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L. S. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Trans.

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SOME SEATTLE PATRIOTS

Phillip D. Sloan, president of the Sloan Shipyards Company, of Seattle, gave some interesting testimony before the senate committee Friday. Part of it was to the effect that Theodore E. Ferris, appointed by General Goethals as architect of the Shipping Board, while working for the government at a salary of \$2,500 a month, received, or was to receive \$58,800 in commissions from firms having contracts for building ships for the government. Ferris had recently testified that he was receiving no commissions from firms building ships for the government from his plans. His testimony and that of Sloan do not hitch well. The most startling bit of evidence though was given by Sloan when he posed as a patriot. His testimony showed the Clinchfield company had received an advance of \$105,000 on each of four ships it had contracted with the Sloan company, when it turned the contracts over to the government. This same Clinchfield company received from the government \$400,000 more than it was to pay the Sloan company, when it turned over contracts it held for the building of 12 ships. He claimed some patriotism for himself too, saying he could make more building ships for private parties than for the government. He showed conclusively that the Seattle bunch of ship builders were indeed fervent patriots. The convicts in Van Dieman's land had a poem in which a like claim to patriotism was made. A couplet from it ran:

"True patriots we; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good."

FORD'S SUGGESTION WAS RIGHT

The Federal Trade Commission charges Armour and the other big packers with hoarding hides and unduly advancing the price for them. Phenomenal advances were shown by the commission in the profits made by the big tanning companies and especially those of the Swifts and Armours. An unnamed company which made a profit of \$644,390 in 1914 cleared \$3,576,544 in 1916. All of which goes to show that Henry Ford knew exactly what he was talking about when he said in discussing the proportion of war profits that should be taken by the government: "take 98 per cent." This or something equally drastic seems the only remedy, or preventative. If the increased war profits had been taken as Ford suggested, there would not have been so many of them, and some of the big men and great corporations would not have come so close to shaving the penitentiary doors. The best way to prevent "profiteering" is to absorb all unfair profits. It may not be too late to apply this remedy, and if this is done there will no great wail go up from the consumers of the country, but there might be a very loud one from the harpies who are fattening on the people's necessities and those of the government.

It is refreshing reading after Chamberlain's attack on the president and the departments to peruse the statement of Millionaire Schwab made at a dinner of the alumni of Grammar School No. 40, of New York City, Thursday night. Among other things he said: "In these times of war we of America should not criticize the actions of our president and our nation. I am not discouraged, and I am not pessimistic, but we must contribute our money as we never contributed before. We must forget our personal notions and stand by our nation. Let us place dependency upon our government and our cause." There spoke a patriot, a man placing country above party, and duty above all else. His speech is the kind to send to Germany instead of that of Chamberlain. He gives no aid and certainly no comfort to the country's enemies. Can the same be said of the speech of Oregon's senator or of others who pattern after him?

The New York papers both morning and evening heretofore selling at a cent were advanced today to two cents. It was a dead certainty they would have to come to it when the Capital Journal set the pace.

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.

JOHN D'S TAX BURDEN

The auditor of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, the county in which Cleveland is located, has been talking an inventory of property owned by John D. Rockefeller in that county. Among the figures submitted are 247,692 shares of Standard Oil stock valued at \$569,000,000 and real property was owned by him in the county valued in 1914 at \$311,000,000. He adds that Mr. Rockefeller owns many other millions in United States Steel and other stocks which could not be listed by the auditor because the amount is unknown. The auditor also states that with all this property Rockefeller has paid less than \$10,000 taxes in four years. According to this showing Rockefeller owns property worth \$880,000,000 in Cuyahoga county, that is known, and vast sums besides, and on this he has paid in four years less than \$2,500 a year. A tax of 10 mills would amount to \$8,800,000 a year, and of course that is too much taxes for anyone to pay. It was so big in fact that John D. apparently was not equal to the task of paying any of it, for the payment of \$2,500 compared to the \$8,800,000 due was nothing. When the city of Cleveland undertook to collect taxes from him John D. got real mad and moved out of the city. It will be interesting to watch the income returns when he reports, just to see how badly pinched the old philanthropist is.

AUSTRIA'S OPPORTUNITY

Germany after all her talk about peace without annexations has served notice on the Russians that they must either submit to giving up Courland and the Baltic provinces or fight. This should still further open the eyes of Austria-Hungary as to the aims of her ally and make her people the more determined not to longer sacrifice their lives to fight Germany's battles. Germany has done some foolish things but never one more senseless than removing her mask just at this time and exposing her real objects not only to the world, but to her ally, Austria. If the stories coming from Amsterdam concerning internal conditions in Austria-Hungary are true, this action on Germany's part looks almost suicidal. With the nation clamoring for peace, Germany's determination to make it only on such terms as she dictates should solidify the dual nation against her and against further fighting her battles. This is Austria's opportunity to obtain peace on fair terms, and at the same time guarantee her autonomy. She must realize now that German success means Austrian destruction. She has nothing to gain by further continuing the war, and stands a chance to lose everything. At the best she cannot hope for as easy terms later as she can get now, and the allies should make a vigorous diplomatic war on Germany by offering Austria generous terms to quit.

Veterans of the civil war will probably recall at this time how all opponents of the Union cause centered their criticism on Secretaries Seward and Stanton of Lincoln's cabinet, their favorite term for Stanton being that of "murderer." Old Abe paid as little attention to these assaults on members of his official family as does President Wilson at this time to the vindictive attacks on Secretaries Daniels and Baker, because he knew how unjust and unfair they were. And at this late day we know of the achievements of Seward and Stanton while even the names of their traducers are forgotten. History frequently repeats itself.

The price of platinum has been fixed by the government at \$90 an ounce. This should stir the miners of Josephine county to extra exertions. The black sand beaches below Marshfield should also become attractive.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HUMAN NATURE

We're built in such peculiar style that un-mixed joy we cannot know; behind the widest, gladdest smile there always is some hint of woe. Last night I sat before the fire, with every cause why I should laugh; I'd done my week's work on my lyre, and earned eight dollars and half (\$8.50). My health was good, my bills were paid, no man could say I owed him coin, and in my larder there was laid an ample stock of tenderloin. I'd stovewood piled in stately ricks, and coal was in the basement bins; then why, you ask, O gentle hicks, was there a sadness in my grins? A bitter wind swept o'er the moor, I heard it howl, the long night through, and heard the wailing of the poor in every freezing blast that blew. So I felt guilty as I sat in comfort in my inglenook, and fed tobacco to the cat, or turned the pages of a book. My conscience prods me all the time, whenever I'd enjoy repose, accuses me of sin and crime, and pulls my hair and twists my nose. I crank my car to take a jaunt, and conscience says I'm doing wrong, and talks of fellow men in want who wearily must trudge along. Pure happiness was not decreed, I am convinced, for mortal man; but, as we to the grave proceed, let's be as happy as we can.



WALT MASON

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A BITTER FIGHT WITH SELF.

CHAPTER CXX.
Just the thought of the coming of the OTHER WOMAN was a shock. Had I not turned over a new leaf, this thought would have shook me out of my snug complacency, my preconceived ideas that MY way was the right way.

I had only a few months in which to make good my determination to hold fast to mine own. Our children, healthy happy youngsters occupied a great deal of my attention, demanded much of my time and strength in spite of the fact that Nellie was both competent and willing. When I thought of the task I had set myself the shortness of the time left in which to accomplish it; I grew sick and faint with fear.

In those days a prayer was often on my lips. The prayer that I might not fail. Mrs. Farnsworth, Elliott, as I had come to call her had proved a real friend to me. She and John Kendall had become fast friends, Bob said he was sure it would make a match. She seemed happier and John and she spent much time at our house. Usually Bob would be at home, but occasionally when he remained in town they would come over and sit with me.

I had followed Elsie's advice and had given several small affairs to which I had invited Charlotte Keating. I began to realize what it meant to smile when one's heart is breaking; to pretend not to notice the little evidences of Bob's feeling for this other woman which no effort of his could quite hide. But I never abated a jot in my determination to win him, and so in this also I religiously lived up to what I had promised Elsie.

I was always neatly dressed; many times exquisitely. Yet unless it was for some special occasion, or that the gown was very unusual; Bob did not notice my appearance. I tried, oh, how I tried to break down the barrier that had grown up between us. I tried to be loving and gentle, always. I did not realize I could not, that love once dead never can be brought back to life. So I went on and on blindly trying to coax the little god of love to return.

All this time Elsie tried to encourage me; tried to make me think I would surely show Bob that his place was with me.

"By the end of the year you'll laugh at your fears," she said once when we talked together.

Then one night there came confirmation strong. Bob had been out a great deal in the evening, either after dinner, or had remained in town. Unless we had an engagement, or were entertaining he rarely spent an evening with me. I tried to keep the time filled up as much as possible, yet feared to overdo it.

One night he had intended to go to town, and some people came in and it was impossible for him to get away without appearing rude, a thing Bob never did. But he excused himself for a moment and went up stairs. Then he rang for a messenger. When the boy came Bob stepped outside the door and closed it before he spoke to him. When he returned to the living room all constraint was gone from his manner, and he entered into an evening of music and cards, with his usual zest.

When our guests went, Bob put on his hat and coat and said he would walk a ways and stretch himself before he retired. He did not ask me to go along, and I did not offer to. Instead I went immediately upstairs. Bob had left a light in his room. I opened the door intending to put it out as he might be gone some time, when in front of his desk on the floor I noticed a piece of paper.

I picked it up, straightened it out and read:

"Dear One: I cannot come to you tonight. Unexpected guests"—here followed a blot, evidently made after the note was finished, so causing him to write another, but below the blot I read again: "I fold my love and send it with this, Bob."

There was no address. Nothing to show to whom the note was sent; for whom it was intended. I turned cold as ice. It was true then that Bob cared for someone else. I replace the note on the floor, crumpled as I had found it, and crept softly down the stairs. Bob never must know I had seen it.

He came in whistling after a few moments and seemed surprised to find me still down stairs. I bent over my book and when he asked if I were going to sit up all night I answered:

"Perhaps! this book is very interesting."
"Good night, then, I am going to turn in at once. It is nearly one o'clock."
As he left the room the book slipped from my hands to the floor. I heard him move around overhead; and then all suddenly the words of the note came before me as plainly as if I still held the bit of blotted paper in my hand.

"I fold my love and send it with this, Bob."
Suddenly something seemed to snap. Everything grew dark around me. I tried to get up to my room. Half way up the stairs I lost consciousness. The next thing I knew Bob and Nellie were bending over me, Nellie with a bottle of smelling salts, Bob saying nothing but looking anxious and puzzled.

(Monday—Hostess at John Kendall's Dinner.)

The Daily Novelette

A GREAT MAN IN HISTORY.
"Don't bother me! I'm deaf, I tell you!" exclaimed Mr. Askit, impatiently, trying to read over the same para-

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graph for the nineteenth time.

"All right, Pa. So am I deaf when you ask me to go for cigars for yuh!" said Tommy nonchalantly.

"Well, what do you want to know this time, my precious, knowledge-seeking offspring, 'heh'?" asked Pa. "But first, let me ask you something. Is this to be one question or are you gonna let me have 'em like a rapid-fire Gatling gun? Because if you are, I'm through before I start."

"Cross me heart—only one, Pa," replied Tommy, whereupon Pa. settled back in his arm chair for a little hard-thinking.

"Tel me all about Peter the Great, I can't find him here in this book," Peter the—oh, sure! I know all about him. I learned that in the first grade; funny you don't know it. His father used to keep the farm next to ours. Maybe—"

"I thought you lived in the city when you were a boy!" said Tommy.

"Oh, that was before we moved to the country," said Pa, and he pretended not to hear the snickers from Mrs. Askit's corner of the room.

"Listen here, Thomas, if you're gonna butt into this narrative with any more fool comments, I quit!" exclaimed Pa, angrily.

"I'll shut up, Pa," Tommy promised.

"You'd better. Well, anyway, Pete's father was a hard man. He wouldn't hire any help but made poor Pete do most of the work. Even at night, when poor Pete would be all tired out after doing the chores and things and would go to bed after the fire would burn low and the old man, instead of fixing it himself, would call up the stairs, 'Peter, the grate! and Peter would come downstairs almost frozen and fix the fire.'"

"Gosh! That was tough on Pete," commented Tommy. "Where is he now?"

"Dead," said Pa.

"No wonder," said Tommy.

And He Did

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AND HE DID

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