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BRAINLESS AND TREASONABLE

The eastern suffragettes have added another to their long list of blunders in the pursuit of the ballot. This time not satisfied with picketing the white house, they took advantage of the visit of the Russian war commission to the president, to display a banner with the inscription: "President Wilson and Envoy Root are deceiving Russia."

It was no wonder that the people who saw it, regardless of sex, charged on the offenders, tore their banner from them and trampled it in the dirt. It was no small offense to parade in front of the white house, and especially at the time, an open declaration that the president of the United States was deliberately lying to the Russian people. It was a statement made to representative Russians that the American people acting through their president were lying to, and deceiving Russia. If it was not treasonable it came so near it that it would take a corporation attorney to find out wherein it was not. This deliberate insult was given because the president has not seen fit to accede to the demands of this little gang of misguided females, who are far from being a credit to their sex and who are certainly a discredit to the sensible women who are struggling loyally and steadfastly for national suffrage, and who would get what they are fighting for were it not for the puerile antics of this brainless bunch. If those self appointed leaders of the east had kept their hands off the last election national suffrage would have been nearer some years than it is. The creation of a women's party drove the populous states of the east against the movement, because if a women's party could be organized that would stick together as it was proposed they should do, then it would necessarily follow that the women's party holding the balance of power and having no especial object could throw their votes either way, and thus become the actual rulers of the country. It is this danger or possible danger that has risen up to block the movement.

Now that the war demands much of women it is suggested that this bunch of noisy and spectacular agitators could find work suited to their mental caliber in hiring out for the job of extracting the lactical fluid from the reticules of the dairy cows of New Jersey, or washing dishes in some restaurant.

Hoover points out that it is necessary to cut down the exports of foodstuffs to neutral countries. Of course this works a hardship on them, but if this country is to deny itself and go on short rations it is eminently proper to make the neutral nations do the same thing. Besides it is more than suspected that many of these countries have been drawing on this country for more stuff in the way of eatables than they needed, and turning a few honest pennies for themselves by doing a little back door trading with Germany. Hoover proposes to cut them to really less than they need so they will have to go hungry if they share their supplies with others.

As an illustration of the intermediate costs the consumer must pay it is noted that fish selling at six cents a pound at Newport cost the consumer eighteen cents a pound. Of course there is considerable expense in handling this kind of foodstuff but it would seem to one not familiar with the business, that 100 per cent should be enough to leave a fair profit to the man who finally hands the retail package over to the consumer. Of course the Southern Pacific gets a whack at it but that should not account for more than 50 per cent.

The sudden death of Judge Bradshaw, of The Dalles, yesterday, removed from the bench of Oregon one of the ablest and cleanest members. He left behind him a record of twenty-six years of honest, faithful, judicial service.

The president has set aside next week as "recruiting week" in which an effort will be made to bring the regular army up to its full war strength. To do this will require the enlistment of 70,000.

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THE RESPONSE IS GENEROUS

Up to noon yesterday two of the seven stripes representing \$5,000 each had been marked on the big flag which represents the subscription in Salem to the Red Cross. Besides there was the sum of \$412.56 as a starter for the third stripe, which will no doubt be completed today. At the same time reports from all sections of the country show the people are responding generously and in many cases far exceeding the amounts allotted to their districts. The Dalles, in this state, had given \$40,000 yesterday at noon, and the report said was "still going strong;" and she was expected to raise but \$5,000. The little town of Moro in Sherman county did a thirty-three hundred dollars in thirty minutes. Yesterday afternoon a dispatch from H. W. Stone, of Seattle, said the northwest would exceed its allotment perhaps by half a million, and the returns bear out the statement—and then some. Among the surprises was the announcement that one of the country's richest men had given \$10,000,000. His name was withheld at his request, but rumor points to Rockefeller, probably because he could give this and feel it least. However it sounds more like Henry Ford. When the returns are in tonight which marks the half way post, it seems pretty certain the sum subscribed will be far in excess of half.

There is one senator at least who has real sound sense, and that is Senator Kenyon, who sapiently remarked: "When wheat is higher in the United States than in London, there is something wrong." There certainly is, and yet that is just the case. At the same time the senate wastes time and wears the country listening to itself talk.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HAPPY ANYHOW
I know not how the weather man may run his own machine; I'll be as happy as I can, and keep my mind serene. Man cannot change the course of things by looking glum all day, so he is wise who whoops and sings, and yells, and says, "Hip, Hip, Hooray." Whene'er I am inclined to whine, I murmur to my soul, "No fierce protesting words of mine will fit things from the hole. The weather sharp will not dispel the gray clouds overhead because I stand around and yell, and wish that I were dead. So let the clouds all wet and gray, continue to collect; I still shall cry Hip, Hip Hooray, or words to that effect." Thus, as I go about my biz, I cheer up other gents; they say, "Great Scott, how blithe he is!" and borrow forty cents. Some droop and mope because they think our war with Kaiser Bill will put the country on the blink and all fair prospects kill. But moping will not help to slay a single foe, that's flat; far better cry "Hip, Hip Hooray," and let it go at that.

* **OPEN FORUM** *
* **A SUGGESTION** *

Several stores of Salem are showing displays in their windows of merchandise placed on the flag or the colors and emblems of the country. This is termed commercializing the flag and is pure disrespect to the colors we love. The government makes this a crime and it is punishable by fine or imprisonment. Those who are unknowingly using the colors disrespectfully will take notice and change their displays at once. —READER.

Monmouth State Normal Requires More Money; Rate of Tuition Raised

It developed at the annual meeting of the board of regents of the Monmouth Normal school, held at Monmouth yesterday, that it is impossible to administer efficiently the affairs of the school on the 1.25 of a mill tax allowed by law. This situation came up in the report of President Ackerman, and upon his recommendation it was decided to increase the tuition at the school from \$4 a semester to \$6, excepting for the summer session when no change will prevail. This will partially relieve the shortage in funds, which has become more acute, especially since the extension work of the school has been broadened out to include the independence schools and the rural centers. Taking over of the rural centers also has compelled the removal of M. S. Pittman from the extension work for three-fourths of the year, but efforts will be made in the future, it was stated, to provide for the Oregon normal being represented in extension work for the full time. The board adopted recommendations of President Ackerman that the Elkins, Oak Point and Mountain View schools be operated as rural centers as a part of the Oregon Normal school, and also the contract between the Independence school board and the normal for the administration of elementary schools of Independence as part of the normal training school was endorsed. E. S. Evenden, head of the department of education, was granted a year's leave of absence to take up work at Columbia university, leading to a doctor's degree. To fill the vacancy during Mr. Evenden's absence, Ralph S. Roberts, of Stanford university, was elected. Upon the recommendation of the president the following were named as teachers: W. H. Burton, assistant in department of education. Miss Madge Philbrook, assistant in department of music. Miss Olive Valek, assistant in department of art. Miss Katherine Arbutnot, seventh and eighth grade critic at Independence. Miss Grace Williams, fifth and sixth grade critic at Independence. Miss Kate Houz, third and fourth grade critic at Independence. Miss Emily Devore, first and second grade critic at Independence. Miss Gladys Carson, teacher in Elkins rural center. Miss Florence Hill, teacher in Oak Point school. Miss Elzora Winfrey, teacher in Mountain View rural center. Miss Mamie Badabaugh, fifth and sixth grade critic at Monmouth.

Captain Denies All Knowledge of Murder

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 20.—Captain W. J. Condon, arrested here in connection with the death of J. V. Piper near Spotswood, N. J., finally submitted to an interview this afternoon and denied categorically that he was responsible for, or had any knowledge of the murder. Condon stated that Piper landed his furnace for him in winter but that he knew nothing else about him. Condon was removed to the police headquarters in Chattanooga late this afternoon from Fort Oglethorpe. New Jersey officers are expected to arrive here tonight to take him back.

John McGraw's Troubles May Be Aired In Court

New York, June 21.—The troubles of John J. McGraw, in connection with his alleged denunciation of John K. Tener, president of the National league, are not over. Sport writers whose veracity was attacked by McGraw when he repudiated interviews they sent to the papers they represent, have declared the truth of these interviews. Newspapers here today declare McGraw must make reparation. The local Baseball Writers' association has taken up the case. Affidavits are to be procured from writers and they will be filed with the National league and a demand that a thorough investigation be made. If this is refused it is declared, the courts



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Twelve Are Graduated From Mt. Angel School

Mount Angel, Ore., June 20.—Commencement exercises for Mount Angel academy and normal were held in the academy auditorium Tuesday. Rev. George L. Thompson, rector of the Madeleine, was orator of the day. The honors of graduation were conferred by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Eleodius, of St. Benedict's Abbey, upon 12 students, five from the standard normal course and seven from the full four-year high school course. After the exercises the normal graduates, in cap and gown; the high school graduates, wearing white dresses and veils, followed by the students of the school, formed ranks and marched in procession to the chapel, where solemn benediction was given by Rev. Abbot Adelhelm, assisted by Rev. F. Thomas and Rev. F. Bonaventure as deacons, and Rev. F. Hildephonse as master of ceremonies. This ended the commencement week, which began Friday afternoon, when Rev. F. Hildephonse, the chaplain, delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the class of 1917 in the convent chapel.

Stomach Troubles and Constipation

"I will cheerfully say that Chamberlain's Tablets are the most satisfactory remedy for stomach troubles and constipation that I have sold in thirty-four years' drug store service," writes S. H. Marzby, druggist, Wellsburg, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.

Prowlers Are Fired On by Guards On Bridge

Portland, Or., June 21.—Troops guarding bridges and industrial plants throughout this district are redoubling their efforts today following a second midnight battle last night between prowlers and soldiers. Guards at the Spokane, Portland and Seattle railroad bridge across the Columbia river and at the nearby Standridge shipyards fired a number of shots at men rowing toward them late last night. The prowlers ignored a command to halt. Tuesday night a similar battle occurred near one of the approaches of the big new inter-state bridge across the Columbia.

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My Husband and I By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER LXXXVI
I took the receiver from Peggy. "Hello!" I called, "this is Mrs. Randall!"
"You are a regular will-o'-the-wisp," a voice returned. Then "This is Mr. Blacklock, Mrs. Randall. I wanted to know if you and that attractive guest of yours, Miss Halstead, would lunch with me tomorrow?"
"Why—" I was going to say if Tom had no objections, then I happened to think. He had not yet satisfied my curiosity about the supper party he had attended; so why should I hesitate to do as he had done. "Yes, I think we can. Wait a moment, please, until I speak to Peggy," and I held my hand over the transmitter.
"Mr. Blacklock wants us to go to luncheon with him tomorrow," I told her.
"Why hesitate?" she asked. Then, "Do go, Sue. It will be great fun."
"Peggy says she would love to go," I spoke into the telephone, "what time shall you expect us, and where?"
"I'll call for you about 12 o'clock. If it is a nice day we'll go up Westchester way and get luncheon up there."
"Peggy is warned."
"Shall you tell Tom?" Peggy asked. "I don't want to make a break if you are going to say nothing."
"Just for a moment I hesitated. I hated to have even any one I knew as well as I did Peggy think I would deliberately deceive Tom."
"I'll tell him of course, Peggy," I returned. "But I have to punish him for something he did, and I'll not tell him until afterward. It'll serve him right."

"What shall we wear?" was her next question, and womanlike we discussed our wardrobes for the next 15 minutes.
"I must have a one-piece dress something like your blue one," I told Peggy. "You wear that! You look terribly smart in it. I'll have to wear that old tailor suit. I hate it, and it is so uncomfortable. But we can't wear anything thin or light when we don't know where we are going." Then I branched off into a description of Miss Morton's motor coat, her furs, and her wonderful coats.
"But she is very rich, isn't she?" Peggy asked. "You know Sue really goes us."
"I know it; but don't you just love them? Your heavy coat is really stylish; I'll have to wear Helen's, I have none. Her's is really too big for me, and I look a bag in it."
"She's awfully good to you, isn't she, Sue?"
"I don't know what I should have done without her," I returned. "I was a perfect ignoramus about everything when I met her. She really has taught me all I know about clothes and entertaining."
"And she told me you had taught her all she knows about cooking; so I think you have paid her," Peggy replied.
"Poor Helen! she couldn't cook a thing," I returned laughing.
"A Mother's Fault."
"I always think it is the mother's fault when a girl can't cook," Peggy said, with one of her serious looks.
"You and I could both cook when we were tiny girls. I remember the first bread you made, Sue. Your mother was so proud she sent slices to everyone she knew. And my first batch of ginger-cookies. I took a box to school and gave them to the teacher. I was the proudest little thing in Freeport. Then when we grew older don't you remember how we used to try and see who could make the best pies and cakes? You always made better pies than I did; but I beat you with the cake."
How we laughed at her reminiscences. But the talk had also brought to my mind another idea.
"I think mothers and fathers are to blame too for something else," I told Peggy. "I think every boy and girl should have money to spend. Money of their very own, no matter how little it is. I never had bought a thing; I know absolutely nothing about the cost of living. Don't know much more now," I added laughing. "But I suppose because we were poor mother thought she could buy more economically. I have been married three years (Christmas) and I don't know a good piece of meat yet. I have to take the butcher's word for it."
"But you order over the telephone so much. I shouldn't think you ever would learn that way — the different cuts, I mean."
"It's so convenient though, and saves so much time," I told her. Then we both began to laugh. Our talk had been so serious, so unlike anything we had said to each other before that it amused us.
(Tomorrow—Out in Westchester.)