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THE HOE HANDLE AS A FLAG POLE

A few days ago a senator referring to President Wilson's insistence on stirring all America up to the necessity of raising every pound of eatables possible, said he was evidently "trying to fly old glory on a hoe handle." Unintentionally he told the exact truth. Balfour in the brief talks he had yesterday regarding the situation, said it was food not men the allies needed; and America could do more by feeding the men already in the trenches than by sending more men into them. He stated England could pull through, but that France was getting short and would soon be in a serious condition unless she was given help by America. With our abundance here in America we have never realized that we should be put to it to make the supply go round, and time immemorial it has been our boast that "we can feed the world." Now we are called on to make our boast good. The appeal coming from France strikes every American with peculiar force. That nation has put up an heroic fight, taking her medicine uncomplainingly, and fighting for all she was worth and all the time. She has had but little to say either. She has accepted defeat stoically, and has achieved victory without vainglory or bluster. And so the motive that will drive every thoughtful American to do his bit, is the love of a good fighter, a good loser, and of a nation that in our darkest hours came to our rescue, and kindled anew the flickering flame of the torch of liberty. More than any other people the French have led the way to the goal of all right thinking mankind, the fullest and most complete liberty. It is for these people, not for ourselves, that the back yard should be planted and every available acre of our broad land made to produce to its utmost capacity. The senator was right. Let us raise old glory metaphorically on the end of our hoe handles and so strike the hardest blow we can for the liberty and peace of the world.

Russian officials yesterday sent a message to America that she was in the war to stay and would not consider peace until Prussian militarism was no more. At the same time it was announced that affairs in Russia were straightening themselves out, and that the country was in better shape to meet the Teutons than ever. This is certainly good news if true; but one cannot help but believe that Russia is the one weak link in the chain of allies. This, not because her leaders are not true to their promises, but on account of the conditions due to the radical change of government and the dissension always accompanying such changes.

One of the officials accompanying the commissioners from England to Washington said yesterday the British had captured 20 submarines April 20. It seems the British had found and destroyed the base on which these relied for supplies, and this gone the submarines were helpless and were glad to surrender. He added that the British were capturing many more submarines than anyone supposed.

With a million acres added to the cultivation area of the state by the decision of the supreme court, the great ship-building industry fairly under way and demand for everything the farmer can grow, Oregon should see the most prosperous times for the next several years that she has ever known.

The dispatches yesterday told of a German fleet sailing for Riga with the intention of tackling the Russians. This is a move that was expected, but what the result will be no one can foresee. Russia and the submarines are Germany's only hopes and either of these failing, the end is not far off.

As a matter of governmental economy it is suggested the sending out weather reports in Oregon is a dead waste of money.

The Bible tells us Herod reigned forty years in Israel, but he wasn't so much. Look at Beal here in Oregon.

THE LAND GRANT DISPUTE SETTLED

The United States supreme court yesterday handed down an opinion in the Oregon & California land grant cases which settles that question for all time so far as the railroad's rights in or to them are concerned. The court sustains the law, gives the railroad or its successors \$2.50 per acre for the entire tract, returns the lands to the public domain, and makes nearly a million acres of good agricultural lands available for settlers. These lands so soon as the department acts can be homesteaded, but the settler will have to pay for them at the rate of \$2.50 an acre, the same price the government pays the railroads. Certain of the lands containing above 300,000 feet of lumber to the quarter section will be classed as timber lands and from these the timber will be sold and then they too will be subject to homestead entry without any charge other than the regular land office fees. The decision will also make unnecessary the voting on the bill to have the lands placed upon the tax roll, for Uncle Sam pays no taxes. After the war is over and men again go to seeking homes for themselves instead of graves, these lands will soon be taken and will add materially to the wealth of the state. They will become subject to taxation, and relieve some of the western counties of the state from a heavy burden imposed on them by their containing vast areas of nontaxable lands.

Six weeks from today will decide the road bonding matter, along with several others. The placing of the forfeited railroad land on the assessment rolls, however, will not be one of them. The United States supreme court beat us to it.

Now is the time that old poem of Steve Mayberry's written in Portland years ago, should become popular in Salem. Its chorus was:

"They're going to build, I feel it, yet,
A bridge across the Willamette."

Turkey following the example of Austria has severed relations with the United States. The administration and the country will wiggle along just the same and neither will lose any sleep over it.



WAKING UP

I see my neighbors buying flags, and waving them on every hand; they stand around and make their brags about Columbia, happy land. "We don't want war," I hear them say, "we do not lust for wound and scar, but if a foe should come our way, there is no sacrifice we'll bar. Breathes there a man with soul so dead he would not for his country scrap? If such there be, we'll punch his head, and from his system knock the sap." Bill Kickshaw sprung a musty gag, the other day, down by the jail, reflecting on our starry flag, which makes all other flags look pale. At other times his idle speech would not have stirred us up to ire; but now we rose with wrathful screech, and mauled him like a house afire. We've all grown soft in times of peace, the worth while things we have disdained; we've lolled and basked and put on grease, and cash is all for which we've strained. So, when our country strikes a snag, it's good to see, throughout the town, our neighbors bless the dear old flag, and mob the man who'd pull it down. The nation is not gone to seed; still throbs the soul of Bunker Hill, to battle, at the country's need--it always has, it always will.



WALTER MASON

My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

CURIOSITY CONCERNING VIVIAN MORTON

CHAPTER XXVI
Does this story of the beginning of my married life sound sordid? Do I seem a selfish, heartless creature, caring for my husband only because of what he could give me? If so, remember that I was very young, very inexperienced, very unused to life and responsibility. Oftentimes as I look back it seems to me that a country girl, brought up as I was where living is a struggle, never having traveled, knows less of the vital matters of life than the veriest child of the cities.

As I tucked the five dollars I had coaxed from Tom away, I remembered that long ago I had resolved to ask him all about Vivian Morton; and his acquaintance with her. So I commenced: "Do tell me all about Miss Morton, Tom; how long have you known her?" "Oh, a long time!" he replied carelessly. I met her my first year in college. Her brother was a chum of mine and she often visited him. Naturally I met her.

"You knew her pretty well, didn't you? She calls you 'Tom'?" "Yes--pretty well."

"Were you in love with her?" I persisted.

"What a little question box you are, Sue!" Tom laughed but I noticed he had flushed, and I imagined his laugh sounded forced.

"But were you?" I repeated.

"I thought I was--until I met you," he confessed. "Then it was all off."

Love Goes Where It Is Sent.

"But she's so handsome, so stylish, and--she is rich isn't she?"

"Yes, she is all those things. But I love you," he finished, kissing me fondly.

"Then, Vivian is a very lovely girl and I am glad to have you know her. But don't get foolish notions into your head about her--or me. I think she will probably marry Brown. He has been devoted to her years."

"He seems a nice fellow," I replied lamely.

"He is! a rattling good fellow!" Tom replied.

Nothing more was said about Vivian Morton but I couldn't help a little jealous twinge when I thought of her. How was it possible that after knowing her, Tom should have chosen me?

Preparation.

I had been very busy all day. In the morning I had asked Helen and Walter to come over. She had accepted at once, and had rather raved over the idea of meeting Everett Crandell again. More so than was in good taste, I thought.

I had swept and dusted the entire apartment. Tom had a little trick of offering to show it. Then I had rushed out and bought a few flowers at the corner. Only 25 cents worth, but they gave just the little touch needed to the living room.

The beer came, Tom paid the boy, then we hurried through dinner. I was safe for a time anyway. While I was changing my dress and doing my hair over, Tom arranged the dishes we should need for the rarebit on the dining room table. Tom really was very helpful--when he wanted to be.

"My, but you look nice!" he said when I reappeared.

"Do you like my hair this way?" I had copied Vivian Morton's style of hairdressing.

"It's great! much more becoming than the way you have been doing it," he flattered.

Just then the door bell rang and I heard Tom greet Mr. Crandell. Then "For your wife?" Mr. Crandell said, as I also went forward to welcome him.

Tom handed me the box he had taken from our guest. When I opened it I blushed with mortification as I thought of the 25 cent nosegay on the living room table.

Once again he had brought me American Beauty roses.

(Tomorrow--A Gay Party.)

There was not a line of news from South American countries yesterday. This indicates there is perhaps serious trouble in Brazil and perhaps Uruguay. The extent of the revolution started by the Germans in Brazil is not known, and probably will not be soon. At last accounts Uruguay had massed her entire military forces on the Brazilian frontier to prevent the Germans entering her territory. The last heard from Argentine she was about to demand satisfaction for the sinking of one of her vessels, and the statement that she would break with Germany if the reply was not satisfactory. It is probable there will be some real live news from the southern continent in the next few days.

Perhaps many of the slackers who married to avoid 'he draft, will be pleased to learn that their act will not prevent their being taken in the army. With many it was probably a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire."

PRIZE WINNING ESSAY ON OREGON ROADS

"The Trail-Blazer of Oregon."
By George Raemer Schriber, of Seald, Oregon.

The very life of the nation pulsates over 2,000,000 miles of roads. In many sections the mode of travel is normal, business a success, schools are plentiful and of the best, and community life ideal. Why? Because the roadbed is hard and lasting.

Egypt flourished as long as it was on the world's thoroughfares; Persia, with its post roads, held its own against rivals; Rome conquered the world because of her military roads; Venice sank into oblivion when the routes to Asia were cut off. But with Napoleon's road building came a new era for France.

China's roads spell China's darkness. Open the roads and the cloud is dispelled. Will we as an intelligent people stand back and allow the gloom of business depression, illiteracy, insanity, and pauperism to engulf us?

Shall we continue to pay 5 cents in instead of only 1 cent to haul a bushel of wheat 10 miles; or 25 cents per ton a mile while the European farmer hauls for 7 cents, and whenever he pleases. The federal government says, one horse on macedan pulls as much as 10 on a sand or mud road.

People of Oregon, be "TRAIL-BLAZERS!"

Scotts Mills News

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Scotts Mills, Ore., April 24.--The Friends' Christian Endeavor social held Thursday night at the home of J. E. Coulson's was a decided success.

About 25 were present, and others, no doubt, would have been there had there not been a continuous downpour of rain. The games and plays were new and interesting. In the "clipping match" Miss Lulu Dale was the champion.

A late hour refreshment were served. We think every one present enjoyed themselves.

W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. J. A. Taylor Wednesday p. m. The subject for the afternoon was "Health and Heredity." Mrs. Roy Rice, superintendent. We had a profitable time.

Levi Hammer went to Portland last Wednesday.

The Parent-Teachers' association had an unusually good program last week at the school house. The school orchestra under the teaching of Prof. Stultz, is very good. Their part in the program added much to the enjoyment of the evening. "The Congress of Nations" proved to be very funny.

Mrs. Geer has a fine class of 10 pupils in piano music. Parents in this vicinity wishing their children to have a musical education would do well to patronize her.

It is Grandma and Grandma Kollis now. A letter from their son, Harry, of Los Angeles, informed his parents and friends here that a little daughter came to their home recently.

Lewis Coulson has returned from his trip to Idaho.

W. L. Taylor returned from Portland last week. Mrs. Taylor will remain with her parents for a few weeks.

Emerson Hammer, Martin Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Kellis and Prof. Stultz attended the I. O. O. F. convention and

banquet at Salem.

Grandma Crites, of Lebanon, formerly of this place, visited her son, George, and family here last week.

Word has been received here that Miss Genevieve Parnell, formerly of this place, dropped dead on the street at Porterville, Cal., a few days ago. We understand she had married since leaving here. Cause of death unknown.

Aumsville News

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Aumsville, Ore., April 24.--G. W. Gildon, who owns a ranch east of town, has moved back, having resided in Silvertown the past year. He will have possession of his property September 1 and in the meantime will occupy the Ross Coedit home in the east end of town.

C. K. Read, a pioneer of '52 and an old resident of this community, died April 13, at the age of 81 years. Besides his wife, he is survived by nine children, all of whom were present at the services which were held at the Christian church April 15.

Roy Peterson and wife moved to Mill City on Thursday, where he has a position as tally keeper in the Hammond Lumber company mill.

A. W. Schrank and family attended the funeral of Mr. Schrank's father, John E. Schrank, which was held Thursday afternoon from the First Methodist church in camera. Schrank's store in this city was closed for the day.

The meeting held at the home of Chas. Ranson on Thursday evening to discuss the advisability of organizing an auxiliary to the Willamette chapter of Red Cross was attended by 15 leading citizens. Mrs. C. G. Ranson was elected temporary chairman and committees were appointed to arrange for a meeting to be held at the Christian church Thursday evening, April 26, when it is hoped a permanent chapter will be organized.

Pomona grange met with the Aumsville grange on Wednesday. Besides the regular order of business a sumptuous dinner at which over 100 people were served, and an excellent literary program were features of the entertainment, which helped make it a delightful event.

Mrs. P. C. Speer entertained the Priscilla club at her home on Friday afternoon. Fifteen members were present and a pleasant afternoon was spent in the routine work after which a delicious lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Miss Lela Him and Mrs. A. P. Speer.

Cloverdale Items

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Cloverdale, Ore., April 24.--Mr. Ray Farris returned April 12 to Florence where he is to resume work on a dairy ranch.

Mr. William Baker and wife and two small daughters, Wilma and Mayvera, spent April 15 in Salem visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitehead and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Farris were among the Pomona visitors at Aumsville last Wednesday.

Mr. Booth, of Salem, who owns a large farm on Summit Hill, visited a few days last week at the Farris home and Schifferer home. Mr. Booth intends to have three acres of beans planted, the work to be done by his two boys, Carl and Herbert.

Miss Corn Wood, an attendant at the feeble minded institute, spent Thursday evening with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Woods.

Arthur Bundell, of West Stayton, spent Sunday at the home of William Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mason, of Turner, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Herman Wpper.

Mrs. Emma Schifferer closed a very successful term of school on Friday, April 20, at the Summit Hill district.

Mrs. Arthur Annis left Saturday, April 14, for Portland, to visit a few days with relatives. She was accompanied by her two small sons.

Miss Mabel Graybill returned home recently from Mrs. Snell's, near Aumsville.

Victor Fliflet, of Doty, Wash., came home Saturday evening to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fliflet.

Mr. Carl Fliflet, of Wisconsin, is visiting his brother, Mr. M. Fliflet.

The Rebekah lodge of Turner, held a lively meeting Saturday evening. There were 22 members out. One new member, Miss Hobson, was initiated into the mysteries of the degree. Lunch was served after the meeting. The entertainment recently planned has been set for May 17.

Chambers and Chambers

467 COURT ST.

That "built up" Cotton Felt Mattress, forty pounds, with extra quality tick, at \$8.50, is certainly a bargain. If you are in need of bedding now is the time to buy, for when this rot is sold we cannot duplicate at this price.

That new Rug you intend to buy. Well, we have but to say you are not doing yourself justice if you do not look through our stock before you purchase. Ask to see the 9x12 Axminster at \$25, and the 9x12 Tapestry at \$21.50--both splendid values at the price.

Window Shades in all the staple colors and the best colors carried in stock up to 63 inches wide. Our price for a 3x6 shade with good spring roller, 45 cents.

Those new Davenport and large comfortable Rockers to match, upholstered in up to date tapestry coverings, are certainly beautiful and will furnish handsomely. Davenports start in price at \$33.50 and go up to \$100; Rockers \$17.75 to \$50; a splendid line at \$20 to \$25.

We have a wonderful line of Rockers in both polished wood seat and leather upholstered. A particularly strong line ranging in price from \$5 to \$12.50. Some very dependable rockers at \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4 each.

When you think of buying that Go-cart or Carriage for "that baby" do not think of such a thing before looking at what we have to show you in the very newest things out. You can depend on the prices being right in every instance.

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