

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.

THE OVER-REACHING PRUSSIANS

The separate peace proposition so long talked of between Russia and Germany has taken on a new phase. Germany has refused to accept the terms offered by Russia which required the abandoning of islands occupied by Germans in Riga bay, and the relinquishment of other Russian territory held by the Teutons. This shows the hollowness of Germany's peace offers, and that her pretense of being willing to have "peace with no acquisitions of territory and no indemnities" is only a bit of Prussian camouflage. The kaiser's minions worked the "separate peace" shell game on the ignorant peasants of Russia until his grip was strengthened and the power of Russia weakened and then he showed his hand. He would not accept a peace except on his own terms; which means that Russia must practically surrender all her liberties and become a vassal of Germany. As usual the cunning Prussian has overreached himself. If it is insisted that concessions be made Germany in order to have her secure her much talked of peace, the Russians will go to the other extreme and refuse to make any deal at all with Germany.

At the best, the proposed peace was of German manufacture, and its advocates in Russia really German subjects. They worked the scheme until they thought they were in a position to dictate any peace terms, and have exposed their hand too soon. The Bolsheviks are on their last legs, for they never really represented the great mass of the Russian people. These will eventually turn on and rend the usurpers. Civil war is in progress, and while efforts are being made to stop it, it is apparent this can be done only by making terms with the Cossacks, and this means a surrendering of their power.

Another thing fighting against the Bolsheviks is the lack of transportation which is bringing the larger cities to the verge of starvation, and a hungry people, especially a hungry Russian people, are dangerous to government that is not backed by overwhelming force, and this the present makeshift of a government has not.

That the Russians may not be able to get back on the fighting line soon is probable, but the situation seems greatly improved from the fact that there is no real Russian government, hardly a semblance of one with which peace of any kind can be arranged. The dachhund quit wagging his tail and showed his teeth much too soon. The result will be the Russians will be afraid to further play with the dog.

Yesterday the dispatches carried a story of a train wreck in which forty-six were killed and around seventy injured. Before the war such a story would have caused an extra to be issued by the big dailies and whole pages of descriptive matter to be published. Yesterday it scarcely attracted attention, and caused no comment. The small-tragedies no longer move us, and what were at one time looked upon as almost calamities are now passed by as trifles. The killing of 46 persons in air raids and submarine sinkings are our daily breakfast bill of fare. Considered as tragedies they fade into nothingness by the side of the daily toll of human lives on the battle fields. We have in three years been educated into this condition. Will we ever be educated out of it.

Food Administrator Hoover says Claus Spreckles is sore at him, which is the cause of his complaints. This is probably true. At the same time the great masses of the American people are not sore at Mr. Hoover, but they are beginning to complain at the undeniable fact that while wheat prices have been fixed, those of corn, is three times as plentiful have not been touched. The consumers are responding cheerfully to his request to substitute corn meal for flour but they do not want to be plundered while doing so. Shake up the cornmeal speculators Mr. Hoover.

If butter gets much higher Brother Hoover will have to go to advocating the use of axle grease as a substitute for it. If he does, it is a safe bet the axle grease makers will jump the price.

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

NEWSPAPER PROGRESS

The "Twenty-five Years Ago" column of the Oregonian, Thursday, contains an item of more than usual interest. It reads: "John R. Rathorn has taken entire charge of the Astorian's editorial, local and telegraph departments. He is an experienced newspaper man. He is using a Mergenthaler linotype machine, the only one on the coast."

With all the newspapers in the United States except the smaller country weeklies now set up on these machines, it does not seem possible that it was only 25 years ago the first one made its appearance on the coast. It speaks well for the editor's up-to-dateness that a city of the size of Astoria should have beaten all the cities of the coast to the modern newspaper plant, but it seems that is just what happened.

Among the things due to the war is a horse-meat market in Portland. It has been in operation for more than a year and its proprietor says his trade is steadily increasing. Originally its patrons were almost all of foreign birth but the number of Americans learning to use horse flesh for food is steadily increasing. The "stock" is said to be furnished mostly by the Indians of eastern Oregon and the "beef" is of the cayuse brand.

Yesterday was the winter solstice, and while the sun is supposed to have started on his journey northward again he has in fact only turned the goal post, and it will be some days before he is fairly racing back with Spring concealed under his great coat. It is a little early to get out the shovel and the hoe, but already thoughts of garden sass and greens are permissible, for here in Oregon it will be only a couple of months until the early flowers are in bloom and the onion announces its arrival.

The Bolshevik "government" has decided to delay making a separate peace for two months. Plenty long enough, for long before that time elapses the bolsheviks will be only a memory in Russia and not a pleasant memory either. The Cossacks are winning and apparently the people are turning away from the German travesty on Russian government, Lenine, Trotsky and such, and toward the only real solid Russian soldiers, the Cossacks.

England is demanding six million more tons of shipping, and President Hurley of the shipping board says the job is a big one but thinks we can manage it. We sure can if governmental red tape can be dispensed with and common, everyday, sensible Americans be let alone at the work.

Some folks may be satisfied to feed on horse flesh, but aside from prejudice, which most of us have, the person who has seen the cayuse in action at the Pendleton Round-Up would hesitate sometime before swallowing a chunk of volcano in active eruption.

The federal shipping board has let contracts for over \$28,000,000 dollars worth of wooden ships in Oregon, mostly in Portland. This is treating the state very nicely considering the constant abuse given Senator Chamberlain, and the national administration and everybody connected with it by the Oregonian.

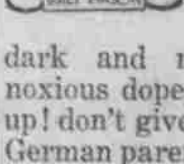
Joe Pipal, football coach at O. A. C., has been asked to resign—but W. J. Kerr is still drawing \$700 a month.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

GERMAN CHEMISTRY

The German chemists work all night, and hustle all the day. "We'll make for everything in sight a substitute," they say. "The people say they're needing meat, but meat is not for sale; we'll make a substitute of peat, and sell it by the pail. They cry for bread throughout the realm, but bread no merchants sell; we'll treat a block of slippery elm, and that will do as well. Though there's no sugar in the land, let this be understood: We're busy now refining sand, which will be just as good." The chemists make their turnip jam and toadstool marmalade, until the weary people damn their dark and mystic trade. The chemists brew their noxious dope, and say to hungry folk, "Cheer up! cheer up! don't give up hope—we're making flour of oak." The German parent, sick and sore, beholds his children starve; there comes a chemist to the door—"Here is a brick to carve! It's made of shavings and old shoes, excelsior and tar; you're needing bread? Don't have the blues, for this is better far." If famine comes to this our land I think we'll starve and die before we'll take from chemist's hand a bootjack for a pie.



WALT MASON

ending the O. A. C. board of regents, whereby the worthy president was given a substantial increase in salary to keep him from leaving a job from which he could not have been pried with a crowbar!

circultural college, comes the positive statement from the Kansas board of regents that they not only did not offer him the presidency of their college, but had not even considered him for the place. It is possible that Dr. Kerr, and his friends backed by the Oregonian, put one over on the Oregon people, in-

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE FIELDS

A TERRIBLE CONFIDENCE

CHAPTER XC.

What could Bob mean? He was very white, and looked so serious I was frightened, and began to tremble. What could have happened that he must come home purposely to tell me of it? But I asked no questions, somehow I could not. I just stood and watched him as he took off his coat and hat, and then followed him into the library. "Sit down, Margaret, I want to talk to you. What I have to say may perhaps hurt you. I hope not. But, whatever the result, it cannot go unaid any longer." He stopped, and leaning one elbow on the table he rested his head upon his hand. He was quiet so long that I could stand it no longer and asked: "What is it you must tell me?" For some few minutes longer he kept silent. I wanted to say something to him, but he still wore that detached, serious look and I hesitated. Finally he commenced again: "You remember, Margaret, that when we were married I had just lost my mother. How dearly I had loved her you perhaps have never realized, nor what she was to me. From the time I was a little shaver we had been chums—something you and I never have been. As I grew older, we were comrades, young together. Mother never was too tired, or too busy to welcome and make much of my friends—those of whom she approved. Most of them, Margaret, are the same friends you so dislike. "I dislike them because they take you from me, and"—I interrupted, but he made a motion to silence me, then went on. "When I grew older and went to college she was still the best pal, the dearest comrade a fellow ever had. Why, I would rather have her come over and commiserate with me than any girl I knew. She entered into all my disappointments as no other could do—then, I noticed his hesitancy before the word 'then,' but said nothing; I was too surprised that he should have come back from the party to talk about his mother. "She was forever doing things to make me happy. Only tonight Crede-more reminded me of the boxes of goodies she used to send me so that we might have spreads in my room; the Christmas gifts she made, never once forgetting any of the boys who were my companions. Not expensive gifts, but a big fat sofa pillow such as college boys like, or a pretty table cover, or books, something for every one. Is it any wonder that I loved her?" he did not wait for an answer, indeed I was incapable of giving one. I sat wide-eyed listening; wondering if Bob had suddenly lost his mind. "You know that father and I never got on," he resumed after a moment. "And that sister Adah was just like father, so we did not get on either. After mother left me, it was impossible that I should be happy at home. Then I became acquainted with you. Just at the time when my heart was sore and bleeding; when I wanted to hide my sorrow; when I felt that nothing mattered, that nothing ever would matter again now that she was gone. I was motherless, I felt homeless, because home without her was no home at all—not for me." "But why are you going over all this, Bob?" I queried at last. "Because I must so that you will understand." "Understand what?" again I wondered if he was out of his mind. "What I came home to tell you," he grew white as chalk. "You were quiet, soothing. Without meaning to I drifted into a sort of dependence on you. You were older, graver than any girl I ever had known; and didn't expect things of me. Things which I had no heart for after mother went. Gradually I commenced to visit you. You were a fine house-keeper; you never annoyed me by light and foolish talk when my heart was sad with my loss. I mistook my feeling for you. It was gratitude, and because I never thought to be happy again, never expected to join in the old gaiety; I let my gratitude to you overshadow me to such an extent that I asked you to marry me." "Gratitude—Bob, what are you talking about?" I again interrupted. "You cared for me from the first I think, I don't know now, but I was incapable of judging. But as soon as my grief for mother had in a measure worn away—not that I ever shall cease to grieve for her—I knew I had made a mistake. This is hard for me, Margaret, perhaps harder for you, but I must go through with it. I have known for a long time that the feeling I had for you never was love; but gratitude. We are mistaken in every particular. When I bought this house and so was able to enjoy the privacy of my own room I thought perhaps I could go on. But we must come to some understanding. And at once." "What kind of an understanding?" I heard myself saying, and my voice sounded as if from a great distance. "When I finish talking—that is for you to say," and he wearily laid one arm over the other on the table before him. (To be continued Monday)

The Daily Novelette

THE DAILY NOVELETTE
His Name Was Pete.

The fat man with the prominent knuckles mopped his brow with a bandanna handkerchief. "To put it plainly," he said, "I believe my wife is going out of her senses. Between you and me, she never had any too much to do of, but she's going out of 'em now, way out." "If you would outline to me a few of the symptoms—" suggested Sherlock Bones, the great detective. "The principal symptom is this here," explained his visitor. "She makes strange sounds when she's alone in her room." "What sort of sounds?" asked the great detective, rapping thoughtfully on his front teeth with the poker. "Well, sometimes she goes: 'Twaot twaot. Tiddy widdy widdy,' and sometimes she goes Pity Pity Pity Pity Pity, and sometimes she goes 'Item twitten twee twee twee.'" The great detective abstractedly chewed on the poker. Suddenly, with a sharp click, he bit the end off, and then, blushing slightly at this unthought display of excitement, asked in his most colorless tones, "Does she ever go, 'Wicky wicky wicky,' and then 'whistle several times'?" "Why, yes!" cried the fat man. "But how on earth—" "Your wife has a canary in her room, and that's merely canary language," smiled the great-detective. The fat man twitched his ears in relief and set out for some canary crackers that he just remembered his wife had asked him to buy.

And He Did

DOHN-TVE NEVER SEEN YOU WITHOUT A BEARD. I WISH YOU'D HAVE IT SHAVED OFF!



Donald News

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Donald, Or., Dec. 22.—E. G. Robinson of Canby was transacting business in Donald Saturday.

Mr. V. Van Vliet and daughter, Miss Mabel, were passengers to Portland Saturday morning. Mr. Van Vliet left Sunday for Michigan to visit with his parents.

Herbert Davis, who is assisting in the First State bank, of Donald, has accepted a position with Ladd & Tilton's bank of Portland and will assume his duties January 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Feller and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnson of Woodburn were guests Sunday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bittick.

Carl Marlan, Muggs Rice and George Sexsmith were passengers on the northbound train Wednesday.

Miss Estelle Grotte was called to Portland Tuesday to assist in the post-office during the Christmas rush. Miss Grotte took the civil service examination last fall and successfully passed. Miss Cone is substituting in her room at school.

Bernice Feller, who is attending school at Mt. Angel, spent the week end at home. Miss Artie Bittock of Hubbard was a guest of Miss Bernice, during her stay.

Arthur Graham, cashier of the Canby State bank, Canby, was transacting business in Donald Saturday.

Miss Lela Young went to Woodburn Monday for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yergon and small son were Woodburn visitors Thursday.

Mrs. Jesse Johnston and sons, Donald and Robert, came over from Aurora Wednesday evening. Mrs. Johnston will assist in the post office during the holiday rush.

Muggs Rice and George Sexsmith, who enlisted last week, were rejected upon physical examination. The boys returned to Donald, Monday.

H. L. Tagaly of Underwood, Wash., was transacting business in Donald Tuesday.

Robert L. Sirayze reporter on the Evening Telegram was up from Portland, spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thurston Yergon.

Misses Mabel Doty and Estelle Grotte were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fargo, at Fargo.

Mrs. O. O. Freeman and her mother Mrs. Margaret Cox, spent Friday and Saturday shopping in Portland.

Mrs. Fred Sexsmith and daughter June were Portland visitors Saturday.

OPEN FORUM

KEHR AND HIS SALARY.

Editor Journal: Kindly print a few lines for me as to President Kerr of O. A. C. and the matter he no doubt sent word back to his henchman, Senator Hawley of Polk county, that he had "some idea" he might change his place and take the Kansas place at the larger salary of \$9,000. Then Hawley got busy and the Oregonian spread the news for them that such a move was contemplated and Kerr, a very shrewd politician, kept mum all the time knowing he had never been offered the position at any salary. Next, Hawley, who has never honestly represented the taxpayers, started the petition to raise Kerr's salary, and with the aid of J. K. Weatherford, another sneaking politician, and a lawyer, whom all men should watch, with some suspicion, as president of the board, wanted to be popular. He shed great tears of sorrow for Kerr who can spend more state money than any official of the state and give no accounting of it.

Kerr should be recalled. Hawley is not fit to represent the county nor the interests of the state taxpayers, and as for J. K. Weatherford, who is responsible for raising of Kerr's salary, one half more than any state officer gets, it is an outrage on the people of the state.

Now, look out for Weatherford and spot him when he bolts up for office. Now a word as to the Agricultural agent. It is the work of the O. A. C. to push an O. A. C. student on large county, or on many of them, at large salaries than any of the county officers get; provide them with a stenographer to do the work of the office at less than \$1.00 a day and furnish him an auto and \$200 expense money; office supplies and fixtures. Now I think that it will prove about as profitable to the farmers as the county fruit inspector, which is not worth anything, except to himself, to draw his salary and expenses. Some of the fruit growers, I think the county agent might do good if he was to get OUT AMONG the farmers and explain and show some of the benefits. It might be some good but for the farmers to drive to town to hear a lecture or to a night meeting, there are but FEW who do that. So justice to all, I don't believe it wise for the county court to employ him.

Respectfully,
R. R. RYAN.

SENATOR CHAMBERLAIN.

(From Oregon Voter.)
Senator Chamberlain has gone thro' fire and proven himself to be a far-sighted, patriotic statesman. Back east they look up to him as to no other democratic senator. His work as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs has been of the kind that makes history—and good history at that, in which future Americans can glory. He has made good, and it looks as though it was up to Oregon to stand by him as one of our state's principal contributions to our country during its great crisis. There is some talk back east of supporting him for still higher honors. Oregon can be proud of what Chamberlain has done for our country's part in the war, and probably will have reason to be proud of any career he may fulfill in a larger sense. Backing of republican newspapers who withhold just credit from him will have something to answer for if they try to tear him down.

Perfecting Assyrian Relief Plans Rapidly

Armenian-Assyrian relief plans for Mesopotamia are rapidly assuming definite form under the direction of the local committee, and a campaign to carry the appeal to every home in Marion county will be launched soon after the advent of the New Year.

Father Buck of St. Joseph's church was waited on by the committee last night and readily tendered his services as a member. The committee is as follows: Joe H. Albert, Ben W. Olcott,

There are 350,000 refugees in the Caucasus whose condition, as described by a recent cablegram from Tiflis, is becoming more pitiable every day. The complete collapse of the Russian government has deprived them of all government appropriations and thrown the whole responsibility upon the American committee, which reports in a cablegram from the American consul at Tiflis that the situation is alarmingly worse than previously reported.