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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THE SUBMARINES HAVE FAILED

The failure of the submarine to reduce shipping let alone destroy it, is shown by the export and import statistics for the fiscal year ending June 30. From June 30, 1916, to the same day this year the total foreign trade of the United States was \$8,953,000,000, which was the largest on record, and exceeding the record of the previous year, itself a record one, by \$2,400,000,000. Our exports during the same time amounted to \$6,294,000,000, or \$1,960,000,000 more than a year ago which was the banner year. The German submarine has sunk many ships but they have not materially hampered trade, as the above figures show. They reduced the total, that was all; but could not prevent it increasing over all previous years. At the same time these submarines have started America on an era of ship building unprecedented in the world's history. That is America's answer to German ruthlessness, or one answer. Another answer is preparing today with the mobilization of an army of 687,000 men starting, which army will carry that answer to the kaiser personally. For a while the submarine menace caused not only the allies but this country considerable uneasiness, but that is over, and instead in its place is supreme confidence in our ability to overcome this menace and finally cause the abandoning of the submarine by the kaiser just as he has abandoned the zeppelins because they were getting him nowhere. With the coming of 1918 the United States will have ships launching daily, a steady stream of them, that will more than counter-balance all the German submarines can do in the way of destroying them. More than that, it will place the United States in the front ranks of deep sea carriers, and after the war leave this country in shape to do a large portion of its own carrying, something that Germany had a large part of before the war. Indeed, Germany is going to find herself short of many occupations that were hers before the war, simply because her acts have compelled this country, which was by far her best customer, to rely on itself for the things she used to buy that were made in Germany. Her trade in dyestuffs will have vanished, so will her trade in dolls for the kiddies which she used to monopolize. Her shipping industry will be practically ruined as so large a portion of her ships have been first interned and then taken over by the many governments that have made war on her. German cutlery, and hundreds of other things with which she used to supply this country will be supplied no more. She forced us to make them for ourselves or go without, and now that we have gone at it, the sign: "made in Germany" will be as scarce as the kaiser's photograph in American albums for the next fifty years. Germany has taught us a lesson in thrift, and she can no more unteach it than one can unring a bell.

The letter of Mr. Egan, printed today, calls attention to the scarcity of labor for harvesting the crops. His suggestions regarding the opening of the schools is timely. Salem has taken the lead in this matter by postponing the opening until a later date than customary, and it is important that other towns and cities co-operate in the movement. Portland especially furnishes a great deal of harvest labor for the valley and the shortage will be emphasized if the schools there open at the usual time. Crops are generally light this year and the loss will be keenly felt if there is further loss on account of the scarcity of help at the time it is worst needed in the fields.

That Oregonian paragrapher goes wrong again when he advocates cutting the wood shorter for the kitchen range. Any old fireman will tell him that the greater amount of heat is utilized when the grate is covered. Short wood allows the cold air to pass by the ends of the wood and cool the stove. The wise housewife, if the wood is too short for her stove, will spread it endwise in the grate so it is all covered.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Established 1868

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

WHY INTEREST?

Interest is the money charged for the use of other money. Why there should be any charge for this is a problem that has never been satisfactorily answered, other than it has been a long established custom. Since interest is the rule in all civilized countries, what should be the limit that can be charged? Who fixes this sum and how does the fixer arrive at the proper amount that will recompense the owner of money for allowing another to use it? Some states fix the limit at ten per cent; some at eight, some less and some perhaps more. Why? Why should one of Uncle Sam's dollars be worth more as a loan in one place than another? In new countries where the cost of everything is high the charge for the use of money is also high. Why? The freight adds to the cost of getting supplies into a new mining camp and of course is added to the first cost along with unusual profits. That is understandable, but why should interest be greater? Who first invented it anyway? The average working man cannot save above \$300 a year with the most rigid economy and with no sickness or untoward circumstances to hamper him, yet the sum of \$5,000 placed at interest at six per cent will earn that sum and it takes no chances on sickness or anything else except the borrowers skipping the country or becoming unable to pay the debt, and this is generally guarded against by the lender taking security.

Fifteen pounds of inert gold can and does earn more than 150 pounds of man. Why? We do not pretend to say it should not do so, but simply suggest the subject for your evening or Sunday thought.

With a twelve day jail sentence for violating the laws regarding autos, one man at least will not forget to stop and make inquiry as to what damage has been done in an auto collision. There are innumerable speed maniacs who bring the reasonable autoists into disrepute by violating the speed ordinances, and it would be a good plan to try a change of punishment on these, making it imprisonment rather than fine. A few days in jail might cause some of the speedy ones to understand that too much hurry does not get them further than the jail.

These are surely striking times.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THERE'S NO ESCAPE
There is no earthly spot, no cavern in the snow, no desert blazing hot, where agents do not go. I've tried to hide myself from men who'd sell me books, high on a mountain's shelf, in lonely forest nooks; in vain, for everywhere the agents find their way; they track me to my lair, with works by Bertha Clay. I've hid in hermits' cells that little comfort gave; in far sequestered dells I've lived, in grove and cave. I've quit the haunts of men to find some lonesome place, where I might ne'er again behold an agent's face. On bleak and barren moor I have concealed my frame; and when I felt secure the agents always came. Now on a mountain top, above the fleecy clouds, in cabin home I stop, remote from madding crowds. At last, serene and calm, I scanned the plains below, and said, "At last I am where agents never go." But even as I spoke I saw a dame approach, with alpen-stock of oak and large gun-metal brooch. She looked me in the eye, and cried, her voice a scream, "Say, don't you want to buy the works of Charlotte Braeme?" Then down the mountain side I slid, in my despair, and ruined all my hide, and tore out lots of hair.

WALT MASON



COUNTRY BUSINESS

Farmers who carry Commercial or Checking accounts at the United States National Bank find our conveniences as adaptable to their business and financial requirements as do city depositors. Their connection here—give them banking representation in Salem and banking co-operation on the farm. Both elements will be found desirable.

If you cannot open an account in person—write us for information on banking-by-Mail.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$200,000.

United States National Bank
Salem Oregon

And He Did



HELP WIN THE WAR

To the Editor:
There are three prime elements in the successful prosecution of the war. The soldiers at the front, inspired by the high ideals of the principles for which they fight, will bear "Old Glory" triumphantly over the ramparts of Prussian militarism, if supported by a patriotic co-operation of the other elements of a successful warfare.

The financial strength of an army is all important for many a gallant army has been swept from the battlefield not for want of brains or bravery, but because the proper munitions of warfare were not in their possession. The bravest hearts and strongest arms cannot long endure the battle front with freezing limbs and empty stomachs.

Oregon has done herself proud by sending her noble sons to the ranks, to fill our ratio states, highest in our great republic. She has and is ready to give financial strength to prosecute the war in full proportion to her sister states, as shown by her work in buying bonds and Red Cross contributions.

Next comes the food supply, the third and last great factor in the trio for certain victory. The farmers and even the cities have faithfully responded to the call of our government to raise all the food that intensive farming can produce. This is evidenced by the gardens in the vacant lots and back-yards of our cities and towns. The vast fields of wheat, oats, barley, beans and corn together with the thousands of acres of vegetables successfully grown in every nook and corner of our great state, together with the culture of vines and fruit trees without the aid of so many of our skilled boys who are in the ranks, speaks well for the energy and patriotic spirit of our farmers.

There yet remains the successful harvesting of those large crops in proper time. In earlier days when but little more than grain was grown we counted on the harvesting of many acres to the hand, while now the orchards, vine crops, beans, beets, onions and potatoes require a little army to handle the area formerly harvested by a dozen men.

Down with the slacker!—
Help win the war!
WM. H. EGAN.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Fruitland News Items

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Fruitland, Aug. 10.—Friday the 3d some of the Red Cross ladies of Fruitland went to Salem and secured material for socks, bandages, etc., which is now being worked up.

There is much dry farming being done in Oregon this season. Mrs. T. E. Horrocks, Turner visited old friends here Tuesday.

Is Germany to become another world empire? No. Nor is there to be another There have been four in the past. There is to be no more. The vast dominion of the Caesars passed away. This was the fourth and last world embracing empire. From the middle of century 5th to near the close of the 6th the northern barbarians partitioned the Roman territory and thus began the modern nations of Europe. These 10 kingdoms have never united nor never will. They mingled themselves with the seed of men but did not blend in one to another as iron is not mixed with miry clay." See Daniel's prophecy chapter 2. The Frankish chieftain in the 9th century and later Otto I of Germany tried to found a lasting "Holy Roman empire" but it is no more. Don't fear that the United States will ever be part of a vast Germanic world nation. The decree of high heaven is against it.

Mrs. C. S. Curtis of Burlington, Calif., is visiting in the family of N. T. and Mrs. Emma Bowers of this place. Twenty five years ago C. S. Curtis and family from Butte county, Neb., located up in the hills 5 miles south of Salem. Mr. Curtis died several years ago and the family is now scattered, the young people are married and have families of their own. Mrs. Curtis is on her way to visit children at Silverton, Wyo., after visiting friends in Salem. She says she cannot recognize Salem of a quarter century ago, the old frame buildings being replaced by stately ones of steel and brick and

Our season is a month later than normal. The August crops will this year be harvested in September, if harvested at all.

The valley farmers have always relied upon the cities and towns to aid them in this work, the major part being finished before the September school began.

Owing to the late season and war conditions it is up to the cities and towns, if those much needed crops are harvested. In my opinion a true patriotic teacher is worth more in the harvest field in September than in the school room. It will be better for the children to lay aside the text book and learn the true principles of patriotism by helping win the war, helping to gather the food to feed battling brothers and comrades in foreign lands. Better to lay aside for a month the copy-book and write Herbert C. Hoover, that they are helping harvest the large crops, that his requests are heeded and vast stores of food are at his command.

Write to that brother who will be in the ranks beyond the seas, that we will send him and his comrades choice food from Oregon, to make that good right arm strong, to strike for the noble principles for which they fight. Write him that the chosen one from the family circle shall not fight alone when winning hands can gather food, that lifts their strength to victory.

I have full confidence in the patriotism of the people of Oregon. I have spent the better part of my life with the boys and girls of our state; I have tried to teach them to be true to their God, their Country and themselves; and I expect to hear their clarion voices ring out over hill and dale to war cry of victory.

Down with the slacker!—
Help win the war!
WM. H. EGAN.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Daily Novelette

THE QUESTERS.

"And in bring to a close my lecture on the sporadic value of dignous foods, ladies," concluded Prof. Rareback Kiggly, N. G., "I will recite the formula of Dr. Inna Flabent's golden discovery—the ratio of fatty carbohydrates to albumenic fiss-phates is as the inverse proportion of inactell wilywats to bronchial carbona. And now, ladies, following my usual custom, I will answer any questions that you may ask upon points that may still be obscure to you."

Immediately a flutter of anticipation ran through the members of the Ladies' Uplift Society. A little woman with an octagonal hat trimmed with Havana roses rose excitedly. "Oh, professor," she twirled, "I want to ask you where you got your hair cut so bewitchingly! My husband's hair always—"

"Professor," piped a thin woman in a purple majolica turnover, "may I ask you for good reliable way of taking gray stains out of baby clothes? My twins just simply—"

"What do you think about the duration of the war, professor?" swiftly a stout woman in red and green flippers. "Do you think—"

By this time the entire room was an uproar of conflicting questions. With inspiration born of desperation, Professor Kiggly emitted eight hollows, ripped off his collar and tie and pretended to go violently insane, and in forty animated seconds he was alone in the room.

stone. She will also visit in Montana and then probably visit the old home in Nebraska.

These refreshing morning dewd help some.

H. C. Bressler has his outfit at Brownsville and is painting the town red perhaps with divers other colors.

A few days ago C. M. Robinson of Yeoman took an auto trip to Independence and neighboring points. He reports things dryer than in this section.

Brush College

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Brush College, Or. Aug. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ewing were given a charivari August 2, in honor of their recent marriage. All of the neighborhood, was there. Mr. Ewing is well liked by all who know him, and specially by his employees. Mrs. Ewing comes highly recommended and we are glad to welcome her in our midst. Brush College presented them a handsome writing desk. The bride and groom treated with punch and cookies. May their lot in life together be a pleasant one.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Stanton spent Sunday with Mrs. Stanton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith.

Pearl Pelker returned home from Oakland, Ore., where she has been visiting her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. William Calder were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and daughter, Margaret, Mrs. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Pooley and daughter, Virginia, motored to Turner Sunday to the convention. The day was enjoyed by all.

Loganberries are gone, so are the cherries. Beans, soon will be unless a rain comes to the rescue.

A week ago Sunday a fire started on Mr. Henry Vandervoort's place. The efforts of the neighbors put it out and kept it from spreading. No one knew the origin of the fire, so we hope it was an accident. Anyone that willfully destroy property ought to be hung.

Mrs. C. A. Park has returned from

(Continued on page six)

My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER CIX.

The next morning I awoke early. The sun was shining brightly, and I felt a strange lightness of heart. Then it came back to me, the true Tom and I had patched up the evening before, and some of the good feeling left me. It had been only a truce after all. Both of us knew that, and while I had declared I would not speak of it again, and Tom had also said he would drop the subject, we would be conscious of it, I knew.

I could not yet understand how Tom could have done as he did, neither could I forget that he had spent one of his evenings with Miss Coleman while I moped at home. But I would not talk of it again. I would go ahead and have as good a time as I could regardless of anything. But somehow as I planned I had a dismal foreboding that it would not turn out gayly as I hoped.

Neither did it. I worked hard getting the apartment in order and by the first of September it was all done. I had been able to persuade Tom to buy but little new furniture, but he had polished up all the old, and the house looked very dainty and comfortable.

I had told Tom of what Mrs. Henderson had said, and he had replied: "It was your own fault, Sue. Had you gone with me there would have been no occasion for anyone to make remarks."

"If you had been less insulting to me I should have gone. So you see it was your fault instead of mine," and I picked up a book, and pretended I was reading to obviate further talk on the subject.

At breakfast when Norah handed me my mail there was a note from Carol Blacklock. I read it, then, as there was

A DECISION

nothing particular in it, just a few words saying he was back, and hoping I had not forgotten my promise to keep him from being lonesome, I tore it up.

I heard an exclamation from Tom, and glanced at him. He was white to the lips, and his eyes fairly blazed.

"Your masculine correspondent evidently said something you do not care to have me see," he said.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," I tried to conciliate. "It is just a note from Carol Blacklock saying he has returned to town. There wasn't a word in it that you—or anyone else for that matter—might not have seen."

"I'm not a fool. You would have showed it to me if—"

"You can see our new apartment!" "Very well, I'll do that! and thank you."

I hurried into the kitchen and made some little tea cakes, and then decided that I would also make some nut muffins. Tom liked them with tea, better than the sweet cakes. Perhaps Carol would, too.

I then had Norah polish the silver we would need to use, and laid out my best tea napkins. I had accepted so much from Carol, he had entertained both Tom and me so often that I felt glad and anxious to repay the obligation even in so simple a way.

Then suddenly came the thought of the last time I was with him. Should I mention the change from the twenty dollars? I had spent it all, but I had my allowance still untouched, and I offer to return it. I finally concluded to leave it to chance. I would wait and see.

About three o'clock I dressed, and then told Norah I could take the children to the park. Not that I wished to be alone with Carol, but they were apt to be restless if they missed their regular afternoon outing.

It was about four when Carol came. He was very enthusiastic over the apartment, and praised my cakes and muffins lovingly. He had brought me some lovely flowers, and after we had tea he smoked while we visited for an hour. I said nothing about returning the change.

When he went I cleared away the tea things, then began to wonder why Norah didn't come back with the children. I started the dinner then stationed myself at the window to watch for them.