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TWO VILLAGES STIRRED

With Hi Gill stirring Seattle and the irrepressible Henry McGinn rattling the dry bones of Portland over the six cent fare, the two boss villages of the northwest will be running a close race for the choice position in the limelight. Saturday Henry shook up the Portland Railway, Light & Power company, indorsed Franklin T. Griffith, its president and manager, as about the smoothest thing in the state (probably overlooking President Kerr) and classified "Stephen Carver, of the Trackless Car Company as a part and parcel of the traction company and playing its game." McGinn openly charged that the six cent fare was a "put up job," that the putting of the jitneys out of business was a deliberately planned part of the scheme. He asserted that Carver "is owned by the P. R. L. & P. Co. and is that company's handy tool and dummy." He said he knew his language was actionable, but he made the statement anyway. He advocated the repealing of the laws against the operating of jitneys, and asserted this was the only remedy. As a starter and considering the newness of the six cent fare fight, it is getting decidedly interesting.

NEED NO SCARING

Senator McCumber is one of those who think it necessary to give the American people a scare in order to make them do their full duty toward carrying on the war. To do this he draws a picture as gloomy as possible and says it will require 7,000,000 American soldiers to win the war. With Russia out of it all together, the allies and the central powers are about equal as to man power, with the superiority resting with the allies as to munitions and airships. The total Teuton armies available for actual service will perhaps not far exceed the number Senator McCumber says America must furnish. The American people entered the war with the noblest of purposes and the purest of motives--the bettering of the world and making of it free for every person and for every nation. They do not require any scaring, for their act was not a hasty one but taken deliberately after fully counting the cost, and they are there as Senator McCumber and all others should learn--TO STAY.

Seattle holds its primary election for the mayoralty February 19 and the campaign began today. That it will be a spectacular one is conceded by all who know or have heard of Hi Gill and everybody has done that. Hi is out for blood and when he puts on his gas mask and goes over the top it is a ten to one bet there is going to be things doing. Hi is a scrapper, and a successful one and if he is not re-elected his opponents will know they have been in a fight when the polls close on the night of February 19. Seattle beat him once and then considered him a dead one, but after proving to the satisfaction of the majority that Hi was no good, that same majority soon discovered he was just the man needed by Seattle for mayor, and so re-elected him. Will history repeat itself?

The National Woolgrowers' Association in session at Salt Lake Saturday presenting an editorial in the Omaha Bee in which the president of the association was accused of "lack of patriotism" and that "the sheepmen were getting 80 cents a pound for their wool," sent a message to Editor Rosewater stating their individual and collective opinion thus: "We have read your editorial and you're a liar." We suggest, as there were only nine words in the dispatch, and ten would have gone at the same price, that the association was careless of its funds. It might have emphasized the liar with an extra word, and probably come that much nearer expressing the true sentiments of the association.

Oregon has made another record of which she may feel justly proud and that is the quick response to the call for workers in spruce, and the forming of the loyal legion with 90,000 members pledged to assist the government in getting supplies for its great fleet of airships.

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.

THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

At a meeting of some 40 representatives of the State Federation of Labor, the Grange and the Farmers' Union held in Portland Saturday it was determined to organize a non-partisan league. Whether to affiliate with the National Non-Partisan League or simply to pattern after the North Dakota League was not decided. Some of the legislation the new organization will work for was outlined, and among the things advocated in the doing away with the present system of two houses and the creation of a single house legislature. Among other things acted on was a resolution pledging undivided and loyal support to the government in the carrying on of the war. It is too soon yet to make any intelligent criticism or comment on the organization, for this can only be done when its aims and objects are more clearly set forth. It may be worth mentioning however that some of the shrewdest politicians in the state are connected with the movement, and it is likely to make itself felt in the coming election.

The National Security League Saturday paid tribute to Senator Chamberlain democrat of Oregon, and representative Kahn, republican, of California, at a luncheon given in their honor for their efforts in behalf of national defense. Both of the honor guests advocated universal training in time of peace, and the requiring every boy to register at 18 and to have at least a year's training. Representative Kahn especially pointed out what the training given in the camps had already accomplished in the way of making rugged, virile men and made it evident that a bill providing for this training will be placed before congress. Ex-President Roosevelt was present and in his assertive way urged the country stand firmly behind these two in their efforts to place the country in shape, that it can never again be caught napping when the world needed its aid.

Senator Chamberlain and Congressman Sinnott have prepared a bill providing for the purchase by the United States of the Coos Bay Wagon Road granted lands, and the opening of them to settlement. The bill also provides for the sale of timber, and gives preference right to purchase the lands to those who for ten years have leased them from the company. This preference right extending to only 160 acres. Most of the lands in question are in Douglas and Coos counties. It is only a small tract, but anything that will reduce the area held out from settlement in this state will be hailed by all Oregonians as a righteous measure. No other state has been so hampered in its development by grants and reservations as Oregon, and anything that will remove any of the shackles will help conditions some.

The Democratic State Central Committee will ask Governor Withycombe to call a special election so that a law can be provided by the initiative for permitting the boys in the army to vote at the election next Fall. At present they are deprived of their votes and it is pointed out that by having the special election the same day as the primaries the cost will be practically nothing. If such an election is called it can be stated as a certainty that the boys will be given the right to vote. There is nothing too good for them.

While fixing maximum prices for foodstuffs the system should be extended so that the farmer gets some protection in the way of having a maximum price fixed for the machinery he is forced to have to conduct his business. All kinds of farm machinery have been advanced beyond what conditions justify, and the limit of profit on such should be fixed. While sacrifices are demanded of the farmer sacrifices equally great should be demanded of those who supply his machinery.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

AMERICANS FOR REVENUE

Men come from every foreign land to freedom's kindly shore, and when they reach our well-known strand, they bear their yokes no more. They come, with us to work and live, to share our soup and prunes, enjoying all we have to give, our bulwarks and our boons. They seldom have nine dollars' worth of assets when they land, but in this fairest land on earth they get the cordial hand. "Come in," we say, with winning smile, "and make yourselves at home; take off your things and stay a while, and use our fine-tooth comb."



WALT MASON

"Tis strange that any hyphenated skate can for an hour forget how he was welcomed at our gate, and made a household pet. Our house is now beset by foes, and all who dwell within should long to twist the foe-man's nose, and spoil his harbor skin. Yet some there are who ate our pies, and drank our boneset tea, who do not loyally arise to play a snickersnee. They do not bravely lend a hand to guard our threatened door, but stand up for the Fatherland that shooed them from its shore. I'd like to see such ingrates shipped back to their native soil, to see their friends and kindred whipped, their ruler boiled in oil.

NUX, IRON, PEPSIN. AND SARSAPARILLA

The combination of two great medicines, Hood's Sarsaparilla and Peptonin, by taking them in conjunction, one before eating and the other after, brings into co-operation the above-named substances, best for the blood, nerves and digestive organs. This combination is especially recommended in cases that are serofulous, or rheumatic, anemic and nervous, or where the blood is both impure and pale, deficient in iron--one of the most common disease conditions of the present day. In cases where a laxative is needed, Hood's Pills should be taken. They work in perfect harmony with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Peptonin, and are mild and efficient.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

ONE COMMON TIE.

CHAPTER CXXV. "Gone! what do you mean?" Bob demanded as we reached the door of the children's room. Nellie made no answer, and instinctively both Bob and I halted a second on the threshold. Then Bob fairly leaped into the room, and after a quick glance at the little bed, he ran to the window. The same thought in both our minds--kidnapped. I had not spoken since we left the dining room. I couldn't. But now I asked Nellie, in a voice that sounded faint and far away. "How long were you down stairs?" "I came up immediately I finished waiting ma'am, and sat in my room (it opened from that the children occupied) until I felt sleepy. Then I came in as I always do to see if the children were covered, and, and--Donald was gone."

"No one could get up here without a ladder," Bob said, then--"Have you searched the other rooms, Nellie?" "No, sir! I came right to you." "That was right, but now let us search the entire house carefully. Does he ever try to get up in his sleep?" "Oh, no, sir!"

I could see that Bob like myself was exerting all his strength to keep calm. He was white, and I noticed that one hand was clinched until the knuckles were white. I could scarcely stand. How everything else seemed to dwindle before this real calamity; this awful thought that my precious boy had been stolen.

I followed Bob down the stairs in sort of a daze. He went directly to the first floor--I found afterward that he had gone directly outdoors to see if there were any signs that some one had tried to climb into the windows. Almost mechanically I turned into my own bedroom and switched on the lights. I turned toward the bed, and there curled upon the top of the bed with my bathrobe pulled up over him was Donald, sound asleep. "Bob! Nellie! Bob!" I called. "He's here!" and then I weakly sat down and cried like a baby.

Bob came up three steps at a time, and Nellie rushed into the room crying her joy.

"What's you eryin' for muver?" Donald asked as Bob came into the room. My loud calling had wakened him.

"Oh, you precious mother's crying about you!" and I caught him in my arms, while Bob, the strain relaxed allowed himself to drop weakly into a chair.

"What did you come into mother's room for?" I asked, after a minute in which Donald snuggled comfortably in my arms. "Cause I had a bad dream and it waked me up and I couldn't go to sleep in my bed, so I frinked I'd come in muver's bed like I did the other time." "Oh, you did, did you?" Bob tried to laugh, but it was rather a shaky attempt.

"Yes, I did. Muver don't care, do you muver?"

"I don't care about anything now!" I exclaimed passionately, as I hugged him close. "Turn down the bed Nellie, I shall keep him with me tonight." "Goody, goody! I see goin' to sleep wiv muver!" Donald exclaimed sitting up and capping his hands.

"I'm afraid you'll be in for it after this. What possessed him, to come in here?" Bob asked when Nellie had left us alone.

"Why the night you were out late, the night I thought you were a burglar I let him come in with me because he had a bad dream."

"I remember. He shouldn't have had dreams at his age. I would look carefully after what Nellie gives him to eat!"

"I always do, yet perhaps he ate a little more heartily than usually today. I let him have 'some of the party' as he called it."

"Well, good night, and young man you must learn to stay in your own bed," he said as he stopped over and kissed the child. His hair touched my cheek, but he did not offer to kiss me; he simply said, very kindly: "If he seems restless call me. Perhaps he needs a doctor!"

"Oh, no, he's all right. Not ever the bit feverish." I answered steadily, although I wanted to scream out my love, and ask for a ceases.

"Good night again then," said Donald and I were alone.

I did not go directly to bed. But held Donald in my arms until he was once more fast asleep. Then I laid him down and slowly prepared for bed.

"We have one thing in common, thank God," I said to myself as I care-

Clean-up Prices on SHOES

In accordance with our policy of starting the year with new, clean stocks, we will sell our stock of high grade Men's Shoes at special prices the next 10 days. With leather prices "out of sight" this sale should have an added appeal to economical buyers.

Many of these Shoes are still at "old prices" and with the clean up sale discounts the selling prices are in many cases actually below wholesale prices of today.

Investigate this sale. It means money to you.

For 10 Days Only--All Shoes Less 20%.

- \$4.00 Shoes--Clean Up Price \$3.19 Pair
- \$4.50 Shoes--Clean Up Price \$3.59 Pair
- \$5.00 Shoes--Clean Up Price \$3.98 Pair
- \$5.50 Shoes--Clean Up Price \$4.39 Pair
- \$6.00 Shoes--Clean Up Price \$4.79 Pair
- \$7.00 Shoes--Clean Up Price \$5.59 Pair

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

And He Did

I THINK I'LL GET MARRIED AND SETTLE DOWN TO A NICE QUIET LIFE.

The Daily Novelette

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES.

"Ha, a fight!" exclaimed Ripply Waters. "I must stop it. Blessed is the peacemaker." And he hurried across the street to where Bismuth Knobs and Scooby Spiggs were bumping, scratching, clawing, biting and kicking, as well as abusing each other verbally. "Friends, stop it!" commanded Ripply Waters, stepping between them. No provocation is sufficient excuse for such behavior. "Ain't it though!" panted Bismuth Knobs. "Just lemme tell you what he did to me, just lemme tell you! In the first place he stole \$800 out of my pocket while he was helping me on with my overcoat; in the second place he sent me poisoned gum drops in the mail; in the third place he shot at me from the dark, and in the fourth and last place he ran away with my wife."

But just lemme tell you what he did to me!" cried Scooby Spiggs. "In the fourth place and last place he forged my name to a check; in the third place he went around telling everybody I'm not fit to eat with the pigs when I really am; in the second place he practiced on a cornet next to my bedroom every night from 11 p. m. o 3 a. m. for four months, and in the first place I hate him anyway." "Childish! Childish!" scoffed Ripply Waters. "There's not a thing there that doesn't admit of arbitration." As Bismuth Knobs and Scooby Spiggs walked off arbitrating with their arms around each others' necks, a man carrying forty early Christmas parcels accidentally trod on Ripply Waters' southwest toe. "Yas--!!!" double-blank! roared Ripply Waters. And dashing after him, he beat him to a pulp.

Open Forum

TO THE TAX PAYERS

To the Editor: Will you kindly allow me a little space in your valuable paper. I am in sympathy with the move that was taken against the appropriation for the county agricultural (possibly the county agriculturist) idea is a good one, but too many of these late and expensive ideas are just what is compelling the people to act for themselves) as well as the increase of the Kerr salary. If the people carry this Kerr matter through to cause a reduction, I feel sure that it is the beginning of the accomplishing of lowering of numerous, too high, salaries and commissioners of the state, etc.

More of the same spirit, push, and nerve displayed by men that are not afraid to sign their names would do something in the way of reducing the enormous cost of running every thing, and the working class would be directly benefited as well as something done for the future welfare of Salem and vic-

inity. There is no question of our people being over taxed, over lawed, over commissioned, etc, so much so that they are not only leaving Salem but the state. Our empty houses are evidence enough. Bonds on the old bridge and the cost of the new bridge, to say nothing about the loss of business to the city, McKinley school house, etc, are what makes taxes what they are. The Willamette valley boasts of its millions of water horse power going to waste, if only harnessed right would go a long way toward reducing monthly costs, in the way of producing water, light, and power at cost and toward the relief of the working man or working class.

Let all of the governing bodies such as city council, the school board, the county and state, look and work toward the relief of the working people and the business and financial interests will take care of themselves. A few of the working man's burdens are: loss of time, especially in the winter, high taxes, water, light and power, abutting property improvement change of school books, hunting and fishing licenses, etc. Think it over and act. Yours truly,

H. L. CLARK,
Member of School Board.

THE SACRIFICE.
By HAROLD C. SIMS
of the Vigilantes.