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Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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

HERE'S YOUR HAT, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

Count Luxburg, German charge d' Affairs at Buenos Aires was handed his passport and his hat at the same time yesterday by the Argentine government and told the date of the first steamer sailing. He was also requested not to overlook the date, and to get out by the first boat. This looks as though our southern neighbor had awakened to the nature and enormity of the offense against her. Another feature of the affair is that Argentine officials did not question the correctness of Secretary Lansing's statement, or make any inquiry concerning it. Indeed there was but little left to investigate when Sweden admitted acting as Germany's go-between. It looks very much as though the result would be a severance of diplomatic relations at least. The Argentine people are justly aggrieved at the messages sent by Luxburg suggesting the sinking of Argentine ships and the seeing that this was done in such a manner that none of the crews escaped to tell the story. If such conduct would not anger a nation, then it is beyond the stage of being angered. And if it does not at the same time open the eyes of that nation as to the character of the kaiser's government, then it is hopelessly blind.

A MATTER OF DUTY

The insurance bill before the house makes generous provision not only for those who take actual part in the fighting but for their dependents should death leave them in want. It is the most generous provision ever undertaken by any government. The soldier who risks his life in battle can at least feel that if the supreme sacrifice comes to him, that his loved ones will be taken care of. During the civil war those dependent on husband, son or others who were at the front, too often were neglected and forced to bear an unequal share of the war's burdens. They were in many cases treated as objects of charity and scant charity at that, and the aid extended them was looked upon as help extended the needy instead of reward dearly earned and for which the greatest of all sacrifices was necessary. It is not to be so during this war. The nation realizes it will owe a debt to those who fight its battles and are lost in so doing, that can not be over-paid in anything it may do toward caring for those bereft. That debt it is already arranging to pay so far as such an obligation can be paid. The world moves.

ABOUT WHEAT PRICES

Food Controller Hoover answering questions as to why wheat prices are not fixed on a different basis for the Pacific coast, points out that under existing conditions Pacific coast wheat can reach market more cheaply by going east over the railroads than by the ocean route, and as it has to pass through Chicago on its way to the markets of the world, it has to stand the Chicago price. If it was priced the same as at Chicago, then when it reached Chicago it would represent from thirty to forty cents greater cost than the wheat of the middle west. It could not be sold at the prices fixed in Chicago, and it would therefore go unsold, or the government would have to take it over at a loss of practically fifty cents a bushel. With the coming of better ocean service this will be changed, and then a different basis will be established, that of Liverpool less the cost of transportation. Until that time the price will have to be based as it is now, on that at Chicago.

The dispatches yesterday told of Madame Schumann-Heink sucking the poison from a wound made by a rattlesnake in a Mexican boy's wrist. It is hoped the Diva had the boy's wrist washed before doing the stunt, for failing this she is liable to a worse case of poisoning than the rattlesnake gave the boy. A Mexican boy down on his native heath never washes unless he is caught in one of the seldom cloudbursts.

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A QUESTION OF PROPORTION

Nearly everybody has some complaint to make about high prices. Apparently the fact that prices, high or low, are relative is forgotten. The painters in Butte now getting \$6.50 a day, and who are yet striking for an \$8 day no doubt would kick as quickly as anyone at paying a small increased price for meals or the things that go to make them. Their wives would complain about the price of sugar just the same as they did when their husbands were getting \$4 a day. It is not the question of the price of a thing, it is a question as to whether the buyer has also had an increase of income to equal the increased expense. If he has, the prices of things have not become higher relative to his income. In other words getting double his former income, or wage he can afford to pay double for all things he consumes. The trouble is that all things do not move upward in the same proportion. The wage in one industry will be doubled while that in another will be increased but little. This owing to the nature of the calling and the demand for the work or labor. The person getting the increased wage or returns from his business does not feel the increased cost. On the other hand the business or calling that fails to get increased income is hard hit by increased cost of living, simply because the proportion between income and expense has not been maintained. There are some businesses that cannot increase the price of their products, while forced to pay more for everything they use. These are up against it and will continue so until prices and conditions become normal again.

The United States weather bureau takes the trouble to tell farmers that the phase of the moon has nothing to do with the growing of crops. This is a pure waste of alleged information; for those who plant "in the moon", have no use for the weather bureau, placing their faith in Ayer's, his almanack, or Jayne's, his'n. They know that root crops should be planted in the dark of the moon, especially potatoes because they have so many eyes; and that vegetables such as beans and peas should be planted when the moon is new so as to increase with it. Since the weather bureau expert says the moon has not a particle of effect on vegetation, why go to the trouble to upset a firmly established faith, that if it does no good admittedly does no harm?

The fisherman who takes the royal chinook from the Columbia gets four cents a pound for his catch. The consumer has been paying 20 cents and is now cheered along with the statement that he will get his quota of salmon hereafter for 15 cents a pound. An increase of 275 per cent in the value of fish from the catcher to the consumer looks as though the limits of profit had been passed and the realms of larceny invaded. It would seem that the country's greatest need just now is a food controller to control the food controller and get some kind of control over prices. Maybe by having enough controllers of the other controllers something could be accomplished in the way of getting lower prices actually as well as on paper.

How have the great and mighty fallen! W. S. U'Ren, "father of the Oregon system," and tribune of the plain people for a decade past, is now attorney for a great corporation, the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company, and is seeking permission of the public service commission to raise street car fare to six cents in Portland. When U'Ren deserts the down-trodden masses for filthy corporation lucre, who is there can be trusted?

Portland's school attendance shows a gain of 3,419 over that of 1916. This is a remarkably good showing, and at the same time it is stated that all the grades in some of the schools were not opened. When this is done the gains will be still more cheering.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE FAULT HUNTER

The most unfortunate of men is he who hunts for something wrong, who strains his ear, again, again, to hear the false note in a song. 'Tis he who marks with gloomy eye the bridal couple as they pass, and says, "Their joy will soon pass by, and they'll grow old; all flesh is grass." 'Tis he who stops the flow of mirth by preaching trouble and despair, who says that everything on earth is but a pitfall and a snare. He sees the ring around the moon, when other men the moon behold, and says a storm will come full soon, with hail and sleet and bitter cold. He sees the sundogs standing guard, when other men behold the sun, and says we'll all be frozen hard before the current week is done. Oh, gloom and trouble are his pets, with them he eats and drinks and sleeps; he's only happy when he frets, he's only joyous when he weeps. It would be no concern of mine, if he would nurse his grouch alone; but publicly he weeps his brine, and heaves his deep, heart rending groan. And in these crucial times we need no added weight to loads of care, no sighs that make our bosoms bleed, no threats or omens of despair.



WALT MASON

The Oregon Journal, Wednesday, had a rather idyllic editorial on the "Pumpkin." It was a pretty picture in the perspective but just why the editor described the "punks" as lying on their spherical faces is not easily understood. In the first place no well conducted pumpkin would choose that part of its system to lie on. Then too it is extremely doubtful if the pumpkin has a face other than the one the small boy makes on it along about Hallowe'en. The golden globe of embryo pie know nothing of heads and tails and is deficient in countenance but down in its hold it contains some real cause for thanksgiving among epicures.

The supreme court has pronounced the dog law passed at the last session of the legislature, unconstitutional. This is a victory for the constables for otherwise they would have had the dog catching and killing to do without remuneration, and under heavy penalty if they overlooked any of the dogs.

It is ten days yet to state fair time, but state fair weather has already arrived. Maybe it will get through its tears by the time the fair opens and get a smile on the face of old Dame Nature that will make others smile.

COUNTRY IS FACING SHORTAGE OF FLOUR

Refusal of Farmers to Sell Wheat, Alleged To Be the Principal Cause

Chicago, Sept. 13.—The country is confronted with the most serious flour shortage in recent years in the opinion of millers, jobbers and retailers today.

Retailers have comparatively small stocks on hand—many are completely sold out—it was said, while millers and wholesale dealers declare they are unable to deliver flour because of the shortage in wheat.

Refusal of farmers to sell wheat at the prices fixed by the government is generally blamed for the present situation. They are said to be holding back in the hope of a new schedule, more favorable to them can be arranged.

The Washburn Crosby company, however, declares the shortage is due to a sudden demand by retailers who had allowed their stocks to become depleted during the summer.

Country agents of the food administration are trying to impress on the farmers that they can gain nothing by holding their wheat. By so doing, they will incur shortage charges.

Reports of crop damage from the frosts early this week continued to come in to crop experts here today. The extent of the damage to corn cannot yet be determined but it was said that in Wisconsin it would reach 40 to 50 per cent of that state's estimated 57,000,000 bushels.

Mills Will Not Quit.
New York, Sept. 13.—United States Grain corporation officials and President Bell of the Washburn-Crosby Milling company here this afternoon, declared there was no danger of mills being forced to shut down because of lack of wheat shipments.

Their statement was made following circulation of reports from Minneapolis that such action might be necessary. Bell, now a member of the government food administration board, said he knew

Court House Notes

An action for divorce was filed in the circuit court here today by Helen E. Widderspohn against Frederick Widderspohn alias Fred Wagner. She states they were married in South Dakota in 1903 and alleges that at Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada, in 1913, he secretly sold the home for \$1000 and left her destitute with four small children. She asks a decree of separation.

A cross complaint was filed by J. M. Schaefer against Caspar Gropper in the case where the defendant in this complaint is plaintiff and G. L. Schaefer is defendant, today in the circuit court. The action is on a contract for the felling of timber. The alleged statements of the defendant are declared to be false and untrue and the plaintiff asks that the action at law be stayed and a correct account of all money and also of all timber felled be made.

of no reason for his mills even contemplating closing. The grain corporation declared the mills were running ninety percent capacity and pointed out that if there was any danger of being forced to close they would be running closer.

Wheat shipments are not heavy at present, but this is because farmers are still busy harvesting and the real wheat movement has not yet started, it was stated.

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And He Did

I'LL EAT A PIECE OF BLUE BERRY PIE - MA WILL NEVER KNOW.



AND HE DID



The Daily Novelette

NO FLOWERS.

One Monday toward the last half of the first of the month, William Y. Spam's first wife died.

Spam much put out, had cards engraved inviting his friends to east supper, view the body and express sympathy. Spam, who was quite vexed by his loss, was really in need of sympathy for Squabeena had been a model wife, always content to slave about the house and too tired in the evenings to pester him to take her to the movies.

His friends all came, and all expressed their sympathy.

"Squabeena was an elegant woman, Bill," Max Twitters said to the mourning husband, "but if you decide to break up housekeeping I'll take those three boxes in the kitchen off your hands for \$3.25."

"I always thought a lot of your wife, Bill," consoled Ed Flookery. "She was always so cheerful, somehow just as if she was really good-looking somehow. Any time you say, Bill, I'll relieve you of them two tons of coal down the cellar for \$4.80, and do my own hauling!"

And so they consoled with him, one after the other, till he had bids on articles in every room in the house.

In the early part of the last of the month, five years later, Bill's second wife died. Hurriedly hanging flags out all the windows to give the impression that nothing had happened, he buried her from his second mother-in-law's house.

How to Give Good Advice
The best way to give good advice is to set a good example. When others see how quickly you can get over your cold by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy they are likely to follow your example. This remedy has been in use for many years and enjoys an excellent reputation. Obtainable everywhere. Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

THE WEDDING

CHAPTER IV.
We were to be married at home. Several of my friends helped me decorate the living room and it really looked lovely. We banked the mantel with palms, then had growing plants and flowers placed about the room. We had no attendants, and but about twenty guests, mostly relatives, or very close friends. Elsie and Tom Barton, and a couple of Bob's college chums. We were married at noon, then went away immediately after the wedding breakfast. Bob had been so loving, so tender those last few days that my heart overflowed with happiness. Even Elsie told me that I looked ten years younger. My going away dress was a soft shade of blue, with a long coat and hat to match. It was a really very pretty and becoming, and I flushed with pleasure when Bob told me he was proud of his bride.

That I was proud of him goes without saying. I wondered if ever another bride had loved the man she vowed to love honor, and obey, as I loved Bob. I knew now that I thought of nothing but my love, that to me it was the ne plus ultra, the one thing in life.

Elsie found an old pair of shoes and Bob's chums had come prepared with rice. The throwing of which as we left the house added quite a festive air to the occasion.

As Bob's father had congratulated me I couldn't help being glad that he and Bob were none too friendly. I was sure he and I never would get along. He looked me over with his sharp old eyes, and then asked me how old I was. It was dreadful. That no one heard him was the only thing that kept me from losing my temper. Why did every one have to talk of my age? Hadn't I

Elsie said I looked ten years younger, and didn't she know?

All the way south Bob was devoted to himself. He anticipated my every wish; and was as lover-like as even I could desire. Once I had to reproach him: "Everyone will know we are a bride and groom," I told him, glad at the same time that he dared enough for me to forget the conventions.

"We are, aren't we?"

"Of course," and we both laughed merrily.

We were to spend the two weeks at Pinehurst. As I never had been south I was delighted. Bob rode horseback, and said I must learn. But I saw I him I would ride alone with the instructor while he went on ahead.

When he took me at my word I felt a twinge of disappointment, the I was mortally afraid of a horse, and wouldn't have ridden for anything or anybody save for Bob.

Every morning Bob took a two hour gallop while I moseyed along with an instructor, looking and feeling terribly awkward. We used to meet Bob on his return, his face glowing, his eyes bright, rested and refreshed; while I was so stiff and uncomfortable that all the hot baths and rubbing he recommended couldn't make me feel comfortable.

After our breakfast we would laze on the broad veranda of the hotel, reading our letters and the two day old papers from home. That came to be the happiest time of the day for me. After lunch Bob would recommend a siesta for me while he wandered off with some of the men in the hotel with whom he had made friends. Then often in the late afternoon taking another horseback ride in their company. He never failed to ask me to go along, but I was so sore and lame that the very

thought of a second ride made me shiver and didn't care for dancing. As it was almost the only thing to do in the evening, we usually sat and watched the merry crowd for a few minutes then took a short walk, when Bob would again join his men friends in the smoking room while I went up stairs.

The two weeks was soon over and we were once more at home. They all told me how well I looked, and mother said:

"It is easy to see that you are happy, daughter."

"Indeed I am, mother, so happy I am almost frightened."

"I don't see anything to be afraid of. You have married a good man, you will make him a good wife. That is all there is to it. Just go on being happy and be thankful instead of frightened."

I was a little disappointed that Bob couldn't stop with me as much as I had hoped. His business had accumulated while we were gone, and he often could not meet me as we planned before he left the house in the morning. Yet we were nearly ready to move into our own house. Bob had been as generous as his income warranted, and we really had a lovely home. Not elaborate, but comfortable, and a few rare prints. He had brought nothing else save a large picture of his mother which he hung in the place of honor over the piano.

I had never seen Bob's mother, but she must have been a beautiful woman judging from her picture. I am almost ashamed to own it, but at times I was jealous of that picture; so jealous that I felt like pulling it from the wall and destroying it. Yet it was nothing that Bob said or did which caused this feeling; it was the way I often caught him looking at it, his expression as he gazed on the face he had loved so well.