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THE CZAR GOES TO SIBERIA

The czar has been sent to Siberia. With him have gone wife and children, the whole Romanoff family. It is a thing none except perhaps Russians who have traveled the same road before him, will gloat over, for it is a pitiful thing to see the fall of the great, no matter how much deserved the come down.

It is a terrible change in human affairs from the absolute power over an hundred and fifty millions of people, to be placed in the power of those instead. The czar had sent, or his officers had, countless thousands over this same road, and they were in far worse condition than that which now surrounds him. They went on foot in earlier days and later in cattle cars, illy provided with food and deprived of all comforts, to a hopeless servitude, cut off from country and friends; for the Russian under official ban entering Siberia was lost forever. It was as though he had passed the portal of Dante's inferno where the motto over the gate was: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." The czar at least had some of the comforts of travel, for Kerensky had charge of his deportation, and Kerensky is too brave and too big a man to be unnecessarily cruel to any unfortunate. It would make wonderfully interesting reading if one could have the czar's thoughts as he traveled into the wilds of Siberia, put before one in print. It would make pathetic reading to follow the thoughts of the czarina and the family, though she richly deserved all the punishment that has befallen her, since she was untrue to the country of the man she married, and which from that date should have been her country.

It would make still more interesting reading if one had the thoughts that since the deposal of the czar has at times found place in the brain of the kaiser as he contemplates the end of a ruler almost as powerful as himself, who as it were, in a day found himself not only shorn of power but an exile. It would make other interesting reading to follow the chain of thought of Hindenburg, and the other leaders of the militarists as they note what has happened to the czar and those who served him rather than the people, and at the same time glimpse what is most likely coming to them.

The I. W. W. has served notice on the country that "if all union men now held as class-war prisoners are not released before that time a general strike will be called on the 20th, which will paralyze all industries on the coast." The gang headed by Haywood, claims to have 55,000 members on the coast that will obey orders and quit work. It is no doubt a gross exaggeration as to the number at work, for there are none. They are professional agitators whose entire business is to keep others from working, and they set the example at all times. It is just as well that the strike be called and the sooner the better, for it will make a show down, and inform the country not only just how many of these anarchists there are but who and where they are. The government has concluded to act in putting an end to their activities, and a strike that will point out the men wanted is just what is needed.

Manufacture of distilled spirits will cease in the United States at 11 o'clock September 8, and will not be permitted again until after the war. This is the proposition now, but after the war what? Will the making of spirituous liquors be again permitted then? If so why? If we can get along without them during war times there is no apparent reason why we should not do the same thing during peace times. Once "John" gets put out of business it will be difficult for him to hang out his sign over the old drink parlors again.

A Kentucky bishop, it is claimed, said: "Worry is as bad as booze." It is quite likely the residence of the bishop was not in Kentucky. If it was he never would have made a comparison between booze and anything bad.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

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CAPITAL \$500,000.00

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

LABOR, NOT WAR, IS EXCUSE NOW

For a long time the war was blamed for the high cost of everything from the water in railroad stocks to the wind in auto tires. After it was shown that prices in England and France, even for foodstuffs grown in America, were less than in this country, the war was still made to do duty as an excuse though every thinking person know that as to most things it was only the shadow of an excuse. However it was all there was, and therefore had to work hard and overtime. When it was worn threadbare, the I. W. W's got busy, "a blessing" (in most thorough disguise) to the price manipulators, and furnished a brand new excuse, that is working just as hard and as long hours as did the old "on account of the war" deceiver. Labor in the coal mines advances ten cents a ton, coal goes up two to three dollars. Cutting cord wood costs 50 to 75 cents a cord, and the price of wood doubles. Potatoes normally worth a cent a pound sell for four cents though the cost of growing and digging them has not increased a quarter of a cent. These are but a few samples but they show what is happening in all other lines. Just now labor is blamed for everything else, as well as strikes.

It is probably useless to suggest it, as every newspaper since Gutenberg's time has time and time again made the same request without accomplishing anything, but just once more. In sending anything to a newspaper for publication, write only on one side of the paper, leave an inch or more at the top of the first sheet blank for the editor's convenience. Spell all words out in full, and above all do not use the short "&" except where it belongs as in writing the title of a firm or company. By complying with these simple rules you will make the editor smile, and perhaps prevent him using, or at least thinking some real naughty things. Try it.

If the troubles threatened in Montana by Weary Wont Works materialize the gang will get a taste of military law, as the government has decided to send troops to the disturbed districts if necessary to put an end to threatened danger to crops and buildings. Just a taste of real martial law will do more to clear the situation than a year of legal hairsplitting and guarding the sacred rights of American citizens to trample on the rights of all others and to burn and destroy, as is carried out in the courts by precedent bound-and-gagged judges.

The allies stories as to the importance of their grains must be taken with some allowance. While they are edging steadily ahead they have not yet gained their objective, the great coal city of Lens; nor is it all certain they will do so at once. That it will fall into their hands in time is certain, but that it will do so in the immediate future is not. It would be a hard blow to the kaiser and his leaders to lose Lens, and so we are and all hope it may fall soon, for what ever displeases the militarists pleases the balance of the world.

Now Portland is about to try the one delivery a day system, or says she is. It is not at all probable it will work there, for in order to be a success it must be general, and Portland never will stand together on any proposition unless it has something to do with getting the shekels from the outsider.

Judging by the summer weather, when Oregon went dry she went the whole distance with no mental reservations.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HUMBLE TOIL

All day I ply the ax and saw, and hew the elm and maple, the hemlock dry, and willow raw, the fancy woods and staple. "It is a tinhorn job," men say, as they go chugging by me, in autos glittering and gay, "a job that's punk and slimy." Perhaps some day I'll run a bank—I hope as much, beshrew me!—and in a gilded cage I'll yank the shining roubles to me. But now I'm busy hewing wood, the toughest wood invented; and any sort of work looks good, and I am quite contented. The man who likes his present task, and works with vigor, wise is; some day he'll get whatever he'll ask, from Fortune's box of prizes. The man who starts his daily stunt with kick and cuss and grumble, who shows the world a doleful front because his job is humble, will always have a humble task, so long as he has any, while cheerful fellows rise and back in blessings rich and many. I hew the hemlock and the birch, and they are hard to sever, but for a grouch you'd have to search my form, in vain, forever. All day I stick to work like wax; "keep busy" is my motto; and some day I will drop my ax, and travel in my auto.



As usual, when Tom told me of Everett's letter, I at once commenced to discount an advance he might have. I eagerly planned what we should be able to do and have. I had long wanted a car but never had seriously talked to Tom of getting one. Now I talked of it constantly. Tom loved motoring, he always said it rested him, so I knew it would not be hard to get him enthused on the subject as soon as we got there was a chance that he might be able to afford it.

An Unheeded Signal.
After my return I saw more of Carol Blacklock than ever. It seemed that he was always planning something by which we could be together. Dances, dinners, motoring parties to some country town where we would dine in a big room with softly shaded lights, and

OPEN FORUM

A PLEA FOR IGNORANCE

Editor Capital Journal—Being you have published statements, heretofore, from others relative to our Fruitland school I thought I would write and let you know how the most of us feel on the subject.

Now there are some out here who believe their children should be educated. So they had an election called for July 12th for the purpose of raising money to employ another teacher, that is, employ two teachers instead of one for the coming year. But they reckoned without their host. Now there are a lot of us that don't believe in education. We believe it is tuncolous. Well all of us that don't believe in education went to the election. None of us stayed away, and we took them by surprise and defeated them. We voted down the tax proposition for another teacher. We showed them we don't stand for education. That we don't believe in such nonsense.

Many of us are bachelors, and those of us that have children think they ought to be made to work and stop this nonsense of going to school, that the American people have gone wild about education, and they should be learning their children how to work in place of fooling away their time going to school. If there are going to be educated people let it be the rich, who can afford it without taxing the rest of us. But the common people have no business with it. And there ought to be a law passed making it a crime with a heavy penalty for the common people to send their children to school. Let them learn how to work. I believe it would be proper for each district to select one child from the common people, and send him off to school until he is able to read the newspapers. Then he could read the news to the rest of the common people every Saturday night. In that way they could keep posted on what is happening. And in that way save all the time, trouble and expense of all of them going to school for several years, and save the trouble and expense of having school houses in each district and paying teachers. And I think the one selected for this purpose should be taller than the rest by several inches so he can see over the crowd when he reads to them. Then again he should be political and district dictator, telling the rest how they should vote on all occasions. His opinions should never be questioned, and followed by all in their minutest details, and his ideas on education should be supreme in the district. The penalty should be severe for anyone violating any of the provisions of such a law. By such a law millions of dollars would be saved by the people of this nation that are squandered on education. Then they will be more happier. They would not have to worry about anything, except what they had to eat and wear. No political or religious worries, because the district dictator could and would relieve them of all that.

When we reach that stage there will be no necessity for school houses. Only the district dictator should have a miniature school house, about a quarter of an inch square, suspended from his watch chain, as a folk, to remind the common people in him is the seat of all essential knowledge and to whom they must look to for guidance in all things terrestrial and celestial.

We are proud that such an idea to revolutionize the educational system of this country originated in our district. We do not intend to leave anything undone until we have accomplished our purpose. The first step in this direction is to employ one teacher where two are needed. Next is to have the teacher appoint daily a little ignorant child or children to hear recitations. The teacher to hear just as few as possible. And if the teacher sees that unless something is done he will have to hear a recitation he can go to talking before the school on something

CUT DOWN WEEDS

(Exchange)
Why wait till the hay fever is in full swing before cutting down the weeds which cause it? Every town in this country has its vacant lots overgrown with the weeds whose pollen will, in a week or two, begin to blow into the noses of those subject to the affliction. Now is the time to cut down these rank growths.

New hay fever is not a joke. It is a disease. And some of its victims it incapacitates only partly, some wholly. A competent business man that on his back, his temperature above normal, requiring the almost continuous attention of some one to put bandages dipped in boric acid solutions over his eyes for days at a time is not a fit subject for humor. This, though a real case, may seem an extreme one. But something similar to this is found in every one's experience.

This misery is to a large extent preventable. If all weedy growths within reasonable distance of habitations are cut down now, the suffering from hay fever this summer can be minimized if not wholly removed.

The weeds are also the kaiser's allies. The pollen which blows over the country next month will cause much extra work in next year's garden. To stop weeds now, is to save the time to remove the objectionable plants before the period of reproduction will save much more than the same time next summer. Also, the country needs the normal energy of the hay feverites this year.

Cut down the weeds now.

When you pick up a pretty girl's handkerchief it is permissible to wonder how she came to drop it.

that is of no interest to anyone. And if by accident any of the smaller pupils recite more than one recitation a day they should be sent into an adjoining room with another ignorant child as a tutor, so that they may learn all the imperfections, errors and misconceptions of their ignorant tutor.

Do not teach writing. Thwart all means of communication as the pupils might exchange ideas, and be sources of acquiring knowledge, which, of course, would be detrimental to our plan for ignorance. Leave out some of the branches in the course of study for the public schools of the state. Do not allow the success of our plan to depend on the success of our pupils. We have to teach a subject teach it in such a way that the pupils can not understand it. Give them one or two recitations a week in this way until just before the close of the school, then give them the whole book at once, and talk to them for four hours each day, without stopping to hear any other recitations, or anything else, for three days, then if the minds of the pupils are not bewildered, befogged and bewitched then you have failed in your purpose.

Now you are ready for the 8th grade examination. The proper way to proceed in such an examination is to let the teacher be present and tell them the answers to write. He does not have to tell them the answers in so many words, but he can hint around until the most ignorant can comprehend what is wanted. In this way the pupils the 8th grade examination, and the world and the parents are kept in the dark, for a time at least, of the glorious progress our plan for ignorance is making. And to better blind the parents it is essential that the teacher mark up the standing of each pupil on its report card, even on studies it never recites and probably has never heard of, unless by accident. In this way the hopes of the fond parents are built up, and they are proud of the progress they believe their children are making.

But in doing so do not forget the originators. Give credit where it is due. In our humble way we are doing what we can to down education, and by the

And He Did



The Daily Novelette

DEAR SIR.

On the first Monday of the first of every week for seven years, Chauncey Dillets, entry clerk in Hammer and Saw's retail telegraph pole works, had taken out his copy of Twizzler's Handy Pocket Ready Letter Writer, and laboriously copied out and filled in the following model:

"Dear Sir: I respectfully call to your esteemed attention the fact that whereas I have been a devoted faithful, conscientious tireless employee of the Company for _____ years, I have so far as yet up to date received no advance in salary, and, inasmuch as this fact may, in the press of other matters, have escaped your notice, I am taking the liberty to thus point it out. Yours with boundless respect, etc."

As yet no response of any kind had resulted.

But on this particular day Dillets' long sleeping spirit rebelled. Taking his entry pen in hand, he dashed off "Dear Sir. The idea strikes me that I am worth more than \$4.25 a week to the H. and S. Retail Telegraph Pole Works. How does the idea strike you?"

The following pay day his envelope contained \$5.25. To celebrate, he gave a little peanut party to the other clerks, and told them all about it.

The following pay day his envelope contained this note: "Inasmuch as within the past four days we have received nineteen notes, each beginning "Dear Sir, the idea strikes me that I am worth more than, etc., etc., you may at the expiration of one week, transfer your vocation of entry clerk into that of exit clerk."

ghosts and goblins of the dark ages we are going to succeed. If our ideas are patentable later we will apply for a patent, but at present we are willing to work with any one who is ready to do what he can for the common cause of ignorance.

We want the honor of having the first district dictator to lead the ignorant people with the miniature school house dangling from his watch chain. When that happens all the old maids and bachelors of the district, and a few others in sympathy with the cause, are going to give a picnic in honor of the first making event.

Yours for ignorance,
JOSH BEANPOLE.

My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

TOM'S POSITION IS ASSURED

CHAPTER CXXV.

Tom had saved his Christmas present until I got home. A dainty wrist watch on a linked bracelet. I had admired one Vivian Morton had so he gave me one. I was delighted, and yet I pretended to look him for being extravagant. He had spent a good deal for toys for the children, and I had also given a great many presents. But he just kissed me when I told him he shouldn't have bought me such an expensive watch, and absolutely refused to tell me what he had paid for it.

Tom was no longer worried for fear he would lose his position. Everett Crandall had written him that he should never attempt to take hold of the retail work again, and that if Tom did as well as he evidently was doing now he would soon be advanced. The directors all spoke well of him and were pleased with his work.

As usual, when Tom told me of Everett's letter, I at once commenced to discount an advance he might have. I eagerly planned what we should be able to do and have. I had long wanted a car but never had seriously talked to Tom of getting one. Now I talked of it constantly. Tom loved motoring, he always said it rested him, so I knew it would not be hard to get him enthused on the subject as soon as we got there was a chance that he might be able to afford it.

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made cherry by big log fires, and then dance to the music of the negro orchestra until the wee small hours. Or he would give a theatre party, at which we, Vivian, Clara Henderson and I, took turns at playing hostess at the supper he would give in his bachelor apartment afterward.

Tom grumbled at so much gaiety, yet he went along whenever I did. It seemed to me I had no time for anything save dressing and doing my part in entertaining. We had given two or three dinners, a card party, and one theatre party. I was amazed at what even that little bit of entertaining cost me. And of course going so much I had to have clothes, plenty of them. Not only dresses, but shoes, gloves and hats swelled my bill at both Callman's and Heloise out of all proportion to Tom's salary.

But it was not only at parties where wees with others that I saw Carol Blacklock. I often ran into him when shopping and would lunch with him. And always he dropped in unexpectedly three or four times a week in the afternoon. One day he found me crying. I had quarreled with Tom over an unpaid bill that morning, and was worrying over a dozen others which he knew nothing about.

"If finances are your trouble, why don't you let me help you?" he asked, but I didn't tell him that he had guessed at my trouble. I felt ashamed to speak to him of it again. Then too, his manner toward me had changed or else I imagined it. He said things which sounded very much as if he were trying to make love to me, and took many things for granted about which he formerly consulted me.

Deliberate Borrowing.
But that night Tom and I had another quarrel. This time a terrible one. Tom accused me of trying to ruin him; told me all I cared for was dress and show. That he was tired of this trying to keep up with people who were worth fifty times as much as we were; and a lot of bitter things which hurt.

I was nearly desperate. I really loved Tom; and he had hinted that if he found any more bills he would surely advertise that he would not pay them. I told him I would not be so insulted; and we quarreled over that.

The next morning I dressed carefully and for the first time I sought Carol Blacklock in his office. I was first hot and then cold with fright at what I was doing; yet something had to be done or Tom would do as he had threatened.

"This is indeed a surprise and a pleasure," Carol said, after sending in my card, was ushered into his private office. "What can I do for you?"

"You said you would help me, and I need some money. Will you lend it to me?"

"Certainly, my dear," he replied and he drew a big check book toward him.

"How much this time?"

"I need six hundred dollars," I said desperately. "I will pay it back just as soon as I can."

"Don't let that worry you," he said pleasantly, then pushed a button and when a boy answered, said: "get the cash for this."

"I don't know how to thank you," I commended, just as the boy came back with six one hundred dollar bills.

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