

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

CHARLES H. FISHER
Editor and Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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

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.

THE SHOT THAT HURT

The first shot fired by American artillery against the Germans was sent on its way Saturday, and at the same time the announcement was made that American troops were in the front trenches in France. This should mark the day, October 27, as epochal in American history. However a more stupendous shot was fired, indeed a genuine volley, the same day when in twelve hours the American people after putting up four billion dollars within a few weeks showed what they could do, and also showed the boundless resources of the country by subscribing a billion dollars in twelve hours. This required the subscribing of about \$1,350,000 a minute for the entire twelve hours. That is the biggest shell fired during the war, and is an eloquent answer to the Prussian sneers at America's weakness. Germany points to the successful floating of her last loan for three billions, but this makes the amount she has raised in more than three years but about 60 per cent more than the United States has raised in three months. It is also an answer to those who call Americans "dollar chasers." These dollar chasers put up nearly 1,800 tons of gold in twelve hours in the cause of freedom, and for the benefit of the whole world. In the campaign, that originally called for three billions they put up within about four weeks about 9,000 tons of gold, or about one-fourth of all there is in the world. The shell Saturday marked America's active entrance into the war, and the magnificent subscription emphasized her assertion that she had entered into it with the intention of remaining until the menace of Prussianism and kaiserism was forever removed from the world. The shell perhaps did no damage to the enemy, but the story of America's subscription of a billion dollars in twelve hours struck a blow to the cause of Prussianism that jarred it to its foundations. The German people will hear nothing of this, but instead will probably be told the loan was a failure, but the kaiser and his advisers know it already, and knowing, are far from pleased.

The Austrians reinforced by German legions have regained practically all the territory gained by Italy in the year's campaign. It is claimed the Italians have now reached their old ground, and control the mountain passes so that further advances by the Central powers will be impossible. At the same time the British and French keep hammering away on the west front making steady gains, which partly offset the losses on the Italian front. While the Italians have lost heavily the German claim of 100,000 prisoners is probably very much exaggerated. The Germans are engaged in heartening their people as much as anything else, and any story that will tend to accomplish this is told unhesitatingly.

Miss Anne Martin, a suffragette who was arrested and served time in the workhouse at Washington for picketing the White House, is in Portland and told the party who entertained her at luncheon that her treatment in jail was "far from good." This is a complaint voiced by the hobo and others who are so to speak, jail habitues, and so Miss Martin's complaint is not new. However if she does not like the treatment she can easily avoid its recurrence. All she has to do is to quit disobeying the law. She should also remember that jails are not supposed to be made especially attractive. This is part of the plan to keep them from being too well patronized.

The first real frost of the season was that Saturday night. Up to Saturday the tomato was in evidence at all the local groceries, and they were "the finest ever." They went off the market so far as new supplies are concerned when Jack Frost made his visit. Another delicious food substitute, green corn, which has been common until within the last few days, went with the tomatoes. It is not the "fodder in the shock" despite the fact the frost was on the "pumpkin."

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

MUST USE WATERWAYS

It is quite likely there will be few appropriations for improving navigable streams, unless those sections blessed with them put them to practical use. The Upper Columbia is a notable example of the expenditure of vast sums which are to a large extent wasted. With the car shortage, which will undoubtedly exist for a couple of years at least, it would seem that Portland should wake up to the necessity of using the great water way, and instead of allowing the wheat of the inland empire to be shipped into her front door and out of the back to Seattle on the railroads, that she would put on enough boats to handle so much of the crop as is within reaching distance of the river, and have it shipped from Portland instead of the sound. Of course just now this wheat is finding its way east over the railroads owing to ship shortage, but with the harvesting of the next crop there should be also a launching of a ship every few days that will have to go into service between American Atlantic ports and Europe, and there is no service they can perform as beneficial as carrying, each of them a cargo of Oregon grain. They must carry this or lumber, and there should be enough for both. Another boat line or two from Lewiston to Portland would prove beneficial to the wheat growers and certainly equally so to Portland. It would help head off Seattle from the grain fields and by eliminating the nearly 200 mile haul from Portland to that port would also help solve the car shortage problem. Uncle Sam is everlastingly right. He should not spend another dollar in improving water ways until those already improved are used.

One cannot realize the vastness of the United States business better than by examining into her living expenses. Her bill at the grocers for sugar for a year is about \$750,000,000. Our coffee bill is about \$125,000,000, and our tea for a year costs us about \$25,000,000. Our imports of crude cocoa last year were valued at above \$35,000,000. We use three million dollars worth of matches and half a million dollars worth of toothpicks. When it comes to real expenses such as meat, bread, butter and other substantial, the figures make one dizzy. The value of products from the American hens would pay the 4 per cent interest on a \$10,000,000,000 bond issue and leave a handsome surplus.

As a real bluffer, Holland is the boss. She threatens to butcher all her cattle and sell them to the highest bidder, by which she means she will sell them to Germany. Her bluff is not hard to call for if she kills her cattle she will quit furnishing Germany with butter and cheese, so it's as long as it is broad. The only difference is that having sold her cattle to Germany hereafter she can furnish her neither beef nor dairy products and will have neither for herself. Germany is the country that should be scared at the bluff.

The heaviest wind storm ever experienced in that section visited The Dalles Saturday, doing considerable damage. It also gave Hood River a sample of what it could do and shook down the late apples. Coming as it did on the last day of the liberty loan campaign, it may be possible it was caused by the whirlwind finish, or some of it, getting away.

The secret service men have captured another batch of evidence of that arch conspirator Bernstorff's perfidy. This time evidence is found of the count's plotting in the Irish rebellion. It shows his utter disregard for the deencies due to his position. He wept when he left the United States, but his flow of tears is as nothing to what he will shed if he ever again sets foot on American soil.

Oregon came through with the \$25,000,000 asked of her, and would have made it \$30,000,000 if she had known it was wanted. She came down the homestretch, beating her own time and without use of spur or whip.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CONSERVING THINGS
I want to save the food supply, and so I follow every faddist, and this explains my heartfelt sigh, and why I find each week the saddest. Persuaded by the faddist bunch, I started making Mondays meatless; on Tuesdays I've a sickly lunch, for Tuesdays are appointed wheatless. My heart that once was litting song, is dismal now, and dumb and tuneless; I do not smile, the whole week long, for every other day is pruneless. I hope my self-denying stunt may help to squelch the beastly foeman; I hope to aid things at the front by disciplining my abdomen. The Prussian strength I hope to break, and so my diet's stale and wooden; on Saturdays I have no cake, on Sundays I cut out the puddin'. I'd rob the kaiser of his throne, the kronprinz of his martial splendor, and so I gnaw an old shinbone, where once I ate the sirlin tender. I am too thin to fill my duds, my cheek is hollow, wan and hueless; for Thursdays see me shun the spuds, and every Friday, now, is stewless. I hope the gripes are not in vain, which now disturb my midriff regions; I hope my colic and my pain may play the deuce with Wilhelm's legions.



Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A MORNING WALK

CHAPTER XLIII.

Bob went immediately to sleep. I spoke to him once or twice after I followed him to our room but he didn't answer my head ached so dreadfully that I couldn't sleep. Then, too, the thought that Bob had seemed to care so little added to my misery, although I would not admit that I had failed. I would talk to him again in the morning when his anger had cooled; and he would surely see things as I did.

But the next morning Bob treated all my overtures so coolly that I became almost discouraged. My head still ached, and after breakfast I took a long walk. It was a lovely October morning; the air was fresh and crisp, and before long I began to feel better. With my headache gone, I commenced to take a less doleful view of the way Bob had acted; and to find excuses for him.

He naturally was a bit angry because I had taken the initiative, and refused the invitation without consulting him. I was to blame in that. Yet perhaps, it was for the best; for he had accepted the invitation if I would have been in bad taste for me to decline. That must be my cue. I must appeal to his usual good taste in all social matters.

Refreshed, my mind made up that if I appeared in the right way Bob would not insist upon going to Henry Creedmore's party; I stopped in Elsie's to have a little chat.

"Well, Margaret, have you come to your senses?" she asked after we had talked a little while.

"Come to my senses! what do you mean?"

"About the party! I told you Bob would go. You'll owe me a box of gloves you see if you don't."

"I didn't bet, Elsie. But I am sure Bob will remain at home with me."

"But he told me over the phone last night that he wouldn't miss one of Henry's parties for anything in the world."

"I know. It was my fault. I made him a bit angry by refusing to go without consulting him."

"And you think he will not go?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, all I can say is that if you break up the friendship between Bob and Creedmore, I think it will be a pity—almost wicked. Why Bob's mother used to call him and John Kendall 'her boys' and she thought their influence over Bob a good one. They are very fine men, Margaret."

"Bob doesn't need them now, he has me," I replied with a colonial egotism.

"Oh, you think you are all sufficient do you? I'm sorry Margaret, but no woman can take the stand you are taking with a full-blooded companionable fellow like Bob and get away with it. You'll come a cropper, dear, just as sure as fate."

"I'm not afraid. It may take a little time, but when my husband sees that I intend to fill his life as he fills mine there will be nothing more to do. He doesn't yet realize that; his mother was a bad influence."

"Why Margaret Garrett! how can you say such a thing! His mother was a bad influence! why she was the dearest, sweetest old lady that ever lived. Everyone loved her."

"I don't doubt that, yet I still insist that her influence was bad for Bob. She thought too much of making him happy, too little of his duty to her. I shall make him just as happy—after a time—and he will not forget what he owes me, his wife."

"There's no use arguing with you, Margaret. If I didn't really care for you and your ideas. But I am only sorry for you as it is. Sometime you will pay, and pay dearly for the stand you are now taking."

"One would think you were at least my grandmother to hear you talk," I exploded, really angry at Elsie. Then rose to go.

"I am older than you are in experience, Margaret. I have been married so much longer than you have. Give Bob a little rope dear."

"So that he may hang himself?" I interrupted.

"So that he won't," she replied. Then laughingly, "We seem to get very serious when we are together lately. Let's stop it. We'll leave your management of Bob out of the conversation. I can't help but give you advice, the benefit of my own experience when we speak of it."

"I shall be only too glad, Elsie. I have been tempted to tell you as I told mother: 'That I would attend to Bob without her help.'"

And He Did

By JANE PHELPS

A MORNING WALK

CHAPTER XLIII.



RALLY AT AURORA

Judge McCamant spoke Monday night to a good crowd at the band hall upon the war and its related question. He reviewed causes of this country's entrance into the war. He declared we were forced to fight or submit to the will of the imperial German tyrant. The barbarous acts of the conquerors of Belgium and northern France were recounted—how children were murdered and women ravished—the speaker declaring he could not relate to a mixed audience the brutal and inhuman deeds of shame committed by the conquering German hordes.

He appealed to the people to support the government with loans and co-operation in food conservation, making a powerful appeal to the loyalty and patriotism of his auditors.

Rollie K. Page, one of the Marion county "four minute" men, described the liberty loan bonds and passed out several bonds for inspection. He made a straight forward talk that won the sympathy of his hearers.

Guy N. Hieok introduced the speakers, and made some pertinent remarks and statements concerning the bond as investments.

Mrs. Bahn of Salem sang a solo which was enthusiastically applauded, and Miss Levy, a talented young violinist, rendered two violin selections. Mrs. W. H. Burghardt, Jr., was the accompanist.

Mrs. Guy N. Hieok also rendered several selections which were appreciated by all.—Observer.

green autumn leaves were beautifully placed between bouquets of large yellow chrysanthemums and ferns.

The breakfast was served in courses and between each course the guests were asked to speak by the master of ceremonies. Principal Emery Doane of Yoncalla. The guests present were: Hon. and Mrs. J. H. Booth, Supt. and Mrs. O. C. Brown, Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sawyers, Attorney Geo. Neuner, Jr., the Misses Letta Minton, Ruth Hodges, Mary Atkies, Attorney Carl E. Wmberly, Fred McMillan, Emery Doane, of Yoncalla; Mrs. Maye Lovelace-Hor and the guest of honor, Dr. Carl Gregg Dancy, president of Willamette University—Roseburg Review.

The Daily Novelette

By JANE PHELPS

A MORNING WALK

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Hirrocks," said the coach impressively, "I know you have failed to make the team for three successive years. I know, when you played on scrub teams during practice games, you fumbled every ball that was ever passed to you. But I have confidence in you, Hirrocks. Swanson, the world's greatest quarterback, has just had his neck jumped on in rapid succession by nine of Yalevard's players, and is temporarily indisposed. Without him we are lost—unless another great quarterback appears as though by magic. Hirrocks, this is your chance."

Chesty Hirrocks set his jaw, rose from the sidelines, agitated his scalp in a slight smile, and stepped into Swanson's place. The score was tied, it was Yalevard's ball, and only three minutes left to play.

"Hirrocks!" yelled the mighty crowd hoarsely. "Hirrocks! Hirrocks! Hirrocks! Hirrocks! Hirrocks! Hirrocks!"

"They look for me to win the day," thought Hirrocks, and something inside him told him he could do it. The ball was passed to Stoozy, the powerful Yalevard left leg, and, swinging his wonderful right leg in a complete circle he booted it up, up, up, till it was caught by an upper current of wind and carried clear over the Southfield fence. Before it had time to alight, the fleet Hirrocks had clambered out into the street and had caught it. Only five seconds remained to play. His only chance was a kick over the goal. Shutting his teeth and clenching his eyes, he let drive—

His yells brought the dormitory janitor and four classmates, who between them managed to extricate his toes from the bed-rail.

IRA WHITE WRITES LOUE FROM CAMP GREENE, N. C.

A letter from Ira White, of the Third Oregon infantry band, at Camp Greene, describes that place as a beautiful spot, about three miles from Charlotte, N. C. It is reported there that 150,000 troops will be assembled at Camp Greene for the winter. His letter says, in part: "We got a good glimpse of the south and its ways on our trip. If we are here long we may be talking the southern 'brogue' it seems to me the farther south we came, the blacker the colored people became. The old plantations still have their colored quarters which must look much as they did in slavery days."

"One man asked me, 'where did you all come from?' Another wanted to know if Oregon was as far away as Oklahoma. Others thought street cars must be something new to us. One school man informed us that she knew all about Oregon, that she had seen it on the map. The colored folks seem scared to death and look up to this war as they did the Civil war."—Aurora Observer.

BERLIN IS REJOICING

Amsterdam, Oct. 29.—Berlin today gave over to rejoicing at the success of German arms in the drive against Italy. The general public feeling there was that the victorious advance of the Austro-German armies would hasten peace.

The Berlin press not only rejoiced, but their editorial comments carried the hint that the Austrians had been taught a needed lesson on what could be accomplished with German help—and, conversely, what might happen if Austria attempted a separate peace.

Austrians Lose 20,000.
Berna, Oct. 29.—Twenty thousand Austrians and Germans have been lost so far in the drive against Italy, according to information from Austrian sources received here today.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS



GEN. KORNILOFF WITH HIS TROOPS—First photograph received in this country, since his revolt, of Russian commander who attempted to overthrow provisional government; and make himself dictator.