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

PORTLAND'S SOCIALISM

Portland, having made a success of a municipally owned fish market will soon start a butter market. This is socialism of the most socialistic kind and apparently it is only the beginning. The success of the fish market leads to the establishing of a butter market so as to reduce prices to the consumer. What will the successful operation of the butter market lead to? Naturally, as one after the other of these ventures into the realms of trade by the city prove successful the inducement to take up others becomes that much the stronger. Where will it end short of municipal ownership of stores, municipal handling of farm and dairy products and the going into the grocery business generally by the city? Then if the grocery business proves beneficial to consumers why should not the city go into the dry goods business as well? If it proves advantageous to the citizens to own a grocery why not also to own a drygoods store? If a citizen's stomach can be filled satisfactorily at less cost under municipal ownership why can not his back be covered as advantageously? Then if his groceries and clothing can be procured more cheaply under municipal ownership why not also provide his fuel? Then naturally follows the question why not city owned movies? Why not city owned everything? Truly the world is moving and that rapidly. A few years ago socialism was looked upon much as anarchy, most people making no distinction between the two, yet now taken in homeopathic doses at first, a great city like Portland says it likes it and calls for more.

In this connection another great change in public sentiment is taking place. Up until a year or two ago the motto: "Competition is the life of trade" was accepted as being as true as scripture. The Sherman law was born of this idea, and the federal statutes were framed to prevent the doing away with competition. Now we suddenly discover that "competition is the ruin of trade." It makes the cost higher to the consumer. Overhead charges are doubled. Delivery charges, rents, everything of that kind are increased. Will the answer to these things be socialism? To us old fashioned people who have been accustomed to present ways of doing business, this radical change looks like ruin. It would do away with individual effort and make everyone an employe instead of many being employers.

It would condense business, do away with competition, vacate a larger part of the business buildings, and raise Cain generally with the existing order of things. Yet this is what the movement in Portland must inevitably result in if carried to its logical conclusions. It may well be doubted if Portland's course is the right one, and it is not at all improbable that her efforts to reduce prices may redound in such a way as to make her sorry she went into business on her own account as against her home merchants. She is treading on dangerous ground, and should step lightly and not very far at a time.

J. W. T. Mason, who is a profound student of the war situation, expresses the opinion that the kaiser is "playing to save his job." He is holding out to the German people that the allies will fight until Alsace-Lorraine is given up to France, so as to get them accustomed to the idea when he will suggest that they can have peace whenever they consent to this. In other words he dare not make the offer himself for fear of losing his job, and so passes the buck up to the people, telling them that the surrendering of the provinces taken from France is the only stumbling block in the way of ending the war. This of course is not true, as the fight is not for Alsace-Lorraine, though that may be one of the things necessary to peace, but the real object of the war and one which will never be lost sight of is the getting rid forever of Prussian militarism. When that is accomplished terms of peace will not be hard to arrange; and until it is, there will be no peace. The kaiser is playing a poor hand desperately, hoping to get something to strengthen it in the draw.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
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CAPITAL \$500,000.00
TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

It looks as though a Prussian official cannot possibly play fair. When Count Luxburg, German envoy at Buenos Aires was given his passports and protection guaranteed him on his trip home, he started all right; but when he reached Uruguay he concluded to remain and so hid himself at a secluded farm. The Uruguayan officials looked him up and when he was taken in charge he became violent and protested loudly against being molested. He was sent under guard to Buenos Aires where he will be kept under surveillance until arrangements can be made to ship him home, where he evidently does not want to go. This in case of the pro-German president of Argentine not taking him under his wing and looking after him.

Columbus discovered the suburbs of this country 425 years ago. If he had had as much grab as the Astor family that came much later, he would have filed on the whole ranch. He would hardly recognize the country just now, nor would he believe it had so grown in a few hundred years that it could spend more money for war preparation in one year than the whole world was worth in his days. The little old "ships" he crossed the pond in would not make a lifeboat for one of the big vessels crossing in six days where it took him nearly that many months. Still as it was the first attempt, or so considered, Christopher did very well. He was out of luck though that he arrived before Hood River apples, Medford pears and Salem Loju were on sale along the eastern coast. He sure missed something.

The old rebel yell will be heard in France when the southern divisions get in action. The yell may not accomplish much, but the old boys in the union army who heard it can testify that it was followed by some of the hardest fighting any soldier ever faced. The sons have not forgotten the ways of their sires, and the German soldiers are due to learn something absolutely new when the khaki worn by the Americans comes over the top at them.

LaFollette says he was not quoted correctly and so blames most of his present trouble on the newspapers. This is an old trick and one that generally has little or no merit behind it. Newspapers try to get all news straight, and when they do not, it is generally due to misinformation. In a case like that of reporting LaFollette's speech it can be depended on that the newspapers were correct. The shorthand report is far better evidence as to what was said than the speaker's memory of it.

The San Francisco Argonaut has a very laudatory editorial on Governor Withycombe and how he stopped the strike at Astoria. As the strike at Astoria was still under full steam when the editorial was written further comment on it is unnecessary. It was well written and that is considerable praise for newspaper work these days when most of the young fellows who have just graduated from the High schools, have gone into the army instead of the newspaper offices.

Yesterday the Liberty loan was past the billion mark and going strong. It will have to reach the mark set for it in the two weeks remaining. It is only one-third of the way to the goal, but as the end approaches subscriptions will increase and it is safe to say the full amount and more will be subscribed, but this only if every individual does his or her full duty.

According to the dispatches from the British front the next work of the submarines may be looked for at that point. The mud is said to be of a quality that will permit the operation of submarines better than anything else. This would make great fighting ground for the Oregon boys, and our simoleons say the real "webfooters" would get there if given the opportunity, mud or no mud.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

SHE KNOWS



WALT MASON

The neighbors come around at eve, and talk with me of war and gore; and loudly I lament and grieve that I can't go and slay a score. I tell the neighbors what I'd do, if I were not so old and fat; the fleeing Hun I would pursue, and cleave his head and spoil his hat. And as I talk of battle's din, of honor's call and glory's charm, my wife, she listens with a grin—she knows I am a false alarm. She knows I hate to move a step, I'm wedded to my easy chair; she knows I hardly have the pep to comb the sandbars from my hair. She hands me now and then a glance that's loaded down with meaning deep; it seems to say, "Were you in France, you'd hunt a quiet place to sleep." The neighbors hear my warlike spiel, and seem to think I am old Mars; they hear me talk of blood and steel, of death and bones and wounds and scars. I slip things over on the rubes, and make them think I yearn for strife; a man may fool a bunch of boobs—alas! he cannot fool his wife. Oh, now and then she hands me one, a glance that says, "I'd bet a farm you lack the vim to fire a gun;" she knows that I'm a false alarm.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A HEATED DISCUSSION

CHAPTER XXX

When the postman left the mail the next morning Mrs. Root's invitation was the first thing I opened. Without a word I passed it over to Bob. "Fine!" he declared, "we'll have a corking time, Margaret. You never have been to one of Mrs. Elmer Root's musicales. They are simply great. You'll meet a lot of people worth knowing." "But we are not going. I shall write this morning and decline the invitation!" "You will—what?" "Decline the invitation," I repeated. "But what for? If you need some new clothes to go with, get whatever you need. I wouldn't miss this affair for anything." "I don't need any clothes. My trousseau dresses are perfectly all right for any occasion." "Then what in the dickens is it? Why should you decline Mrs. Root's invitation?" "Because I do not wish to go." "But why?" and there was wonderment mixed with considerable vexation in his tone. "Really, Bob, I thought you understood that we had decided not to make ourselves dependent for our pleasures upon any one but ourselves. We have each other, a pleasant home, why should we give up our nice quiet evening together to go to a musicale?" "You're talking foolishly, Margaret, and now be made no attempt to hide his impatience. 'Just because we are married does not mean that I never want to speak to another woman, nor you to another man.'"

BELOW THE BELT

(This week's mystery)

The cook had insisted on a day off, and young Mrs. Freshly-Wedd was in a quandry and her stunning new house gown of twisted percale. "I'll make a stew—anybody can make a stew," she cried. And she proceeded to make a stew. In the ice box she found seven frankfurters, a dozen fried oysters and three pickled herrings. "How fortunate—meat is the very important thing!" she exclaimed. And she chopped it all up and added three cupfuls of salt and two of pepper so as to be sure not to forget the seasoning. Then—because she knew that a stew must have lots of variety—she put in a glass of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of grated nutmeg, two pack ages of Saratoga chips, a can of salmon, and a half cake of bitter chocolate.

BELOW THE BELT

At six thirty Freshly-Wedd came home—her Ben, stalwart and handsome, who had never known an hour's illness in his life. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "What that smells!" "It's a stew I made for you wiv my own 'little hands,'" she told him. "Divine aroma!" cried Freshly-Wedd, and forthwith sat down and ate two big platefuls, while his wife watched him so eagerly that she forgot to eat any herself. Three hours later, in response to a hurry call, Dr. Blister drove up and rang the front doorbell. Query: Who was the patient, and why?

BELOW THE BELT

(For the first correct solution of "Below the Belt," a Chinese cookbook in the original will be presented.—Ed. The Morning Glory.) think you were such an old woman that you couldn't enjoy bright intellectual people. Don't talk any more about it please. I am losing patience again. Write a note of acceptance, and be sure and get anything you need to look well. Mrs. Root's affairs are always drossy. I'll send for my evening clothes this morning, they need to be pressed." He took his hat and left immediately. A cold kiss showed his displeasure. I sat down with the idea that I would decline the invitation and let him make a fuss about it if he liked. He couldn't go if I had declined; then I decided that I would give in to him this once and go. Something was sure to happen with that bohemian crowd that would give me a reason sufficient to refuse ever to go again. So I did as Bob requested and wrote an acceptance. (Monday—The night of the musical.)

And He Did

By JANE PHELPS

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Chambers and Chambers

467 Court Street

Notwithstanding the mild and beautiful weather a goodly number are taking time by the forelock and buying heating stoves and getting them put in place, ready to start a fire the first cold rainy day.

If the reader of this ad is not one of this number and you intend buying a heater this fall, do it now, and don't think of making a purchase before first looking at our stock. Think of buying a nice wood heater in war times at \$10.80, \$11.25 or \$12.90.

Nothing like them on this market at these prices. Of course you can buy Perfection oil heaters of us at little prices.

Blankets

And while we are talking about keeping warm, don't forget we keep a nice stock of blankets and comfortables. This class of merchandise will not only be higher later but it may be a question of getting it at all, at least for a time, as the government has told the manufacturers we must have your output for the next four or five months. Anyone can see this will certainly not make this line of merchandise cheaper.

Those Silk Floss Mattresses at \$11.50 and \$14.50 are several dollars under the market. Ask to see them. Of course we have cheaper mattresses but these prices quoted are special.

Another lot of Trunks and Suitcases arrived some days ago. See them and learn what cash will do in buying one.

Chambers and Chambers

467 Court Street

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