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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The president's message to congress yesterday outlines the wishes and objects of the American people toward the war plainly, yet fully. He puts in plain words what is the feeling of ninety-nine one-hundredths of the American people and of the remainder he says: "But I know that none of these speak for the nation. They do not touch the heart of anything. They may safely be left to strut their uneasy hour and be forgotten."

While bitterly arraigning German autocracy he points out that we have no designs on German territory. That we are ready for peace whenever the German people, not German autocracy, are behind the terms of peace. There is neither desire nor intent to interfere with Germany's affairs further than to remove the menace of militarism, "and when the German people have agreed to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the basis of law and of the covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing to pay the full price for peace and pay it ungrudgingly."

Answering his own question as to when we will consider the war won, the president says: "It will be only when the German people through properly accredited representatives, say they are ready to agree to a settlement based upon justice and the reparation of wrongs their rulers have done."

He points out that while the wrongs done by German rulers must be righted, this must not be done by wrongs on our part.

Concerning Russia he deprecates the policy which prevented the fullest statement as to the aims of the war, and expresses the belief that had this been done the present troubles in Russia would have been avoided. As to Austria-Hungary he asserts it is necessary to place her with Germany as our enemy and at war with us. He urges this because while her government poses as an ally of Germany, it is in fact her tool. It is in no better shape so far as its freedom is concerned than are the countries which German armies have overrun. We war to save her from Prussian autocracy just as we do to save other smaller nations now under German domination.

While throughout the entire message only a feeling of sympathy for the German people who are misled by their rulers is shown, and no bitterness expressed, it was different when the president spoke of Americans who are profiting by the war. "With these the law of supply and demand has given place to the law of unrestricted selfishness," he said. There is fine scorn in the depicting of this class, and also a recommendation that drastic measures be taken to curb the unholy traffic in the necessities of life by these enemies of the country. The message will be one that will live in history, for it is the statement plainly made of what America's objects are. It is a full statement of our case, of the grounds on which we rely for the judgment of the generations that shall come after us. It is America's brief filed in the high court of the world, and its arguments are unassailable and unanswerable.

HAS REACHED THE SUMMIT

We have been told successively that Germany was starving, that she was weakening in man power, that she was in danger from internal dissensions and that innumerable other things were troubling her. Now press association representatives tell us that she is at the summit of her power and is at her strongest. Supposing this last statement to be true, then we at least know that from this on she will grow steadily weaker. This would make the matter of victory only a question of time. If she is at her strongest and cannot beat back the British and French on the western front, and cannot complete her attempted drive through Italy, then her worst has been done. Undoubtedly she is making one last supreme effort to win before America can make her strength felt. This effort would seem too late, for if necessary there are Americans enough on the western front now to make a great showing if called upon. That Germany has given up hope of starving either England or the French by her submarine war-

fare is certain, though she still keeps at it, more because it hampers the English than with the idea of accomplishing anything permanent by it. American military and naval officers are anxious to have the American fleet get in action. They believe more can be done by this means than any other. England has been cautious about using her fleet because any disaster to it would leave her practically defenseless. America is not in the same condition and could take the risk much more safely than can England. It would seem that this plan may yet be tried and that America's fleet, which has always given such a splendid account of itself, will have a fling at the enemy before many months.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FOOD CONSERVATION



WALT MASON

I'm cutting out fat living, since folks have let me know that eating pies is giving much comfort to the foe. I shy at ducks and geeses, and eat things I abhor, since told that fats and greases are needed in the war. My aunt, who is a dandy, is helping on the cause; she isn't eating candy or ice cream as she was; her diet will improve her, as it will surely aid all girls who hoove with Hoover, and join the food parade. And I am feeling finer than I have felt for years; I've been an ardent diner, consuming roasted steers, I've cleaned the plate and platter with gluttonous delight, and kept on getting fatter until I was a sight. But now I'm eating sawdust and boiled excelsior, to help in manner modest, our country win the war. And I am feeling fitter than since I was a lad; all day I sing and twitter, I am so beastly glad. From here to far Vancouver the fat men bear their load, and they should hoove with Hoover, since I have shown the road. This fact will bear repeating in this most crucial time; we're all too fond of eating, when stuffing is a crime. And so, in language moving, I do beseech, my friends, that you will do your hooving as Hoover recommends.

William G. Shepherd Tells Story of Russian Revolt

Following is the first series of four stories by William G. Shepherd, lately United Press Staff Correspondent at Petrograd.

Three of the series were written at Stockholm on the eve of the successful Bolshevik uprising. The fourth and concluding story is a summary by Shepherd, written in New York and combining what he saw in Petrograd with the developments of later days. Shepherd's stories from Stockholm are striking prophetic of the uprising that later swept Kerensky from his power.

The first article of the series forecasts the Bolshevik revolt. The second to be printed tomorrow tells something of Premier Kerensky's long and bitter quarrel with the Bolsheviks, who subsequently triumphed over him.

By William G. Shepherd (United Press Staff Correspondent) Stockholm, Oct. 23.—(By Mail)—It will be some weeks before this article will be printed in America. At that time anything may be happening in Russia. But I am willing to have this article placed beside the newest, hot-from-Petrograd cablegram so matter how bloody and disturbing the news in it may be and have these following words run side by side with the description of the latest Russian crisis:

Russia is following the lines of all revolutions—and she is hurrying along toward ironing out her difficulties.

If my American readers do not chance to see this article alongside exciting news from Russia, the chances are that the exciting news will have occurred a few days before; or that it is due to occur shortly. For crises are going to occur in Russia at an alarming rate. I expect bloodshed in the streets of Russian towns and cities. I expect anything in the way of a human storm that imagination can picture, but I stand pat on the declaration that Russia is being rushed through the series of crises that must come to any country in a revolution and that each crisis makes the Russian people sadder and the Russian republic stronger.

Kerensky knows revolutions by heart; as a physician might desire to hasten the various stages of a disease in order that the cure may be made the more quickly, Kerensky has not avoided one single crisis. Bloodshed at wholesale, danger of death, the apparent risk of civil war—he has shrunk from none of these. He will not shrink, if his life is spared, from any crisis that may come in the future. This grim man knows of only one path for the Russian revolution to take; it is the path that all countries must follow, and he knows there are no diary fields or resting places alongside that rocky, bloody way.

The world may expect crises after crises, thrill after thrill, shock after shock in Russia—but it will all mean that Russia is forging ahead toward new strength.

I have been in Russia almost six months; and through three great crises. The first crisis was a bloody one—the Bolshevik uprising in Petrograd and other cities and towns of Russia. It was a crisis that made us lose faith in Russia. The killing of 500 men, wom-

en and children in the streets, the terrifying of 3,000,000 citizens of the capital of the largest country on earth, the orgy of blood in which the Kronstadt sailors and the working men of Petrograd indulged made it appear that Russia was madmen, lustful for blood. There seemed no hope for Russia if such madmen were to have sway. But today, after having seen two other great crises, and looking back the 10 weeks to those bloody days, it is easy to see that those blood-lettings helped Russia along the road toward liberty and national unity.

There came the second crisis of the Moscow conference, when we who sat in the beautiful Moscow theatre that many August forenoon, expected, with good reason, that a rifle shot from the troops outside the theatre or a shot or a bomb in the theatre itself would dye mighty Russia in blood and set its cities and towns aflame. The Moscow conference ended on the edge of a catastrophe, and again we felt that Russia's case was hopeless. But today, looking back, and putting together into one whole the red results of the Bolshevik revolution and the bitter ending of the Moscow conference, Russia's approach toward success is plainer than ever.

Then came the Korniloff affair when the world looked on with flat lungs at the Cossack "upstart" not knowing the reasons for the extraordinary event or realizing that the Korniloff cause was a lost one, even before it began.

But all these crises are connected and only natural in any revolution. They would happen in any country under similar circumstances and they are as much to be expected, in a revolution as a wind in a storm.

I want to tell about them, in three articles. They show how Russia is heading and speeding toward strength and safety.

NOTE—The next article will depict the Bolshevik uprising in Petrograd last July and describe how it was a natural part of the good progress of Russia toward freedom and strength.—EDITOR.

PACIFIC FOOTBALL GAMES.

San Francisco, Dec. 5.— Tentative dates for seven football games between colleges of the Pacific intercollegiate athletic conference have been arranged, it was announced today, but these may all be changed later.

They are: October 26, Washington vs O. A. C. at Corvallis; Nov. 2, Oregon vs California at Berkeley; Nov. 6, Washington vs Washington State at Pullman; Nov. 16, Washington State vs Oregon at Eugene, and O. A. C. vs California at Berkeley; Nov. 28, O. A. C. vs Oregon at Portland and California vs Washington at Seattle. Washington State may play University of Southern California at Los Angeles, Nov. 28.

California will also arrange games later with St. Mary's, Occidental, Whittier and U. S. C.

"David Garrick" is to be produced on the screen, with Dustin Farnum in the title role.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE FIBBLES

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

CHAPTER LXXV.
All the way in on the train I speculated upon what I should see. Should I find a gay party of men smoking and telling stories, or would I discover that it was a mixed affair and that I had been left out.

Suddenly I remembered that Bob had told me when I was last asked to join his friend's parties, that he should tell them never to depend upon me to make up any desired number of guests as I had absolutely refused to join them again. Probably he had kept his word, and that was the reason I had been given no chance to either accept or decline.

I took a cab from the station. My return train left in just an hour, and I must not miss it. When I arrived at the Coast, I experienced a momentary feeling of embarrassment. It was not unusual for a woman to go on the roof unattended. Perhaps some objection would be made, and I should have to give it up.

But I boldly entered the elevator with several others, and quietly followed them out. The man standing on the roof to see that no undesirable people found their way up evidently supposed me with them. They were quiet, inoffensive looking people, and would not be apt to attract much attention—fortunately for me.

I took a seat at a table, where, while screened myself, I could see perfectly. I immediately ordered some sweets and lemonade, and explained to the waiter that I was waiting for a party. I would tip him generously when I had accomplished what I came for. He had looked disappointed until I told my little untruth, when he had paid me all possible attention.

I could see nothing of Mr. Root; or of Bob. But just as I was about to leave—I had concluded they had changed their minds about coming to the Coast—there was a stir back of me, and Mr. and Mrs. Root, Henry Greenmore, John Kendall, Maud Warren, Marion Riggs, a woman I never had seen, and Bob were seated at a table evidently reserved for them.

Bob was seated next the strange woman. He was in gay spirits laughing, gesticulating, talking in his excited way. She was lovely, of an unusual type and Bob had eyes for no one but her. There was no danger that I would be discovered. I thought bitterly, as I watched the eagerness with which he bent toward her, and the animation with which they both conversed.

She was beautifully gowned in colors that fairly glowed. A daring costume, but immensely becoming to her perfect blondness. The wonderful golden hair was piled high and looked too heavy for the small head to carry. Her eyes were violet, her skin marble. She was petite, and her tiny beautifully shaped hands emphasized all she said. But none of these things hurt me as did the fact that she was young—youthier than Bob, who was almost twenty-eight. I should have judged her not more than twenty had she not been with those older than that. She—I found out later afterward—was twenty-four.

I watched them until I dared wait no longer, then quietly left my table and the roof, scarcely hearing the voluble thanks of the waiter.

When I was in the cab, away from curious eyes, I found tears of anger filling my eyes. I brushed them aside. I could not afford to cry; even mother had told me it made me look old. And after the sight of that girlish loveliness I would not allow myself the luxury of tears which always disfigured me.

I caught my ten o'clock train and tried to read an evening paper I had bought in the station to keep from crying. Suddenly I heard a voice say: "Well, if this isn't fortunate!" and Mrs. Baldwin came over and sat with me.

"I thought I was the only married woman out alone!" she remarked as

ENGLISH PRESS

(Continued from page one)

spirit of yesterday's speech and the spirit of knockout blows or of economic warfare or of post-war boycotts." The Daily News held up the president's speech to more praise than it has greeted any previous utterance of an American executive, judging it "another example of comprehension by which he clarified fundamental issues of the war."

Speaks for the World
"It would be affectation to pretend that the speech echoes the declarations of allied statesmen," the editorial continued. "His vision comprehends the world; their's only half."

The Times still refused today to agree with the president's differentiation between the German government and the German people.

"President Wilson," the "Thunderer" said, "has restated the allies' purpose with uncompromising force. With a straight-forward statement of war aims, the last hopes of the pacifists must founder."

"As a reaffirmation of previous war utterances, the speech is of first class importance," asserted the Chronicle. "Clear, far sighted and statesmanlike," was the Express' opinion.

Practically every editorial referred to the message as the most emphatic announcement of America's determination to wage war to the limit. The president's recommendation that war be declared on Austria was regarded as one further evidence of this inflexible determination.

"Germany to have tanks next spring," says a headline. She has a lot of them already. Especially among her army officers.

ADAMS

Pure Chewing Gum

a Stick a day keeps Trench Sickness away

BLACK JACK

The Daily Novelette

And He Did

CHESTNUTS.

Early that morning Simon Simons, honorary president of the Society of Economical Sports, had a brilliant idea. He had it while he was reading the advertisements in the Morning Tweezers. Hastily putting on his hat and cane, he made his way to Prof. Notta Tall's studio.

"Are you the man who guarantees to teach mesmerism in one lesson for \$4.25?" he asked.

"I am," replied Prof. Notta Tall, and after collecting the \$4.25, he showed Simon Simons how to make the proper passes, winks and cabalistic sounds.

"Now," thought Simon Simons gleefully when he found himself on the street again, "I have solved the high cost of living question. I will simply mesmerize the salesmen and make them set any price for their wares that I think suitable. I'll begin on roasted chestnuts and buy a pint of roasted chestnuts for two cents."

And stepping in front of the vendor of chestnuts, he looked him in the eye (he only had one), and made several rapid passes with his hands. With a wild yell, the vendor leaped over his pushcart and chased Simon Simons for eleven city blocks and two country miles. For he was deaf and dumb and knew only sign language, and Simon Simons had happened to spell with his hands, "You poor fish, who told you you could sell chestnuts?"

soon as she was comfortably settled. "You see you are mistaken," I replied.

"I lost the early train, and so I telephoned Joe I wouldn't come home to dinner. It would have been spoiled any way by the time I got there and then, too, it does a man good to be left alone once in a while he knows more how a woman feels."

So that was the way some women did. Remained out, let their husbands shift for themselves. I knew I never could do that with Bob, it would hurt me more than it would him. Nevertheless I could not help admiring Mrs. Baldwin for her independence. Should I say anything of my errand, rather of some fictitious matter that had kept me out alone until so late?

"Mr. Garrett was obliged to remain in town tonight, so I ran in to see a friend." I finally said in an explanatory manner. It was the second untruth I had told that night, and my conscience troubled me.

"That's the way to do! some women stay at home and mope. I have no patience with them. If Joe is out I go out too! I am glad you do the same."

"But I seldom do," I replied, anxious to set her right. "I do not care to go without him. Tonight was an exception."

"Better make it the rule!" and she laughed knowingly. (Tomorrow—A Serious Question.)



HEY, BILL PUMP UP THAT TIRE FOR ME!
AND HE DID

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