

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 \$5.00 Per Month .45c

FOUR LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building, Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

The Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, please call on or neglect getting the paper to you on time. Kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone Main 81 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

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

OREGONIAN REPUDIATES ITS OWN STORY

Since the Oregonian's fake story about Kansas offering Kerr, of the O. A. C., \$9,000 a year to head its agricultural college, was exposed several weeks ago, that paper maintained a discreet silence on the subject until yesterday, when it said in course of an editorial:

The assumption of many persons has been that the board of regents took its action as one means to hold President Kerr, in direct response to representations that he had been invited to go elsewhere at a larger salary. Word had come through newspaper channels from that same elsewhere that the offer was not made. The purported denial in the form of interviews with one or more of the regents there. Let us not disguise the fact that this surprising development made a disagreeable impression in Oregon, but let us not of that account refuse to weigh judiciously all the circumstances and be careful not to do an injustice to President Kerr or to the board of regents or to any one concerned.

The board of regents makes it clear that President Kerr had informed them that he was under consideration elsewhere, and that was the extent of it; and he distinctly warned them that the question of salary was not involved, or at least not determinative with him. The regents, who had several times previously thought it proper to enlarge the president's emolument, nevertheless voted the increase.

So the "assumption of many persons" that Kerr had been offered \$9,000 a year to go to Kansas had nothing to do with the raise in salary from \$7,000 to \$8,400 a year! and yet on the day the board took such action, or the morning following, Thursday, December 13, the Oregonian printed the following on the subject in a special dispatch from Corvallis:

Dr. Kerr's salary has been advanced from \$7,000 to \$8,400 a year. Dr. Kerr made known his decision yesterday morning at a special conference with J. K. Weatherford, president of the board of regents. His strong faith in the future of the state and the affection of himself and family for the people of Oregon, combined with the wish to push forward the many features inaugurated under his administration, led him to the decision he said.

Dr. Kerr was offered \$9,000 a year to accept the presidency of the Kansas college, but he will remain here on a salary of \$8,400. He is assured of the fullest support of the regents and will have an official residence on the campus, it has been pronounced.

"I am glad Dr. Kerr has agreed to stay," said Mr. Weatherford. "I believe we have one of the greatest college presidents in the United States, and know that it would have been a costly thing to let him go. The state would not have been satisfied with a lesser man in his place, and in the attempt to procure his equal we should have been in competition with more populous and wealthy states in the east. It is exceedingly doubtful whether we could have found an easterner acceptable for this western position at any price."

No wonder the people of Oregon gained the impression that Kerr's salary was raised in response to a direct offer from Kansas. The Oregonian had been stating from day to day that such offer had been received and other papers had taken up the refrain; Senator Hawley had his machine in the best of working order and propaganda letters and telegrams were pouring in upon the board of regents; prevent Kerr from accepting the \$9,000 Kansas offer was the burden of all the petitions—and Kerr said nothing while his henchmen worked for more pay for their chief. When the raise in salary was finally made the Oregonian printed the dispatch from Corvallis quoted above.

The editorial of yesterday is a complete back-down from its former position, just as the board's statement (reprinted from the Oregonian in today's paper) is also a complete contradiction of the statement made by its president, J. K. Weatherford, at the time the salary raise was made.

Kerr, who was never even considered by the board for the Kansas position, has compelled the newspapers and his board of regents to assume all the responsibility for the fake report about the offer from that state. He says he had nothing to do with it, but fails to explain why he kept silent and allowed it to be worked for all it was worth in his behalf.

The explanation of the board of regents is as silly as it is contemptible. Kerr throws the responsibility upon them and the members lack the manhood to demand his resignation for humiliating them and putting them in a false position before the people of the state. He pulls the string and they dance like marionettes. They raised his salary just because they wanted to do it—no other reason.

Ridiculous! Kerr was receiving the highest salary of any official in the state, \$7,000 a year, and the burden of war taxes did not fall upon him. His salary was exempt from such special taxation. Why increase it \$1,400 a year when everybody else in the state was being forced to practice economy in order to meet the extra necessary expense of war?

The board of regents in its attempted whitewash of

Kerr has convicted him of the things he was charged with and it has convicted itself of being, to put it as mildly as possible, heedless of its duties to the state. It has taken the position that as long as it is satisfied with affairs at the college the rest of the people of the state have no right to know anything about it, unless it chooses to enlighten them. The Oregonian which tried disgustedly to wash its hands of the whole nasty mess finds the water so dirty that it only succeeds in soiling the towel.

Just as a suggestion to our old friend, William Hanley of Burns, if he can secure permission from the federal government to make a state out of the government reservations in Oregon he will have the backing of all the citizens in the state. They would prefer a new state named Hanley, to the great tract of no-man's-land now lying unused within the borders of Oregon.

Germany having been unable to poke a peace made in Germany down the throats of the Bolsheviks now refuses to recognize that party as the real Russian government, or the representative of a majority of the Russian people, and is making overtures to the general assembly. Had the Bolsheviks consented to its terms it would have insisted it was the real and only genuine government in Russia.

While clipping the claws of the kaiser in the making of peace it does not want to be overlooked that the "unspeakable Turk" is almost as bad. His extermination, practically, of the Armenians should compel some sort of reparation to that martyred people and also to others who came under the Sultan's displeasure and were almost annihilated. The Sultan must also be made to pay.

Salem showed its profound interest in the war, and its appreciation of the gallant Canadians who took part in it, when after filling the big armory in the afternoon to hear them it repeated the action again in the evening and to such purpose that it required two big overflow meetings to accommodate the crowds turned out to hear them.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

USELESS EXPENSE

Before the war I used to buy all kinds of foolish traps; I blew myself for whiskers dye, sombreros, spurs and chaps. Whenever I went toddling home, I packed a lot of junk, a setting hen, a fine-tooth comb, a Saratoga trunk. I bought whatever things appeared attractive to my gaze, including tassels for my beard, a pair of calves to raise. But since the war I have behaved like one whose sense is keen, and countless nickels I have saved—which go for gasoline. I'm saving here, I'm saving there, I simply can't be beat; I'm saving on the things I wear, and on the things I eat. My garments used to make a noise like money thrown away, but now I'm wearing corduroys of brindled brown and gray. Cigars of high imported grade alone for me had charms, but now I'm smoking stogies made on Kansas cabbage farms. And thus the coin I'm salting down, by working helpful wires; when I've a bunch I go to town and buy some rubber tires. We've lived in luxury so long, it's hard to break away; but if your grit is good and strong, you'll find the road, I say. Quit buying busts of Charles E. Hughes, to idly fill a shelf; quit hiring men to shine your shoes, and do the job yourself. Quit spending coin for useless trash, tin hats and teddy bears; then you will always have the cash for motor car repairs.

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

WALT MASON

Margaret Garrett's
Husband
By JANE PHELPS
A SHOPPING EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XIX.
"Get up lazybones!" she greeted. "I want to talk to you."

"There's nothing to prevent, go ahead."

"First I want to tell you that I was proud of you last night. It really gave me a thrill to see how you handled yourself. I always knew there was the right stuff in you, Margaret, but you were so sure your way was the only way to live that I was becoming discouraged."

"But I don't yet concede, Elsie. I returned smiling at her enthusiasm, 'that the way all those people, you included, live, is the RIGHT way.'"

"Just what do you mean? Let's talk it out."

"I mean that it seems a fearful waste of time that I feel that men and women who love each other—married men and women, should be satisfied with making a home and with each other's society."

"Now, see here, Margaret, that's the same old reasoning! Of course married people should make a home, as happy a home as possible. But let me tell you dear there are few of us built so that constant companionship unbroken by the presence of others or of outside interests doesn't finally pall. And boredom believe me is one of the greatest, if not the greatest foe to happiness in the world. Interest a man, amuse him, but as you value your happiness—and his never bore him, nor allow him to be bored when you are with him."

"But they shouldn't be bored—if they care."

"Will you keep still with all that rubbish about what they should and shouldn't do? They never do it, so why talk about it. It is what they shouldn't do they want to do; and the things they should do they leave undone, if they are made disagreeable or to look like a duty they are expected to perform. Now Margaret, I do not think, anymore than you do, that society, friends, a good time is all there is of life; but it is a part, and a very important part. To a man like Bob his friends mean a lot, and when they include some of the cleverest men and women in the country they naturally mean a lot."

"I didn't hear or see anything so wonderfully out of the ordinary last night," I interposed when Elsie stopped for breath.

"No, last night we were all just human beings, having a good time in an innocent way as REAL human beings often do. One can't always be on the heights you know, Margaret. Occasionally clever people like Marion Riggs, John Kendall and the rest like to frizzle a little."

"You are as bad as Marion Riggs. What do you think she said to me last night?"

"I am sure I don't know—what?"

"She asked me if I was willing that Bob and Suma Wells should play together."

"That was horrid of her. I never knew her to be so selfish before. She was only getting even."

"In what way—I don't understand."

"I guess I never told you, but I had a talk with Miss Riggs one day and I said that I didn't wish Bob to go down to her house to read her manuscript; that his place was at home with me."

"You are so odd! Margaret Garrett!"

"Yes, and a lot more," I flushed that even Elsie should think me so impossible as her expression suggested.

"So she tried to make you jealous of Suma—um! What did you say when she asked you if you were willing they should play together?"

"As near as I can remember I told her I thought Suma quite all right, and so there was no reason they shouldn't play if they wanted to."

"Really you said that?"

"Bully for you! Well I win out yet. Now get up and dress yourself. I want to go to the dressmaker's with me. I'm giving a dinner next week, and I'm going to have a new gown, and so are you."

"Oh, how I am bored!" I moaned as I crawled out of bed and into the bath.

I dressed hurriedly, then we had a bite of luncheon before we started out. Elsie piloted me into a fashionable shop on Fifth avenue, bent for the manager, and said:

"I have brought you a new customer. Sundry her good points with you, and design a dinner dress for her. It is to be a small affair, but she must look her best."

"She isn't," he declared, then motioned for us to follow him.



Mr. Man!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
Starting today and continuing for one week, we will place our entire line of Flannel, Golf, Sport and Negligee Shirts on sale at wonderful savings. Upon invoicing our stock we found that we were over supplied on these lines and are taking this method of reducing them. Our loss is your gain—come early. Any Shirt in stock

LESS ONE-THIRD

\$1.00 Shirts for	67c
\$1.25 Shirts for	84c
\$1.50 Shirts for	\$1.00
\$2.00 Shirts for	\$1.33
\$2.50 Shirts for	\$1.67
\$3.00 Shirts for	\$2.00
\$5.00 Shirts for	\$3.33

See Our Windows.

G. W. JOHNSON & CO.
U. S. National Bank Bldg.

WAR TAXES AND PRICES

It is only the occasional unscrupulous dealer who is using the new war tax as an excuse to put unreasonably high prices on his goods. This, at least, is the claim made by several of the better class tobacco and confectionery stores called on yesterday by representatives of this newspaper.

This question came up as the result of a press dispatch from Washington a few days ago in which it was stated that complaints were pouring into the internal revenue bureau regarding retailers who are using the war taxes on cigarettes, candy and other taxed articles as an excuse for price advances far in excess of the taxes. It was further stated that the law department of the bureau was endeavoring to find legal means of stopping this practice.

The local dealers called on were resentful of this accusation, stating that they believed the price raising patriotic. A leading tobacco dealer stated that only an unscrupulous and shortsighted dealer would try to make such prices. "Cigarette smokers are too keen," he said, "to be fooled very long, and the dealer who tries this trick is sure to lose trade by it in the end."—San Francisco Exchange.

DEATH OF FRANCIS WINIFRED FIFIELD.

Frances Winifred Fifield, was born in Tekamah, Neb., October 30, 1896, and died at her home, 894 North Tenth street, this city, about 1:30 a. m. Friday, January 11, 1918, being 21 years, 2 months and 12 days old. She graduated from the Grants Pass high school in the class of 1915 and later was for some time stenographer for Blanchard & Blanchard. At the last legislature she acted as stenographer during its sessions, and was also stenographer in the office of the accident commission in the state house, Salem. She was in Salem taking a law course at Willamette university filling these other positions in addition to her school work. She was ambitious and industrious to the last degree, breaking down her health in following the dictates of her enthusiasm to secure an education. She was brought home several weeks ago suffering severely from diabetes. For a time she seemed to be better, but several days ago was taken much worse, and being from that time in a semi-conscious state to the end.

She was a member of the Newman Methodist Episcopal church and Epworth League. She was an active Christian worker of the highest ideals. In character she was kind, true and faithful, cheerful and self-sacrificing, hopeful and patient.

She leaves to mourn her loss, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Fifield, and sisters Helen and Elizabeth, and brother Howard.

The funeral will be held in the Newman Methodist Episcopal church Saturday, January 12 at 2:30 p. m.—Grants Pass Courier.

New Books Received at Public Library

An interesting lot of books goes to the shelves of the Salem public library this week, the following new volumes have been received:

All in it. K. I. carries on. Ian May Beith. The continuation of "The first hundred thousand."

Gallipoli. Maserfield. This is the story of the Dardanelles campaign written by the well known English author who was with the expedition. This intensely vivid account has been termed the "classic of the war literature." Of the campaign the author writes in his preface, "I began to consider it not as a tragedy, not as a mistake, but as a great human effort, which came, more than once, very near to triumph, achieved the impossible many times and failed, in the end, as many great deeds have failed, from

The Daily Novelette

HISTORICAL NOTES.
(By author of: "The Last Twist of Oliver Pretzel's Namesake"; "Duty's Duty to Dumb Ducks"; "A Dollar in the Pocket is Worth Two on Some Checks"; "A Fee in Deed or The Crack on the Bean"; "The Dardanelles of Death Valley"; "The Hazing Fire and the Sweeping Rain"; "Wrecked on a Icky Raft"; "Ever Ann Anon or Her Wedding Day"; and many others.)

Tommy Askitf looked up from his copybook.

"Say, Ma, who was Romeo?"

"Romeo—Romeo?" said Ma, as she absent-mindedly poured the milk into the baker beans and dropped a couple of tomatoes into the coffee pot, "William told Tommy who Romeo was."

"Let me see all! Romeo was a youngster I used to go to school with. That was a nickname for him. We gave it to him because he was always roaming around the country and seldom came to school, so we called him Romeo—roaming, see?" replied Mr. Askitf, and he resumed the letter he was writing carefully and thoughtfully to his mother-in-law.

A minute passed.

"Say, Pa, who was Juliet, and how did she get in with Romeo?"

"When I answer this one question I want you to shut up! Juliet was—was Romeo's sister. When Romeo would be getting ready to roam away, Juliet would sigh and say, 'Whither goest thou, Romeo?'"

"Oh!" said Tommy.

something thing had nothing to do with arms nor with the men who bore them.

With our eyes to the light," Palmer. A patriotic little book by the author of "My year of the great war."

"Under fire," Barbuss. As "Le Pen" this book received the prize as the best French book written during the year. It is "a sort of an epic of army life from the point of view of a private soldier."

Two recent books on the life in Russia, the recent developments and the possibilities, are just received: "Potential Russia," by Child and "Self government in Russia," by Vinogradoff. These will be interesting to read in connection with the library lecture course by Elihu Root.

"University of hard knocks, the school that completes our education," an address by the lyceum lecturer, Ralph Parlett.

The oration classes are required to study these two books: "Administration of industrial enterprises," Jones, and "Shop management," Taylor.

"Home handy book," Collins. This is a compendium of useful things to do around the average house.

Other titles are: "Spanish grammar for beginners," DeVittie.

"French grammar," Fraser.

"Literary and vocal interpretation of the Bible," Curry.

"Cinderella Jane," Cooke.

"The long Jane's turning," Rives.

Books for the children:

"Shooting for boys," Collins.

"The Plattsburgers," a story, Pier.

"First base Faulkner," Matthews.

"The girl next door," Seaman.

"The bird and the star," Thorndike.

Thomson. A collection of Norwegian stories by the author of "East of the sun and west of the moon."

FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Jan. 14.—An explosion of gas was the cause of a \$250,000 fire at the plant of the E. R. Edwards Wire Works in South San Francisco, it was declared today. The fire, which started about 10 o'clock last night, destroyed the plant. The factory, established 18 months ago, was making wire for Alaska fisheries.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

A Government income tax officer will be at the Court House from January 2 until January 30, 1918, and will, to all those who wish it, explain the new income tax law, and will furnish the necessary income tax blanks.

All single persons having an income of \$1,000 or over, and all married persons having an income of \$2,000 or over, will be required to make a report.

NOTICE!

Folks who drink

POSTUM

instead of coffee

Sleep Better

Feel Better