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L. S. BARNES, President
CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President
DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

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WAR DELIBERATELY PLANNED

Now comes Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, and shows conclusively that the kaiser had determined on war some time before it was actually declared. He tells of the German ambassador at Constantinople informing him that a conference had been held early in July in Berlin at which the date of the war had been fixed. The Austro-Hungarian ambassador also told him that Emperor Francis Joseph had told him in May that war was inevitable. This war was the result of plans that had been in the making for twenty-five years. When the conference was held in Berlin which was presided over by the kaiser, the German military leaders were present and also the leaders of German finance. The latter pleaded for more time in which to get their affairs straightened out and as much money gathered in from the sale of German foreign holdings as possible.

The war was undertaken to advance Prussian imperialism and undoubtedly had the United States as one of its final objects of plunder. There can be no doubt of this left in any mind after reading Mr. Morgenthau's statement of facts, and there can be no excuse for any American sympathizing with "down trodden Germany."

It was the intention to first overrun France, collect another great war indemnity from her and then to turn attention to England. The outlines of the program after that can only be surmised, but that it was the dream of the kaiser to conquer one after another the countries of Europe, absorbing even his allies, and then with the captured fleets of England and the other allies making an attack on America, which being unsuspecting and unprepared, would fall an easy prey and the kaiser would be the dictator of the world and Prussian militarism would have its iron heel on the neck of civilization.

This is the plot as it can be seen reading between the lines and this is the plot that has so far been foiled, and which it is up to the United States to destroy utterly. No other country can meet this menace, and without our help the kaiser can yet carry out his plans. The United States today alone stands between a world ruled by Prussian militarism and a world of freemen. We must win or we must come under the domination of the kaiser. That is all there is to it. The kaiser is an outlaw against whom every American must wage unceasing war until he is destroyed politically and shorn of all power.

The end of the Portland shipyard strike is said to be in sight, and the mediators having gotten the employers and men together will leave today for San Francisco to see what can be done toward settling the strike there. It is stated an agreement has been reached in Portland under which the men will return to work early next week. It was an uncalled for strike in the first place and has been a series of blunders and mistakes, mostly on the part of the men, ever since. The strike was costing the city in one way and another, a loss of probably \$200,000 a day. At half this there has been a dead loss of more than \$2,000,000. The result might have been reached the first day of the strike, or even before the strike was called had the men used average judgment, or their leaders common intelligence. It is however a matter of congratulation that they have at last seen what they should have seen at first.

Answering a dodging statement of the Southern Pacific in which it tries to lay the blame for car shortage on shippers not unloading cars or holding them for loading, W. T. Bettis, of Coburg, in the Oregonian, calls attention to a case where he had a car of feed billed out of Portland October 8 and it arrived at Coburg, 112 miles distant, on the 13th. It required five days to get this distance or was rushed along at the rate of a trifle more than 22 miles a day. A good lively pair of young steers hitched to the farm wagon could have beaten the S. P. freight train, but then considering it was the S. P. 22 miles a day was sure "going some."

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
ESTABLISHED 1868
CAPITAL \$500,000.00
TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

A VICTORY WITHOUT RESULTS

The capital may be removed from Petrograd soon, says a recent dispatch from that city. The capture of the islands at the mouth of the gulf of Riga opens the way, or would if it were not that winter already prevents land movements of any extent, for the speedy capture of the Russian capital by the German forces. It is hardly possible the Russians in their demoralized condition could put up a successful resistance under good weather conditions, but with the elements working with them they can easily stop almost any German advance overland. This means that for six months the Russian capital would be safe, but with the opening of spring, unless the Russians can in the meanwhile pull themselves together, Petrograd would be doomed. It is hardly probable, though, that the Germans will undertake any extended campaign in Russia. The main object was accomplished, in the capture of the forts at the mouth of the gulf and the driving back of the Russian fleet. This is being heralded in Germany as a great victory, while in fact it gets the Germans nowhere and in its results, outside of heartening the German people, amounts to nothing.

If the capital is moved it will be more for political purposes than anything else, though it will make it safer should the kaiser take a notion, as did Napoleon, that he could successfully invade Russia. Her vast territories are her safeguard, for her armies can fall back a thousand miles, burning everything behind them as is the Russian habit, and thus limit the distance which a German or any other enemy can safely penetrate her territory. If it was spring no doubt Germany would make a desperate attempt to cripple Russia to such an extent, that she could withdraw a large portion of her army now on that front to meet the forces the United States will hurl against her with the opening of the spring campaigns in the west, but winter and the elements are against this.

THE FIRST STING OF WAR

The sinking of the American transport Antilles, October 17, news of which was made public yesterday afternoon, brings the war that much nearer home and serves to awaken the people to the fact that we are really at war. Seventy Americans are missing out of 267 on board, and while these or some of them may yet be found safe, it is also possible that they have perished.

It should stir the country profoundly and cause those who have thought of war as of being way off, and not threatening America, to come forward with a rush to furnish the money so necessary to prosecute the war with all the vim and vigor of this great nation. We owe it to the boys at the front to do everything in our power to make their exposure to danger just as brief as possible. The hardest blow we can give Germany is united action in every thing that tends to shorten the war. We must show her we are in it with all our strength and all our money, as well as men, and that we will leave nothing undone that will help to achieve victory and that as quickly as possible. When Prussianism realizes that every energy, every resource, every dollar in this country will be exhausted in the prosecution of the war before we will talk peace on any lines except such as will cause a treaty backed by the German people instead of militarism, possible, when they understand this, then the beginning of the end is not far away.

The new bridge is showing how badly it has been needed. Commencing early Monday a steady stream of loaded wagons has been coming to the city. Hops, beans, hay, wheat, potatoes and onions, livestock on foot and crates of chickens piled on top of an otherwise big load, all indicate how the Polk county farmers have been holding their products and waiting a handy means of crossing the river. It sure is a great improvement on the old ferry although that did good work and it would be unkind to speak ill of a ferry as well as of a bridge that carried us safely over.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CHEER UP

Cheer up, cheer up! If you are sound, no sign of illness giving, you have no right to paw around about the cost of living. No man has any right to snort, or let tears run in rivers, unless we know that he is short some legs and arms and livers. Cheer up! Though it is quite a chore to stock the bin and larder, a gloomy mug won't bring you more--just buckle down the harder. Cheer up! The prices make you yell, when you go forth as buyer; but when you've anything to sell, the price keeps going higher. I sell my labor every day for quite a roll of dollars; what matter, then, if I must pay high price for shirts and collars? My father got a lot more flour than I do for a shilling; but I earn more in half an hour than he by all day's drilling. Cheer up! There's work for every lad, success for him who pushes; the hustler finds the shining scud is growing on the bushes. Cut out the worries and alarms, toil like the bees that bumble; the man who has no legs or arms alone has right to grumble.



WALT MASON

And He Did



Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

THE ONLY WAY

CHAPTER XXXVI

It always annoyed me exceedingly when Elsie intimated that I did not know how to manage Bob. I was positive that my way was the only way; that to work on his feelings by a pose of misery would sooner bring him to my way of thinking than anything else would do.

What man could enjoy himself if he knew that the woman who loved him so dearly was alone, and miserable, not because she cared to go out; or that she craved excitement; but because she loved him so well she was unhappy when he was away; because she wanted nothing, no one but him.

I made no reply to Elsie's remark about the mistake I was making in my way of managing Bob, and soon she was all interest in my work. I was making a lovely toilet set for mother's Christmas; a lounging robe for Father; and the smartest smoking jacket for Bob.

"You are wonderful with your needle, Margaret," Elsie said, "and a perfect housekeeper—I wonder if it pays?"

"Why of course it pays! Bob loves his home. He is proud of my good housekeeping. He often tells me so."

"Proud—yes. But—"

"What do you mean, Elsie?"

"There are other things in life beside good housekeeping. I wonder if it is the part of wisdom to have all your eggs in the housekeeping basket, Margaret. All men like their homes to be comfortable; they like good food; but don't you think that they also like companionship; intelligent and congenial friends; and—well lots of other things as well as a well kept home. A man can hire a good housekeeper, you know. He doesn't have to get married to have one."

Della just then announced dinner, and so I was saved a reply. Elsie was a very mediocre housekeeper; and she never seemed to know or care that she did not excel in any of the things which I believed were absolutely necessary.

"Take it all back! Margaret," she laughed, "there is nothing in the world equal to being able to cook as you can! these dumplings are delicious or did Della make them?"

"I made them ma'am," Della replied, "but it's Mrs. Garrett's recipe; and she learned me how!"

"I wish you'd come over Della and learn my cook how! the ones she gives us are hurril as rocks."

"If Mrs. Garrett lets me ma'am! Mrs. Green never would give nobody none of her recipe's," Della replied.

Mrs. Barton may have any recipe we have Della. I told the girl who was delighted at the attention paid her.

The remainder of the dinner, and also for the time Elsie stayed after, we talked of impersonal things. But

The Daily Novelette

THE SPIDER

Percy de Vere, heart breaker and home wrecker, sauntered jauntily into McDooley's Turkish Bath and Swedish Massage Parlors.

"I want a massage," he said sneeringly.

"Si, si, senoroto," bowed the attendant, a tall, burly man with jinsle-wood buttons on his vest. Bowing and scraping, he led Percy de Vere into Room No. 19, and bade him disrobe.

Then, stretching his arms above his head, he handcuffed his wrists and dealt him four blows on the chest that made de Vere see the milky way from four hundred simultaneous angles. The stars were still dancing when the attendant seized the victim's ankles in a grip of iron and, after dashing him twelve times against the marble walls, flung him violently to the other end of the room, a bruised and unconscious wreck.

Pulling a flask from his pocket, the operator forced brandy down Percy de Vere's throat until he revived. Then, with a sudden gesture, he tore off his red mustache and jinsle-wood buttons.

"You'll bateral de Vere wendly."

"Me!" jeered the other. "For nine years, like a spider in its web, I have waited for this hour. Purposely, knowing your habits, I built this costly Turkish bath, knowing that if ever you passed its luxurious exterior, you would be unable to resist. It is your boast, ha ha, is it not, that you have visited every first class Turkish bath in the country? And now, robber of my wife's affections, I will conclude the massage!"

Not until ten years later was Percy de Vere able to walk without crutches.

just as she left she said mischievously:

"Don't scold poor Bob too hard!"

"I never scold him!" I replied. I did not then realize that I was gradually developing a nagging spirit. I didn't until years after. Not that I nagged him about anything save the one thing: his friends, his duty to me.

"I'm not so sure!" Elsie returned, "Toll him from me that he missed some wonderful dumplings."

How could Elsie be so night-hearted when Tom was out? She certainly did not love him as I did Bob, or she couldn't run around having a good time when he left her alone.

It was about one o'clock when Bob came in.

"What in the world are you sitting up for?" he queried as he kissed me.

"For you!" I answered pleasantly as I could. "You didn't think I could go to bed when you were out, did you?"

"Of course I did! you are old enough to be sensible about such things."

"I never shall go to bed when you are out without me for the evening; no matter how old I get."

"It's too bad you didn't come down, Margaret," he remarked changing the subject, "we had a dandy dinner, and a very interesting evening."

I almost told him what Elsie had said about the dumplings; but stopped myself in time.

"What did you do?" I asked in- stead.

"John and I dined alone; then went directly to his rooms. Maud Warren came in, and we three took turns reading the manuscript. John is so keen about it, it's a curious good story too! I wish I knew author—rather the authoress. A woman wrote it. It was crude; needed lots of editing; but the story itself was a rattling good one. Only a woman with a keen, analytical, observing mind could have written it—she must have a great personality too, judging from the book. It is her first one."

"It is nice you were so well entertained, while I sat here alone. I should think you would have more respect for me than to have anything to do with that Miss Warren. The idea of her spending the evening alone with two men. It's disgusting."

To my surprise, Bob laughed.

"Jealous of Maud Warren? Why she's just a delightful book-worm. She is one of the best judges of whether a book will sell on John's staff. We never think of her as a woman, she's just a good pal; and we enjoy her just as we enjoy each other."

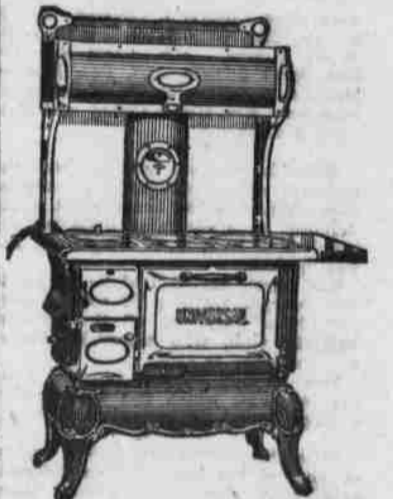
"Just the same I cannot understand nor approve of your acquaintance with her. Not because I am jealous; for I am not!" and I meant it. I was not.

To be continued Monday.

Chambers and Chambers

467 COURT STREET

Here we are again telling you about those Ranges and Heaters. Really when we know we have a good thing we like to tell others about it. Those up-to-date Ranges running in price from \$38.75 to \$47.50 must be seen to be appreciated. They are just what we claim for them, the best on the market at the price. You will not be just to yourself if you buy a Range before at least looking at our stock.



You will run no risk at this store of buying a used stove that has been polished up and made to look "just as good as new," because we do not handle second hand goods of any kind.

Those coal and wood combination Heaters are a decided success, and the price, \$15.95 to \$22.50, is very low for these times. We also have a splendid stock of all coal Heaters, \$9.75, \$12.75, up to \$18.75, and those \$11.00, \$12.00 and \$13.00 Wood Heaters are at least three dollars under the market.

We have one price for all; no long profits at this store. The old time methods of "quick sales and small profits" has been sent to the rear, and "big profits and long time terms" has taken its place in most business houses; not so with us, and to be entirely frank with you, we are after the trade who like to buy at close prices, pay their bills and can say as they draw up to the fire these evenings, "This fire feels good, and I'm mighty glad we bought for cash, and this stove is ours, and we are not helping pay the bills the other fellow didn't pay."

It's easy to get into debt, not so easy to get out. Moral: Pay cash and you won't have to hide when you see the collector coming because he won't come to the home of the man who pays cash.

467 COURT STREET

Complete unofficial returns from Iowa give the wets the victory by the narrow margin of 887. This may possibly be overcome by the official count, but apparently Iowa has gone back into the wet column.

The dispatches yesterday confirmed the three billion minimum was now assured. This means that everyone should get his or her shoulder under the wheels and give a lift for that other two billions.

America has always been considered the leader in societies. She is no longer since in Switzerland has been organized the "Ancient and Honorable society of Deserters."

As the bond loan swings around into the home stretch it gathers speed, and the way it will come under the wire will set a record that no other country can even hope to equal.

Food Controller Hoover is deserving the thanks of all good house wives for he said nothing about conserving sugar until the canning season was over.