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

VILLA, THE FLEA ON THE MEXICAN DOG

Villa is again in the limelight, this time with apparently a real following. One statement is that he has an army of more than 5,000 with which he captured Ojinaga, trapped a Carranza army of 5,000 in a mountain pass and annihilated it, and is now marching on Chihuahua, which is reported to be poorly garrisoned and at his mercy. It is further claimed the rebel coalition has a total of 40,000 men armed and ready to try final conclusions with Carranza. It may be the latter part of this estimate is exaggerated, but that Villa has an army of 5,000 seems to be true. If it isn't so large it at least is big enough to whip any Carranza force that can be concentrated against it. The Mexican bandit has had a career that makes the plot of a dime novel seem like the catechism. His ups and downs, up almost to the head of the Mexican government and down to hiding alone and wounded in the mountains; up to having millions in money at his call and again broke not only to bed rock, but as the old miner put it "down to the 2,000 foot level," up to leading a victorious army where ever he wanted to go and down to fleeing for life and not only once but so often that each phase seems almost a habit, he is again at the top. It may be possible this time he will stay there. No doubt just now his whiskers, Carranza, would be mighty glad to welcome one General Pershing and an American army a few hundred miles below the border, and it may be he would like to see them at the Mexican capital. He would feel safer with the hated "gringos" than with his own loved people. In the meanwhile "Pancho" is doing about as he pleases with Carranza's soldiers, and the Mexican character is such that a brief success will send thousands of Mexicans flocking to his standard. Uncle Sam having a real job on his hands will pay no attention to affairs south of the border so long as the troubles stay on that side of the line. However if these are German money behind Villa, as is suspected, he may make some break across the border in order to embroil this country with Mexico. When the present war is over, and while we have an army all ready, the time will be ripe for settling not only Villa, but other trouble-makers south of the Rio Grande.

While calling on Americans to use corn instead of wheat, to eat corn bread instead of the kind we have been used to, the food administration should also call on the manufacturers of corn meal to "come down." Wheat in Chicago is worth \$2.25 a bushel and corn is selling at around \$1.18. Yet four is selling at five cents a pound and cornmeal at eight. That is a thing of quite large proportions and should not be overlooked. Making the corn meal cheaper will go far toward making it popular, and will do more for food substitution than printed tomes sent out by the ton, most of which are simply a waste of paper and postal charges.

Lord Northcliff is one Englishman who realizes the incompetency of many of those who have had the management of the war. He talks right out and asserts that America will not stand for this kind of management, nor will it. The time for putting men in place for past services is not now. What is demanded is that those placed in power be put there, not for past services but for what they can do now. Results will be the only object, and not reward for past services.

Camouflage is defined to be "the art of making things that are seemed to be things that ain't." The University of Oregon has opened a course in this branch. The governor while passing on that flax superintendent bonus might take a few preliminary lessons.

Ecuador, being shut out of the war in Europe, is having a small one of her own in the shape of a revolution.

According to the latest reports Kerensky is either in Petrograd or he isn't.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

A CATCHY PASSWORD

Our good old Uncle Samuel has been trying his hand at the German game of advising the enemy. The difference is that he is advising them for their own good while the German advice is for the good of the German militarists. It started with the dropping of thousands of copies of President Wilson's speech some time ago, appealing to the German people and showing them the world was not at war with them, but with the system which ruled them. These were scattered on German soil by French aviators. Other speeches of the president were also distributed in this manner and apparently they are bearing fruit. The French with a follow-up play advertised that whoever surrendered to the French armies with the password of "Republic" would not be treated as prisoners of war, but would be permitted to work with the democracy of the world and for the freedom of Germany. Recent dispatches state that hundreds of German troops are surrendering voluntarily on the west front, giving the password: "Republic." Advocates of a German republic are conducting a vigorous campaign from a neighboring neutral country and are making fine progress. Once this idea gets hold of the German people it will stick and grow, and the kaiser may yet find his deadliest enemy is the kind of work his spies delight in, passing information to the other fellows. If the German people understood the situation, that the allies have no designs on the integrity of German territory, and no desire to continue the war beyond the point where all danger of it being started again through the militarists being left in control, it would not take long to reach an agreement. It is only ignorance of the true conditions that makes them stick to the kaiser and have the burden of debt piled still deeper on their backs.

"Republic," is a mighty catchy password.

News from Petrograd, if it can be called such, shows either and both parties in control. Reports are so conflicting that the reader may draw any conclusions to please himself. However reading between the lines, and keeping in mind the character of the soldiers on the two sides, those backing Kerensky wanting to fight and those behind the revolutionists wanting to go home and get a piece of land, the final result can be predicted with reasonable certainty. Kerensky should, from the returns so far in, come out the victor. One thing is necessary to a final settlement and that is that considerable blood should flow now to prevent a greater hemorrhage later. Too peaceful a victory would be a calamity to Kerensky. If he gets back through streets reddened with blood whose shedding was caused by unpatriotic Russians ruled by German gold, it will clinch his hold on the reins of government, and if he remains in control he will eventually bring order out of the black chaos now existing.

Samuel Gompers is too old a bird in the political game to be caught with chaff. President Townley of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League yesterday called on organized labor to join with the farmers to "help win the war." He made a strong appeal to have the farmers and labor join hands to fight everybody else. Labor leaders fear becoming part of an organization which can, and perhaps may overshadow theirs. The failure of the party in North Dakota is not encouraging and Gompers can be depended on not to get tied up with anyone who can then tie up labor.

While fixing up the school budget it would have pleased many good citizens if the expense of teaching any and all foreign languages had been eliminated. It is a dead waste of money.

The biennial state election seems a long way off, and yet, in less than a year it will be over, and people will have ceased to figure out how it happened.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FREE SPEECH

Free speech is certainly a blessing! Without it life would be distressing. It is a boon we long have cherished; for it our well known fathers perished. It is the rock on which this nation was built, to all men's admiration. While I am privileged to chatter, I'm gay, no odds what is the matter. While I can roast our statute makers and call them mutts and boobies and fakers, I'll stand for all the laws they're passing; my safety valve is harmless sassing. Free speech, sweet boon! We must not lose it, and therefore never should abuse it. Some gents, who wish to awe or dazzle, are working free speech to a frazzle; they hand out sentiments exotic, they're saying things unpatriotic; they're toiling like so many yeomen to dish up comfort to the foemen. These skates, to whom tact is a stranger, will put our free speech graft in danger. Because of guys who've no discretion, no common sense in their possession, I may be pinched when I'm unreeling a mild and harmless line of spiffing. So I maintain we should be stopping all venomous and rancid yawping.



WALT MASON

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE THELPS

AN INTERRUPTION

CHAPTER LX.

As I listened I was at first indignant that Bob should discuss me, what he considered my faults, with anyone. Then I thought: Perhaps if he makes John Kendall understand how much I disapprove of all that takes him away from me, it would make it easier for me the coming winter. Then they spoke again.

"What did you think of the story?" John asked, "now that I know what you think of the writer, I am curious as to the real business side of the affair."

"Crude, but promising!" Bob had replied, then as he launched into the subject, dissecting the story as was his fashion, I went into the dining room and prepared a little supper. I did not care to entertain John Kendall, but I did want Bob to have something, and couldn't very well avoid asking John also.

"There seems so little in one's life without congenial companionship. Perhaps that is one reason I never have married," John was saying when I returned to the living room after giving Della her orders. "I know my friends, but who can know whether a woman will prove an addition to one's happiness, or the reverse. Marriage is so often a matter of propinquity only. They meet, they desire each other, they marry. The end, rather the outcome, misery for life."

"Oh, you are a confirmed bachelor!" Bob said rather ruefully. I thought then I should rather forgo allowing such an idea to enter my mind.

"There are worse things in the world than being a bachelor. Honestly Bob I don't know a man whom I really envy a married man I mean. That may sound hard, but there are so many ungenial marriages that it makes me shy of the entire proposition."

Bob made some inaudible reply and I stepped to the door and asked them out to the supper Della had told me was ready. Both Bob and John seemed to enjoy it immensely, and as they lingered long over it I excused myself and left them alone. As usual their conversation had not interested me, and I was thankful when a few moments afterward I heard the front door close, and I was again alone with Bob.

"Who was the writer you saw for John Kendall?" I asked, and once more I noticed the dull flush creep slowly over Bob's neck and face before he answered.

"A find of John's whom he thought promising so wanted my advice." "It is strange that a publisher, an editor even should want the advice of a real estate man."

"I have said nothing to you Margaret, because you are so determined to dislike John. But I have an interest in his publishing house and from now on I rather imagine I shall be as keen to discover new writers as he is."

"Robert Garrett told me not to tell you that you have gone into business with a man I dislike, and who is in every way disagreeable to me?" "I have a small interest in his business, yes."

"I shall not allow you to spend your time with him because of your foolish action. You are married to me, and I shall insist that you spend your time with me."

"I shall spend my time as seems best to me," Bob replied quietly. "You have objected to my friends my most innocent pleasures ever since our marriage. I have begged you to share both friends and pleasures, but you have refused. Now, I shall do as seems best without reference to you, but if you feel that you can be a companion as well as a wife I shall be more than pleased. However—"

"If being a companion means becoming one of that Bohemian set you are so fond of," I interrupted, "I never shall become a companion."

"Very well. But I shall not allow you to spoil my life, offend my friends because of a foolish notion. I never have asked you to know anyone save men and women whom you, anyone should be proud to know. If you are too small to appreciate them I am not."

"You forget Bob that it is because I love you so much that I have no care nor thought for others. Then those artists and bookish people bore me, I want your society, not theirs."

"Very well, Margaret, we won't discuss it further," and he turned to his paper. Suddenly I remembered that when I had asked him about the new writer he had seen, he had not told me if it were a man or a woman. So I inquired:

"Was it a man or a woman you saw for John Kendall?"

"A woman, why?" "For the third time that day I noticed that flush overspread his face. Could it be possible—no, she was simply a writer. Had it been anyone else I might have—but not a writer."

Yet long after Bob went to sleep I lay thinking of what he had told me about his having a small interest with John Kendall, and that he had spent the time I was sitting alone in the Chicago station, talking to this woman writer. Woman-like I wondered how she looked, if she were pretty, etc. But unlike most women I never thought of being jealous of her.

(To Be Continued Monday)

Three hundred women in the north-west are now employed as engine wipers and probably about the same number of men have regular jobs as dish wipers.

Salt Lake City reports Indians on the warpath again. It was the Ute who put the Ute in Utah and they just want to occasionally remind the country that they are not all dead yet.

The bread that's clean, pure, good, snow-white; fresh every day and always right is

TIPTOP BREAD

The loaf with the taste that satisfies; the loaf with the flavor that gratifies.

Two Loaves 15 Cts. Try it for toast in the morning.

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CHERRY CITY BAKING CO.

The Daily Novelette

And He Did

THE WORD.

Oswald Leziecks had traveled six hundred miles to see the great Twombly Falls, and now, as he stood on Mc-Jone's precipice, gazing at that indescribable volume of ice-smoothing water, his soul torn between rapt ecstasy and ecstatic rapture, he knew his journey had not been in vain.

In vain he searched in his mind for an adjective to fittingly describe the mighty spectacle.

"Thrilling—no, that's not it. Noble—stunning—inspiring—almsubstantial—grand—no, none of them seems to just fit," mused the poet.

Suddenly the man next to him, a man who, if it had not been for his prominent ears, would have been quite insignificant, spoke.

"Majestic!" he breathed.

Oswald Leziecks seized his hand and wrung it.

"Sir, I thank you!" he exclaimed. "Majestic! The word of words! Stranger, you have a soul that understands!"

The other spoke again:

"Yes, Majestic." And producing a box from under his arm, he resumed, "Want to buy a Majestic Cholera button? Two for a quarter!"

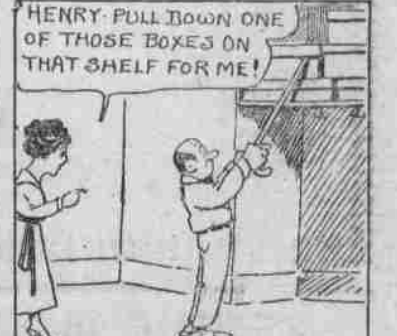
Oswald Leziecks grasped him by the seat of the trousers and with one mighty heave sent him spinning far below into the scething falls.

(To Be Continued Monday)

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS

Last week but one vessel above 1,600 tons was sunk by submarines. This is cheering news, but it must not be taken to mean the submarine menace is over. It is Germany's only hope and she will make desperate efforts to increase the number of sinkings. Besides it is quite possible the Germans are up to some scheme that caused a temporary withdrawal of her U-boats from the danger zone. Conditions are such that even with partial successes in Italy, and with Russia torn by dissensions weakening one of her strongest enemies, Germany dare not admit that her submarine warfare is a failure. That hope gone from her people and the consequent safety to the allies, and especially America's transports, admitted, what is there left for the German people to hang a hope of final victory on? The leaders know this and will not give up pushing the submarine activities to the limit. When they do admit it peace is not far away.

Those two earthquake shocks on Mount Rainer must have rattled the citizens of Tacoma. A dispatch from that village telling of them called the mountain "Rainer."



Backing Home Industry Means Bigger Payrolls

No individual making his home in Oregon can say to himself "I have no interest in bigger payrolls for Oregon."

In some way or other every person in this state is benefited by circulation of payroll money.

In past years, and even now, Oregon's effort has been principally directed to marketing the natural resources of the state and paying no attention to building up payrolls.

Consumers and merchants must give preference, on terms of equal price and quality, to products of our factories.

If the manufacturers of Oregon can grow to a size that will enable them to reach out into other states, the increased business means bringing just that much more money into the state in which the payroll is maintained.

We have formed a habit of thinking that the lumber industry is the backbone and ribs of all our prosperity, and yet several eastern cities carry more people and pay more money in payrolls in the manufacture of one automobile, than our entire lumber industry of Oregon amounts to.

This is true of the Overland Automobile company—it is true of several others. Several auto tire factories may be similarly compared.

And yet, if our lumber was diverted to finished products made here, think of the thousands that would be added to our population to obtain the necessary workers.

Oregon people must get in back of Oregon products and demand them from merchants in all lines of trade.

Our Want Ads are Worth Crowding About Because they are bound to bring the Results you want Try One to-Morrow JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY