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A DISLOYAL STRIKE

Up to this time Portland has escaped any serious labor troubles this year, but if the strike in the shipyard billed for 10 o'clock Friday materializes she will have her share. There are five shipbuilding firms that will be affected, all engaged in building steel ships. The strike is called to enforce the granting of the employees demand for higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions. The employers take the ground that they cannot grant the demands of the men for the reason that the government has taken over the plants and the demands of the men can only be acted upon with the consent of the government. If this statement is true, then the strike is not only foolish but disloyal. It is useless to try to make anyone do the impossible thing, and the employees should take into consideration the facts and act accordingly. If they are underpaid, or the hours are too long, the government will correct both conditions if given time. The same can be said of working conditions.

One fact stands out far above all others, and that is that no man has a right to put his personal affairs above the needs of the government. We are engaged in a war greater than this country ever before faced, and if we fail to win it the working conditions will be far worse than they are now. The hours will be longer, and working conditions will never be improved. Indeed, should the unwillingness of any to aid in winning the war cause its loss, then it may well be doubted if under the new regime labor will even be permitted to strike. The safety of the country is at stake and the liberty of each and every of its citizens, those who are working in the shipyards no less than others. We do not know anything as to the merits of the demands of the men; but no matter how meritorious, they should be relegated to the background at least temporarily. The great need of the country is ships and anyone who delays the government in its efforts to get them is neither more nor less than an enemy of the nation. The 4,000 who purpose striking next Friday could do nothing that would so please the kaiser. When they strike they are doing something to aid and comfort an enemy of the country, and if this is not traitorous, what is it? Labor in America is the best treated and the highest paid of any country, and it should think twice before doing anything to destroy these conditions. The man who does not do all he can, and wherever he can, toward holding up the hands of the government is as much of a slacker as the man who dodges service in the ranks. In some respects he is worse, for while he is not called on as is the drafted man to give his life if necessary, he dodges even the less dangerous duty. If this country has come to that stage where every man is looking at the war with the sole view of what personal gain he can make from it then the war is useless, and the quicker we go out of existence as a nation the better. The strike as purposed at Portland is over a matter that is not just the business of the employer and the men, but one between the men and the rest of the nation. It goes even further than that for it is a strike of the men as workmen against themselves as integral parts of the whole people. It is a strike of the man against the citizen. It is up to these men to think seriously before they measure the situation from their own individual viewpoint rather than from their position as citizens, who, as every other citizen owes a solemn duty to the nation.

Sara Bernhardt Sunday began positively her last tour of the United States, it being the fifty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance at the Comedie Francaise, in Paris. She took the part of Portia in a portion of the Merchant of Venice and that of the youthful sweetheart of a soldier in another play, giving a double bill. The divine Sara, although 72 years old and badly crippled, is divine still and so presented the part of a young girl as to set the audience wild. It is one of the distressing things of life that such grand characters must grow old and like all others must pass away.

WILL MR. WILCOX EXPLAIN

"The millers are eager to reduce the price of flour, bran and other wheat products as far as the new scale of prices will permit," said Theodore B. Wilcox, federal grain commissioner for the Northwest in a story in the Oregonian Sunday. Sometime ago the Capital Journal suggested that Mr. Wilcox, who is the grain and flour boss of Oregon, might throw some light on the rather mysterious fact that wheat prices in Oregon were higher than in Chicago. His statement Sunday says the price of flour will be reduced "as far as the new scale of prices permit." For months the price of wheat in Portland has been higher than in Chicago. The quotation showed a difference of from fifteen to twenty cents in favor of Portland. Now we are told the price at Portland will be that at Chicago less than freight which is 30 cents a bushel, but plus the freight from the wheat section east of the mountains to Portland which is placed at ten cents a bushel. This would make the price at Portland \$2.00 a bushel. What the people of Oregon would like to know is why was wheat, which we are told has for the past year had to find its way to market overland instead of having its old world market and its prices fixed in Liverpool, been held up in the Northwest above the price it was worth in Chicago? Was it because most of the 1916 crop was in the hands of the certain millers of the state and it was kept high in order to keep the price of flour high? We do not say that it was, for we do not know, but we do insist that it looks very much as though that was what was done and that certain interests forced the price of bread considerably higher than the real value of the wheat would justify. Mr. Wilcox could throw some light on this, for he is no doubt the best informed man on the subject in the Northwest, and besides he is just now holding a position of public trust that warrants him in making this matter plain.

The dispatches announce the discovery of the germ responsible for infantile paralysis. It is pleasing to note that a young Oregon physician is given credit as being one of three making the discovery. He is Dr. Mayer Solis Cohen nephew of Mrs. Alexander Berstein and D. Solis Cohen, both of Portland. Oregon as usual is right up in front.

While many workmen are ready to strike we note that Thomas Edison has sequestered himself for some months and is giving his whole time and his magnificent genius to solving the problem of the submarine, and he is doing it without hope or desire for recompense. The men engaged in ship building at Portland are doing in their way exactly what Edison is. Will they be any less patriotic then he?

Managers of the fraternity houses at Berkeley have placed whale steak on their menus. They say that it can be smothered in onions until it can't be told from a porterhouse. Very likely. Anything if sufficiently "smothered in onions" can't be told from anything else, but will pass as onions.

Miss Helen Simon, a Portland heiress, has been working in a department store at San Mateo, California, as a sales girl, and giving the money she earned to the Red Cross. At the same time she was occupying a \$25.00 a week hotel suite. She probably earned \$15 a week. This shows that her sympathies were much keener than her financial ability.

There is a tang of Autumn already in the air in the early mornings, and if the weather man does not keep a sharp lookout some fine morning he will wake up and find the gentle rain falling without his orders. To be perfectly safe he had better get in and order rain soon.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

IN THE MOUNTAINS

Majestic mountains round me stand, with awful gorges by them; I find them noble, solemn, grand—the blue prints don't belie them. Here I have lived while happy weeks slid so I couldn't time them; I've gazed up on the snowcapped peaks, and never wished to climb them. I look upon the mighty hills, by which men seem like midges, and have as many pleasant thrills as though I climbed their ridges. And I alone am sane and safe, yes, I, who do this rhyming; for all the other tourists chafe to climb, and keep on climbing. Whene'er they look upon a peak, they say, "It's quite a boulder; we'll climb it if we take a week, and bust a shin or shoulder." And so with alpenstocks and ropes, and other doodads silly, they're wearing out the mountain slopes, and spoiling vistas hilly. And here in this great pleasure ground they labor nine times harder than when at home they go their round, to fill the family larder. At home, if they worked half as hard, they'd prance in righteous rages, and hand out protests by the yard, and strike for higher wages. If one can call his labor play, you'll never see him weary; he'll put in nineteen hours a day, and still be fresh and cheery.



WALT MASON

PENDLETON'S WAY

Everybody takes off his hat to Pendleton, simply because he is compelled to do so. Once that wild and all woolly section was known on this side of the range as being somewhere in eastern Oregon probably near Walla Walla, Washington. No one was quite certain as to just where it was. It is different now. Other places in the Inland Empire are now located as in such a direction from Pendleton. In a few years it has ceased to be on the rim of nowhere and has become the center of everywhere east of the mountains. It has a habit of getting what it wants when it wants it, and it knows no such word as fail. As someone said about someone else it "stoops to touch what others soar to reach." Just now it is engaged in arranging the preliminaries of its annual round-up, which a few years ago was a local affair but which Pendleton pluck and push has converted into a national event. "Let 'er Buck" is a term understood even on Wall Street. When the seat sale opened this year boys were hired to stand in line all day to hold positions for would-be purchasers, and the mails were filled with orders. And Pendleton just takes it all as a matter of course and apparently does not realize how altogether lovely she is. She is the center of a vast wheat field and consequently is always supplied with the dough. She spends it too with a lavish hand and the guests who put their feet under Pendleton's mahogany get the best the market affords and as many helping as their systems can absorb.

While reading daily of shortages of some kind it is a real pleasure to learn that the salmon pack of Alaska is an unusually large one. At the same time it is noted that this far north land which has heretofore always drawn on the northwest for its potatoes, is now shipping the lordly spud. When the railroads open the country, "Seward's folly" will surprise the world by furnishing a tremendous amount of its wheat and rye. Besides it has an inexhaustible quantity of coal which will come handy.

POPE'S PEACE PROPOSAL

(Medford Mail Tribune)

The proposal of peace made by Pope Benedict call for a restoration of the status quo, as existing before the war, the restoration of sovereignty to Belgium, Serbia and Rumania, the peaceful solution of the problems of Alsace-Lorraine, Thent, Trieste and Poland, and the return to Germany of all her colonies.

Such a proposal will meet with instant favor in the central empires, for it will leave Germany victorious, her dream of "Mittel-Europa," an accomplished fact, and breathing time in which to prepare anew for the longed for conquest of Europe. It will leave Prussian autocracy triumphant.

Germany has devastated Europe. She has not been damaged, save in loss of man power. Belgium, France, Serbia, Rumania and a large portion of Russia is in ruins. These lands must be rebuilt and repopulated, while the Teutons suffer no such hardships.

While Germany has not been triumphant over her enemies, she has been over her allies. There is no more Germany—it is now all Prussia. The armies of Saxony, of Bavaria, of Wurtemberg and the other German states have been sacrificed as shock absorbers for Prussian ambition, and are no more. They have borne the brunt of all over battles, while the Prussian forces were reserved to "guard the Rhine." The Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian armies are offered by Prussians and their governments administered by Prussians. They have become vassals of Prussia and Prussia now extends from the Baltic and North sea to the Persian gulf.

The pope's peace would sound the death knell of democracy. It would only delay the final day of reckoning. Only a short time would intervene before a ruined Belgium and Serbia and an exhausted France would again be seized and America attacked by the strengthened Prussian, to whom might is right and who knows no law save necessity, whose only god is self aggrandizement, to whom all treaties and peace agreements are "scraps of paper," to be torn up at will.

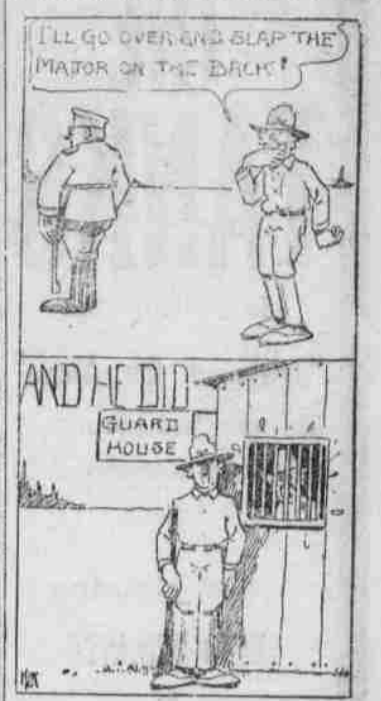
Wittingly or unwittingly, the pope is playing the Prussian game. He is helping create division in the ranks of the allies. He is striving to save Prussian autocracy from threatened annihilation.

One wonders why the pontiff has had no tears for the sufferings of Catholic Belgium and France, why he has not been moved to protest the German reign of terror, why he has never denounced the awful crimes of frightfulness and why he now seeks the perpetuation of a dynasty that violates every precept of Christianity and humanity in its war against civilization—but it must be remembered that the church hierarchy is by its nature reactionary and through its long history has always aided autocracy and fought democracy.

The pope's peace pleas will fall upon deaf ears. The world has suffered too much to risk a repetition of its woes. The pope cannot save Germany from the ever widening circle of the foes she has made. There will be no peace until the curse of Prussianism is forever removed, for there is no palliation for the malady from which humanity is suffering save the removal of the cause—the cancerous growth of autocracy.

So much steel is lying about on the field of Verdun that already offers of large sums have been made for the land, for its junk values. Advocates of war for war's sake may well note this point for future use. It is as good an argument as any.

And He Did



The Daily Novelette

THE NEST EGG.

(By the author of "The Good Ship 'Ahoj'", "The Parrot that Swore in Chinese", or "The Laundryman's Revenge"; "Aloysius Twainiddle"; "Buried Treasure, or The Ham Bone Under the Kennel"; "Fast and Grow Fat"; "The Adventures of Shakedown Goodie"; "Enuff Jones, or The Twelfth and Last Daughter of Persiflage D. Jones"; "She Never Knew, or The Writing Under the Stamp," etc. etc.)

"Newlie" announced Mrs. Newlie Wedd, "I have the wonderful scheme for getting round the high cost of living! It occurred to me while I was putting a penny in a sated peanut machine—you know, then you turn a knob and five sated peanuts come out. Well, it occurred to me that if we start to save all the pennies that we throw away here and there for nothing at all, it would mount up in no time and make quite a little nest egg!"

"A seventeen karat idea!" exclaimed Wedd, and they started in that same day, putting all their pennies into a cigar box instead of spending them.

At the end of eight months, during which they had deprived themselves of daily papers, chewing gum, and everything that didn't cost exactly even money, such as vegetables, meat, bread, etc., there was \$11.11 in pennies in the cigar box.

And Mrs. Newlie took it down town and bought an ebony and ivory dog kennel with it, in case someone should ever give them a dog.

Coal men who are going to be forced to give the consumer a fair shake needn't feel so sore about it. Let them think of the grain and flour men and the bakers. People are hungry all the time, but they are cold only in winter.

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My Husband and I

By Jane Phelps

READY ON TIME

CHAPTER CXL.
At noon we took a bold bite. I wanted to leave the apartment in perfect order, and with so much to do Norah would have no time to wash a lot of dishes. The baby was put to bed, and by promising Junior all sorts of things we got him to lie down also.

It was just a little after one when Tom came in.
"Are you nearly ready?" he asked.
"All ready but locking and strapping the trunks and putting on our things," I replied, my voice trembling.

"Very well. I'll attend to the trunks. You have plenty of time, it is still fifteen minutes before the taxi will be here. But the express man is outside waiting for the luggage," and he called down to the hall-boy to send him up.

When the trunks had been carried out it came over me that I was leaving my home and Tom. Such is the oddity of the human mind that I felt a thrill of comfort because I had roasted a chicken and made his favorite cake. When he found them he would be pleased.

I had not really given up hope that he might relent, even while packing. But when I saw the inexorable look on his face, when the last trunk had been taken down stairs I knew all hope that he would forgive me was vain.

On the way to the train I tried to get him to talk to me, to tell me something of his plans. Norah sat with the chauffeur so he could easily have done so if he would. He did not mention Carol Blacklock's name, and I hadn't the nerve to do so. He looked so hard, so unforgiving, and so—old. My gay debonaire Tom was gone and in his

place was a Tom I did not know. A stern relentless man of whom I was terribly afraid.

I wanted to ask him what he was going to do, I was crazy to know if he was going to remain in the apartment. If he did would he have people there, would Miss Coleman visit him? My mind dwelt upon her for a moment. Could it be possible that he was sending me away so that he could be with her? I knew that it was not so; that it was because of my own unprincipled actions I was being banished, yet the jealous thought remained, stinging like the sting of some small insect after one has been greatly wounded.

Junior had not forgotten that I had told him perhaps daddy would come, and kept urging him to "come and play with granmy's doggies."

"Perhaps little man," Tom told him, but his voice held no promise, though his words quieted the child.

Just before we reached the station I said to Tom:
"Won't you forgive me before I go?"

"We won't talk about it, Sue," he answered curtly.
"Won't you tell me something of what you intend to do? It is horrible to send me away like this!"

"What I intend to do is nothing to you, none of your affair. I will order my life as seems best to me. You order the children. I have nothing. You have no cause for complaint."

At the Station.
I said nothing more, I couldn't. We were a little early and Tom found seats for us while he bought the tickets. He then bought some picture looks for

Junior, and the afternoon papers which he laid on top of my hand-bag with no comment.

"Your mother wired me that she would be very glad to have you all for an indefinite length of time. When that arrangement proves uncomfortable for her I will think of something else," Tom said, then he picked up our bags and took us to the train. I tried to talk to him; tried to think of something to say to show my sorrow, but the words would not come. I had reached the limit of my endurance. I felt sick and faint, and Tom's voice as he bade good bye to the children and exacted a promise from Norah to take good care of them sounded faint and far-away.

The train started.
"Tom!" I called rushing to the door. The porter caught my arm. "Too late ma'am," he said, and I stumbled back to my seat.

Then for a while everything was black. Whether I fainted or whether the terrible strain of the last few hours, the parting with Tom had numbed me I never knew. But I was saved the anguish which had been mine for a time by the oblivion which came over me.

Norah proved herself a treasure. She of course sensed there was something terribly wrong, but made no reference to it, and in so far as she could she kept the children from annoying me. They were both very good and the baby slept most of the time.

Oh, how I dreaded facing mother. I could not tell her the truth. If Tom couldn't understand my actions, if I believed them to be unexplainable, what would she think?

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