

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$6.00 Per month .45c
Daily by mail, per year \$6.00 Per month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
Ward & Lewis, New York, Tribune Building.
Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

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

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT"

In an editorial paragraph a few days ago it was stated that the fishermen were selling salmon at four cents. The price just now is eight cents but that does not alter the comment made on the difference between the price paid by the jobbers and that finally charged the consumer. The only difference is that instead of making 275 per cent the consumer pays someone 150 per cent more than the fisherman gets and this is simply charging all the traffic will bear. We do not pretend to say who gets this profit but we do assert that the consumer pays it. In doing so he pays more than the service is worth. The retail dealer may be held up by the jobber but whether he is or not the consumer is charged more for his fish than a fair profit justifies. However, the fishdealers, and by this we mean the jobbers as well as all others handling the fish between the fisherman and the consumer, is not alone in this grabbing for the dollar. The whole country has gone mad in its chase for money. There is not an article used by the people that has not advanced greatly in price. These increases are alleged to be due to the war, and they are. The war is made an excuse for adding much more than the increased price on account of it. We have for instance at Butte, Montana, painters who but a short time ago were working for \$4.00 a day and who are now getting \$6.50, striking for \$8.00. Carpenters working for \$4.50 in Puget Sound points are demanding \$6.00, Seattle and Portland shipyard workers want a minimum of \$6.00 for eight hours. Laborers on farms and in the woods are getting much more than they received a year or two ago. We are all acting as though there is no limit to what business can pay for labor, and as though there was no limit to what the consumer can pay for everything he eats, drinks, wears or sleeps on or under. Farmers who a short time ago looked upon dollar wheat as about all that could be desired, now object to from \$1.70 to \$2.20 a bushel. So it goes down the whole line. No, the fishermen and dealers are far from being alone in the charging of exorbitant prices. In the language of the song recently popular: "Everybody's doing it."

The state highway commission is rushing the work of paving on the Siskiyou mountain section of the Pacific highway. Night and day crews are laying the "hot stuff" and it is hoped to finish the work before the heavy rains set in. Just what the big idea is with the commission does not appear to the ordinary mortal who can hardly see the value of a paved road which cannot be reached in the winter season from any direction. The Siskiyou pavement will loom white, silent and deserted all next winter while daring tourists who attempt to travel the Pacific highway are stuck in the mud all through western Oregon. If the commission were to have work rushed night and day on those places where a little rain makes an impassable mudhole the result by next winter might be less spectacular than the paving of Siskiyou mountain but far more satisfactory and useful to the public at large.

A dispatch yesterday stated draft frauds have been uncovered in Missouri which involve a dozen exemption officials. A man has been found who confessed to paying a draft official \$250, to be exempted on the ground of physical disability. It seems no calling trade pursuit or occupation is free from the dirty American grafter. In this particular case, the receiver of coin who accepted it as a salve for violated oaths of office, should be imprisoned for life.

Germany takes the position that American revelations as to Count Luxburg make the affair one for Sweden alone to deal with. In view of further revelations as to Sweden's charge d'affaires in Mexico doing Germany's spy work, and the indications that Sweden has secretly been practically an ally of Germany, the latter's desire to have Sweden alone deal with the matter is easily understood.

WILL KILL HIM FOR BEING RIGHT

Situations change rapidly in Russia. General Korniloff started a revolution because of a difference of opinion between himself and Premier Kerensky as to the character of punishment necessary to enforce discipline. Kerensky was against capital punishment and harsh measures. Korniloff wanted capital punishment made the law again and insisted it was the only measure that would bring the Russian troops back to a realization of their duty. Over this difference the two came to blows, so to speak. Korniloff undertook to do the only thing he thought would save the situation. He could not enforce discipline, and his soldiers drifted away from him forcing him to a point where he must surrender. Now, Kerensky who was against severe punishment insists upon it as against Korniloff, and those who aided him. No doubt Korniloff was just as much a patriot as Kerensky. He had only the good of Russia at heart. The best course under the circumstances is for Kerensky to forget their differences, restore Korniloff to his command and by his acts as head of the government show that it is Russia alone he is working for, and that no mere personal feelings will be permitted to endanger the things he is fighting for. This would do more to unify the country than any thing he could do. At the same time now that Korniloff has demonstrated he is right as to strict discipline being an absolute necessity, Kerensky should also lay aside his opinion on that subject and adopt those that have been proved correct. Now the Russian people are also demanding Korniloff's death, thereby indorsing his position that capital punishment is necessary to enforce discipline. They would punish him for his breach of discipline by inflicting the punishment he demanded.

And Kerensky's turn to face public displeasure may come next—evidence of his waning popularity can no longer be overlooked.

The members of the board of advisers who are helping in food control are making a mistake in undertaking to deceive the people as to conditions. That they are doing so is shown in a statement by one of them yesterday, who in speaking of milling conditions and the fact that wheat was not being delivered as rapidly as it should be, said among other things: "We have an extraordinary large crop of wheat to draw from." This gives the direct lie to the government reports and besides is not true. Consequently the statement must be looked upon as a deliberate attempt to deceive. The American people more than any other demand to know the truth about conditions, and once they know them they can be depended on to do whatever is necessary under the circumstances, to either bear or overcome.

Elihu Root speaking on the subject of Russia said Russia is still a factor in the war and will continue to be so until the end. He points out that Russia however apparently helpless she is, is compelling the kaiser to keep a vast army on the Russian frontier, and so long as she does this she is doing good work for the allies. Should Russia make peace with Germany it would free an army of two million according to Mr. Root's statement that could be hurled against the British and French on the western front with results that might be disastrous. So long as Russia stays in the war that nation is doing a splendid work, even though it does not fight a battle.

Now it is charged that prohibition is responsible for the restless condition of labor and the numerous strikes. The person making the charge says that the closing of the saloons has caused the laboring man to save his money until he has become so opulent he is "sassy" and don't care whether he works or not whereas under the regime of the saloon he was kept poor and so could not afford to strike. His necessities compelled him to work. Is it possible that Booze was after all humanity's best friend, even though so completely disguised?

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

BACK HOME

From mountain and from sea resort the tourists are returning, and they have freckles by the quart, and sunburn fiercely burning. No doubt you gamboled with the rest, where sylvan torrent gushes, where little robins build their nest, and sparrows chase the thrushes. No doubt you're full of thrilling yarns, that you desire to tell us, of ocean waves or mountain tarns—which tales will make us jealous. But have you brought back nothing more than rather idle stories of basking by the briny shore, or 'mid the forest's glories? Have you brought back a lot of pep for your employer's service, or have you still a lagging step, and are you stale and nervous? Have you brought back new vim and zeal, from all your rural scouting? Unless you have, I surely feel, you've had a useless outing. Have you brought back a glad desire to quit your lazy nodding, and labor like a house afire, and set the boss applauding? If you still hunt the easy chair in which we've oft surveyed you, your tan won't get you anywhere, your freckles will not aid you.



WALT MASON

And He Did



A SPY IN CORVALLIS

(Corvallis Times-Gazette)

A few weeks ago there was a man in Corvallis trying to buy hair to make switches. A half a dozen women informed this office that they acted "queer" and they thought he was a German spy. In one house he succeeded in getting the lady to let him have some of her combings for a switch. After she had talked to him awhile she got scared and changed her mind and refused to let him have the hair. After he had gone, the incident made such an impression on her, that she took the combings she had so carefully saved and burned them because this man had handled them. At another place he offered \$20 for a switch that the lady had. She agreed to let him have it, but she insisted on having the cash and the deal fell through.

While these things were going on the G.T. received this mysterious letter: "Editor: Last week there was a German spy in Corvallis. He was taking orders for making switches from ladies' hair combings. He stopped while here with a wealthy German family. They are German sympathizers though outwardly loyal. But I, the writer, working in another room adjoining, distinctly heard him telling the lady where he stayed, and though their conversation was in German, I understand every word. They do not know I can speak the language so were careless. He told her the switches would be impregnated with a loathsome disease to ruin American women and their children and that it would ruin the mind also. I have not space to tell you the frightful things he said, but to be brief it was, he said, the intention of the German government, thru their spies in this country, to ruin the American people with a awful disease germs in every conceivable way, also homes and stock and waterways. He told her to pretend great loyalty and 'to work the Red Cross stunt and the flag display.' Then they both laughed."

Truth." The G.T. was disinclined to believe that there was anything to this communication. It is a matter that somebody had either allowed the numerous reports of poisoning by German spies to work on her imagination or that she was trying to hoax the newspaper.

Inasmuch as the government was arresting spies right and left on similar charges, the G.T. turned the letter over to the United States district attorney and at the same time advertised for "Truth" to come forward and make herself known. The government thought enough of the letter to send a secret service man here to investigate but the peddler had gone and the government is still trying to locate him.

Believing that nothing is to be gained by keeping the matter quiet, the G.T. after consulting a government agent, is publishing the letter. We don't believe there is anything to it but think it is a matter that the public ought to know about. If it was meant for a joke, it wasn't much of a joke and if "Truth" is telling the truth, she is as guilty as the peddler or his accomplice in not coming thru with enough information to make an investigation effective.

AURORA SCHOOL FAIR.

The Aurora annual school industrial fair will be held in the store building formerly occupied by Sadler & Kraus, next door to the Observer office, Wednesday, September 19, 1917. Competent attendants will be there to receive and place the exhibits. More than 120 prizes are offered for various products of the labor of pupils. The schools included in this school fair district are the Aurora, White, Union Hill and Meridian. It is believed that exhibits will include practically the products for which premiums are offered. In addition a beautiful loving cup will be given to the school that first wins the first prize twice.—Observer.

The Daily Novelette

THE DAILY NOVELETTE. Grape Gravy.

(Great Inventions Series.)

"Tooby," said Goodman Blunk one evening late in 1907, "why don't you squeeze the gravy of grapes, and store it down the cellar in bottles, like our neighbor, Mistress Middlebean. She calls it grapejuice—how appropriate! It comes from grapes, so she calls it grapejuice!"

"What would you expect her to call it—bay rum?" snapped his wife, who was of an exceedingly jealous nature. And the next day she called her eight children, Floragil, Limer, Hippenstock, Hammock, Highway, Seabner, Blunston and Trapesee—(see Marvel Voor's "Curious Cognomens of the Fifteenth Century"), and set them to work picking grapes. As fast as they picked them, Mistress Blunk squeezed the gravy out of the ones they hadn't eaten, and by nightfall she had filled thirty bottles and stored them in the cellar.

Three months later Goodman Blunk was awakened from the bottom of a deep sleep by crashes, smashes, blasts and detonations. Rushing down into the unlighted cellar with a lighted candle, he saw the bottles of grapejuice exploding one after the other all along the shelf. After his wife had eaten a good breakfast to give her courage, she went down to see what had become of him, carried up his unconscious form and picked out the pieces of glass.

Goodman Blunk thought deeply and during his convalescence, and immediately afterwards he designed the first gattling gun.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A WAY TO SPEND THE SUMMER

CHAPTER VI
Life in reality, and the life of our dreams is very different, as I soon found out. When we are very young we put the armor of dreams on a man, and to us he is a hero. And when we are engaged or when we are first married to the one we love our thoughts are so filled with rose colored illusions concerning them; that we are apt to forget the common sense things of life which may, or may not, disturb us according as we deal with them.

I had every reason to believe my life would always be a happy one, always run smoothly. I had not married for a home, for wealth; but because I loved my husband, I believed he loved me. Why should I have any fears for the future?

I had somewhere read that a man shrinks from a woman who loves too much; who pours out her wealth of affection upon his altar fires. But I smiled as I read. I knew it wasn't true. Why didn't I tell Bob dozens of times each day how much I loved him? And wasn't he more in love with me than when he asked me to marry him? So I pushed the famous writers' psychology, and excused it by thinking she probably had never married.

"You love to have me tell you how dearly I care for you, don't you Robert?" I asked that very night as I flung my arms about his neck.

"Why—yes—of course," he had answered. But the lack of warmth in his voice, his unresponsiveness piqued me, and I went on.

"You don't say it as if you meant it dear. Don't you love me as I do you? And don't you want to hear me say it?"

"Of course I love you, Margaret. But sometimes I have things on my mind, and you must excuse me if I seem a bit absent minded." Then, "of course I love you," he repeated, and kissed me.

But usually our life went on so smoothly that I was contented, sure of Bob's love; and consequently happy. "Married life certainly agrees with you!" Elsie exclaimed one day when we were lurching together. "I wouldn't be awfully happy aren't you?"

"Indeed I am. Bob is kindness itself, and as generous as can be. You know I never had much to spend, Elsie, and it seems so nice to have so large an allowance, and never be asked what I do with it.—Yet do you know," I added with a little laugh, "I sometimes wish Bob would ask me more about how I spend my time, and what I do.—But, he never does."

"Don't be a silly! be on your knees that you haven't a stingy, inquisitive husband. A man can be so disagreeable if he tries."

"I know, but sometimes it seems as if he weren't interested. As if what I did was nothing to him—though of course I know quite different."

"Then why worry! Take the goods the gods provide Margaret, and forget to wonder why. We women take life, ourselves too seriously. I know I do at times."

I couldn't help laughing. The idea of dainty irresponsible Elsie taking herself seriously was too ridiculous. Why she was the embodiment of care-free happy womanhood. And in spite of being the mother of three children she looked younger than me, though we were almost of an age.

As the time drew near for father and mother to go down on Long Island for the summer, they tried to persuade me to close our apartment, and spend the hot months with them. At first I was inclined to do so. But Bob happened to say that he probably could come down all but two or three evenings a week; and that he would then stay at his club.

I knew if we went Robert would be with me more constantly the days and evenings he came down. But what about those other evenings? He had said two or three. It easily might be three or four, perhaps more. Then I should be unhappy because we were separated.

"Do just as you like, Margaret," he told me, when we discussed mother's invitation. "It would be a nice change for you, and I should also enjoy it—when I could get down."

I do not think I was more jealously inclined than most young women, yet I couldn't help wondering with whom Bob would spend his time the evenings he remained in town—if I left him.

"We could go down Saturday after noon and stay over Sunday anyway couldn't we?" I asked after considering it a while.

"Why of course!" he answered heartily. "We could motor down in the roadster about noon on Saturday, sometimes Friday night and come back Sunday night or early Monday morning."

That settled it. Much to mother's disappointment I told her we would keep our apartment open, but would spend our week ends with her.

"I hoped you would just come and stay," she returned, her face plainly showing her sorrow at being able to convince me that Bob would come down nearly every night if I were there. Father, too, didn't seem quite able to understand it; but as soon as it was settled I felt sure that I had done right, that I would be much happier not to be separated from Bob even for a night. I also judged he felt as I did though he had left all the arrangements to me.

"When it comes real hot you'll be glad enough to stay with us," father remarked when I explained our plan to him. "And don't stick too close to Robert. No matter how much he loves you, he might like to miss you occasionally."

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