

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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

TO CUT COST OF DELIVERY

Ida Tarbell says it costs the merchants of the United States \$75,000,000 yearly to deliver merchandise to customers. She points out that by the merchants agreeing and sticking to it, to make but one delivery a day, the larger part of this cost would be eliminated, and besides thousands of men would be set at liberty to do something else. This latter feature she lays more stress upon than on the actual saving, as men are needed in all lines. There is no reason why this system should not be adopted especially in the smaller cities. All required to make it workable is the consent and assistance of the women, for they do practically all the ordering both from merchant and grocer. What's the matter with Salem giving it a try and doing it first? It should be remembered though, that if one merchant adopts this system all will have to do so, for there are those patrons who being accustomed to having goods delivered at any old time will get huffy if this is not done and either all merchants will have to stand together or it would cause the loss of trade of this class, who would transfer their patronage to some one who made deliveries at all hours.

In some of the cities it is estimated the cost of delivery runs from eight to 25 cents each, and often amounts to more than the price of the article delivered. A few cities have stamped this real evil out. Ann Arbor, Michigan, has for eight years had the one delivery a day system. The result is that where 70 delivery wagons were used formerly now there are but 18. In some cities, too few, co-operative deliveries have been installed at a great saving. At first it would undoubtedly be annoying to the housewife who has been all her life accustomed to having her purchases sent home at whatever hour she desired; but this would soon wear off and no thought be given it after a little while when the new order had been in use long enough that the ordering for the day be made all at once had become a habit.

THE FOOD PROBLEM SOLVED

To read some of the suggestions about the conserving of food is really amusing. Not long ago one of these conservers had a nice little suggestion that every family should have chickens, which was a wise idea, but then the argument proceeded that no grain should be fed to fowls, but that should be saved for the allies. This was all right too so far as it went. Another suggestion on top of this was that in preparing meals close calculation should be made so there would be nothing left. This was what the suggester called "the clean plate" idea. That was all right too. Then it was suggested that the chickens should be given nothing but table scraps. By this time the suggestive one had got the thing around to a problem similar to that of the two snakes swallowing each other. She (yes it was a woman) was to have no table scraps, feed the chickens on these and live on the eggs. It works out all right being whittled down to the little end of nothing with the pith pushed out, but it strikes us it would be a little hard on the hens.

The German press continue to deny the kaiser sending a telegram to the president such as has been mentioned by ex-Ambassador Gerard. They are dodging the main fact which was that the kaiser wrote such a telegram and handed the same to the ambassador with instructions to send it at once. The fac simile of the telegram has recently been printed. True the kaiser did not send it, he only wrote it in his own hand, signed it and gave it to Gerard to send. The department of state yesterday had the copy of the telegram published. Which is practically the same as a facsimile as given out by Gerard.

Hogs are quoted today at \$17.95. Wouldn't this be a good time to put the famous Salem porker on the market?

COAL, AND LACK OF IT

The government report as to the coal production of the United States shows Pennsylvania produced of the 509,000,000 tons of bituminous coal 175,000,000 tons and in addition produced practically all the anthracite, or 88,312,000 tons. Her total yield of all kinds of coal reached well up toward half the grand total of the entire country. Alaska, which is destined to be one of the great coal centers when transportation is provided, produced but 2,000 tons last year. South Dakota produced but 15,000 tons and Oregon did not make a much better showing with only 40,000 tons. Idaho and Nevada had to join to make a showing at all and then only produced 15,000 tons. California produced none at all. This is where the state that is so long on native sons, is wofully shy. If she had the coal she would wrest the iron and steel industries from Pennsylvania for she has the greatest body of the very best iron ore in the world. The only trouble with it is that it is so far from fuel. This will be overcome after the war when bottoms are plentiful, for then the ore can be shipped cheaply from southern California to Puget Sound by steamer. When this is done the iron and steel, used on the coast at least, will be manufactured on Puget Sound.

In wars of the olden time the cost of killing a man was reduced to a minimum. The shots fired by a two-fisted club cost nothing but the expenditure of some muscle, and there were no bills for either munitions or transportation. The armies moved on foot and carried their own supplies, or lived off what they captured. Then when the enemy was whipped the whole country fell a prey to the conquerors and they proceeded to prey. Now it requires so many thousands of dollars worth of ammunition to kill a man that it is hardly worth while. In order to keep from getting killed each side goes into the tornado cellars, built for the purpose and the other side tries to kill him under ground. This makes it cost each side more than it should. If the object of war is to kill as many of the other fellows as possible, then in the interest of economy each side should come out in the open and fight like men instead of getting under ground and doubling and multiplying the expense.

Eve, so the sacred pages tell us, had no use for clothes until the serpent put her wise to the apple. After that she spent all her loose change and all she could shake out of her hubby's pockets for fancy stuffs for her personal adornment. Time however sets all things even and takes us back to the old styles. Considering the tendency of the female to get back to first principles, and to imitate "the first lady in the land" in the way of exhibiting more and more of her anatomy; is it not about time for the gulfieful snake to show up again and "pass the apples"?

Governor Withycombe takes exception to the statement that he had decided to wait until forest fires broke out before taking action in the matter of closing the deer hunting season. He says it was based on an unauthenticated news story and is ridiculous on its face. We quite agree with the governor and do not for a moment believe that he made the foolish statement accredited to him. The editorial comment, made thoughtlessly last evening no doubt did the governor an injustice.

China has declared a state of war exists between that government and Austria and Germany. A few days ago it was Liberia, one of the smallest governments, that made this declaration and now it is the largest in point of population. If this thing keeps up the only nations that will be on speaking terms with these autocracies will be those whose territory joins theirs, and who on that account, speak when they meet, simply through fear.

The indications point to Kerensky having put courage and vim into his followers and the Russian army, which is putting up so strong a resistance in the Carpathians that the German advance is slowing up. Recent dispatches from that front indicate the Russian soldier is again in fighting trim, and better still is the news that Kerensky is in full control and has the situation at the capital under control.

George N. Davis, judge of the circuit court of Multnomah county, was the only Oregonian to win a commission higher than a captaincy. He is now a full-fledged major. This is one of the cases where Oregon was not first. It would seem from this that there was in this as in most similar affairs an element of pull, else surely Oregon's contingent would have made a better showing.

Considering the cost daily of the war, none of the belligerents are getting much returns for their money along the western front.

A TREASONABLE PROPAGANDA
(Corvallis Gazette-Times)
We are in receipt of several long letters from the "Peoples' Council" of New York. In the first place, we are always very suspicious of any kind of an organization which assumes for its title a generic name. It is not honest to start with. It assumes a virtue that it is impossible for it to have. For instance, the "Peoples' Party" no more represented the people than did the Democratic or Republican party. It represented a very small part of it only and tried to fool all people by the hypocritical pretense of a name. In this instance, the "Peoples' Council" represents a much smaller proportion of the people than did the Peoples' Party. It seems to be an auxiliary of the German Reichstag and is making an effort to hide its functions by proclaiming itself a party organized to promote peace. It is strong for peace. It is especially strong for peace without indemnities or annexations. This, it says, it proposes to emphasize in a series of advertisements it is soon to put out in the magazine. In support of the correctness of its theories it quotes the Socialist Council of Russia. We don't know how other people feel about it, but it seems to the G-T that the Socialist Council of Russia is not in very good odor at home. It's fool

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason



DRAFTED

Jim Brick was hewing wood for me, a wholesome, cheerful fellow, so husky he was good to see, without a touch of yellow. And while, to earn a shining bone, he plied the ax, stout-hafted, his father called him up by phone, and said, "My boy, you're drafted!" An instant Jim looked rather sick; perhaps he thought of mother, and all the family of Brick, the sister and the brother. A sweat stood out upon his brow; I saw his pale lips quiver, and thought, "Alas, this young man, now, has got a chicken's liver." A moment Jim looked full of care, then raised a cheerful holler: "I'm glad I'm called to do my share, you bet your bottom dollar! So for this day my labor ends--the news this fact determines--I want to go and tell my friends that I'll be potting Germans. I want to tell a certain girl that I have been elected to make the kaiser's whiskers curl, and make the prinz dejected." I handed Jim a bunch of flowers, and said, "Go, do your playing: I'll only dock you seven hours when when comes the time for paying." When he was gone my eyes grew dim with patriotic fervor. "The country's safe while boys like Jim," I said, "are here to serve her!"

theories have been responsible for all the woes that have afflicted Russia since it overthrew the czar. It has cost Russia thousands of lives and the poison of its insidious propaganda is directly responsible for the loss of Galicia to the Hun. In Russia, Kerensky announces that it is definitely proved that their propaganda is financed by the Hun government.

Of course that couldn't be true in this country, for the "Peoples' Council" is backed by David Starr Jordan, Amos Pinchot and the rest of that bunch of long haired men whose other propaganda was the conscription of all incomes of over \$100,000, and whose plans were endorsed by the Corvallis Home Guard last April.

Another thing that this outfit demands is that America state her war aims. That is a bright idea, but it is not original. It was first demanded by the "Fatherland" in a Hun magazine published in New York. Before that, the same idea was conveyed in the famous question which the witness asked the lawyer. The lawyer insisted that the witness answer all questions with "yes" or "no." The witness said it couldn't be done. The witness asked the lawyer this question: "Have you quit beating your wife?" To say you would imply that he had formerly been in the habit of administering corporal punishment to the partner of his sorrows and to say "no" would convict him of continuing to do so. And so this bunch of buccaneers wants to try to commit this government to some kind of a statement concerning what it proposes to stand for in the way of peace terms. They care not at all, except that it will furnish them with more thunder wherewith to oppose the war.

The Gazette-Times has no sympathy with this outfit of pettifoggers or anybody else who advocates a "no indemnity" peace. We agree with the Irishman who was pummeling an adversary as he held him on his back. A pacifist came along and said, "you mustn't hit a man when he's down." "Shure," says Pat, "then why did I wur-ruck so hard for to get him down?"

Gerard says in his series of articles, that there are too many writers and speakers in this country. He means of course, theoretical idiots. We have pampered that kind of nuisance for many years in the name of "progress." Any man with a thimbleful of brains knows that if we get leeked we will have to pay and pay dearly. We know that France had to pay twice the cost of the Franco-Prussian war in addition to losing Alsace-Lorraine. We can expect no mercy from the Hun. All the admissible evidence in the world goes to show that Germany started this war maliciously, premeditatedly and without the slightest excuse, cause or provocation. There may be some who live on theory and the rarified atmosphere of the clouds who favor spanking Germany and then returning to her all her provinces and asking no reparation for the inestimable injury she has done. We believe such an idea is the personification of piffle. Germany can never restore the lives she has ruined or the cities and homes she has wrecked, the women, women and children she has murdered, but she could be made to pay the enormous pension debt that the Allies will have at the close of the war. It will be impossible to collect from her, for many generations at least, even bare monetary cost of the war that she deliberately imposed upon the rest of the world, but she should be required to pay as much of it as it is possible to collect.

Germany has forced us to send our men over there to be shot at and pay their expenses.

All that the People's Council will do is to encourage that pernicious band of profigate socialist agitators calling themselves the I. W. W. Instead of harassing the president with a demand that he state America's "aims" me, and if I mentioned that I was to be down-town the next day, he would plan for me to lunch with him. Sometimes I told Tom of his calls and that I had lunched with him, but oftener I said nothing about it. Tom seemed absent minded, not so interested in me, and our home as he used to be. Often he wouldn't hear a word I said. And I made up my mind that if he didn't care to listen, there was no use telling him. One day I happened to mention that I should like a new gown for a dance. Claire Henderson was going to give Vivian Morton and I were talking and she had told me she had just ordered one of Heloise. It was at an afternoon affair and Carol Blacklock overheard. He took me home in his car--of course Tom couldn't get away in the afternoon--and asked me why I didn't get what I wanted at Callman's.

"I am ashamed to because I have paid them nothing on my bill as yet," I replied, enaburr de a retain I replied, embarrassed.

"That needs't worry you," he answered lightly, "the I thought I saw a fleeting look of surprise cross his face. "How much is it?" "Nearly two hundred dollars," I told him, flushing.

"That's nothing!" he laughed. "I thought from your manner it was a couple of thousand at least. Go get what you want. Here, take this and pay them up, then you will feel free to buy that new dress you were talking with Vivian about," and he gave me four crisp fifty dollar bills from a roll whose size made me stare.

Yielding. "Oh, but I couldn't!" I exclaimed drawing back.

And He Did



The Daily Novelette

NOT A CHANCE.

"Poor man," murmured Fairweather Bighart as he dropped six tobacco coupons in Tired Toddles' outstretched hand.

"Many t'anks for yer sympathy," said Tired Toddles, and a tear glistened in his whiskers. "De trouble wid me is, I ain't never had no chanet."

"No chanet! How sad!" sighed Bighart. And he fished in his pockets till he found an out-dated car ticket, and dropped it in after the tobacco coupons. "I suppose, as a child, your father and mother, and all your little environments and friends did not exert the right kind of influence."

"Oh, I ain't got nuttin against me fadder or me mudder nor nuttin. It's a chanet I'm talkin' about. The trouble wid me is, I ain't never had no chanet. Take the case of Lefty Swape. Lefty had a chanet, he did. De place he lived in re rear of was right next door to a bank, and all Lefty hatta do was to bore right through to help himself and live happy ever after. Take Doughty McNabb. Doughty had a chanet. De poor stiff he worked for trusted him with \$10,000, and Doughty skipped to New Squeland and lived happy ever after. But de trouble wid me is, I ain't never had no chanet."

Fairweather Bighart, who was posing a ticket over Tired Toddles' hat entitled the bearer to six shoe shines, returned it hastily to his pocket and walked thoughtfully on.

FALLS CITY MOTORISTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pratt of Myrtle Creek, and small nieces, Miss Helen and Miss Geraldine Bellig, who are driving from southern Oregon to Falls City, were overnight visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Guilder, Saturday.—Eugene Guard.

In the war, "The People's Council" should be helping to suppress the enemies of our country at home. Our chief "aim" in the war just now is to lick the Kaiser and it is every loyal citizen's duty to help. That ought to be "aim" enough for anybody.

My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

MONEY, AGAIN

CHAPTER CXXII.
Soon everyone we knew was back in New York. We were constantly invited out, and so of course gave many little affairs in return. Affairs which strained my housekeeping account, and which kept me constantly in debt. My bill from Callman's had been sent regularly, but without the usual "please remit" which invariably was written on most of my accounts. Yet I felt I must pay them something the how I was to do it I didn't know.

I had to have several new things to wear because of going out so much. And I kept the children very nicely dressed. I wasn't going to have the other children in the apartment look better than did our I told Tom when he complained that it wasn't necessary to spend so much on them.

Tom had grown thin and Vivian Morton said "ohyr looking."

"You must be working too hard, Tom," she said one night when we were playing cards. "You look very tired."

"I am tired," he responded and changed the subject.

Tom never complained so perhaps I might be forgiven that I had not noticed he didn't look as usual.

Temptation.
Carol Blacklock was awfully good to me. I saw him very frequently, and he often sent his car for me to use, either when I was shopping, or to take the children for a ride. Sometimes he would go with us, but usually not.

However, he often would drop in about four o'clock and have tea with me, and if I mentioned that I was to be down-town the next day, he would plan for me to lunch with him. Sometimes I told Tom of his calls and that I had lunched with him, but oftener I said nothing about it. Tom seemed absent minded, not so interested in me, and our home as he used to be. Often he wouldn't hear a word I said. And I made up my mind that if he didn't care to listen, there was no use telling him.

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"Why not? You can repay me whenever you like. Aren't we good enough from me. It is merely a trifling anyway. Why make any fuss about it. Just put it in your purse, and forget all about it until you go to Callman's."

"You are sure it is all right for me to borrow it?" I asked, slowly opening my purse to do his bidding. "I have never borrowed save from a woman friend and that only occasionally," I told him the thought of Helen's numerous loans in my mind.

"It is time you began then," he laughed. "Whats the use having friends if you can't borrow what you need of them? That's right, put it away. Now get whatever you want. Your account is guaranteed and they will not make you miserable by dunning you. They haven't, have they?"

"No, they haven't said a word," I replied, "just sent the regular statement."

"I thought it would be so," he replied, then changed the subject and chatted merrily all the way home.

I was so relieved that the bill was to be paid, so Lappy that I could have the gown I coveted, that I was quite hilarious. To be sure I would owe Carol instead of the store, but he was so rich, and so willing to lend me the money I wouldn't have to worry about paying him. Of course I should pay him as soon as ever I could save it.

That I was doing anything very wrong in accepting this loan from Carol Blacklock never entered my mind. But is thinking it over I decided not to tell Tom. But simply because he made a fuss over debt; not because Carol had loaned me the money.

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