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WANTED--A BRIDE FOR EDWARD ALBERT.

Just now English society and English newspapers have sidetracked all other social matters and are one and all, busily engaged in solving the problem of a bride for the Prince of Wales. Here in democratic America where the "heir apparent" of our aristocracy can marry his mother's maid, or the chambermaid for that matter it seems like going to a lot of trouble over nothing. In England however it is a different matter, at least so far as the Prince of Wales is concerned, for as Adam said when he first saw Eve: "There's only one girl in this world for me." As a matter of fact it seems doubtful if there is really one who is available. "When George the Third was king," he got mad at a couple of brothers who married "beneath them," and had what is known as the royal marriage act passed which practically compels the heir apparent to marry a foreign princess. In other words he must marry royalty, and royalty is like the present wheat crop scarce and the outlook for a new crop, below normal.

Of course there are plenty of royal princesses, but here another stumbling block gets in the way. The king of England, as such, is head of the church of England, and cannot marry a catholic. This shuts out Italy, Spain and all the balance except Germany. He could marry into the family of the deposed czar, for the latter is not a real catholic being of the Greek church instead of the Roman. Besides just now he can hardly be called royal, being shy of anything to rule as well as crown and title, and with small chance of ever getting another job of the kind, having failed to make good on his last one. This leaves as the only source from which the Prince of Wales can get a wife the Hohenzollerns. As it is the avowed intention of the English people to get rid of this family as a ruling one, and as just now the Prince would not be allowed to make an alliance with the distinguished family even if he so desired, it will be seen the prince is up against it.

Besides it is felt by practically all the allies that the Hohenzollern family has spread its influence far too wide now through the ladies of the household. The Tzaritzza who is supposed to have steered the czar to his undoing in Russia, and Queen Sophie of Greece who has influenced Constantine against the allies are pointed out as "fearful examples," while it is noted that the queen mother of Holland and the queen of Sweden are both German. To come nearer home the king of England himself is practically of pure German blood.

There is talk in England of changing the royal marriage act so that English women, not of royal blood, will be eligible for the job of mothering the king's children and wearing the crown at the same time. Now that lines are so badly shattered between all the allied countries that they have practically disappeared, it might be a good thing to change the marriage laws so as to make the women of any of the countries now fighting against the central allies eligible for the position.

America or France could either furnish many women who would grace a throne, and inject a strain of real intelligence into the royal blood, that in time might build it up so that it would average along with the balance of the citizenry. In the meanwhile so long as the royal marriage laws remain as they are, the Prince of Wales has a smaller field to select a wife from than any man living. It is indeed a question whether there is really one girl in the world for him, but if there is, she will be Hobson's choice instead of that of the prince himself.

Canada goes the United States one year better, fixing the minimum age for conscription at 20 years. Those who have skipped across the border, to avoid the draft, can now skip back, for if they do not enlist in Canada, they will be reported to Uncle Sam, and ordered deported.

The socialist meeting at Stockholm is as solidly packed as was ever an American political convention. Even Turkey has sent delegates, and Germany has sent a full quota. The United States however refuses to allow any persons from this country to leave for the purpose of attending this gathering.

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Officials have been testing out some of the devices intended to stop the under-sea boats, and while not predicting that the problem is solved, say they are greatly encouraged and that at least one of the devices gives promise of being "a big thing." Marconi is with those working on the problem and will submit some devices on which he has been working, to have them tested in a practical way. It is the beginning of the end when this problem is solved, and when it is, the end will come quickly. The submarine is the last hope of the kaiser, for even he realizes he cannot win out on land. He may hold the allies for a long while, but with the submarines out of the war, he could hope for no ending but defeat, and the people would demand that peace be made. It is only the submarine which maintains their spirit and bids them hope. With those gone it is good bye to Prussian military rule for ever.

A petition is being circulated in Germany by some of the leading newspapers favoring the Hindenburg peace plan, which is that Germany hold the Brey and Longwy coal districts, Antwerp, and the Belgian coast and Belgian coal mines. The same petition states "the Germans are opposed to wars of conquest and policies of annexation." Only a Prussian military mind could present such a combination in the same petition. It is of a piece with the excuse made for invading Belgium, that it was done because Belgium had a secret treaty with Great Britain. Answering the question as to how this was known, these same Prussians stated they had "discovered it after invading Belgium."

The first intimation the people of America had that the French commissioners had started for home was when the dispatch yesterday told of Marshal Joffre and Viviani arriving in Paris. This speaks well for the American newspapers, which one and all being forever looking for a scoop, still forebore mentioning the departure of the distinguished visitors. At the same time it is a pretty strong argument against the president's proposed press gag law.

"The unspeakable Turk" seems lately to be also the unspeaking Turk. Nothing has been heard of or from him in the past six months, only when a line or two in the dispatches tell of his retreating from the British in Mesopotamia. It is claimed he is sending all the Jews from Jerusalem, to prevent them witnessing the holy city falling into the hands of Christians.

General Pershing is strongly opposed to having American newspapermen accompany him to France. He evidently is not expecting to be heard from or of until the war is over.

If the road bonding measure is defeated at the coming election, unless the weather changes it can truthfully be said of it: "It was a cold day when it got left."

gether and to form city governments for protection and to help one another, but we do not need such drastic legislation that the poor man, and the widow who live on the outskirts, shall be bullied into keeping step with the downtown people; and who cannot get one dollar more for their homes, after the improvements are made.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FOOLISH TALK

'Twas in the state of Wis., a senator got his. He sprung a line of talk that gave the state a shock, disloyal, foolish stuff, of which we've had enough. His fellow statesmen rose, and seized him by the nose, and fired him from his place, all loaded with disgrace. His little course is run, his statesmanship is done; in outer darkness now he clasps his clammy brow, and doubtless wishes that he hadn't used his hat through which to speak a piece; his woe will never cease. And other folks whose jaws wag heedlessly should pause. The man whose active tongue, on roller bearings hung, upon the zephyrs flings unpatriotic things, may find himself, some morn, disdained, a thing of scorn. Perhaps he means no wrong, by his opinions strong; but men are under strain, and foolish talk and vain stir their souls to ire, to doings fierce and dire. And then the gabsmith sees that talk is a disease. While riding on a rail he lifts his bitter wail, and wishes he had canned the words at his command.

Now, Mr. Editor, do we live in Germany, under militarism, or in U. S. A. where a man can have the liberty of living within his means, without being "held up" by the powers that be, who place assessments against him for something that he can do without, and for which he cannot pay?

OPEN FORUM

The Proposed Amendment.

It is proposed by an amendment to the city charter to allow assessment and liens to be placed against property for improvements; and so compel the people on South High and South 12th streets to pay for the pavement that was enforced upon them, the will of the people interested, and the decision of the supreme court, to contrary notwithstanding. It is said, "owing to a small technicality," etc.; now the "technicality" is something like this: On a certain street in a suburb, where many are widows and working people, the city and certain paving interests, decide that they must pave, and a remonstrance against it is a majority over the petition for it, but the city orders it, and it is paved forth-with. People have the right to group to-

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The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM, OREGON

Will Build 32 Cities for Use of Soldiers

Washington, May 24.—Plans for construction of thirty-two great "cantonment cities" to house the new national army are under consideration in the quartermaster's department today. Engineering men from every big construction company in the country have been called to aid the department as volunteers. Secretary Baker assigned Colonel Little to oversee the construction of the semi-permanent camps. Each of the cantonments will accommodate between 20,000 and 30,000 soldiers. They must be completed within two months. They require roads, sewage and water system, heating and lighting systems and adequate railroad connection. Each will be a model city. Each camp will require four thousand carloads of freight for construction alone and a construction force of two thousand to three thousand men. "The soldier cities" will require 35 miles of roads within the camps.

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My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

A QUARREL OVER CLOTHES

CHAPTER LII

When Tom came home I never noticed that he seemed unusually tired; and commenced immediately to tell him of Nora's accident, and Vician Morton's call.

"I was so mortified Tom! I had on a big kitchen apron, and the house smelled terribly of burned grease. Nora had spilled some on the stove, and she has asked us to dinner, and..."

"Don't talk so fast, Sue! Who asked you to dinner, Nora?"

"No! Don't be silly! Vician Morton. And Tom I shall have to have a dinner dress and some slippers and other things, and..."

"We won't go if you have to spend any money!" He finished my sentence for me. "I had to pay my insurance premium today, and it has strapped me for the rest of the month. Really Sue, if we can't accept a single invitation without blowing a lot of money we can't afford, for fol-der-rols, we'll stay at home," and he closed his lips in the way I had learned to dread.

"But Tom! I can't go without something new to wear."

"What's the matter with that blue dress?"

"Why I wore it to Mrs. Henderson's when they were here; and that night Mr. Crandell gave his dinner," I explained.

"Three times! Suppose I only wore a suit three times; what would you think of me?"

"But it's different with a man!" I exclaimed, "the styles don't change like a woman's do. Then too they'll say I only had the one dress and so was obliged to wear it."

"Suppose they did! It's a perfectly good dress! Now for heaven's sake stop sulking. If you want to go with what you have all right; otherwise we'll stay at home," and he flung out of the room and slammed the door.

Tears

It was the worst quarrel we ever had had. Tom was really angry, and so was I. I threw myself down on the couch and cried. Tom heard me, and opened the door far enough to say: "Stop that, or I'll go out somewhere where I can have a little peace. Of course you'd have to take a day when everything had gone wrong at the office, to find fault, and tense for things we can't afford."

"I didn't know you'd had a hard day, why didn't you say so?" I asked, drying my tears, and sitting up. So that was what had made him so cross. He was tired and worried over something which had happened downtown. I'd pretend to be sorry I had asked for a new dress! then tomorrow or the day after when he felt better I'd ask him again.

"Swell chance I had to say anything. You never stopped to breathe until you had told me all that happened for the entire day. If you women would only learn to let a tired man alone!"

"I'm sorry, Tom." I went up to him; "I didn't know you were worried."

"Well, I am," and he threw himself full length on the couch I had just vacated. I didn't speak again for half an hour; then when I did speak I received no answer. Tom was asleep.

Helen is Convinced

When I saw how usually he was sleeping, I went into Nora's room and told her to listen for the baby, and call me if he waked.

"I'm going to run up to Mrs. Morton's for a minute," I called.

Helen was alone and so glad to see me. We gossiped for a while; then I told her of Vician's dinner invitation and what Tom had said about a dress, and about a new evening dress.

"Every man says that some day when he doesn't want to buy a dress, he'll say 'I'll go to the store and have you buy me something else.' Have you said her anything else?"

"Other dresses!" Helen asked.

"A little," I replied, ashamed to say how little.

"Well why don't you go and buy a dress you want, say nothing to Tom about it. You told me how disappointed he was when you bought the new dress to Everett Crandell's dinner?"

"He's tired. Tomorrow he'll be as good as new as he was tonight."

"He's tired. Tomorrow he'll be as good as new as he was tonight. You better get the dress, don't know who'll be there."

(Tomorrow—Indecision)