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

TWO REMARKABLE ADMISSIONS

The most cheering story coming across the sea recently is that yesterday to the effect that Captain Persius, in a sensational article published in the Berliner Tageblatt stated among other things that "the German people doubt the results of piracy without mercy." He also confesses "the admiralty was wrong in its calculations as to the decisive effects of the submarine campaign." Here are two remarkable statements to come from a German source. The first is especially noticeable on account of its statement as to what the German submarine war actually is: "piracy without mercy." It is further remarkable in its confession that the German people had lost faith in this mode of warfare. He is undoubtedly correct in saying the admiralty was wrong in its calculations as to the decisive effect of the submarine campaign. Von Tirpitz insisted this "piracy" would win the war, that it would starve England and bring her to her knees within three months. That date was extended from time to time and finally its advocates were content with the assertion that it would "win eventually." Even that hope has gone glimmering; for the number of sinkings is decreasing, slowly but steadily, only one vessel above 1600 tons last week, and for these sinkings a terrible price has been paid. How many submarines have been sunk is not known, to the public at least, but the number is large. It is so large, and so many German crews have sailed away never to be heard of again that the German government is having difficulty in getting sailors for these crafts. The mystery of their fate, though it can be guessed at, has struck terror to the hearts of the German sailors. America's entrance into the war has had a tremendous effect in this line, and is largely responsible for the decreased sinkings. A story from France written by one of the Oregon boys to friends here throws some light on the matter for it tells of a destroyer sinking a submarine and of the method employed.

It is possible this government has means of offense and defense against the submarines of which only those in authority, or trusted men, know. The remarkable confession of Captain Persius indicates the German losses of submarines are greater than we of America even dreamed of. This of course is only guess work, but if it is a dream, let us hope at least it will come true.

The railroads want higher freight rates because war taxes and increasing expenses of all kinds makes a raise imperative, the managers say. But just where does the railroad pay any war tax? If we are correctly informed, and we think we are, the railroads have simply added the war tax to all fares and freight--and the public pays it. On the other hand the war has so greatly increased the business of the railroads that there is a car shortage on every line in the country. Evidently the railroads are simply out after "war dividends" in this demand for higher freight rates.

Just now the farmers of the valley are doing some notable work that will help win the war. Thanks to the weather clerk, the plows are running full time and this gives promise of abundant harvests next year. Every time a farmer chirks up his horses or says "giddup Bill" he is preparing a shot at the kaiser and the military despotism that has deluged the world with blood and that still threatens civilization.

Oregon will be in the front row again when the Y. M. C. A. returns are in. Reports from many sections of the state show the entire quota was subscribed the first day. And yet some folks back east while rubbing their eyes complain about the west being asleep.

It is an outrage for the officials to force those female I. W. W's, in jail for white house picketing, to eat. It would be such a nice, quiet and peaceable solution of the problem if they would starve themselves to death.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE CHEERFUL MOTORIST



WALT MASON

I crawl beneath my balky car, with fifteen kinds of wrenches, and tinker where its vitals are, mid gas and grease and stench. When done I am a sight to see, a sight for sore-eyed dragons; and passing horses shy at me, run off and bust their wagons. I skid into a muddy ditch, and hail some passing granger, to bring his mules along and hitch, and haul me out of danger. I wallow round in squashy mire, cold rain upon me drizzling, removing from the wheel a tire, and use some language sizzling. Sometimes the lamps won't shed a ghost of their accustomed splendor, and then I run into a post and break a costly fender. A farmer stops me now and then, and asks me, in his dander, to pay for running down his hen, his sheepdog or his gander. O'er arid hills I jaunt along, through meadows cool and ferny, and something's always going wrong, wherever I may journey. But when I motor home again, from my adventures shocking, and mingle with familiar men, you ought to hear me talking! "I had the finest time," I yip, while truth grows vague and hazy; "no accident on all the trip--my car is sure a daisy!"

Margaret Garrett's
Husband
By JANE PHELPS

AN AGONIZING EXPERIENCE.
CHAPTER LVIII.

I looked at mother in amazement; scarcely comprehending her question about Bob. Surely I had not heard aright!

"You look very tired, dear," she said after a moment. "I was afraid the trip would be too much for you. Is Robert coming right up?"

"Isn't he here?" I asked as mother laid the bag down and helped me remove my hat.

"Why not didn't he come back with you?" she asked, her expression one of surprise.

"He had left when I arrived," I said as I returned her kiss. "The clerk said he left the hotel about the time I started. He should be at home now," and the tears I had tried to hold back all the way home fell freely.

"There, there, Margaret, everything will be all right. He probably had some business to attend to and so did not come directly home."

"Has he wired again?" I asked, paying no attention to mother's attempt to comfort.

"No, we have heard nothing since the message he sent the day you left," mother replied, then "come and let me fix you something to eat."

"I couldn't eat a bite!" I declared just as the door bell rang.

"A telegram, ma'am," Della said as she opened the door, then stood in open-mouthed surprise to see me with mother.

"I didn't know you was at home ma'am," she added, as I almost tore the telegram from her outstretched hand.

"Home tomorrow! Bob?" I read, then dropped weakly into a chair and allowed mother to sign the messenger slip.

"Yes, unless he changes his mind again," I returned.

"And you think that a woman's privilege?" mother queried laughingly.

"No--I only think it strange that Bob should be so changeable. He isn't usually like that."

Just then the telephone rang.

"Hello!" I called.

"Is this Mrs. Garrett?"

"Yes, who is speaking, please?"

"John Kendall. How do you do, Mrs. Garrett, has Bob returned?"

"No, I expect him tomorrow. He was to come today, but I just received word that he was detained."

"I am afraid I am to blame for that! I asked him to see a new writer for me--one that gives promise of great things," he added in his enthusiastic way.

"I was very disappointed that he didn't come today," I replied coldly.

"Blame me, Mrs. Garrett my shoulders are broad!"

"Very well," I responded and was about to hang up as he said:

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sniffling, mucous discharge, headache, dryness--no struggling for breath at night your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief.

Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.

"I am afraid I am to blame for that! I asked him to see a new writer for me--one that gives promise of great things," he added in his enthusiastic way.

"I was very disappointed that he didn't come today," I replied coldly.

"Blame me, Mrs. Garrett my shoulders are broad!"

"Very well," I responded and was about to hang up as he said:

"Please ask Bob to call me up as soon as he gets in tomorrow night."

"Very well!" I replied again, then hung up the receiver.

"Take two soldiers home to dinner," but be sure and let the wife know in advance.

The Daily Novelette

HEE! HUSBAND WAS AN OILER

Mrs. Gratin, wife of O. Gratin, the lubricant inventor, tottered home joyously with four veal chops clutched to her heart, for finally she had got a little work to do sewing holes around buttons and at last she and her husband would have something substantial to eat.

A block away from her home a smile greeted her faintly. At the front door it greeted her so violently that she had to clutch hold of her hairpins to keep from falling. In the kitchen she found her husband, although hardly able to stand from lack of nourishment, stirring vile smelling, messes in half a dozen sauce pans on the stove.

"Ophiar!" she cried. "At last we eat! I've got veal chops--four whole live veal chops."

"Good, good," muttered O. Gratin absent as he stirred a sticky painful that smelled like slunk's feet stewed in asphalt.

"But, Ophiar!" protested his wife. "You're using up every place on the stove. Here I'll just move one of these pans, and--"

"Don't touch them!" screamed O. Gratin in an agony of apprehension. "If one of these lubricants stops boiling now, it may cost us a fortune. This dark blue one I'm going to call Gratin's bat's leg oil. The pink one is to be Gratin's Snoozerine--it works while you sleep, and the others are just as important."

And he kept stirring and muttering to himself, until three hours later, he dropped dead from hunger. His wife dragged herself to the stove, fried the chops in Snoozerine oil, and ate them, thus gaining strength enough to go and collect the life insurance money, which kept her comfortably ever after.

A stitch in time may save an embarrassing situation.

To Stop a Persistent, Hacking Cough

The best remedy is one you can easily make at home. Cheap but very effective.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hanging-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless--there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately.

A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. (The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.)

GIRL ADMITS PERJURY

Oakland, Cal., Nov. 15.--With her mother, Mrs. Helen Gleason, facing a prison term for smothering a newborn babe, 14-year-old Myriam Gleason today insisted that the evidence she had given on which her mother was convicted had been a myth.

Myriam Gleason testified her mother had smothered her few hours old baby by placing it, wrapped in blankets, in a bureau drawer.

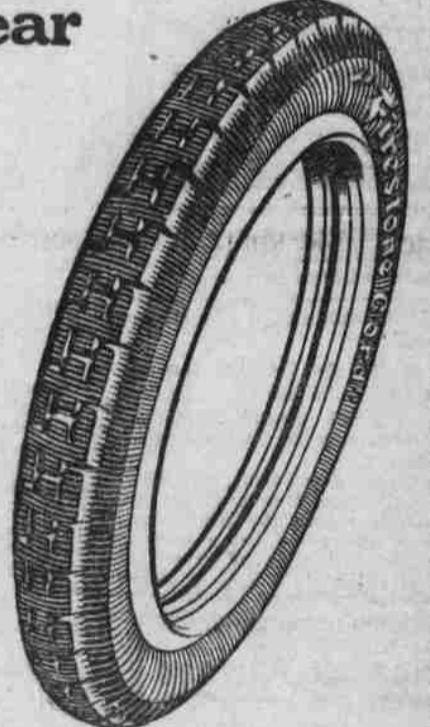
A stride to the top in one year
This is the record of

Firestone SUPER CORD TIRES

TALK to the users of Firestone Super Cord Tires wherever you see them. They have a message worth many dollars to you. Lower cost per mile in tires and gasoline counts big these days, so here, there, everywhere Firestone Super Cords have become the goal of motorists.

These are Firestone Super Cord features that produce extraordinary performance. Numerous walls of stout cords. Pure gum separates cords and prevents friction. Extra thick cushion layer of pure gum under tread absorbs shocks and protects inner body of tire. Tough, thick, resilient tread.

Bead, which holds tire in rim, strongly reinforced, as is also the side wall. Hinge or bending point of tire thrown high where strain has least effect. Result, Most Miles per Dollar.



Another step forward in

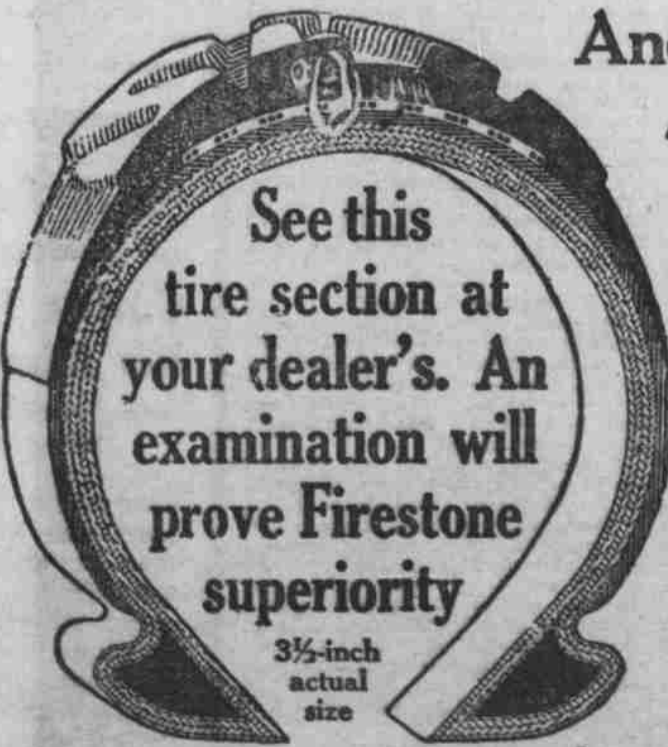
Firestone FABRIC TIRES

THE outstanding feature of all Firestone accomplishments is continuous advancement. Firestone never stands still. Here are the definite improvements: Tougher Tread; More Cushion Stock; More Rubber Between Layers; Reinforcement in Side Wall.

See cross section of tire at your dealer's. A brief explanation will convince you that Firestone on Fabric as well as Cord Tires means Most Miles per Dollar.

That motorists find extra values in Firestone Tires is proved by the fact that our sales increased 72 per cent this year up to September 1st. Our total business this year will exceed \$60,000,000.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere



See this tire section at your dealer's. An examination will prove Firestone superiority

3 1/2-inch actual size

Let Us Show You What "Firestone" "Most Miles Per Dollar" Means
252-260 State St. SCOTT & PIPER
Salem, Oregon

The Second Installment OF THE Second Liberty Loan IS NOW DUE
Ladd & Bush - Bankers
SALEM, OREGON