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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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KERR BLUFFS AND THE PEOPLE PAY

W. J. Kerr, president of the state agricultural college, has made his bluff work and has had his board of regents raise his salary from \$7,000 to \$8,400 a year. Some one spread the news that Kerr had been offered \$9000 a year to head the Kansas agricultural college--and this was the signal for the machine to get busy here. State Senator Hawley of Polk, secretary of the college board, immediately launched a movement to petition the board to raise Kerr's salary from \$7,000 to \$9000 and press agents were set to work flooding the state papers with laudatory notices of Kerr and his work. Many of the papers printed the editorials and news stories they were furnished and so the movement grew. Of course, when the proper time came the board of regents got down on their knees to Kerr--we infer from the reports sent out--offered to compromise for \$8,400--and the little farce at the expense of the state was ended, for the time-being at least.

There is no question about Kerr's shrewdness as a politician or machine organizer. Just how much he has done for the state--except to spend vast sums of money--is problematical, and opinion differs widely upon that point. What he did to Utah is more definitely known.

But the real point in the joke is that the board of administration of the Kansas agricultural college never made any kind of an offer to Kerr; in fact they never even discussed the matter with him at all.

TEACH ENGLISH ONLY

The Oregonian intimates it believes the study of German should be continued in the public schools. It at the same time expresses its belief that other languages should be taught as well as German.

Undoubtedly this latter statement is correct, granting that any language other than English should be taught in the public schools of the country. Undoubtedly Americans are behind almost all other peoples in learning or using any language but their own. The Oregonian points this out and also notes, what the Capital Journal has called attention to on several occasions, and that is that those "learning" German in the public schools know little or nothing about it when they have spent years in its study." As a matter of fact in most of the public schools where German is taught, the teacher is an American who does not speak the language correctly. As we do in so many things, we undertake to fit a square plug into a round hole even in the teaching of foreign languages. We do not believe any foreign language should be taught in the public schools, and one of the reasons for that belief is the conditions above stated.

It has so far proved a waste of money, and there is no indication that the system will be bettered. The time devoted to foreign languages could be put to better purpose by devoting it to arithmetic and spelling, and especially the latter. We are becoming a nation of poor spellers, too many, like the music teacher, spelling by ear. That the present generation cannot begin to compare in the spelling line with the one that preceded it is a certainty. It used to be that "spelling matches" between schools were featured, and schools prided themselves on their reputation in that line. Schools in the country especially, met in fierce rivalry for the championship, and in consequence "there were spellers in those days." If all foreign languages were dropped and along with them some other modern fol-de-rols and the time put in on spelling, arithmetic and geography, it would prove beneficial to both schools and pupils.

In the twenty-five years ago" column of the Oregonian, Wednesday, was this item: "London--There is a general feeling here, especially among lawyers, that the home secretary should not go out of his way to release Mrs. Maybrick just to oblige the United States government." Nothing doing like that over in "dear ol' Lunnon" just now. Almost anything to "oblige the United States government," would be cheerfully conceded now.

On and after Wednesday, December 26, 1917, our State Street door and our After-Hour Wicket, No. 5, will be closed at four o'clock.

LADD & BUSH, BANKERS

SOMEONE PROFITEERING

Mr. Hoover has fixed the price of wheat, but has taken no steps to control the price of corn. At the same time we are asked to eat corn bread instead of wheat, and the speculator or someone gets in his work and makes what should be the cheaper product far the dearer. As a matter of aid in winning the war the price should not count, for the object to be attained is the saving of wheat--not money. At the same time the shutting off of speculation and profiteering on corn products and the making of them cheaper will go a long way toward making the use of corn popular. Corn costing \$1.25 a bushel is made into meal costing 65 cents for a ten pound sack, or six and a half cents a pound. Wheat costing above \$2 a bushel is made into flour costing five cents a pound. Ten pounds of wheat flour costs one-fifth as much as a bushel of wheat. Ten pounds of corn meal costs one-half as much as a bushel of corn. The price has much to do with the use of foods for the simple reason that with a great many, circumstances required the purchase of those foodstuffs of which the money will buy the greater quantity. By cheapening corn products its substitution for those of wheat will be greatly increased. If Mr. Hoover wants to do something of real benefit to the cause of food conservation he will fix a price for corn and he will also curb the rapacity of those speculating in it, and jack up the millers.

The dispatches indicate the Germans on the western front are preparing for a supreme effort before the full force of America's troops can be made available. It is also believed by some observers that the principal attack may be made on that portion of the front occupied by the Americans. No doubt the German leaders believe this would prove to be the weakest part of the whole line and that the American troops through inexperience would be easily driven back. They will probably know better when the experiment has been tried. At any rate it is probable the fiercest battle of the year will be fought on the western front before Christmas. It is also probable the Americans will get their first real fighting in this struggle. Just how many of our boys are in France is known only to those in authority, but it would seem there are more than 300,000 of them, from the many stories of their leaving American shores. Whatever their number they can be depended on to give a good account of themselves if attacked, and also to give an account of a goodly number of the enemy.

Only a week until the shortest days of the year, and the flowers are still blooming out of doors wherever there is the least bit of protection. The steady rain and warm weather for the time of year, give promise of this condition remaining until the days begin to grow longer and as the old saying goes--colder.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

KNITTING WOMEN



WALT MASON

I always liked to talk with girls, both married and unwed, for they were quick to note the pearls of wisdom that I shed. And if I told an anecdote, full of amusing chaff, there'd come from every female throat the gladdest sort of laugh. Anon I'd read a sonnet fine that I had lately writ, and women liked this stunt of mine so well they'd throw a fit. But now I tell my yarns in vain, in vain recite my pomes; the girls have knitting on the brain, in all our native homes. They're knitting, knitting, all the day, and when I spring my spiel, I hear some busy woman say, "The sock is mostly heel." To entertain the knitting dames, I quote an epic rich; and, interrupting, one exclaims, "Gee whiz! I've dropped a stitch!" I tell of springs of ancient lore, from which I've often drunk, and says the woman by the door, "This yarn's extremely punk." The idle things of idle times have gone their divers ways; who cares a hoot for quips or rhymes, in these fierce wartime days? In vain the tall stuffed prophet stands, with skill to charm the birds; the girls have knitting in their hands, and have no time for words.

The Daily Novelette

FRESH FROM THE COW.

If there was one thing that Silas Wafer like it was pure milk fresh from an innocent country cow. But it seemed impossible to get it in the wicked city and one Wednesday Wafer had a fine idea.

"I'll go out to a farm myself and make an agreement with a cow--I mean a farmer, to ship me a 20-gallon can of milk daily," he figured. "I'll make an arrangement with the neighbors to buy all I can't use, and in that way I'll not only have nice fresh milk but I'll be a blessing to the neighborhood!" Everything happened exactly as he had planned until, the first morning, the

station master at Cobb's Corners lifted the lid off the can, dipped two quarts of cream off the top to fatten his chickens with, and replaced the lid.

On the inbound train the baggage master and conductor removed the lid, took a quart apiece, threw in a chunk of ice, and replaced the lid.

The expressman who delivered the can removed the lid on the way, removed two gallons for his horse, filled up the vacancy with nice clean water, and replaced the lid.

The first thing that Silas Wafer did was to send the neighbors' allotment around to them. The next thing was to taste the milk. The next thing was to feel decidedly worried, and the next thing after that was to answer a ring at the bell. It was the neighbors' cat, with broom, clothes props and other weapons, who, aided by the milk-meg whose orders had been suspended, chased him until he took refuge up a tree, where he died from thirst.

And He Did



Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

ROBERT IS ANNOYED AT MRS. BALDWIN.

BALDWIN, CHAPTER LXXXII.

Robert came in whistling the next afternoon, his first question being about Donald's condition.

"You seem very gay; something special happened?" I asked.

"No, nothing particular. Miss Biggs' novel is a humdinger. I am sure it will be a go! She says the house I sold her has been an inspiration to her ever since she bought it. Gratifying isn't it, especially as I made a good thing out of it."

"The idea of a house being an inspiration! such silly talk," I returned.

"Oh, I don't know that it is silly! people who write are very apt to be affected by their surroundings. It is very quiet and soothing down there. She is some distance from the roadway, and so does not hear the traffic noise."

"Well I do hope you'll stay at home now with me. I hired a nurse girl today."

"That's good! now I hope you will be able to take a little rest and recreation. The rest first, though, you look as if you needed it."

"I suppose I do look fagged out beside those idle friends of yours who have nothing to do but scrawl things on paper."

"I don't know. An author or writer of any kind, man or woman who isn't an indefatigable worker. Why, I know writers who work on an average twelve or fourteen hours a day."

"Writing isn't work; it's easy enough to sit before a desk and pretend to be working."

"Try it and see! I happen to be talking of successful people; men and women whose earnings far exceed the earnings of ordinary men. And this is a commercial age, Margaret. People do not pay for worthless stuff."

"I have no desire to waste my time," I returned. Then, "Why didn't you tell me you had luncheon with that Chicago woman at the Castor?"

"How did you know I lunched at the Castor, and how did you know who it was with me?"

"Mrs. Baldwin told me her husband saw you with a blonde woman."

"I have no recollection of speaking of any blonde Chicago woman."

"I saw that I had made a blunder in mentioning the woman's coloring, but I could not admit it without exposing my espionage; so I replied:

"Don't you remember I asked you what she looked like, and you told me she was blonde?"

"No, I do not recall it; but there are many blonde women in New York, why should you think it was Miss Deveroux?"

"Oh, I don't know, but was it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked again, "it isn't pleasant to have another woman tell me what my husband is doing."

"She is in big business."

"She is my friend and thought she was doing me a favor."

"All right."

"But I let her see very plainly that I was not jealous, that I knew you loved me, and would do nothing wrong--even if you did do things of which I disapproved."

"You two females had a fine time discussing me, didn't you?" he asked good-naturedly. "Did you also haul Joe Baldwin over the coals?"

"I am so sorry for Mrs. Baldwin," I answered, then told him in detail all she had said about Mr. Baldwin, emphasizing his unfaithfulness and her sorrow.

"I don't believe he's as bad as that," Bob said, and he seemed to be uncomfortable while I talked. "Women are apt to exaggerate."

"But I am sure she didn't! she is doing all she can to win him back."

"Better have been different, then perhaps he wouldn't have got away!"

At dinner Bob remarked to the careless manner he always assumed when he had something disagreeable to impart: "I shall have to go to Chicago tomorrow."

"Oh, Bob! please don't go!" and my eyes filled. "It's that old book business I suppose."



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"It is business, yes. For heaven's sake, Margaret, stop crying!" and he arose from the table and paced nervously back and forth. "I should think a woman of your age would be less of a cry-baby. If you could realize how unattractive it makes you, I am sure you would stop."

"But I cried all the harder. He had spoken of my age, he had said I was unattractive, and--he was going to leave me alone for a number of days. "If you loved me as you should I would have no reason to cry."

"No man loves a fretful, crying, uninteresting woman very long!" he flung out as I finally wiped my eyes. "If you are through, I'll finish my dinner; if you are not I will go out and get it somewhere else."

Bob fairly stormed at me. He seldom did so, and now he effectually dried my tears by his threat to go out for dinner. So I ate my dinner in silence, as did he; then afterward I sat with Donald, while Bob read by himself in the library.

"Good night," he said as he closed the door between us, the first words he had said since we left the table.

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