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THE AUTOMOBILE OUTLOOK

The automobile makers are just now all at sea as to their output and are unable to say just how many cars they can deliver, when they can deliver them, or if they can deliver any at all after a short time. Like everything else this is "on account of the war."

The government wants 125,000 auto trucks, and is going to have them if it has to commandeer every auto plant in the country. The Cadillac plant has been practically taken over and the Maxwell expects to be commandeered before the week is out. The Ford plant has a contract for making \$60,000,000 worth of airplane engine parts, which great as its plant is, makes a big inroad on the output of pleasure cars. Dodge Brothers are building a 40 acre plant for the purpose of filling a contract for \$30,000,000 worth of trucks and engine parts for the government, and so it goes clear down the line.

There is another thing that may interfere with the making of pleasure cars even to a greater extent, and this, too, is on account of the war. It is the scarcity of ferrochrome steel. Much of the ore from which this is made is imported, and the scarcity of ships has almost stopped this. What there is is needed by the government and there is not a pound for use in auto making, and this is the steel used for this purpose. Its use for any work except that demanded by the government has been forbidden, and without it the making of automobiles is practically impossible.

This means under the most favorable circumstances that there will be a shortage of autos, at least of new ones. It also means that the persons wanting cars in the near future may have to go without unless satisfied with a second-hand one.

The new Dodge plant mentioned will employ above 8,000 men and these will get away with much material now going into pleasure cars. Ford, in addition to making trucks is manufacturing a big order of steel helmets. Apparently, if reports from the east are true, and there is no reason to doubt this, the time to buy an auto is right now while the buying is both good—and possible.

The people of Salem and vicinity are called upon to subscribe along with the rest of the United States to the Y. M. C. A. war fund. General Pershing is loud in his praises of the good work being done so efficiently by this great organization, and of the real help it is to the boys over in France fighting for the freedom of the world and for the safeguarding of America. What we may give is as nothing to what some of them must put into the scales. We can get more money, but the boy whose life blood is poured out in our defense pays the supreme price, and for him there is only the grave. Just imagine your boy is there, if he is not, and then give as you would give to make his conditions more livable and his lot more pleasing. Put your own boy in the scales and see how many dollars it will take to balance them.

The exchange of notes between his country and Japan recognizes Japan's especial interest in China, and places that nation in the same position with relation to her that we are to the balance of the Americas. The Monroe doctrine is made to apply to China with Japan given our permission at least to enforce it. At the same time this move has secured from Japan a solemn promise that she will not undertake to work China harm. The arrangement is the best thing possible for China, for it puts Japan on record and Japan looks upon a treaty as very much more than "a scrap of paper."

Judge Gantenbein, the patriot who wants a colonel's pay before he will serve his country, should by all means be taken care of. And the governor, of course, may be relied to provide a fat place for the jurist-soldier, even if he has to create a job because Gantenbein's party loyalty was never questioned, even if his loyalty to nation has to be bought and paid for in advance.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
ESTABLISHED 1868
CAPITAL \$500,000.00
TRANSACTION A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
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GOVERNOR STABS FLAX INDUSTRY

The governor gave the flax industry of the state a hard blow yesterday when he asked Mr. Crawford to resign the position of superintendent of the plant at the prison. The reason he gave was that there was too much friction between the superintendent and the warden of the prison. As to this we know nothing, but it would seem that some way could have been found for getting rid of the friction without removing the only man who has ever made a success of the flax experiment. Mr. Crawford has done this as his statement as to what has been accomplished shows. Up to his taking charge the experiment had proved a failure. Mr. Crawford took charge in August, 1916, when the crop was still in the fields, and there was neither money to do anything, or much of anything to do with. He inaugurated the European system of tank retting, built the tanks, educated his helpers as to the management and handling of the flax in all its stages and was building up a strong working force when his services were suddenly dispensed with. The legislature loaned or advanced \$10,000 to carry on the work with the understanding the money was to be paid back from the earnings and profits of the plant. Mr. Crawford says there is now, after all bills to date are paid, the sum of \$9,500 available for this payment. Besides he shows there is on hand material in the way of fiber, retted flax and unretted straw and seed a total of \$26,000. The highest price received for the fiber turned out at the plant previously was 26 cents, and this owing to its poor quality. Under Mr. Crawford's management the product is so improved in quality that it is worth 46 to 48 cents. A letter from the California Cotton mills that purchased from the prison plant spoke highly of the product and asked the privilege of doing some figuring with Mr. Crawford as to its purchase before it was sold to others. This company used the product in making twine and found it first class for the purpose.

Just why the governor took the bits in his teeth and stuck his butcherknife into the industry he may know, but no one else does. There is an old saying that "put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." The governor has evidently enlisted in the cavalry.

Many young Japanese are reported leaving California for home, and this is causing considerable speculation as to the reason. It is possible some arrangement has been made by which Japan will send an army to the front, but this seems improbable from the difficulties of transportation. The revolution in Russia puts a new phase on the matter too, for naturally if Japan was to take an active part in the war she would send her troops to Russia. Just at present with the new government demanding immediate peace this would be impossible.

Berlin admits the German drive in Italy has been checked at the river Piave. If it remains checked the kaiser has made his last drive into foreign territory. He will find the way out much harder to travel than the road in. However, success so far has served to hearten the German people at home, as well as some of those in this country, for they do not realize that the fish is on the hook and that the harder he struggles the quicker he will be exhausted.

The artists have decided that the eagle on American coins to be made shall have his wings outstretched. The "great masses" are not particular as to what the great bird does with his wings just so he flies home to them with the coin a trifle more frequently. They do draw the line however on having the bird rigged up like a cowboy with chaps and spurs as President Roosevelt had him dressed up.

The Britishers are chasing their Thanksgiving turks in the Holy land. Here's hoping they may be well supplied with the main dish by that day.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FAT AMERICA
Prosperity with us abides, and want's to us unknown, while over Europe's countryside the hungry people moan. For years poor Europe has been torn, has heard the battle din, while we have planted fields of corn, and borne the harvest in. Privation has not made us lank, no wolf is at our door; we have our bundles in the bank, and credit at the store. Our table's spread, we sit thereat, and costly joints we carve; and it is shameful to be fat, while wailing millions starve. Oh, let us discipline our souls, and far less selfish be, and strip some williams from our rolls, to send across the sea. And when our noble country calls for samples of long green, to purchase clubs and cannonballs, or sink a submarine, let's gladly, proudly flash our wads, and loosen up like men; too long our plunks have been our gods, our shrine has been the yen. America alone is fat, and basking in her grease; the nations have been trampled flat, since Wilhelm broke the peace. And while the stricken nations toil in warfare, lean and lame, and paint with blood the river soil, our fatness is a shame.



WALT MASON

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

BOB REMAINS AT HOME. CHAPTER XVI.

Bob did not go to John Kendall's house party. I was very miserable and when Tom asked him what day they could expect him he replied: "I shan't get down Tom. I explained to John that it would be impossible." I was delighted. The more so that I had not mentioned either his going or his remaining at home with me. "He is becoming tired of them," I said to myself, and rejoiced that it was so. The holiday week passed quietly, and for me, happily. We made very little fuss, and gave each other our simple remembrances on Christmas Eve. Donald was too little to know what Christmas meant; and as father was far from well we dispensed with a tree. Bob was all kindness and thoughtfulness for all, and if he regretted being unable to join John Kendall's party he gave no sign. "It has been the very best holiday week I have ever known!" I declared the morning of the second of January; the day the house party was to break up, "it has been just perfect." "I am very glad you have been so happy Margaret," Bob responded, and I didn't think until afterward that he had said nothing about enjoying himself.

Elsie came in that afternoon just bubbling over with excitement the good time she had had at the house party. "It was perfectly wonderful, Margaret! How Bob would have enjoyed it. John spared neither expense nor pains to give us a good time. We danced, and skated and motored, and had private theatricals. Every minute was filled with something."

"So was our holiday time, Elsie," I replied, "and as for Bob I imagine he was just as happy with me as he would have been at the party. We had a delightfully quiet week, and I know it was better for both of us than it would have been had we gone with you." "All right, Margaret! but I don't quite understand your reasoning. I know that Tom and I had a better time than we possibly could have had alone. Yet we were together almost as much or more than if we had remained at home." I said nothing more because I knew it would not convince Elsie. She was so gay—such a gleam of a woman; and she slipped the sweetness—as she saw it—from the cup of life with no thought of the results. It was useless to reason with her, but I was so fond of her that I overlooked what I should have unhesitatingly condemned in another.

The remainder of the winter passed quietly. Bob scarcely ever left me and mother was with me as often as father's health and her own duties permitted. In May my second boy was born. We named him George, after father. "They are so nearly of an age, they will be almost like twins as they grow up," mother remarked one day, "and it will be easier for you to care for them as they will be company for each other, and enjoy about the same things."

Bob was delighted with his two sons, yet almost as soon as I was up and about I noticed a difference in him, almost intangible at first, yet a difference.

We spent the summer down on Long Island with mother and father as usual. Bob played golf and tennis as enthusiastically as before, but he remained in town oftener. His excuses seemed inadequate; what kept him; and either would decline to answer, or fretfully explained lamely that some business had kept him.

I talked to mother about it, but she dismissed the subject lightly: "Bob is old enough to know what he wants to do, and what is necessary. Do not try to hold him with too tight a rein, my dear."

"But if he gets in the habit of re-



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The Daily Novelette
AND HE DID
SPLINTENBURG.

The battle raged. General Von Splintenberg swept the battle lines anxiously with his field glasses. "Donner und blitzpfeffer!" he muttered worriedly. For he could see his troops retreating—the tide of battle seemed to be all going the wrong way. But suddenly the general's square head lighted up with relief. "Luberwurst!" he exclaimed. "My men are retreating, but at least they have some prisoners with them. Who knows but what they may have captured some important officers!"



Shortly afterwards the prisoners, all Russian soldiers, were marched before him. "Read me off their names," commanded Von Splintenberg. The officer in command started to read his list—"Private Ekakkwowski, Zizleekanzovitz, Private Stiekbang-linghong Pincueedlesooski, Private Slambdashovitz Heiterskelterbumski, Private Conarnavitskyvitch Knockem-downabosky, Private . . ."



"Genug!" roared General Splintenberg, holding up his hand. "Take their names and make 'em into barbed wire for the first line trenches!"

A great cheer went up in German, for once again Prussian efficiency had triumphed.

maining away from us our home life will be ruined," I objected.

told her that it was not right for her to do so, but she will not listen. She goes without food until she is exhausted from weakness; and seems to have no interest in anything, sometimes not even in the children. She talks of love for you, her desire that you care for no one, nothing but her, continually. I am worried about her."

I often have wondered if I had listened to mother, if I had been less arbitrary if the outcome would have been different, if I—we, would have been happier.

"I can't take her away just now, but later I have to go to Chicago. I will take her then if she feels she can leave the children," Bob ad replied. (Tomorrow—A Disappointing Journey)

"I can't help but feel Robert that something should be done for Margaret. I wish she might take a long trip with you. If you could get away I would willingly take care of the children. She has, or rather is becoming almost morbid over you. I have reasoned with her,

Notice to Sick Women

The Experience of These Women Prove That There is a Remedy for Your Illness.

Aberdeen, Idaho.—"Last year I suffered from a weakness with pains in my side and back. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did so. After taking one bottle I felt very much better. I have now taken three bottles and feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I have ever taken and I can recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. PRACY FRASER, Aberdeen, Idaho.

Kingfisher, Okla.—"For two years I suffered with a severe female trouble, was nervous, and had backache and a pain in my side most of the time. I had dizzy spells and was often so faint I could not walk across the floor. The doctor said I would have to have an operation. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking ten bottles I am now well and strong, have no pain, backache or dizzy spells. Every one tells me how well I look and I tell them Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did it."—Miss NINA SOUTHWICK, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 33, Kingfisher, Okla.

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