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"KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

As the Capital Journal predicted several days ago, the I. W. W. movement proved to be a great bluff, and their strike that was going to paralyze the country was a complete fizzle. They have made themselves a laughing stock just as did Coxey's celebrated army when at its invasion of Washington when the nation was trembling lest something dreadful was going to happen, a blue-coated cop settled the whole movement with the warning to "keep off the grass." Then everybody laughed and the Coxey army slunk away unable to bear the country's ridicule. To the order calling all their workers from the fields and mines of the four northwestern states, only about 200 responded. Hardly a corporal's guard compared to what they had boasted would quit work at their command. It verifies the statement that this gang will not work except with their mouths, and consequently when the call was made for all affiliated with the modern and dishonorable order of Weary Willies to quit work, there were none to quit. A few of the leaders in Spokane were arrested by federal troops, and as the mayor had refused to put an end to street speaking the officer in charge did. All that is now required is prompt punishment for any overt act and the I. W. W. callop cease its screeching. One of the amusing features in this connection was the virtuous appeal of that arch conspirator, William Haywood, who safely housed in Chicago has been directing his Adullamites, and who advising the disobedience to and setting aside of all laws, suddenly voices the affirmation that the arrest of his misguided followers in Spokane was "unconstitutional." He appeals to the law to protect him and his followers in breaking the laws. That is about all the lay his kind has any use for.

Miss Grace Lusk, the school teacher who shot and killed the wife of Dr. David Roberts because she was in love with the man and wanted him for herself left some letters which show some folk's idea of that much discussed thing called "love." She states her position succinctly in closing one of these letters it reading: "Will you sometime read Ellen Key's book 'love and marriage?' Then you will understand the modern woman's attitude on morals. It is far removed from the stand that marriages are made in heaven. If some of them are made there it is because the angel who supplies the common sense has moved out." This last is rather strongly put, but it is borne out by the divorce courts, as well as the wrecked lives that do not take their troubles before the law.

The Italians began another great offensive yesterday which before the day ended had extended over a front of a hundred miles. The reports were meager, but such as they were showed the Italians had taken 7,500 prisoners and had captured a great quantity of booty. The latest dispatch was to the effect that the Italians now hold the entire Austrian front line from Plava to the sea. At the same time a terrific battle raged around Verdun, the French getting much the better of it. This is a bit of news not calculated to add to the cheerfulness of the kaiser and his advisers. Let us hope he may hear more tidings of the same character--soon and often.

San Francisco is tired of perpetual strikes on her street railway systems and yesterday made a proposition to the United Railways company to purchase all its holdings. The United Railways recently stated the strikers might break it but that was all they could do. The fact that it has steadily fought its employees and has lost money by doing so, does not seem to teach it anything. It refused to grant a wage commensurate with the increased cost of living saying it could not afford it, and then imported several hundred strikebreakers at an expense that would have met all the demands of the men.

JUST IDLE SPECULATION

Someone writes the Oregonian asking what would have happened had Hughes instead of Wilson been elected last November. The Oregonian very wisely says the subject is "too vast for speculation," and besides it is at the best but idle guess work. We know what has happened and are confronted with something far more tangible than speculation as to what would have been the result had the premises been different. One thing is quite certain and that is that we should have had war with Germany just the same since the evidence is overwhelming that Germany fully intended to attack the United States had she conquered the allies. It is also certain she would have continued her submarine ruthlessness, since that alone was all that was left her as even a chance for victory. It might have come sooner, or possibly been delayed longer, but conditions were such that war could not have been avoided. There is another feature in this connection that might have had some bearing on the situation, and that is the fact that congress in both branches is democratic, though the house is about evenly divided. It is a question as to whether a republican president would have had as little opposition as has Wilson. Unfortunately politics enters into war measures as everything else, though it is no time for politics or politicians. The republicans have generally backed the president and no doubt had Hughes been elected the majority of the democrats would have stood firmly behind him had war started. These are war times and Americans regardless of politics should stand firmly behind the administration, and this whatever its politics. There are some office holders, however, who place party above country, and these are in both parties. It is fortunate, though that they are in a very small minority. LaFollette and Gore; Sherman and Reed are of this stripe, and the peculiar thing about it is that they among them represent both old parties.

The czar of Russia of a short time ago is now Nicholas Romanoff, and mayhap would answer to the name of "Nick" if suddenly applied to him. He and his family are located at Tobolsk, 1,500 miles east of Petrograd. This place by the way is the birthplace of the monk Rasputin, who had so great an influence over the czar, and who more than any one person was responsible for the latter's downfall. While at the palace of the governor of that city temporarily, Nicholas and his family will soon be removed to a monastery in the forest 20 miles from the city which is the same as saying he will be "twenty miles from no place."

Hogs were quoted in Chicago yesterday at \$19.40 and in Portland at \$18.00. Gambling in wheat has practically stopped, and will cease entirely Saturday in Chicago. It is to be hoped that Food Controller Hoover gets a quick move on and while fixing prices for wheat also sets the limit on hogs. The gamblers are sky-rocketing the country's pork products and should be brought up with a round turn. Prices will be high enough if left to the old regulator, supply and demand without any fictitious values being added by the speculators.

Austria is willing to discuss peace but insists she must not be robbed of Trieste by the Italians, and that the latter can never have a foot of her territory. In view of the fact that she robbed Italy of Trieste her sudden indignation at the idea of the stolen possessions being returned to their rightful owner is an example of her ideas of justice, and of what constitutes robbery.

The possibility of the government taking over many utilities has almost put an end to gambling on Wall Street. There is such an element of uncertainty that the gamblers on the inside who put up the cards and only play when they have a sure thing, know not how to make the deal and so don't make it.

So far as heard from the only countries willing to accept the pope's peace proposition even to the extent of considering it, are Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. This is quite natural as they are the only countries willing to accept a peace "made in Germany."

Plain Talk to Portland Jobbers and Manufacturers

(Bend, Ore., Daily Bulletin)
The jobbers and the manufacturers of Portland are entertaining the merchants of the state this week. They call it Buyers' Week.
The idea is a good one. It is always a good idea to gather and thresh out mutual problems. It's worth while for country merchants to get in personal touch, too, with the jobbers who have their patronage and the manufacturers whose products they retail.
This year, we understand, and perhaps for the first time, the newspaper men of the state are going to have a word to say to the assembled merchants and jobbers and manufacturers. That also is a good idea.
One newspaper man, representing those who publish papers in the towns outside of Portland, will tell the merchants something of the mutual benefits of advertising in his home paper--the benefits to his own business, to the jobber who sells him and to the community, because only if the local paper has advertising patronage can it prosper and be a credit to its community and in turn an efficient advertiser of that community.
Another newspaper man will say a few words to the jobbers and the manufacturers of Portland. We imagine they will be rather brisk words. They ought to be. And we happen to know that some jobbers didn't want any such things said at all, especially right out in meeting where their good customers, the country merchants, could hear it all.
Summed up briefly, this gentleman will ask the Portland jobbers and manufacturers why they don't patronize the newspapers of Oregon. Probably he will tell them that it would pay them to do so, in many ways. And perhaps he may add that if they don't show a better disposition in this direction than they have in the past, the newspapers of the state intend to reciprocate in kind as opportunity offers.
The point is that, generally speaking, the jobbers and manufacturers of Portland fail to understand the meaning of the word reciprocity.
Portland has its Rose Shows, its Buyers' Weeks, its Irrigation Congress, its

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

AT A SUMMER RESORT
This is the playground of the lands, where I have pitched my tent; and tourists throng on every hand, on wholesome pleasure bent. They climb the hills and fish the streams and in the caverns play, and I can hear their whoops and screams throughout the live-long day. There lives near me a sad-eyed seer, who views the joyous throng, and wipes away a bitter tear, and sighs both loud and long. "Have they no hearts?" the seer exclaims; "what are they laughing for? Have all those giddy men and dames forgotten we're at war? They balance on a mountain's brink, and jeer at those below; oh, tell me, do they never think of war and all its woe? They chase the fleeing mountain sheep as though they had no care; oh, tell me, do they never weep for war and its despair?" "Oh, graybeard seer," I make reply, "there's time enough to weep, so let them scale the mountains high, and chase the goats and sheep. There's always time enough for tears, a place for those who whine; and I grow sick of grouchy seers who always call for brine. Of sobs and sorrow I grow sick, of snivel and of sniff, so pray excuse me if I kick your person down this cliff."



WALT MASON

THE SLACKERS OF THE SOIL

I used to think that beans and peas and cabbages and such Sprang joyously from earth to meet the sunbeams' genial touch I thought they spread their fronds aloft like palms in Mexico And towered through the garden air because they loved to grow. I fancied when the seed was thrust beneath the fertile soil, The gardener could just sit back and bid good-by to toil, I envied him his morning walk behind the gleaming plow; But I have learned a lot since then; I've got a garden now.
I've found that of all slacking things upon this earth of ours, The slackingest are beans and peas and corn and cauliflowers, The stubborn eggplant will not lay unless one sits all day Beside it with a palm-leaf fan to whisk the bugs away. The pumpkin vine will wilt and droop unless it is beguiled With all the patient, tender care one gives a newborn child. And if you turn your back upon the cabbages, beware! They'll pass into a swift decline and perish in despair.
I've sat up nights with lima beans, in vain I've plied my art To coax the laggard lettuce to have a little heart. I've fought for weeks with bugs and slugs who nipped me as they fed And threw on fresh mixed Paris green and arsenic of lead. I've plied the spading fork and hoe until the shining beads Of perspiration flecked my brow, and never nipped the weeds. The peas would bear no chubby pods, the corn no golden ears, If farmers merely stood around and dangled for volunteers!

—New York Journal.

conventions and its gatherings of all kinds. And each time the loyal citizens of the state are expected to gather at the metropolises and spend their good money at Portland hotels, Portland eating and drinking emporiums, and all the other places where one can exchange money for entertainment.
That is all right. Portland is the nearest to a real city the state can boast, and we are all willing to go down there and be jolly and have as good time as possible.
What riles the country press is the evident expectation on the part of the Portland folks that we are all anxious to advertise their "come to Portland and spend your cash" doings. Especially because we everlastingly are asked to advertise them free. YES—FREE!
When we buy goods from the Portland manufacturer and the Portland jobber we pay for them. The chief commodity the newspapers of Oregon have to sell is advertising space. But Portland never offers to pay for it.
Avalanches of free publicity are shot forth to the country papers about these Portland gatherings. We are asked to print it. Most of us do run some of it, but never a cent comes to the country paper for advertising these projects, which mean profit to Portland and profit to the establishments we all help to support with our purchases.
The railroads and hotels, almost all of all the people who directly benefit from the pilgrimages to the Rose City, practice reciprocity.
Worst of all, the Portland jobbers and Portland manufacturers, taken as a whole, are the poorest regular advertisers in the Northwestern field, proportionately to the business they do and

And He Did

I'M GOING TO BITE THOSE MAN'S
AUTOMOBILE TIRE! I DON'T
LIKE HIM ANYWAY!



The Daily Novelette

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Toland Fudge, superintendent of the Sidesback paper mills, wrinkled his bald spot anxiously.
"Things look bad," he admitted to Paddles Perriwinkle, president of the Sidesback corporation. "In fact, sir, if we don't manage to get in a great big supply of paper stock within four or five days the mills will have to close down."
"Don't say close down—say close up, it's a more elegant expression," reproved President Perriwinkle, who had gone all the way through grammar school without being left down once. But he, too, was anxious. The Sidesback mills must not close up. Still with the price of old paper up to forty cents a square foot, what could they do?
Suddenly the face of Paddles Perriwinkle lighted up from the inside with a great idea.
"Something for nothing makes the world go round!" he cried happily but ungrammatically. The next day five hundred newspapers all over the country published this small advertisement: "Something for nothing. The man, woman or child who writes the longest letter on any subject to Paddles Perriwinkle, Oshbaab, Maine, within a week, will be awarded a solid German silver sandwich holder."
The next day the letters began pouring in, some of them four hundred pages, and by the end of the week the Sidesback mills had enough stock on hand to keep them going for nine years.
The legitimate opportunity for advertising they face. Today there is more foreign advertising in many Oregon papers, from California, than from our own state.
And our friends in Portland everlastingly cry, "Patronize Home Industries." Sure we will. And won't you reciprocate?
Construction of the roller mill of the Farmers' Milling company at Baker is under way. It will be built with reference to 50-barrel capacity, and it is expected it will be ready to handle the 1917 crop.

My Husband and I

By James Phelps

VACATION DAYS
CHAPTER CXXVIII
Vivian had spoken truly, Carol Blacklock was a fascinating man yet in a way I was becoming uncomfortable when with him. As time passed his manner became more loverlike, less that of a friend. It puzzled and frightened me just a bit. I was sure I had given him no cause to think he meant more than just what he always had been to me, a generous, good friend.
Up to now I have been minute in telling of my extravagance, because if my story was to be at all helpful to foolish young women who do not stop to think but waste their husbands' love, and either ruin one or both of their lives it seemed necessary.
When I commenced to get warm I reminded Tom of what he had said the Spring before—that we would all go away somewhere for a month at least. Father was better, the still an invalid, and he urged me to go home. But I had no such intention. So finally he rather wearily gave into my wishes and we went to New London for the month of August. Carol Blacklock kept his yacht up there and decided that he too would spend August near the water. I was surprised because a short time before he had told me that he was going up in Maine for the summer. Of course, when I found he was to be in New London, I knew he would expect us to sail with him frequently, so I added a stunning yacht to my wardrobe.
Unpleasant Comment.
For some reason Tom did not seem particularly pleased when I told him Carol was to be near us on our vacation. Of course he stayed at a more expensive hotel—when he wasn't on his yacht—than we could afford. But after we got up there and Carol took us out day after day Tom owned that he enjoyed it. He had only two weeks vacation, but the other two he came up Friday night and remained until Monday morning.
When Tom was with us Carol was just his old careless self. He filled the yacht with guests, and we had a merry time. Often taking the children and Norah along. But after Tom left I found myself the only guest several times, and once I heard some people gossiping about it. I told Carol and he became angry.
"It's none of their business!" he exclaimed. "I suppose they think I should ask them along to chaperon us. So long as Tom doesn't kick at our intimacy we'll pay no attention to anyone else."
No, I thought, Tom hasn't said anything against my being with Carol, yet somehow I didn't like the sound of that word "intimacy." It seemed to imply more than I felt or cared to feel for Carol Blacklock.
Several times during the last two weeks I had to reprove Carol. Not so much for what he actually did, as for the things he said. He kept me uneasy I now see by constantly letting me see what a man of his wealth could do for a woman. He loaded me with favors, and spent his money recklessly to please me.
Just before Tom came up to take us home I said to him:
"I hope soon to be able to pay my obligation to you," my face flushing.
"Has Tom found a gold mine?" he asked with a short laugh.
"No, but he expects an increase in soon." I replied, as usual taking it for granted. Tom had said nothing more about the subject, but I was sure he would have it.
"Don't think of it until it is per-

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