

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per month .45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 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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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

STATE FAIR IS EDUCATIONAL

Only two more days and the fifty-sixth state fair will be a matter of history only. Every year it becomes more and more a real event and draws a larger attendance and from a much wider field. This year the exhibits are unusually good and the attendance shows a growing interest. The most noticeable feature is the wonderful increase in the quality of the livestock. There are few fairs that can boast a better showing in this line than that now on exhibition at the fair grounds. The interest taken in growing hogs has caused a great improvement in that stock. It is not so many years ago that the Oregon hog, was a close rival of the Arkansas razor back, known in Texas as the "sunfish" brand. One of the pure breeds of this kind could run her nose through a picket fence and root up the third row of corn. Some of them it is claimed could go between the pickets unless a knot was tied in their tails. It is different now when a nine months old pig just bursting into hoghood weighs nearly five hundred pounds and is not overly plump at that. Another feature of the fair that has attracted much attention is the farm machinery. Scarcity of labor and the handy little gasoline engine has caused the farmers to go to investigating along that line to see what can be done toward relieving the labor shortage, and at the same time reducing the cost of production. More and more the State fair is becoming looked upon as an educator, and its practical help is becoming of more importance than its old time amusement character. In this latter line, however, this meeting has been a success, for there have been some fine races and there are some speedy ones yet to show their paces. Unfortunately another feature excels in number all other meetings of the Oregon fair and that is the side shows and barkers. There was never a scarcity of them and this year the crop is a more than usually prolific one. They are so plentiful as to be a real nuisance.

The United States, especially the northwest coast has no advantage over Russia so far as concerted action toward winning the war is concerned. The foolish ones at Petrograd standing in the way of the government taking action against the invading Germans, is no more senseless than the actions of American citizens who by strikes are discrediting the nation abroad and hampering it at home. Before wasting sympathy and indulging in regrets over Russia's actions we should clean house ourselves. With the strike in San Francisco settled and the heads of Union labor back east standing in with the president in his efforts to bring industrial peace it begins to look as though reason would resume her throne in the labor camps and the strikers be settled. It certainly is to be hoped this is the case.

Gerard will not be a candidate for the presidency is the statement coming from Spokane. This can hardly be classed as news, as no one supposed he would be. Besides it is three years before the present incumbent of the office steps down and it is decidedly too early to talk about his successor. Here in Oregon we will have a governor to elect and also a senator next year, and that is enough to keep the Oregon politicians busy guessing for the next nine months anyway.

Colonel Roosevelt is hitting the high places in the middle west and making two or three speeches a day while doing so. He is to make a speech at St. Paul as a sort of disinfectant for LaFollette's talk before the state commission of Public Safety at that place a few days ago. It is a safe bet the colonel will inject some formaldehyde into the situation.

The weather clerk has the thanks of the Capital City for real nice conduct on his part and also the request that he keep up his lick. It is fair weather and not the old fashioned state fair kind.

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PEACE OFFER WAS ILLTIMED

The vatican yesterday expressed the opinion that "Austria and Germany had strengthened themselves at home by apparently accepting the pope's peace terms." There is food for thought in the suggestion; and some will find the alleged "strengthening" was perhaps the object of the offer. While few will be disposed to doubt the pope's good intentions, many will believe the offer was illtimed. It illustrates however the difficulty of interfering in others quarrels without making a bad matter worse. It is stated in the same dispatch that the pope is satisfied there can be no "victor's peace", that a stalemate is bound to follow, and this being the case the allies have made a mistake in not accepting the terms suggested. Apparently the vatican overlooks the fact that there is no responsible government in Germany with which the allies could deal if they consented to discuss peace along the lines suggested. How can any country safely make a treaty with another that in advance notifies it that any treaty it makes is but a "scrap of paper?" When the allies can deal with the German people, when they are willing to bind themselves just as the countries they treat with do, then peace will soon be in sight. It is rather a hopeful sign though that even the militarists at last realize their dream of world conquest has had its awakening and the vanishing of the vision, and are willing to make some reparation in the way of rehabilitating Belgium. They offer to pay part of the expense. It was they who overran Belgium. They who started the war for their own aggrandizement. They who gave the country to destruction and its people to worse than slavery, and yet they ask those on whom they forced the most dreadful war in all history to pay part of the expense of repairing the damages they have done. It is hopeful only in that it shows they begin to realize they are responsible and must make good the damage they have done. German concessions will have to extend further than the rebuilding of the ruined industries and ravaged homes of Belgium before peace can be considered. There must be a sufficient guaranty that such ruin shall not again be inflicted on the world.

Instead of the bridge being completed in time for the fair it now seems that the date of its completion is a thing to be learned in the remote future, and when the Southern Pacific at its pleasure sees fit to handle its cars properly and haul the freight its charter provides it must haul for the general public. Instead of trying to assist in getting the bridge completed in time for the fair the management has apparently placed every obstruction possible in the way. Sometime when the people of Salem have been kicked hard enough and often enough they will fight back. Until they do they will get the same kind of treatment they have always received, and until they do fight back, they will deserve it.

The kaiser's law was that "might makes right." A very simple code and perhaps a pleasing one from the kaiser's viewpoint so long as he represented the "might." Now that things are not prospering so well with him and his aims, he is constrained to change the sentiment around and let "right make might." Hudibras remarked:
"No thief e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."

The mayor of San Francisco suggests as a solution of the car strike in that city that the city buy the carlines of the United Railroads on which the trouble has occurred. The company is willing and it is possible the city may take over the roads.

It is rather strange, but the dispatches announce that Argentine has lost confidence in Germany.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

MOTORING

I chug along from burg to grad, good gasoline a-burning, where roads are good, where roads are bad, on highways straight and turning. "Oh, motoring," I sigh, "is bliss, my good old car's a treasure; what outdoor pastime equals this, for pure and lasting pleasure?" And as I gambol through the dust, with other autos racing, my threadbare tires begin to bust, and spoil both tube and casing. I toil and labor in the sun until I bust a gallus, and ere the weary work is done I drink from sorrow's chalice. For changing tires will break the heart of any portly mortal, upset his mental apple-cart, and kill his smile and chortle. At last new tires are on the wheels and I resume my spinning; my laughter rings in merry peals, my smile is sweet and winning. Then something breaks about the torque; no more my car is speeded; I'll have to send to far New York, to get the part that's needed. When fixed, some other parts will break, some bearings, pins or collars, and when repairs the workmen make, they'll charge me ninety dollars. And so I'm walking near and far, on highways broad and narrow; I think I'll dump the motor car, and get myself a barrow.



WALT MASON

late dispatch yesterday stated the metal trades unions which had been holding up the settlement, of the strike in San Francisco had voted to accept the governments offer and to return to work. Previously it had been announced that the Seattle and Portland strikes would be settled on the same basis as that at San Francisco, Samuel Gompers being the authority for this statement. At the same time it was announced that the government arbitrators, or managers, would start for Portland and the Sound soon. It is hoped the senseless movement has run its course and that the sound of the hammer and saw will be heard again soon in all the shipyards and will continue to be heard until America's answer to Prussian ruthlessness is made in the shape of a fleet steadily increasing in numbers despite the submarines.

Yesterday was the banner day at the state fair, though today gives promise of giving it a hard rub for the pennant. The antlered herd has charge of affairs today along with Portland, and the royal purple is in evidence everywhere.

The Daily Novelette

And He Did

THE SOUVENIR.

The Dumpoff family had motored all the way from Cheesboro to Triddeburg without passing a thing to eat, and they were ravenous when they drew up before Swagmire's roadhouse. Mr. Dumpoff licked his lips and picked up a spotted new menu card and ran his eye down the sumptuous bill of fare. "Um yum," he swoggled, "this looks good. Well, family, we'll start in with some little cold ones on the quarter shell as an appetizer, and then we'll have roebuck soup a la Dr. Cook." "I'd rather have prairie egg broth, Adolph," said Mrs. Dumpoff, glancing over his shoulder. "I'm passionately fond of prairie egg broth." "You shall have it, Paulina," agreed Mr. Dumpoff, "and the children, too, if they prefer. And after that let's see—ah, stuffed bitzy fish a la Bryan, with sauced potatoes. Or would anyone prefer pickled herring with lingoo sauce?" "Me! Us!" clamored Clarence Dumpoff and his sister Neurama. "Very well, children," smiled their father. "And then some roast alabaster squabs with stuffed mushrooms, and—"



HAS SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Clarence Bevens was caught under a load of lumber Monday morning and his right leg broken very near the hip joint, as well as a dislocation of the hip joint. He was hauling a load of lumber, and driving on top of the load, to the west line of his place to build a fence. The fence was to be built on a side hill near the stream. In getting the wagon into a convenient place for unloading the team failed to hold the load, the lumber shifted, Clarence jumped clear but stuck in the soft earth and before he could get out the lumber was on top of him. Grant Jones was working near by, and hearing calls for help

Are You Looking Old?

Old age comes quick enough without inviting it. Some look old at forty. That is because they neglect the liver and bowels. Keep your bowels regular and your liver healthy and you will not only feel younger but look younger. When troubled with constipation or biliousness take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are intended especially for these ailments and are excellent. Easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

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 efforts 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 Club Building.

Before that you can arrange an interview by phoning 1355.



JAMES M. HEADY
The program was to be ships, ship and yet more ships, not strikes, strikes and yet more strikes.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS
UNWELCOME QUESTIONS

CHAPTER XVI.
Tom took me home about eleven o'clock. "Bob will be waiting for me," I had said when Elsie urged me not to hurry. "Don't be too sure!" she returned. "If John Kendall has a book which is so unusual that he wants Bob to read it before deciding upon publishing it, Bob is sure to stay until he reads the last word, then they will have to discuss it." "You see Elsie was right!" Tom had insisted upon going up stairs with me, and we found everything dark. "He'll be along in a few minutes," I answered, not so sure as I pretended. I couldn't help thinking of that other night, when he stayed out with Henry Creedmore until three o'clock. I did hope this was not to be a repetition of that. I undressed and found something to read. But as the time passed I realized that Bob was again going to be late. Should I call him up, I knew John Kendall had a telephone, or should I wait and tell him I would not consent to his leaving me in the evening unless he came home at a decent time. I decided to wait. The remembrance of what Elsie had said about his going out with his men friends perhaps had something to do with my hesitating to call him. It might embarrass him. I was still a bit afraid of annoying Bob, still a little anxious that he should have no cause to find fault with me. It was after one when he came in. "Why didn't you go to bed, Margaret?" "Because I prefer sitting up than to lying toasting about in bed." "But why not go to sleep when I am out?" "I can't! I love you too much to go to sleep until I know you are safely at home." "One would think me a baby, instead of a man old enough to know his own mind. I will come in just as early,—perhaps earlier if you will be sensible and go to bed." "Now you are annoyed with me, when I am the one who should be cross," I returned. "Yes, I am annoyed. I like freedom, the privilege to enjoy my friends, my books—and other things. You are altogether too critical, Margaret. Be as domestic as you like, but don't expect me to be continually by your side. You seem lately to find a lot wrong with me." "Please don't get angry, Bob! I am only asking what is my due, what belongs to me. You seem to forget at times—only lately!" I added, "but I want you to understand just how I feel about it before it becomes a habit. Just because your mother encouraged you to remain out evenings or to be with certain people is no reason I should do the same. I am a young woman, you are my husband. Your time, outside of your business belongs to me." "And you cannot say that I have not given it to you," Bob replied, two hot spots on his cheeks. "I have scarcely been out of your sight since we were married, save on business. But now that cool weather is nearly here, things naturally will be different. I shall want to do some entertaining; I shall want to go out with my old friends; take up some of the threads of my life before mother died." "You mean that you are not satisfied with me, with our home?" "No—I do not mean that! Not in the way you put it. But I must have some recreation, some interests outside of you and home, to express it bluntly. I hope you will also enjoy these things with me. If not, I shall be obliged to leave them anyway. I am not domestic, never was, Margaret. I love my home, yes, but because one cares for one thing is a sign he wants nothing else," he explained, as he saw the shocked expression on my face. "I don't see your point of view at all," I said stubbornly. "I'm sorry." "It isn't nice in you, and it doesn't sound right toward me. When I became your wife I expected to take the place of all these things in your affections, and in your life. Don't you think you should consider me above everything else? I do you." "I know you do, Margaret," he said gently, as he turned out the light. "You are too thoughtful of me—my bodily comfort. But, dear, that isn't all there is in life, we soon rust and grow stupid and uninteresting unless we have something outside of ourselves which appeals to us. Physical comfort is to be desired, but it never takes the place of mental stimulus." "I don't agree with you. You're married now. You have a big library, more books than I have ever known a bachelor to possess. Why can't you be content with my society as I am with yours, and get what mental stimulus—as you call it—you need from your books here at home instead of chugging out and leaving me alone?" "I can't seem to make you understand!" he said wearily. "Suppose we stop talking about it and go to sleep." "You love me don't you darling?" "I asked as I kissed him good night. Something between a grunt and a snore was my answer. Tomorrow—Centered Romance.