

TUESDAY EVENING  
August 25, 1917

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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Editor and Publisher

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

## UNIONISM'S SERIOUS MISTAKE

Union labor especially on the coast and in the shipbuilding trades has made a grievous mistake and continues unhesitatingly in its course. With 90 per cent of those engaged in building wooden ships at Portland already on strike, yesterday 5,500 steel workers went out. This practically ties up all yards. One company has eleven ships on the ways and this is but a fraction of the work that is being held up. If Union Labor cannot see its mistake we suggest a perusal of yesterday's dispatches from Portland in which among other things was this: "The strike order also included the Willamette Iron & Steel Works, but only a few of the men left that plant. The Willamette plant is run on the open shop policy."

Here is an object lesson Union labor will do well to heed. No strike was ever won against public sentiment. Here is a non-union plant where the men keep on working because there are no paid walking delegates to stir up trouble. The public will be quick to notice that it is the non-union men who stick to their jobs and do not desert their country in the hour of her direst need. The public will begin to do a little thinking along lines it has not generally pursued, and will draw its own inferences from such different conditions as prevail in shops where unionism prevails, and where it is absent. It will notice that the less unionism the more industrial peace. It will come to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly makes no difference, that unionism is contrary to the principles of democracy and against the public peace. When that conclusion is reached it will be an uphill job to maintain even the semblance of unionism. We do not know what the differences are between the employers and the men in the shipyards, for we have heard many different stories concerning it. It matters not however what those differences are, the men in the shipyards owe a higher allegiance to the union than to unionism. It is their war they are supposed to be assisting in fighting—and they are slackers. If they think the public is either going to forgive or forget it they have another long spell of thinking coming.

At Seattle it is said 14,000 employed in the shipyards will go out within a few days. They are of course in the same boat with the Portland strikers. As there is a likelihood of the strike lasting a month it would be a good way to settle it by simply stopping all work in the yards. There is an opportunity now to make the shipbuilding industry a permanent one on the coast, where many men would be employed permanently and at good wages. This opportunity the men themselves are destroying. This is another of the serious mistakes they are making.

Pendleton, Oregon, the home of the Round-Up Show, is a good town—one of the biggest small cities in the world. During the Round-Up this year—and it has happened every other year since the institution was founded—the two newspapers of that city, the East Oregonian and Tribune issued special numbers for three days that would have reflected credit upon a city of 100,000 population, and these editions were made possible by the patronage of the local businessmen whose advertisements filled many pages. It has come to be that a town may be quite correctly judged by its newspapers, the community that lacks the enterprise and local patriotism to stand back of its papers generally taking a similar attitude toward all other home industries and institutions. Pendleton is a good town and the annual Round-up is the greatest show west of the Mississippi river—because both town and show have good newspapers to boost them into public notice. If Pendleton businessmen had starved its newspapers to death the Round-up would not now have had a fame as wide as the nation itself.

Senator Lewis yesterday declared Germany's reply to the Vatican's peace note was "a degrading insult to the pope and to the United States."

## HE FURNISHED THE MATERIAL

Senator LaFollette says he has accumulated material for numerous libel suits against newspapers which he will bring "when the courts are free and open." No doubt he is correct as to the material, and if he keeps his eyes on the papers from this on he will accumulate material for many more libel suits, that is if he can prove the statements in the newspapers are not true. His speeches in the senate, some of them, are of such a character that instead of mulcting a newspaper in damages to his character any right minded jury would say it was impossible to libel a senator who gave voice to such treasonable sentiments. The best thing the pompadoured gentleman from Wisconsin can do is to return to his neck of the woods and remain there in well earned retirement.

The arrival of the troop train Sunday eight hours late is another sample of the Southern Pacific's management. Delays are sometimes unavoidable, but there was no reason why the good people of Salem who had arranged to feed the boys as they passed through, should have been kept all day without any information as to the time the train would arrive. It was simply another case of the company's utter disregard of the rights of others. When congress was forfeiting its land grant it should have gone still further and forfeited its franchise. A railroad that runs on the Vanderbilt plan of the public be damned, that deliberately holds up the industries of a whole country deserves to be put out of business by the people, or power that created it.

It was an unusual scene in congress yesterday when that body turned its guns loose on one of its members, Congressman Heflin, and gave him a very uneasy half hour. He had stated he could "name twelve or fourteen congressmen who had acted suspiciously," and when Representative Norton of North Dakota demanded he explain and name the congressmen the house cheered and when Heflin undertook to dodge, hooted and jeered him. He was not able to name anyone, at least did not do so, and threats were made to punish him, which means, if it means anything, expulsion.

Oregon by going dry has saved those who frequently crooked their elbows and looked at the ceiling "through a glass darkly," from having to put up a dime and a nickel for the privilege, instead of the customary ten cents. Beer too would have been six cents, or perhaps even higher. Let us be thankful then that this calamity was taken from us before it happened.

Have you visited the Pig Club and called on General Pershing? If not don't neglect to do so before Friday. The club will sell its exhibit before the fair closes and you will have missed something if you fail to see what this hustling bunch of young Americans have accomplished in the way of stock raising.

Polk county folks can amuse themselves during the balance of the week while waiting for the ferry to make just another trip before they can find room on it, by chanting that good old negro hymn:  
"I went to de ribber and I couldn't get across."

Governor Withycombe has issued a proclamation setting aside October 9 as "Fire Prevention Day." It's a little late in the season, but as the governor says so, it goes just the same.

Even divorces are feeling the effects of the war in that the demands for alimony are about twice as large as before it.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### WAR TALK

I leave my work to roast the kaiser throughout the neighborhood; my wife remarks that I'd be wiser if I would saw some wood. She says I ought to feed the cattle and dig spuds with a spade, while I am planning siege and battle, retreat and ambush. 'Tis ever thus with wives, my masters, great things they do not heed; they care no hoot for war's disasters, if there are cows to feed. To plan great wars I'm amply able, and wish to, but wife begs that I will crawl beneath the stable and gather all the eggs. Oh, there are times when I'm disgusted because I have no chance to point out all the punk, dingbusted boneheads they've pulled in France. I know just why the war goes slowly, and I could tell them how to put an end to strife unholy, and break the Germans now. But when I start my explanation, my wife gets on my trail, and drags me from my congregation, to pack a water pail. She doesn't care to hear of trenches, or of the German slump; she says I ought to take some wrenches and fix the kitchen pump. She doesn't care about the navy that sails the dark blue sea; she says I'll have to stir the gravy while she is brewing tea. And thus the patriot's rewarded, who loves the rag to chew; there's always something punk and sordid that he is billed to do.



WALT MASON

## Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

### TIME FOR REFLECTION

CHAPTER XIV.  
"I should like to take dinner with John Kendall, tonight, Margaret. He has the manuscript of a book he wants me to read and help him pass on."  
"Why I didn't know you were interested in things of that sort," I replied with a sinking heart at the thought of the evening alone.  
"You didn't? Why I have always been interested in books—literary work of any kind."  
"Oh, I knew you were a book worm, but I thought it was only to read them—here at home."  
"I used to help John a lot before mother died. That is I pretended to help. Really I did it because it was a pleasure, and mother always encouraged me to spend much of my time with John."  
Even as he talked I felt he was making a mental reservation in his mother's favor. I had said nothing to make him think I was pleased to have him spend the evening with John Kendall poring over some old stupid manuscript. Yet, in spite of my reluctance to let him see that I was not so self sacrificing as his mother, I could not suppress an expression of dismay.  
"Your mother was old and didn't mind being alone."  
"All the more reason why she should have minded it. Don't sit up for me I shall probably be very late. If the book is as unusual as John says it is, I shall get too interested to leave it."  
"So you are going?" I asked, astonished that he should persist when he saw I objected.  
"Yes. Don't sit up!" and before I could voice a further objection he was gone.

I returned to the breakfast table and hastily drank another cup of coffee. Della spoke to me and I had to swallow a lump in my throat before I could answer her.  
"Why don't you go over and have dinner with Mrs. Barton, ma'am," Della said. She had heard Bob's parting admonition, so knew of course he was to be out.  
For a moment more I could not answer. I was afraid I was going to cry, and before a servant. Then all at once I felt an overwhelming self-pity. Pity for the woman who because her husband had been encouraged by his mother to neglect her, thought it all right to act the same with his wife.  
I may have been—was—wrong in having such sentiments. But they came of their own volition; and I had not strength of mind enough to dismiss them. But after telling Della that I would let her know if I decided to dine out, I had time for reflection. I was able after a while to thrust from my mind the thought of any intent on Bob's part to neglect or wound me. I must make him understand that my love, my society was now to take the place of all those outside interests which occupied him as a single man, and were then perfectly legitimate. I was at fault, not Bob. I had not impressed the fact of my utter devotion, my willingness to supply the place of all that had been in his life before I knew and loved him, sufficiently upon him.  
Then, too, he might have borrowed the manuscript and read it at home with me. Why had I not suggested it? Perhaps it was not too late, I would call him up at the office and if he had not already accepted John Kendall's dinner invitation he would probably be grateful to me for the suggestion.  
"Is Mr. Garrett in?" I asked the office boy who had answered the telephone. "This is Mrs. Garrett."  
"Yes, but he's busy on the other phone. He'll be thru in a few minutes. Will you hold the wire?"  
"Yes."  
"Hello, Margaret; what's up?"  
"Oh, Bob, I have just thought of such a nice plan! We won't have to be separated this evening after all."  
"What in the world are you talking about, Margaret? Come to the point as quickly as possible. I have a business appointment right now."  
"Why it is this: you borrow the manuscript and bring it home and read it, then we can be together."  
"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret. I've already told John I'd dine with him. Run over to Esle's if you don't want to be alone. Good-bye," and before I could say another word I heard the click of the receiver as Bob hung up.  
It was all my fault, I thought as I turned disconsolately away, tears of disappointment in my eyes. Had I told him my plan BEFORE he had promised to dine with Mr. Kendall he would very likely have been as pleased as could be. But as I was too late, I would call Esle and ask her if she wanted me.  
"Surely!" she replied to my question as to whether it would be convenient to have me to dinner. "But how does it happen that Bob is out again?" referring to the night I called Tom.  
"I'll explain when I come over."  
I suppose it seems strange that a woman nearly thirty years old should have acted so foolishly. But I think ever now that when one is as old as I was when I married, there are more apt to be dependent on the man they marry, have fewer outside interests than the young frivolous girl who, regardless of her marriage still keeps up her friendship with her chums.  
(Tomorrow—'Assumed Tolerance')

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## EIGHT PEOPLE OUT OF TEN REALIZE THAT THEY ARE IN THE WRONG VOCATION

But there is no excuse for remaining in a line of work that does not bring out YOUR BEST.

There is no reason why your son and daughter should not find the vocation for which they are best fitted.

Vocational counsel, the newest science known to educators and the business world, enables a person to KNOW whether they should be engaged in a professional, mechanical, or commercial pursuit.

Vocational Counsel is not Phrenology under a new name, neither is it Palmistry, Clairvoyance or any so-called "Fortune Telling."

It is a scientific study, psychological in character, the result of the best morals of some of the world's leading educators and business men.

Vocational counsel is for You and your Child. Don't put it off--The most important choice in life is the choice of a vocation--The choice has to be made and as Solomon has said, "In the multitude of counsel there is wisdom."

I would like to be of assistance to you. I have studied Vocational Counsel for a number of years, in the University of California and elsewhere. The charge for my service is small. I guarantee satisfaction. After October 1st my office will be located at Room 2, Salem Commercial building.

Before that you can arrange an interview by phoning 1355.

JAMES M. HEADY

## OPEN LITTLE RAILROAD.

Lewiston, Mont., Sept. 25.—P. R. Earling, and other officials of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul today completed inspection of the new Winnett branch as far as it is completed. They announced the company would accept freight at Tiegau, which is about half way between Grassrange and Winnett.



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W.K. Kellogg

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**MRS. CLARK DIES SUDDENLY.**  
Mrs. C. W. Clark died suddenly Thursday night at her home at Wolfers Prairie, and was buried Saturday, at the L. O. O. F. cemetery near Aurora. The services were conducted by Frank Denison.  
Mrs. Clark had been ill for some time but her sudden death was a great shock to her family and friends. She passed away before a physician could reach her home.  
She is survived by her husband C. W.