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Editor and Publisher

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EXPLOITING THE CONSUMER

Mr. Hoover again urges the necessity of conserving foodstuffs. He has found the American people willing, most of them, to follow his advice and it is up to him to assist them in so doing. The sacrifice so far has been small, and that it must be still larger if we are to do all we can to win the war is certain. Not only must the soldiers be fed, but the civilian population of our allies must also be maintained. In all these countries the civil population is making heroic sacrifices, by the side of which ours are trifling. In England, the bread ration, already small, was again reduced a few days ago, and it is the same in France and Italy. It is our war now as much as that of France or England, and it is our duty to make as great sacrifices as do the people of those countries. Mr. Hoover will find the great mass of Americans will meet any and all demands made on them cheerfully and promptly. At the same time he can do much to encourage this self denial. A price has been fixed on wheat, and there practically all control over foodstuffs ended. The corn crop is three times, nearly four, as large as that of wheat, and we are urged by Mr. Hoover to use corn instead of wheat. At the same time no effort is made to control its price or to regulate it in any manner. Speculators of some kind, have evidently taken advantage of conditions to force the price of corn products up, and corn meal is 50 per cent higher than flour when it should be not above 60 per cent of the latter in price. This the people are beginning to demand be remedied, and the request must be heeded, or conservation will receive a hard blow. Consumers trying to do their bit toward aiding in conservation object to being turned over to speculators for exploitation. It is the same with fish. We are asked to substitute fish for meats, and most of us at least are trying to carry out the plans and follow the suggestions of the food administration. While doing so fish of all kinds have trebled in price, some of them advanced 1,200 per cent and no effort is made by the food administrators to prevent this piratical profiteering. It costs no more to grow fish than it did before the war, and the increased cost of labor and gear used in taking them from the ocean would be met by a one cent a pound increase. Instead the price now is fixed at all the people backed by a feeling of patriotism will stand. The speculators and extortionists are using the peoples' patriotism to assist them in their deliberate plundering of consumers. There are other things on which unholy profits are made, and it is these things the food administration should use drastic measures, if necessary to put an end to. As an instance, halibut that before the war was sold at around three cents a pound at Newport, now sells there for about 11 cents, and here in Salem a hundred miles away it sells wholesale for 23 cents a pound and retails at from 27 to 30 cents a pound. There is no excuse for it, and it is little short of a crime to permit the undisguised robbery to continue. Mr. Hoover must give the people something besides advice if he expects them to carry out the plans for food conservation to the fullest.

The latest phase of the war situation is Russia's ultimatum to Rumania, due to arrests of Russian officers on one side and of Rumanians on the other. Russia's demand is virtually a declaration that she will declare war on Rumania if these officers are not released. In the light of Russia's recent showing as a fighter, Rumania need not be frightened. Just now Russia couldn't lick a postage stamp.

Nothing has yet been heard from the war department as to the driving of piling under the temporary bridge, but then the river is up again so that it does not matter. If the engineering department at Portland moves with its accustomed celerity there can be no doubt permission to drive the piling will be received by the time the permanent bridge is completed, or at least within a reasonable time after.

The six cent fare having gone into effect at Portland yesterday that city today has much more cents than it has been given credit for.

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.

GERMANY'S BLUFF CALLED

Trotsky snaps his fingers under the kaiser's nose and tells him some things. That the kaiser already knows them makes no difference to the Bolshevik leader, for he points out to him that Russia's weakness is her greatest defense. He tells the kaiser's representatives that he will accept no dishonorable peace and that if Russians cannot fight owing to unpreparedness, that the tactics used against Napoleon are not forgotten, and that if Prussia invades Russia it will find only a barren waste as far as it penetrates within her borders. The getting in is much easier than the getting out, and this is the treatment Trotsky says the Prussians will get if they undertake to overrun Russia as they have other smaller countries. Reading between the lines it looks very much as though Germany was using the Russians simply as a blind behind which to get within peace-making distance of the other allies. As a matter of fact the whole peace talk is a preliminary feeling out of the situation to see if some basis cannot be reached on which peace can be arranged. Whatever Germany's power of further resistance may be, that she wants peace, and that badly is certain. Following the first peace conference with the Russians came the statement of England's war aims, and this was followed within a day or two by President Wilson's outlining again America's position, and it is evident this was made through an understanding with Lloyd George. Then came the immediate renewal of the conference between Germany and Russia. Germany undertook to run a bluff on the Russians and it was promptly called by Trotsky and the excuse the kaiser expected to have for continuing the fighting in case peace was not secured was spoiled. The intention was to throw the blame for any continuance of the war on the allies, and thus hearten the German people to still greater sacrifices, and a still more determined resistance, so the kaiser would be enabled to make peace on terms that would leave him holding his job.

According to the dispatches yesterday a German spy was caught in the act of setting fire to a building at Norfolk where a large supply of munitions was stored. If this is true, it will be interesting to watch the proceedings in his case—if there are any. It is probable he will be interned during the war, but not at all certain. The dispatches nearly every day tell of the arrest of spies or at least of a chase after them, but that is about all there is to it. There is such a thing as carrying forbearance beyond the limit. If the story of yesterday is true, this man attempted to destroy an immense amount of property and at the same time to sacrifice a number of lives. That he is not a murderer is due to the fact that he was caught before he could commit the crime. In Germany under like conditions he would last about as long, as our picturesque evangelist Billy Sunday would express it: "As a snow ball in hell." Germany sets an example in this line America would do well to pattern after, and that is to make the punishment for such offenses swift and of such a character that the same individual, at least, would never make a similar attempt.

Germany's plans as to "no annexation and no indemnities," have appeared in a new light. She proposes this arrangement with Russia but insists that Germany must retain in rich mining sections of Belgium and France. In other words the catchy phrase was invented to mislead the Bolsheviks, and induce them to agree to peace so Prussianism would be that much stronger to carry out the annexation plans on the western front. After she succeeded in this, she would illustrate to Russia that a treaty is "a scrap of paper," and would proceed to help herself to such sections of it as she took a notion might be of use to her. Eventually she would absorb the whole of that vast country.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

MILITARY TRAINING



WALT MASON

Bill Jonah Tinkle worked for me, before the army got him, and such a slouchy youth was he, I often yearned to swat him. He walked with an ungainly stoop, he shambled and he shuffled, and didn't seem to care a whoop whose minds were sorely ruffled. When in repose he seemed to slump, as though his joints were failing; he had to lean against a pump, a building or a railing. And when he went away to drill, I said, "Twice be a pity, if they have many men like Bill down there near Junction City. An army made of gangling gents, sway-backed and double-jointed, will look, in France, like twenty cents—Haig will be disappointed." I saw this lad the other day, and he was slick and sassy; I hardly knew the blooming jay, he was so clean and classy. Erect, alert, well-groomed and slim, he walked with spring and vigor, as though his legs belonged to him, and not to some lay figure. The army took this reuben green, and made him an Apollo; oh, wondrous transformation scene—it beats the band all hollow! The army has magicians beat; it takes the knock-kneed sinner, the man who is all neck and feet, and makes of him a winner.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

INDIFFERENCE.

CHAPTER CXI.

The next morning Bob was rested and more chatty with me than he had been in some time. My hopes were again raised. He had been tired the night before. That would excuse his indifference.

So I thought—then smiled to myself to see how quickly I was learning to make excuses for what had seemed unpardonable so short a time before.

"Elsie is going to give a dinner," I told him when conversation languished. There was after all very little we could talk about I realized with a feeling of regret, very little I could say to him to excite his interest. I must commence studying the things he liked at once; my reading, music, etc.

"Yes, when?"

"Next week some night. A really smart affair, I bought a new dress, she made me."

"That's right. I'm glad she has sense enough to have you to do whatever is necessary."

How I wished he would ask me to tell him about the dress; but not he would show some interest. But not he was only glad that some one had sense enough to look out that I wouldn't embarrass him because of my appearance.

This was what I thought.

"It is a small dinner, only twelve."

I commenced again.

"Quite enough if they are the right kind of people. Too many if they are not," sententiously Bob answered.

"I hope you'll like my dress."

"It will be all right if Elsie selected it. She's always smart."

I would learn to be smart, too, was my thought, but I didn't say so, and gave up trying to excite Bob's interest in my clothes.

"I'd like to have some people in for the evening, Bob. Some night when you surely will be at home."

"What—you said?" he asked. He hadn't been listening.

"I said that I would like a few people in for the evening some night soon when you will be at home," I repeated.

"Um—yes, all right," he said with a mouth full of hot muffins; his eyes of amazement.

"Just Crotona people."

"Who would you have a slight show of interest I replied."

"The Baldwins of course. Mrs. Farnsworth and that nice Mr. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton. You know I went there to a tea. And—well, I hadn't thought of it before, but we might ask John Kendall and his cousin."

Bob had seemed mildly interested until I mentioned John Kendall. Then his eyes opened, and his expression changed. But all he said was:

"Suit yourself, but I thought you didn't like John. You told me once that he spoiled everything for you."

"I have exercised a woman's privilege and changed my mind. But I never knew him, really. He was so nice the other night I have been mistaken in him."

"No more than you have been in all my friends," he replied with all the old bitterness.

I thought best to make no reply, but asked him to name a night when it would be convenient for him so I could send out my invitations.

"Make it next Wednesday night, and don't make a formal affair of it. I know you'll give them something good to eat; you always do. But don't try to amuse them in any way—unless you play bridge."

Hot anger prevented my replying. And Bob soon rose from the table and left for the office.

He had thought me incapable of engineering anything which would interest people like John Kendall and some Wells. I was sure he had them in mind when he spoke, as he well knew the others—save Mrs. Farnsworth possibly—were simple people, and so easily entertained.

"Some day I'll prove to you that I can do things," I muttered as I watched him swing down the street. "That is, if you'll let me," I added, as I thought how frail was the tenure I had upon him.

Wednesday was Nellie's day out, so I sought her at once.

"I am giving a little company Wednesday night Nellie, and shall need you to wait. Will you go out Tuesday instead?"

"Of course, Mrs. Garrett. And if you'll pardon my saying so, I'd be willing to give up going out altogether to help you have company. It isn't good for you to be alone so much."

"Thank you, Nellie, but you can go Tuesday perfectly well."

I was very fortunate in my help, Nellie, the nurse and waitress was an exceptional girl, fairly well educated. Della too was absolutely devoted to the children. But both of them simply worked. Just why, I never could ascertain, save that he always spoke kindly to them. But I was seldom either harsh or unreasonable with them yet I realized they cared much more for Bob than for me. I was unfortunate in that people did not care for me—even the servants, I thought bitterly.

(Tomorrow—in the Depths.)

The Daily Novelette

OFF SPLASGO ISLE

"Speaking of submarines," said Colonel Harris Deetm—although nobody had been—"speaking of submarines, I must tell you boys how I was torpedoed fourteen miles off the coast of Splasgo Island."

"It was during the little unfriend-

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Only Three more days left to lay in a supply at these exceptionally low prices.

Not a Shirt in stock reserved. Sale includes such well known makes as Ide, Silver and Standard Brands in Flannel, Golf, Negligee and Sport Shirts.

You can well afford to purchase half a dozen at these prices as they are well below the present wholesale list. All styles, all clothes, all colors, until Saturday LESS ONE-THIRD.

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Open Forum

MASON NORTH

President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

Dear Brother: Years ago in a public letter signed by yourself, Prof. Wm. North Rice and others you stated:

No business is legitimate which does not promote the public welfare. No business is legitimate which is not mutually profitable.

Is it right then to support any political party which by legalizing seeks to make legitimate the accused tobacco traffic? the manufacture and sale of tobacco for common use?

You well know that our church then its representatives in general conference assembled has twice declared, once in 1892, and again in 1904. We record our deliberate judgment that no political party has a right to support, nor ought it to receive, the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon.

Does not your letter lead logically and inevitably to like deliberate judgment on the wrong side of supporting any political party that legalizes the accused traffic in tobacco?

Surely you will not claim that such a traffic promotes the common welfare or that it profits the nation, which with its ally, the liquor traffic, it now rules and which it seeks to enslave.

Like its foul, despotic ally, "the sum of all villainies," in spirit, is not its slogan, also, Rule or ruin? Are we not told, "His servants ye are whom ye obey?" Has not the fulness of grace, to let the oppressed go free and that ye break every yoke?" to conquer and not to submit?

Is not license, high or low, "of any sin or wrong, individual or national," pernicious—wrong in principle, and powerless as a remedy?" under any name or guise, "republicanism, democracy, war measure, military necessity or any other," "permissible and not destruction, and therefore unchristian," and therefore with its supporters

ly argument between Japan and Russia. Hessed if I know how a Jap submarine came to be cruising in those waters—I judge it was at an altitude 190 sharp by longitude 430 flat, at an angle of about 93 degrees. Anyway, doncha know, I hardly cared at the moment whether a torpedo potted me or not. The truth is, I had fallen madly in love with Westphalia, the princess of Spinasgo Island, and her father, King Tutut, had just refused to accept me as a stogie (son-in-law)—because I wasn't rich.

So I was jolly downhearted, egged, and when the commander of the Jap sub stuck his head out of the stizzen-top and signalled to me—I was out for my daily eighteen mile sprint in my canoe—I merely made a face at him. The next minute a 400 pound bomber-bang torpedoed me right through the canoe and then came back and made mincemeat of the pieces. By a series of artificial ducks and dodges I managed to keep to swimming the whole way back by any means, I don't know what I'd have done if a whale hadn't swallowed me just then. Luckily I still had the two paddles, so, after asphyxiating the whale by lighting up a particularly strong pipe that I always carried with me, I cut two port holes in each of his sides, to slip the paddles through and rowed him to the island.

"All that blubber and oil, y'know, made me quite a somebody on Spinasgo Island, and King Tutut was only too happy to change his mind. And little Westphalia made me quite a jolly wife until she up and eloped with Scowbad, the public snake charmer."

My Sore throat

feels better.

Mother.

Dr. King's

NEW Discovery

for Coughs & Colds

has been easing sore throats in all parts of the country for 50 years. It is the national cough and cold remedy. Containing balsam it soothes, heals and reduces inflammation and congestion. Breaks up the fever, too, and cools the raw spots. The kiddies like it. Give Dr. King's New Discovery to croupy children.

Get it at your druggists

Keep Bowel Movement Regular

Dr. King's New Life Pills keep you in a healthy condition. Rid the body of poisons and waste. Improve your complexion by keeping the Bowels regular. Get a 27c. bottle from your druggist to-day. Effective but mild.

should not this whole accursed "un-Christian" and "ungodly license policy" be speedily and thoroughly purged from a Christian church.

Most assuredly, every christian church should so purge herself. Do you doubt it?

Yours respectfully,

W.M. N. TAFT,
745 S. Commercial St., Salem, Oregon, Jan. 15, 1918.

Steamship Texas

Reported Still Afloat

New York, Jan. 16.—Word that the steamship Texas, reported sunk in collision, was still afloat was received by the American-Hawaiian Steamship company here today from navy officials.

Company officials said they had no details as to the fate of the crew or the present position of the Texas, or as to whether she was in port or still "somewhere in the Atlantic."

EAT WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT

People who consistently deny their appetites, especially to their palate, because indigestion has always meant subsequent suffering, will think this a strong statement. It is a fact, however, that most people can, without fear of distressing consequences, indulge the appetite within reason if the bowels are active and regular.

Heavy dinners and late suppers can be enjoyed with impunity if, before retiring, one will take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a mild combination of stimulating laxative, which with its positive effect in action acts as a natural way, without griping or other discomfort, and is the ideal family laxative. Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist and keep it in the house. Use it occasionally and you will find you can eat almost anything you like without fear of consequences. A trial bottle can be obtained free of charge by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 436 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.