cleaning of that country its troubles will be practically over. London need not worry about Mexico, so long as Texas and the border states are not turned over to it by the kaiser.

The Southern Pacific Company, according to the official report of its officials just filed, broke all records for business in 1916, increasing gross earnings over \$20,000,000. And still the company is too poor to build a respectable passenger station in the capital city of Oregon!

### \*\*\*\*\* OPEN FORUM \*\*\*\*\* BLAMES THE MIDDLE MEN

Editor Capital Journal: Not only this year but for a number of years the same old dope comes through the agricultural papers and all other papers urging the farmers to get busy, plant all the crops you can, learn how to make two bushels of wheat grow where one grew, tell the old woman and kids to milk the cows, make butter, raise chickens, ducks and geese, grow onions, potatoes, etc., and your good Mr. Farmer, must have more cattle, more pigs and more everything, prices are going to be the highest this fall that were ever known. So Farmer Jones Brown and all the rest of them, commence to order seed wheat at \$2.50 per bushel, seed corn at \$5 to \$8, seed potatoes at \$3 to \$5 and everything else in proportion, count up the big pile of dollars that they will rake in next fall and look down the road every day for those wise guys to come along and try to make a contract for delivery at these high prices. But say, Mr. Wise Guy, you don't need to come, stuff is going to be awfully scarce and prices higher on old Bridle's bunk. Whoop'er up to get rich this fall.

But what really does happen? Oh, Mr. Farmer just has to sell for what he can get because he owes the bank and Mr. Banker has told him he is very close up for money and he can't possibly wait on him any longer than until he can get his crops to market. So the same gag is repeated from year to year and the producer and consumer are the fellows that get their legs pulled, the producer getting 35 per cent of what the consumer pays for it and the idle rich go between for the other 65 per cent and what happens from one year end to another?

The producer causes the consumer because he doesn't pay more and the consumer causes the farmer because prices are so high. This same thing is repeated from year to year and everything is lovely for the grabber. Will the producer and consumer ever get close enough together to get acquainted?

Some one please answer.  
MRS. E. A. JENSON,  
Hazelwa, Ore.

### \*\*\*\*\* State News In Brief \*\*\*\*\*

The Crown Willamette Paper company of Oregon City has purchased a tract on Lewis and Clarke river, near Astoria, containing 109,000,000 feet of spruce timber, paying for it \$175,000.

Baker stockmen are gloomy over weather conditions. They claim the season is at least 40 days late, and that in consequence they have not fat cattle to turn off at present high prices.

The Western Land and Irrigation company of Bend, has offered the use of a large tract of its lands free to those who will grow potatoes on it.

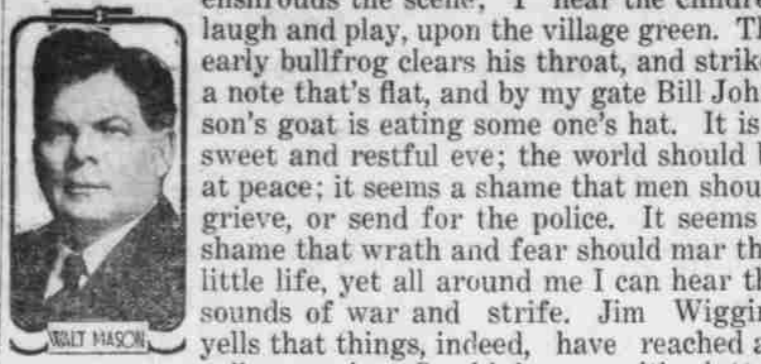
Three men broke into the jewelry store of Ernest Hoffman at Hubbard yesterday and carried away the safe. The barbing of a dog waked E. M. Pierce, who investigated and was held up at the point of a revolver. When released he used the telephone to such purpose that a pursuing posse caused the robbers to abandon the safe.

In Grande is wrestling with an ordinance requiring that bells be placed on all cats. This is proposed as a measure to protect birds.

Petitions are being circulated in Baker county asking for the recall of County Judge Merritt and Commissioner Rittner.



### Rippling Rhymes



APRIL EVENING  
Now fades the quiet April day, and dusk enshrouds the scene; I hear the children laugh and play, upon the village green. The early bullfrog clears his throat, and strikes a note that's flat, and by my gate Bill Johnson's goat is eating some one's hat. It is a sweet and restful eve; the world should be at peace; it seems a shame that men should grieve, or send for the police. It seems a shame that wrath and fear should mar this little life, yet all around me I can hear the sounds of war and strife. Jim Wiggins yells that things, indeed, have reached an evil pass, since Samkin's cow, with glutton greed, devoured his garden sass. Si Harris says that tongues and pens his wee cannot describe; he's ruined by the neighbors' hens—he'll shoot the whole blamed tribe. Sim Hopkins has been seeing red since Wigmore stole his pump, and now he's punching Wigmore's head, hard by the village dump. It seems an evil thing to me that in this vale of tears we men can nevermore agree, but pull each other's ears. The solemn beauty of the night appeals but to a few; for men will fuss and fume and fight, while there are rags to chew.

A commission has been appointed to revise and simplify the laws and legal procedure. It might be a good thing to repeal all laws and start over by re-enacting the ten commandments.

## My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XXIII.  
I had almost forgotten Miss Morton, the friend of Tom's was not in the subway the night he took me to the theatre, so that I was genuinely surprised when upon answering the bell—oh, how I hated that, never knowing who was waiting on the landing—to see Vivian Morton.  
"Aren't you going to ask me in?" she queried smiling. I had stood gaping my surprise.  
"Certainly, Miss Morton!" and I ushered her into our living room which never before had seemed so small and mean.  
"I don't wonder you were surprised to see me," she began. "I have been so long coming, but I rather waited for Mr. Brown, and we never seemed to find an evening convenient for both, so I decided to come and call on you anyway."  
"You are very kind," I murmured stolidly.  
"To myself, yes," she returned, "what a cozy place you have here, and it is so sunny."  
"That is why Tom took it," I rejoined, at a loss to say to such an exquisitely dressed creature with whom I had nothing in common.  
"How do you like New York? You said you were from the West, I believe?"  
"It is wonderful! perfectly wonderful I think," I enthused, "alho I don't see much of it. Tom is too tired to go out often in the evening, and I am too timid to go wandering about alone even in the daytime."  
She laughed merrily.

An Invitation.  
"Pardon me for laughing, but New York seems just the easiest place in the world to get around in. But I'll tell you what I'll do. You be my guest some day next week and we'll just go around together. I'll come after you in the car about 10 o'clock, or perhaps half past ten and we'll just ride around until luncheon time, then you lunch with me, and we'll go to a matinee or something afterward."  
"Oh, Miss Morton, I!"  
"Now please don't refuse me. I shall be so disappointed if you do," she interrupted. Then, as she had read my thoughts, "Don't dress up, just wear a tailor suit and then we'll be all right no matter where we go. That is one thing about New York, you can do as you please."  
I had been about to stammer a refusal of the excuse, as old as woman, of nothing to wear. But I couldn't resist the allure of her invitation. A motor ride, luncheon, and a matinee! so I returned:  
"It is very kind of you to ask me, and I will gladly go."  
I knew my acceptance sounded stilted, and commonplace, you must remember I had never been a society girl, that the amenities of polite life were strange to me, and that I so wanted to stand well with Tom's friends, that I was embarrassed, and awkward.  
"That is fine! then if that day is convenient, I'll call for you at ten-thirty next Wednesday morning. That is matinee day you know."  
"That will suit me," I replied and

after a little more desultory conversation, she left.  
Helen is Curious.  
Scarcely had Miss Morton left before Helen rushed in.  
"Who in the world was that calling on you," she was simply stunning."  
"A Miss Vivian Morton, an old friend of Tom's," I answered, glad to have the opportunity to talk over my guest, also my coming out, with Helen. "I am going motoring, to lunch, and the matinee with her next Wednesday."  
I had scarcely finished telling Helen this when I remembered that I had nothing to wear. Miss Morton had said to wear only a tailor suit. The only suit I possessed was so hopelessly out-of-date that it would be impossible to wear it beside a woman as snarlingly pressed as was Miss Morton. What should I do? The tears came into my eyes, and I completely forgot Helen in my distress.  
"For pity's sake what's the matter?" she asked.  
"Why Helen I can't go! I haven't a decent thing to wear!" I blurted out, as I brushed the tears of disappointment away.  
"You shall go! the very idea of your saying you can't go. We'll manage it somehow!"  
I wasn't much comforted. I couldn't see how Helen was going to manage to make me look presentable in my unstylish duds.  
(Tomorrow—Concerning Tom.)

### Delicious Sally Lunns in fifteen minutes!

(Report No. 5 By the man who timed them)

One Friday last Winter, I purposely went home early. I found my wife at the piano. She asked me if I still wanted the Sally Lunns that night. "Yes," I answered. I had gone home especially to get posted on Cottolene. "All right," she said. "Come along. Watch and you may learn how to do it yourself."

## Cottolene

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Yes! Cottolene is also superior for frying and for all cake-making

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## Chambers and Chambers

467 COURT ST.

That advertising and window displays pay "when you have the goods to back up your advertising" was proven yesterday in results from our Mattress advertisement, for we sold more mattresses yesterday than we have for the last ten days. Six days more at the special prices. If in need of a Mattress do not miss this chance, for it will be a long time before you will buy Mattresses at the price we are making at this time.

### CHAMBERS & CHAMBERS

For two days, Saturday and Monday, April 21st and 23d, we place on sale Fifty Steel Beds; two-inch posts, either in white or vernis martin finish, at the remarkable price of \$8.75 each. These Beds are made by the largest and most reliable manufacturer in this country, and we will guarantee every one we sell. The price is a get-acquainted price. Considering the very strong possibility of another advance in beds inside of a month, you would do well to fill your needs now.

### CHAMBERS & CHAMBERS

When you need a Vacuum Cleaner to clean your carpets and rugs you can rent one of us for 75 cents per day. One of the very best electric cleaners on the market. Hardly necessary to invest twenty to thirty dollars in one, when you can rent at the above price, and we keep it in repair. Chambers & Chambers

When in the market for Rugs, Linoleums, Congoleum Rugs, Window Shades, Draperies, Go-Carts, Baby Carriages, Ranges, Stoves, Oil Stoves and Refrigerators, do not forget the new store in the D'Arcy building, 467 Court street. We have such an up to date stock of the very newest things in our line of merchandise it is a real pleasure to show customers thru our store.

### CHAMBERS & CHAMBERS

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