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Editor and Publisher

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

TUESDAY EVENING
December 4, 1917

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

W. D. Ward, 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.

LEARN THRIFT---BUY STAMPS

Now is your opportunity to help win the war by providing the money. War stamps are now on sale and you can buy them 25 cents worth at a time. When you have purchased four dollars worth, by the payment of twelve cents additional the owner will be given a thrift stamp on which he will receive 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly. This will be cashed by the government January first, 1923, and will then be worth $5. The government expects to raise by this means $2,000,000,000 of the $19,000,000,000 it estimates it must raise during the year. It gives everyone a chance to do his or her bit, and more than that it teaches the habit of saving and of thrift. Many are so fixed that the purchase of a liberty bond, even a $50 one, is beyond their means; but everyone can buy at least one "thrift stamp." Saving is largely a matter of habit, and the trouble with Americans is that they have never acquired it. This gives an excellent opportunity to begin, and it is safe to say that once one begins, the habit will be formed and will grow. Americans squander enough yearly to make a total of billions and it is to overcome this reckless spending that the thrift stamps have been created. Buy one and get the habit.

Mr. S. Benson suggests a radical departure from the present mode of Portland city government. He would have the governor appoint three commissioners, substantial businessmen, to serve without pay and these to employ a salaried business manager with full power to conduct all business of the city. Like all other plans this one has its defects. It might work all right with the right kind of governors but it is at least imaginable that there might be a governor who would make the plan simply a stepping stone for politicians.

Bryan has bobbed up from the bathos and is predicting national prohibition in 1920. He may be correct in his predictions, but prohibition, great as the question is, is just now a secondary matter. The war is teaching prohibition and when it is over it will come into national being quite naturally. Conservation of men, of human lives, and war on wretchedness caused by alcohol the greatest of all autocrats, is a natural corollary of war and other of the world's enemies.

Some of those department clerks back in Washington have solved the old problem of "eating your cake and having it." They advise keeping chickens, feeding them nothing and living on the eggs. They advise obeying Hoover the same way, to raise more meat by feeding anything but the stock's natural food. Some of the wise ones evidently fancy hogs and beef cattle can be fattened on sweetened wind with the sweetening left out.

If the Apache chief, Mescalero, can organize a band of 5,000 of his tribe and they are up to as much meanness as they used to practice 50 years ago, they can teach the cruelest Prussian officer tricks in wickedness and cruelty that will make even that bunch of barbarians try to blush at their ignorance. An aborigine from Arizona can discount the Prussian in the matter of "kultur."

Germany is alleged to be at the summit of her strength, and her drive into Italy and her desperate attempts at regaining lost ground on the western front are her supreme efforts to achieve victory before the power of the United States is available. This being true, if she fails now she will be forced to recognize the fact that defeat is inevitable.

The new Swedish government announces it will no longer be pro-German but will maintain strict neutrality. If its actions do not belie its words, the embargo has already accomplished much. Heretofore Sweden has been simply the kitchen door for Germany.

Three kings was Stockholm's attraction. A very good hand before the draw, but they did not "fill".

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

ESTABLISHED 1868

CAPITAL - - - - - - - - $500,000.00

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

VIOLATIONS OF AUTO ORDINANCES

The auto accident at Portland Saturday evening when a woman was killed and two others hurt is one that is liable to be duplicated in Salem any day. There is an ordinance requiring autos to stop and not pass a street car while the latter is taking on or letting off passengers at a crossing. Many autoists here seem to believe this applies only to passing on that side of the car on which the passengers are. This is a mistake, and the same mistake that caused the death of the woman in Portland. She, with her husband and mother had just alighted from a car, and passing behind it, stepped directly in front of a car, which was violating the law by not stopping. As a matter of fact the greatest danger of injury in passing a street car with an auto, is in catching someone stepping from behind the car. The persons on foot cannot see the car and the auto driver cannot see them. The result is the combination make a veritable death trap. As a matter of law, the autoist killing a person under the circumstances above named is guilty of manslaughter, for he is doing an unlawful thing and becomes responsible for the results of his unlawful act. Passengers alighting from a street car should wait for the car to move ahead before trying to cross the street behind it, and autoists who do not want the responsibility of taking human life will heed the ordinance and stop their cars instead of passing a stationary street car.

Senator LaFollette moved the adjournment of the senate out of regard for the memory of his colleague called by death. In this connection it might be well for the senate to take another day off out of regard for the memory of one of its members who is worse than dead---disgraced.

Germany has shipped 2,000 tons of sugar to Stockholm for which it is stated Germany has received none of Sweden's products in return. This should make amusing reading for the horse marines.

The kaiser must want peace pretty badly when he is willing to call the agreement with himself over in Petrograd by that name.

Three weeks only until Santa Claus arrives. Someone sometime said: "Do your Christmas shopping early." It was good advice.

With $700,000,000 expended for tanks even our big Uncle Samuel should be pretty well "tanked up."

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

WARTIME TIGHTWADS

The tightwad, in a time of peace, is such a frost the town police would like to run him in; but then the tail goes with the hide, and so we let the tightwad slide, although he is a sin. We view him with a high disdain, but, though he gives us all a pain, we let him stay on earth; we'll stand for many measly things when peace unfolds her snowy wings, and fills the world with mirth. But now it is man's duty, plain, to ease the nation's fearful strain, by digging up the rocks; he ought to give until it hurts, he ought to sell his lid and shirts, and soak his Sunday socks. I know an ancient widowed dame, who toils along with aching frame, to earn her meagre board; she wants to help the Red Cross cause, and so she comes with open paws, and gives her slender hoard. And here's the village plutocrat, on mortgages grown beastly fat, well heeled with coin is he; good things have reached him in a flood---and we can see him sweating blood, as he digs up a V. It is the time that tries men's souls, and skates who hang on to their rolls when every gent should give, who grudge the soldier boys a yen, will be despised by loyal men, so long as they may live.

Margaret Carrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

AN UNGUARDED SPEECH.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

When Tom and Bob came in Elsie suggested a game of bridge. I did not feel like playing, I was too intent upon placing that voice. But of course I couldn't object, and we commenced to play, Tom and I against Bob and Elsie.

"This is a dandy place, if it weren't so far from Broadway!" Tom said to me.

"You old sport!" Bob retorted. "Broadway is your Mecca."

"When you have as many trains a day as we have and a telephone in the house it doesn't seem to terribly out of the world," I broke in. I didn't want Tom to put ideas into Bob's head.

"A telephone is an awful nuisance sometimes," Elsie remarked.

"Yes, when people who use it won't give either their names or any message," I added, then flushed as I saw Bob look keenly at me. I bit my lip with annoyance that I should have been so foolish as to mention anything to rouse Bob's suspicions. I had almost decided not to tell him of the call, but to wait and see if it happened again. I was not ready to believe anything wrong, but my distrust was growing.

After Tom and Elsie left I went directly to bed, pleading weariness. Really I wanted toget away from Bob before he thought of what I had said about the telephone, and questioned me. Also I wanted time to think it over. Perhaps after all I would tell him and demand to know who the woman was, who when she found out she was talking to his wife, refused to give her name or to leave her message.

Before I fell asleep I had decided to tell him. Perhaps I was foolishly anxious and there was nothing in it after all.

"Someone telephoned you. Bob, while you and Tom were out walking," I told him at the breakfast table.

"Who was it?" he asked, his mouth full of hot waffle.

"I don't know. It was a woman," Bob looked up quickly, "and when I told her it was Mrs. Garrett talking she hung up."

Tom had flushed and looked uncomfortable.

"Her voice sounded very familiar, but I haven't been able to place it," I resumed, and then noted with surprise a relieved expression cross Bob's face entirely eliminating the look of a moment before.

"Strange she would not tell who she was," he said. Then, "It can't be anything very important or she would have left her name. Perhaps someone from the office. By the way, Margaret, I shant be down to dinner, so don't wait for me."

Where are you going?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Elmer Root is giving a roof-garden party."

"I do wish you would give up that crowd!" I returned snappishly as he rose from the table, and never remembered until he had gone that I had not asked if it were to be a stag party, or if women were invited. Not that I wished to go, or would have gone if asked. It was against the plan I had adopted to accept any sort of invitations from that set, but a women likes the chance to decline, and I was no different from other women in that respect.

About eleven o'clock I called up the office.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Garrett! this is Mrs. Garrett talking," I said to the girl who answered the phone.

"Mr. Garrett is out at present. I will have him call you when he comes in, or will you leave a message?" she replied.

"Have him call me, please."

In a few minutes Bob called up.

"What's on your mind, Margaret?" he asked in a bantering tone.

"I forgot to ask you if ladies were to be at Mr. Root's party."

"And you bothered to call me up for that!" he said, his tone changed to one of impatience.

"Yes! I want to know."

"I asked no questions. I simply accepted the invitation," Bob replied after a moment.

"Where is the party to be?"

"What a question mark you are, Margaret. The Castor roof I suppose. He usually goes there. Anything more?"

"No, Bob, only I wish you would come home."

"Don't be silly!" he gave me no time to reply, but hung up immediately.

All day I thought of that Roof garden party. All day I wondered if Bob were to spend the evening with other women and I had not been asked. By night I had become so nervous I could not sit still. Then a sudden idea took possession of me. I would go in town and see for myself.

I looked up the time-table and found that I could have time to visit the Castor roof and then catch the next train back. I would be at home before ten o'clock, and I knew it was useless to expect Bob before midnight.

Once my mind was made up I never hesitated. I put on a dark inconspicuous tailor suit, and a veil over my simple hat. Perhaps had I been younger I might have hesitated to go out alone at night; but a woman past thirty-two isn't troubled by such fears.

(Tomorrow—An Unexpected Meeting)

You Get Better Cough Syrup by Making it at Home

What's more, you save about $2 by it. Easily made and costs little.

You'll never really know what a fine cough syrup you can make until you prepare this famous home-made remedy. You not only save $2 as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a more effective and dependable remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (60 cents worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have a full pint—a family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 60 cents or less. It never spoils.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant tasting cough syrup have caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ 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.

Waconda News

(Capital Journal Special Service)

Waconda, Or., Dec. 4.—A number of friends of Mr. Frank Felton and Mr. Henry Staford met at the home of Mr. C. M. Hall Thanksgiving evening to bid the boys good-bye. Mr. Felton and Mr. Staford have recently enlisted in the navy and expect to leave for Bremerton Washington, soon. The evening was enjoyed with games and music and at a late hour a delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Hall, assisted by other ladies. After midnight the friends departed and all fishing Mr. Felton and Mr. Staford the best of success in the service of Uncle Sam.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Thurman and family and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Russell and family, motored to Salem, Thursday afternoon for amusement.

Miss Doris Olson spent Thanksgiving and the week end with home folks in Portland.

A number of the pupils of the Waconda public school sang at the teachers institute Tuesday. They were considered the best group of singers in Marion county by Superintendent W. M. Smith. The children who sang were: Opal, Loran, Dieta Fiest, Rex Keene, Charles Russell, Jr., Walter Habert, Hazel Russell, Walter Savage, Katherine Keene, Madge Fark, Francis Savage and Ralph Savage. After they sang they all went to the movies, and came home in the evening all reporting a good time

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Nusom and family took Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brook of Livesley.

Mr. Carlton Savage who has been attending university in Eugene, spent last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Savage.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathis and little son, Merle, took Thanksgiving dinner with the Patterson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Farr and daughter, are now settled in their new home in Newberg.

Mrs. Sammie Morris of Broadacres was the guest of Miss Nellie Patterson Thursday and Friday.

The literary met Saturday night and a very interesting program was rendered as follows:

Instrumental Music—.——Mrs. Mathis
Speech——Carlton Savage
Vocal Solo .....Hazel Russell
Dialogue .....
Walter Savage, Walter Habert
Reading .....Mrs. Habert
Vocal Solo.....Nellie Patterson
Reading.....Mr. J. C. Savage
Reading.....Katherine Keene
Solo.....Ward Russell
Reading.....Mrs. A. W. Nusom
Reading.....Ray Patterson

A week ago Sunday little James Park had the misfortune of falling out of a buggy drawn by a runaway horse causing concussion of the brain. Dr. Hickman of Gervais, was called but he did not regain consciousness until Monday noon. We are glad to know that he is now improving and will soon be able to sit up.

Mr. C. M. Hall has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Hazel Green News

(Capital Journal Special Service)

Hazel rGeen, Or., Dec. 4.—Little Glenn Looney has been on the sick list for a few days.

George Dunigan came home from Portland Wednesday eve to spend Thanksgiving.

C. J. Latham ate turkey with the Mersingers and Jacksons, Thursday.

The Misses Adah Latham and Myrtle Curtright returned from Monmouth Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Cleave were the guests of Rev. F. Fisher and daughter on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Zeilinski and little son, Lewis, spent Thanksgiving with relatives near Stayton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Morgan of Turner spent the first of last week with the latter's brother, John Van Cleave.

Mrs. Phoebe Payne spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Tyson.

Clarence Minker, who has enlisted in the navy, went to Portland, Saturday.

Lester Van Cleave and family spent Thursday with his brother, Charles.

Stephen Van Cleave of Woodburn, is at the Salem hospital in a critical condition.

Miss Mildred Williamson entertained a number of friends, Friday evening in honor of her eighteenth birthday. The time was spent in playing games and various stunts, after which refreshments were served. A beautiful large birthday cake, ablaze with its eighteen candles was an interesting feature and every one present received a generous piece. Quite a number of the invited guests were unable to be present but the following had a good time and wished Miss Mildred many happy returns of the day. Misses Cells Zeilinski, Emma iFsher, Hilda, Bertha, Rosie and Carrie Williamson; Messrs Walter Weinert, Harry Bennett, Clarence Minker, Merlr Chapman, Henry Rasmussan, Louis Bartruff, Charles and Frank Zeilinski, Saul Gobin and Willie Williamson.

Ronald Montgomery visited in Portland and Roseburg last week.

Plans are being made for a community Christmas tree at Hazel Green.

Harold Montgomery of Portland spent Thanksgiving with his parents here.

Miss Mary Dunigan was home from Wednesday to Saturday of last week.

Pratum Items

(Capital Journal Special Service)

Pratum, Or., Dec. 4.—Miss Alicia Welty who has been teaching school at Mercer, Oregon, is home on a short vacation.

Miss Rhoda Larden spent the week end with friends in this vicinity.

Miss Eleanor Schaap returned to her school near Scotts Mills Sunday after spending a fey days at home.

Mrs. Cornu and daughter Blanche spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Salem.

Mrs. Herbert Humphries of Lyons is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. U. J. Krehbiel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pickens and daughter Roberta spent Thanksgiving with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Williams were visitors at the George Schaap home Thursday.

Miss Anna Schroeder is home on a short vacation.

Mr. Lee Crahane of Pratum enlisted last week in the Coast artillery.

Miss Sophia Madsen spent her vacation with relatives in Silverton.

The directors of School District laid a new cement walk on the school ground during the vacation.

Miss Anna Harold and Miss Sophia Madsen attended Teachers Institute in Salem last week.

Mrs. Paget entertained relatives from Portland during the holidays.

The Daily Novelette

THE PIONEERESS.

(Great Inventions Series)

Suddenly Jonah found himself inside the whale.

"Gosh!, it's dark! It's dark as the inside of a whale!" was his first thought "Why, that's probably what it is!" was his second thought. (See Andrew Fishnet's "Quick Witted Bibical Characters".)

After he had been bumping around a few hours, he began to feel bored.

"I might as well try out my new penknife while I'm waiting, anyhow," he thought philosophically. And he took out his new penknife with the pig's knuckle handle (see Rodman Bumppe's "Early Days of Cutlery") and began slicing strips of bone from the sides of his prison. Just as he was cutting the sixth strip there was a violent disturbance of the entire whale, and Jonah found himself once more in the open air.

That night he presented the strange strips of flexible bone to Mrs. Jonah, who, with a sudden gleam in her eyes, gladly accepted them, although she refused to believe his story as to how he came by them. A week later they attended the Charity Ball. As Jonah was dancing the kid canter with Mrs. Jonah, he remarked puzzledly, "There's something strange about you, mother. Are you sure you feel perfectly well?"

"I made it out of those bones." Mrs. Jonah giggled.

And thus whalebone first found its most popular use.

And He Did

No Raise In Price Of This Great Remedy

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

The standard cold cure for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store

UPJOHN IS DEAD

New York, Dec. 4. — Frederick L. Upjohn, well known motor boat enthusiast, is dead at his home at Huntington, L. I., it was learned here yesterday. He died Saturday night. He was owner of Flyaway III, which made a world's record on the Hudson river over the New York-Albany course. Burial will be in Kalamazoo, Mich.

CORN PAIN STOPPED QUICK

Corns Lift Right Off With "Gets-It"

Blessed relief from corn pains is simple as A B C with "Gets-It."

When you've been limping around for days trying to get away from a heart drilling corn or bumpy callus,

and everything you've tried has only made it worse, and then you put some "Gets-It" on and the pain eases right away, and the corn peels right off like a banana skin—"ain't it a grand and heavenly feeling!"

"Gets-It" has revolutionized the corn history of the world. Millions use it and it never fails. Ladies wear smaller shoes and have pain-free feet. We old fellows and young fellows forget our tose and feel frissy as colts. Everybody with a corn or callus needs "Gets-It". We will all walk about and enjoy ourselves as we did without corns Get a bottle today from your druggist, or sent on receipt of price by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago Ill., 25c is all you need to pay.

Sold in Salem and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by J. C. Perry, D. J. Fry.