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

## GOVERNOR DID NOT MEAN IT

In welcoming the highway engineers to Salem Saturday, Governor Withycombe made an assertion that he perhaps did not intend to make. It was perhaps intended to be qualified in some way, for it certainly did not convey the governor's ideas of the war. Or if he did it failed to coincide with those of most Americans. His statement was "If the Germans break through the British and French lines on the western front we are all vassals, we are gone." The governor is sadly mistaken in his statement. No matter what the Germans do to the western line--or any other--this country is not going to quit. Even if France and Italy were forced out of the fighting America, England and Japan would still carry the war on. More than that, it would draw the vast man power of China into the conflict. There will never be any making of vassals of Americans so long as there remain oceans or skies in which the war can be continued. In the last analysis, England, Japan and the United States can keep Germany from the seas and hold her to Europe. Should she gain all the territory of that continent she would be still shut off from the balance of the world. Besides should she be able to conquer the world all but the United States she will meet here her Waterloo. The United States can live within herself, and no nation or combination of them can invade and conquer her. How ever there is no danger of the situation ever reaching this stage. The kaiser is right now at his strongest and his power will steadily wane. Turkey is all in, and Bulgaria is ready to make peace if the opportunity offers. As to Austro-Hungary there can be no doubt that her people are weary of war and would welcome peace on almost any terms. All that keeps her in the war now is fear of the kaiser and at the same time her leaders know that if the kaiser should win their own country will be swallowed up in the German empire and its autonomy lost. No, we can't believe the governor intended to convey the impression that America would quit if the Germans were successful on the western front. It must have been just a slip of the tongue.

## BUMPED AGAINST A MAN

Evidently the Warren Construction company has at last bumped up against a real man. State Highway Engineer Nunn, has called its managers on the carpet and abrogated two contracts with the company, frankly stating the causes of his doing so and among these causes accusing the company of padding its accounts by including in them items already paid for and other items which were not proper charges against the highway commission. He accuses the company of neglect to prosecute the work and with delaying and increasing its cost. Engineer Nunn did not take off his hat and ask this big bossy corporation to please change its methods. He knew it couldn't no more than the leopard its spots, or the Ethiopian his skin. He simply notified it that it was all off and that its further services would be dispensed with. It is treatment the big boss company is not accustomed to and how it will act under the lash of a master remains to be seen.

## "CARTHAGE MUST BE DESTROYED"

Lloyd George, the real head of the English government, yesterday outlined Great Britain's war aims. They are practically the same as those stated by President Wilson as the aims of America. They covered the matter of colonies which the president did not mention, but outside of that the differences were trifling. One of the assertions made by the English premier will be heartily indorsed by all the allies and that is that Mesopotamia and Armenia must not again pass under the dominion of the Turk. The main feature however is that there can be no peace only with the destruction of Germany's military power and the democratization of the German government. This means that the rule of the Hohenzollerns must end. The world can make no terms with one who

considers a solemn treaty a "scrap of paper." The balance of the world is willing to trust the German people if they agree to terms of peace; to have faith that whatever agreement they make they will keep. They can have no such confidence in the word of Prussian militarism, and therefore can make no peace with it. To do so would simply be to put off the further horrors of the present war until Prussian autocracy could again prepare to conquer the world. No matter what it costs in lives and treasure the world owes it to itself and to the generations to come to fight the present contest to a finish. Unless Prussianism is utterly destroyed the whole terrible war will sooner or later have to be fought over again. It is the old battle over again, Rome or Carthage.

The mediation commission blames the Crown Columbia Paper Company at Oregon City for not wishing to submit its dispute with the strikers to arbitration. This shows that the commission is simply made up of a bunch of labor politicians or men ignorant of the wiles of union labor leaders, who only favor arbitration as a last resort when they know they are beaten. They oppose compulsory arbitration as a principle because it would destroy the labor agitator's occupation. The paper company at Oregon City had raised wages and reached an agreement with their men only a short time before this last strike. Then they demanded a closed shop and struck again and the paper company refused to be made a football of any longer and proceeded to operate its plant without the assistance of the union workers, and were having no particular trouble getting help. It was at this stage of the proceedings that the union men begun to have a burning desire to arbitrate, simply because they had failed to "put one over" on the company. If they had been able to enforce their demands on the company they would have jeered at anyone who suggested arbitration. The members of the federal mediation board have shown themselves to be either partial or foolish in this instance as in several others since they begun their tour of the coast.

The Oregonian, trying to make it appear that all bad conditions in army camps is because of partisan control of national affairs by the democrats, of course, has forgotten how in the Spanish-American war, when we had only a few thousand men in the camps, typhoid fever swept through them and claimed victims by the hundreds. Also it forgets no doubt that our attempt at that time to arm and equip an effective army was ludicrous in the extreme and that while the soldiers of decrepit Spain used smokeless powder our own boys were trying to get results with the old kind that made them splendid targets for the enemy sharpshooters. Strange as it may seem, McKinley, a republican, was president at that time and there was a republican cabinet and republican politicians holding down easy chairs in every department. The Oregonian didn't even hint during that crisis, when unpreparedness and inefficiency loomed everywhere, that a non-partisan coalition cabinet might be a good thing. The McKinley administration fed the soldier boys on "embalmed beef"--and the Oregonian, if we remember rightly, failed to get unduly excited over the rations furnished at that time.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### THE DAYS OF WRATH



WALT MASON

For years one lesson I have taught, for years one sermon I have praught, which is that men should put away some money for the rainy day. Before the world had war disease, and coin was growing on the trees, I cried and cried, in thunder tones, "Oh, mortals, salt away some bones! Begin this system ere you sleep! Put down a parcel where 'twill keep! The rainy day will soon arrive, and prudent men will then survive." And now has come the day of care; with taxes here and taxes there, and rising costs of this and that, and many passing round the hat, the man who has no wad in brine has cause to murmur and repine. I'm oft addressed by grateful guys, who say, "Your counsel was most wise; we're glad we harkened to your rede, and pickled pails of kopeck seed, for in these crucial times we stand with our resources well in hand, and we can always raise a plunk when Uncle Sam demands such junk." It surely soothes my savage breast that people saved at my behest; and often, when I lack the price, I wish I'd taken my advice.

\*\*\*\*\* I deduce that her ankles are not at all pretty. \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* They're not! That's per'ly hideous. But how in the world do you know! She has a long dress on. \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* That's how I know," explained the great detective simply.  
\*\*\*\*\* "Marvelous!" wattered the fair Eudoxie. "I think you're per'ly amazing. But I'll never be quite satisfied till you deduce something about me."  
\*\*\*\*\* "Delighted," agreed the great detective. "Do you see that tall young man with the broad shoulders and the squakuline nose!"  
\*\*\*\*\* "Yes! bitted Miss Stutta, her heart beating fozdly."  
\*\*\*\*\* "You kissed him in the conservatory not so many minutes ago."  
\*\*\*\*\* "Oh, how outrageous! There's not

## BELL-ANS

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\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* Margaret Garrett's \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* Husband \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* By JANE PHELPS \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* BOB IS REMORSEFUL \*\*\*\*\*

CHAPTER LXXXIX.  
When Bob came in I told him about our call, and how much I liked Mrs. Farnsworth. He seemed interested, and I told him I had asked her to dinner the following week with Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin.

"That's fine!" Bob said with enthusiasm. "I am glad to see you making friends. And Margaret, I was rather busy this morning. If you would like to go to John's affair, I shall be glad to take you."

"No, thank you, Bob! I do not think it right to go to places and be with people of whom I disapprove. I do wish you would give it up also."

He made no reply and I knew my wish was a vain one. I could not help a little happy feeling creeping over me however at Bob's unaccustomed apology. He would ignore unpleasantness, but seldom apologized for his share in it.

Bob was in many respects the sanest man I have ever known. And yet his imagination would run riot at times in a way that I, with my puritanical ideas and phlegmatic temperament, could not understand, let alone follow.

Elsie had warned me. Had I heeded her warning this story, the plain story of a plain woman would never have been told. Uninteresting at times; but truthful withal. An intimate story of feeling rather than doing. The mistakes of a woman who loved too well to love wisely.

Had I been wise enough to have given our married life a little of the piquancy which Bob found in the gatherings of his friends I perhaps might have avoided all that came after. We all think that we make a man of things because fate is unkind, but really the fault is in ourselves. If only we KNEW this, instead of being obliged to LEARN it by sad experience.

Laughter like tears should be for all. Fun is needed as well as the more serious phases of life. I was too austere; too self-opinionated. I know all these things now. Could I have realized them in the first years of my marriage, I might have been happy--at least have avoided much unhappiness. I was relentless in my insistence that my husband should live MY way; that he should be content to do as I wished him to do. I was a stickler for propriety--as I considered it. While he, after his first grief for his mother had worn off, was full of life, and the joy of living as he saw it. Living among his friends. Being with people who did interesting things.

The next night when Bob left me I tried to make him promise he would come home early, that is that he would leave early enough to get home by the midnight train. He would not promise, and when I insisted we came near having another quarrel. Had he not rushed out of the house, we should, I am sure.

Quarrels were becoming frequent between us. Bob's disposition was naturally sunny; but when I nagged him to love me; teased him to give up to my ideas, he would become impatient. As we all know one word leads to another, and we had had many serious differences; rather many short, sharp quarrels usually about nothing at all in the beginning, but by mutual recrimination becoming serious before we finished.

Bob was restive. I often found him looking at me in a queer fashion as if he wanted to tell me something, yet hated to. Then, too, I recalled that several times he had been on the point of saying something, and had stopped. Oh, well, I would think it probably wasn't anything.

Bob had not gone until after dinner. I wanted terribly to go into his room with him and help him dress; but that would be too much like glossing over the fact of his going. He looked so handsome, so distinguished when he came out dressed in his evening clothes that I longed to throw myself in his arms, and plead with him to love me. But it seemed to anger him of late. Even for the slightest mention of my love for

a word of truth in it! How do you know! I mean, how would you have known if--I mean--"

"One side of his nose has powder on it. One side of yours hasn't," explained the great detective.

"I think you're per'ly fraudulent!" wattered Eudoxie Stutta, and swept haughtily off, feeling for her powder puff.



## Here's a Good Pointer Direct From Santa Christmas Store for Men

Just two days left to buy gifts for Father, Brother, Husband or Uncle, and by all means buy them from a man's store that has amply provided for man's wants by careful study and experience. Quality reigns supreme here and your dollar has one hundred cents worth of purchasing power--"bear that in mind."

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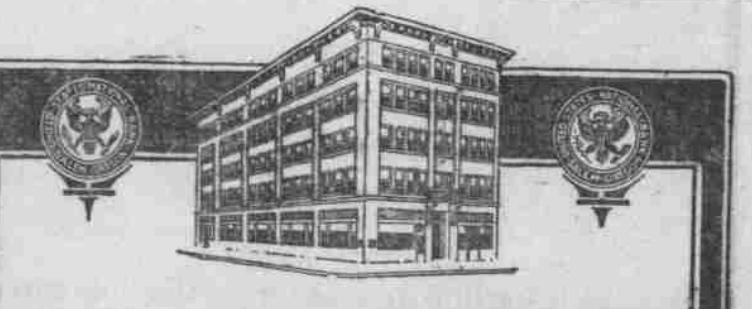
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him, or anything I could say ament his loving me, annoyed him. I could not understand it. I lounged with all my heart and soul for visible tokens of his love; for words and embraces. Disappointed, I seemed unable to control the bitter words which came to my lips, and usually sent him away with only fault-finding words ringing in his ears.

I read, or tried to read. But as usual my mind was not upon the printed page but on Bob. I wondered who was to be at the affair; what kind of a looking girl or woman John Kendall's cousin was; and if Bob would expect me to entertain her, and of course John, while she was in town. I hated the thought of it, just as I hated everything of the kind; yet I knew if Bob asked me to receive her, I should do it.

I heard the whistle of the midnight train as I sat in the library thinking. I had intended to go to bed early and see if I could not forget in sleep the fact that Bob had refused to remain with me. I got up, and switched off the light. I had scarcely reached my room before I heard Bob's key in the door. Delighted, I ran down again calling: "Is that you Bob? Oh, I am so glad you came home to me," and I put my arms around his neck. He put me gently from him, and he replied: "I came home because I have something to say to you; something I can keep from you no longer. It isn't fair to either of us." (Tomorrow--A Terrible Confidence)



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