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

A GREAT SALEM INDUSTRY

Salem has lost several of its "infant industries," just as soon as they were old enough to be weaned. They were moved to Portland because freight rates and combinations were against them here. Portland got our Cereol plant, our foundry and what it really needed in its business, the coffin factory that started here. This demonstrates that Salem can rely only on one class of factories as dependable, and safe from removal. That is the class that manufactures products grown in the vicinity of the city and that can be manufactured here the more cheaply. Such is the Salem Fruit Union and its prune processing plant. Such are the canneries, and even more solidly a fixture than any is the King's Products company and its big plant for dehydrating vegetables. That is here to stay because here is the center of a great vegetable producing section. Salem is just beginning to understand the magnitude of this industry and to realize its importance to the city. A story elsewhere in this issue of the Capital Journal tells briefly of recent improvements at the plant and gives a slight idea of what it is doing. Some idea of the market it is creating for Willamette valley vegetables can be gained from that short story. With the new machinery installed for packing cartons this work has begun and a large order from New York is being filled. The product is packed in ounce and a half cartons and these are put up weighed, sealed, labeled and ready for shipping at the rate of 28 a minute, 1680 an hour, 40,320 a day. Each of these cartons contains material for soup for ten persons, so a small sum in arithmetic shows that Salem is packing material sufficient to supply 403,200 persons a plate of soup daily. Not only is it doing this but it is putting the product in such shape that it can be kept indefinitely, and its bulk and weight are so reduced that it permits it being sent to markets that would be impossible for the vegetables in their natural condition. With this product Willamette valley vegetables are made available for the boys in the trenches of France, and they will prove a valuable addition to the menu where vegetables are scarce or wanting entirely. The company built its plant on the unit system so that additional units can be added as needed, and it has abundant room for any such additions as may be needed. It has made a market for vegetables of all kinds, and opened a new avenue for income for the farmers who can be sure of always having a market for all they can grow. It is a big safety valve on the vegetable crop and will be a big factor in solving questions of employment during the winter months. Payrolls are what build up cities, and the Kings Product company is a great help in that line toward Salem's growth.

MAY BE GOOD INVESTMENT

It begins to look as though that American woman who loaned Trotsky \$5 on the steamer while he was on his way to Russia, in order to help him make the trip, made a really good and patriotic investment. His statement at the peace meeting recently has the right ring to it. He said: "The revolution cannot live in an atmosphere of deceit and falsehood. At this given moment the revolution may not be in a position to repudiate annexations, but it will not humiliate itself to call black white; it will not cover up brutal annexation pretensions with the fig leaf of democracy." Trotsky has seen through the camouflage Germany has drawn over her designs and seen the deliberate attempt to strangle Russia under it. Peace negotiations are apparently at an end. There is nothing to negotiate when Germany's true intentions are uncovered and her designs on Russia disclosed. To reach an agreement with Prussia means Russia would have traded off a weak and foolish czar for a strong and cruel kaiser. It would have traded King Log for King Stork.

Secretary Olcott wants to pay a war income tax on his salary. Kerr of the O. A. C., as the highest salaried official in the northwest, might with good grace come forward and say what he thinks about the suggestion.

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 fourth great storm of the winter swept over the eastern states Tuesday night and yesterday. It looks as though the weather man was standing in with Mars in order to keep the world still longer at war. However this is probably the last great storm of the winter, for the season is getting so late for that kind of thing that even should another come the snow cannot lie long. The combination so far though has sure been a hard one.

Samuel Gompers is about as level-headed a man as there is in America and he speaks unequivocally in favor of the war administration. He says: "Never were the affairs of the country in more competent hands than now. He pointed out that one man power was the cause of the present world war in "the kaiser who started something he will never be able to finish."

Chief Justice McBride has written an opinion in a divorce case, appealed from Clackamas county, that establishes a new record for supreme court opinions, and while it covered the case fully was so worded that the average citizen could understand it. It contained 87 words, some good advice and much wisdom.

Napoleon said: "An army fights on its stomach." The Austrians have found this not exactly true, but instead that "an army fights on the civilian's stomach," and the latter is growing decidedly tired of doing the fighting in that way.

The Oregonian takes considerable space to twit the Oregon Journal about its silence in regard to the dispute between the president and Senator Chamberlain. This reminds us that the Oregonian has maintained a silence about the Kerr salary grab that is almost painful.

The O. A. C. college paper undertakes to prove by the Oregon Voter and the Oregonian that Kerr is such an honorable gentleman that he couldn't tell a lie. Perhaps they are right? In fact we doubt his ability to tell one from the truth without an introduction.

Most of the republican editors and all the g. o. p. politicians are having a hard fight to place their patriotism above their partisan allegiance. They never attempted to do it before and it comes hard.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE CHEERFUL MEDIUM
It's fatuous to whoop around, like wildly optimistic chaps, and say that Germany is bound, when we get busy, to collapse. It's villainous to be a frost, a brooding pessimist or worse, and shriek that everything is lost, whenever we've a small reverse. It seems to me the gents I meet are one or 't'her, all the time; one's optimism can't be beat, one's pessimism is a crime. Extremes are usually vain; from truth they lead our feet afar; I wish my friends were safe and sane, and that they'd see things as they are. I'm optimistic when I think of what the outcome's bound to be; I feel quite sure we'll put a kink in autocrats across the sea. I'm pessimistic when I try to figure when the war will end, and think of legions who must die before the victors' hymns ascend. I'm optimistic when I view our soldiers, dauntless, full of fight, and know their hearts are brave and true, and that they're battling for the right. I'm pessimistic when I see the homes whence come the ranks and files, where women sigh most wearily, while wearing imitation smiles. I see so much that grieves, today, today I see so much that cheers, I'm smiling as I go my way, but I am smiling through my tears.

CHAPTER CXVIII
I have not told you how Charlotte Keating looked. In the first place she was not at all beautiful. She had lovely reddish gold hair; but her lashes and eyebrows were too light. Her eyes were that tawny greenish gray we seldom see, not large, but full of expression. Her features were pleasant but irregular. She was slim and graceful, and about twenty-eight years old, Bob's age.
But there was a something telepathic perhaps which warned me. I looked in the glass and knew that, now I was caring for my appearance so carefully, I was far better looking than she, in spite of being older. That I had as slim and graceful a figure as did she, I was foolish to give her so much thought. Often before I had seen Bob interested in others. But my sleep was fitful, and it was impossible to banish her from my mind.
When I arose in the morning it was with added determination, if that were possible, to win my husband in defiance of everything. Charlotte Keating included. I made my toilet and hurried down to breakfast. When Bob came down I tried to talk of the party, but aside from saying that he had thoroughly enjoyed it, he made no comments.

Margaret Carrett's Husband

Finally I asked him: "You had met Miss Keating before?"
"Where—if I may ask?" I made my tone as indifferent as possible, but I noticed that telltale flush creep over his face.
"Oh, at John's and other places!"
"Strange I never met her," I mused, unthinking, throws off my guard for a moment by Bob's manner.
"I don't see anything strange in it; it would be much stranger if you had. If you hadn't refused to go out with me you would know all my friends."
"I know that Bob," I quickly admitted, "and I am sorry I do not know some of them better. These worth knowing," I added. I did not wish to excite his suspicion by going to the other extreme. "Miss Keating seems very bright, although I don't think she is as good looking as Elsie, do you?"
"Really, I never thought whether she was good looking or not. A person of her magnificence has no need to be beautiful in the doll-like way most people admire."
"She is magnetic, then?"
"Very, she has more personality than any woman I ever have met. But please let me read my paper a minute."

The Daily Novelette

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

(This Week's Mystery)

They could not tell by the sight, for the house was pitch black. But by the smell, there was not the shadow of a doubt.

"Geoffray!" gasped Mrs. Throod, "When did it start?"

"When will it finish?" retorted her husband with grim humor.

"Did—did you see a strange figure?" asked Mrs. Throod fearfully.

"Ah, then it wasn't imagination," he replied. "I bumped into him at the head of the stairs. He had boots on."

"That's the one," she nodded with wide eyes.

The gas was leaking, that was the long and short of it, and the next moment the fair Marjorie rushed up to them in her purple and green night robe. Her face told the story.

"You saw him too?" they said trembling. Then they all trembled together.

At that moment a terrible explosion lighted up the house, and in its glare they saw the mysterious hooded man. They breathed a great sigh of relief.

It was the gas man!

(The reader reading in the best explanation of the significance of "The Mysterious Stranger!" will be awarded thirteen mused campaign buttons. Ed. The Morning Glory.)

ute, Baldwin never lets me read on the train. He is a regular gas-bag."

I said no more, and he finished his breakfast in silence. When he said goodbye he remarked in a very casual manner:

"I shan't be home to dinner."

"Very well, I'll read that new book you brought home yesterday," but what I wanted to say was, "please don't stay out to dinner, and if you are determined to do so, tell me where you are going and who with."

Up to now it always had been the places he had spent his time, the men with whom he associated with to whom I objected. But as I thought of what he had said of Miss Keating, the "WHO WITH" took on an importance I never before had attached to it, even when I objected the most strenuously.

For the first time I was jealous—of a woman. A woman whose personality was so great according to Bob that he neither knew nor cared whether she was beautiful or not.

All that I had read and heard of the anguish, the torture, a jealous woman experienced occurred to me. Also the stories of upbraiding, espionage, etc.

A year ago I was willing to follow and watch Bob because I didn't want him to spend his time with what I called "A Bohemian crowd." Now something new something different had entered into my feeling for him, something which I never before had possessed; the desire to be all that the woman he loved should be. I knew he would despise utterly a woman who would follow him, who would stoop to any underhand means to find out what he did. And as far as upbraiding went, that would be worse than useless. He would simply remain away from me.

Yet even with all these thoughts running through my head I would not confess, even to myself that I had met my Waterloo, or even that there was danger of my meeting it. But there was one thing I could do: I could question Elsie. Perhaps if I knew more about Miss Keating I could better face this new danger to my happiness—as I felt her to be—more easily dismiss her from my mind.

So I took the next train into town, and hurried up to Elsie's.

"I have come for luncheon and advice," I told her.

"Which will you have first?" she asked, helping me remove my wraps.

"Luncheon please. I ate scarcely any breakfast, and feel quite ravenous."

(Tomorrow—The Role of Father Confessor.)

CLEANSES YOUR HAIR

MAKES IT BEAUTIFUL, THICK, GLOSSY, WAVY

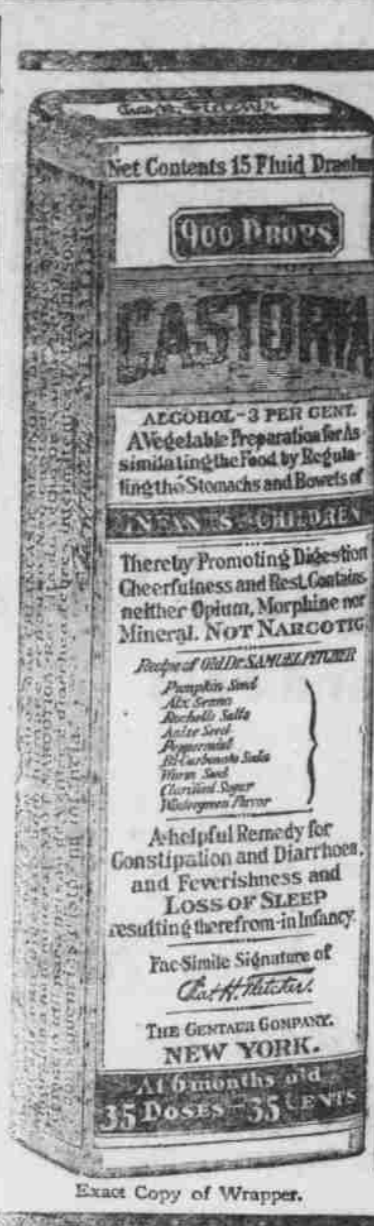
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Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few minutes you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance.

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Marion News Notes

(Capital Journal Special Service)

Marion, Jan. 24.—The C. E. society held their social this month at the home of Mrs. Doerfler, Mrs. Kenneth Doerfler acting as hostess. The committee tried the novel plan of each one bringing his lunch in a paper sack. These were all mixed up and after a very pleasant social time was had, they were passed out. No one thus knew whose lunch he was eating. Much interest is taken in these socials and all said they had a good time.

The S. P. railroad is building a new section house here to provide board and lodging for the section men.

Chester Lee left Tuesday for Salem and expects to go on from there to Camp Lewis, in a few days.

Enos Pressnall was among the Salem visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Palmer, who has been quite ill for some time, is now venturing out again. We hope her recovery will be permanent.

The Red Cross work here is still being pushed. One auxiliary sent in 66 pairs of knitted socks in the last two months, beside a large amount of other knitted work and sewing.

The playground apparatus is now completed. The last to be added was a giant stride and the children are finding much pleasure in the sport.

The service at the Presbyterian church last Sunday eve was quite well attended. The pastor, Rev. McFarland, presented some stereotyped views on rural life.

M. and Mrs. McClain of Sheff, Or., are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Castleman.

Mrs. Enos Pressnall left Tuesday for Portland to visit her sons for a few days.

Mrs. W. J. Pearson made a business trip to Salem Tuesday.

The new literary society at school is doing good work. Last Friday afternoon a part of the program was given over to a debate on the question: Resolved, that the U. S. should adopt a regular system of military training. The speakers did well for a first attempt and expect to improve by experience.

Prof. Hoag is busy of evenings correcting eighth grade examination manuscripts; he having been appointed on the county examining board.

Mrs. Sealey of Salem was in town today in the interests of the Red Cross work.

James Colgan is still faithfully "toting" milk to Selo.

Jefferson Way Notes

Miss Lorette Lashway of Salem spent the week end with her cousin, Miss Vera Jernstad.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell and two children, Charlie and Hazel of Waco, Or., spent Sunday with the J. A. Rench family.

Mrs. Amelia Kemans and son Elmer were Salem visitors Saturday.

Mrs. G. A. McKay spent the week end in Salem with her sisters, Mrs. Ginter and Mrs. Griswold.

A jolly time was enjoyed by all at the Jess Treich home Saturday night. The occasion being a surprise party on Miss Jessie Miller, who came home for a visit with her parents. She is employed in Jefferson as telephone operator.

Miss Hallie Compton and Emmadell Schwabbsaur spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Irene Bordner.

Mrs. Nell Ball and children and Miss Beth Day were also Salem visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Jim Gipson and daughter-in-law Mrs. Earl Gipson and two children Renie and Lilly spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Nell Ball.

Mr. Alvin Hiltiker who has spent the last four months in Nebraska returned home last week.

And He Did



MERCHANT'S WIFE ADVISES SALEM WOMEN

"I had stomach trouble so bad I could eat nothing but toast, fruit and hot water. Everything else soured and formed gas. Dieting did no good. I was miserable until I tried burkothin bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. ONE SPOONFUL benefited me INSTANTLY." Because Adler-ika empties BOTH large and small intestine it relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold. J. C. Perry, Druggist.

The K. of C. are asking you to kindly come through to aid them in aiding the boys in service overseas.

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