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**FULL LEARNED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT**

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

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

### NEARING A METROPOLITAN CIRCULATION

The circulation of the Daily Capital Journal now averages above 4,500 daily. Sometimes it exceeds that figure considerably, for instance Saturday evening an edition of 4,610 was scarcely adequate to supply the demand.

When the present publishers took charge of the Capital Journal just four years ago, it was distributing less than 2,000 copies, and the growth in circulation has come during a comparatively dull period and without any special effort on part of the publishers in the way of promotion or soliciting. In fact very little of this character of work has been carried on. The growth in circulation seems to have come because the people of the Salem territory desired a newspaper worthy of their support and have been kind enough to indicate by their patronage that the Capital Journal is filling the bill.

The Capital Journal is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations (as are all leading daily papers of the country) and its circulation figures are absolutely guaranteed by this organization. All national advertisers accept their reports as of unquestioned reliability.

### THERE MUST BE NO SLACKERS

America went on a ration basis today, in compliance with a proclamation of the president. The object is to reduce the consumption of wheat flour 30 per cent and to cause similar reductions in meats and as far as possible all foodstuffs that can be sent abroad. America has often boasted it could feed the world, and now that its boast is called, it has to come through even though in doing so it has to curtail its own rations. The boast was good so long as the balance of the world helped itself so far as it could, America being able at all times to furnish enough to overcome the deficiency. With the other great nations reducing production, and the submarines taking toll of American shipments we can no longer meet the deficiency without sharing part of the shortage ourselves. Under the president's proclamation, beginning today, 5 per cent of cereal products other than wheat flour, must be used in all bread. This proportion will be steadily added to until on February 24 the bread of the nation will contain 30 per cent of substituted cereals. In addition to this there will be two wheatless days a week instead of one, Mondays and Wednesdays, and there will be one wheatless meal a day. There will be one meatless day, Tuesday, and one meatless meal a day. These curtailments should not prove of any especial hardship, for the cereal substitutes are good food, and perhaps really better from a standpoint of health than the pure white flour products from which elements are removed that injure rather than help the bread. Apparently arrangements have been made for enforcing the observance of the plan, but it is doubtful if this is yet perfected enough to accomplish the object aimed at. Most Americans will cheerfully regulate their meals to comply with the president's proclamation; but there are many who will not, and it is these that must be reached. There must be no slackers in food conservation, and the "conscription" system will have to be brought into play. That is the enforcing of the president's order must be such as to compel those who do not obey cheerfully, to do so by force. It may require a ticketing system before the law can be enforced for all, but if that is the case the let the ticketing system come.

The boards examining registrants as to physical fitness for service in the army are showing us how seriously we have deteriorated as a people. One board in Portland has found but 50 per cent fit, while another board has rejected all but 34 per cent. There must be something radically wrong with our mode of living that permits such a result.

The warm weather is not only causing the grass to grow and trees to bud, but it also makes the hens get busy and the cheerful cackle of the biddies is again being heard. This should start the cold storage eggs from their hiding places, and that soon.

### 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.

Reports of revolution in Austria received recently although preceded by stories of strikes and disturbances that indicated such an event might happen, were received with some doubt at Washington, and in fact by the country generally. It had some of the earmarks of Germany's handiwork, of the class which deceived the Italians and deluded for a while the Russians. Whether true or not it will not cause any change of program in this country, for war preparations will go on until peace is declared. America can afford no other course. If it should prove true, it is a tremendous blow at Prussianism even though the Germans should be able to suppress it. With Austria out of it, Bulgaria would soon follow suit, seeing the beginning of the end and Germany could not hope to carry on the war single handed.

There are thousands of Americans, millions of them in fact, who are loyally observing the meatless and wheatless days, and endeavoring to honestly conserve food. There are other millions and many more of them too, who observe the days, and eat double rations the next day. For this reason in order to make food conservation a real thing instead of a joke to the majority, it will be necessary to make the rule compulsory. To do this would require a ticketing system and also a licensing system at the restaurants and hotels under which not only the days would be rigidly observed, but the helpings on other days would be regulated. Restaurants refusing to obey the law would lose their licenses and be forced to quit. This is the only system that will make food conservation anything like universal.

The advice so cheerfully advanced by some concerning food conservation by using substitutes gets onto a fellow's nerves. One woman whose occupation is to tell how to make all kinds of palatable dishes out of literally everything, for instance, tells us that if oysters are too high to eat clams. This is of a piece with the advice to eat cake if bread gets too costly. She tells us clams are cheap, costing only 5 cents a pound. She does not mention the fact that to get a pound of clam eatable one must purchase five pounds of shells and that the cheapness vanishes.

The east just when it was beginning to breathe again and believe the worst was over, was swept by the fourth great blizzard of the winter Saturday night. It is feared traffic will be again stopped and still greater suffering from lack of fuel follow. There is but one thing about these storms that at all counterbalances the great injury they have done and that is that they will insure good crops if something unforeseen does not happen them. There should be a bumper crop of wheat next year.

Philadelphia is to have the largest ship-building plant in the world. It will be known as the Hog Island Company and will be able to turn out a steel ship every second day. A representative of the company is in Portland and has let contracts to Oregon mills for ten million feet of Oregon fir to be used in building the plant. He says this is only a starter, and that other contracts will be let as rapidly as possible.

Senator A. M. LaFollette is a candidate for re-election from this county and he should without question be returned to his seat in the upper house. He is a capable man and a hard worker who is busy every moment of the session looking after the interests of his constituents.

Portland besides having to pay a six cent carfare, and this too on lapdogs, is facing the necessity of having to pay greater water rates. This it is claimed is necessary in order to meet the bonds issued to pay for the water plants and these become due in 1923.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### ROADS TO RICHES

They send me bunk by every mail, the men with gorgeous schemes; they tell me if I'll send them kate they'll make me wealthy without fail, beyond my wildest dreams. Oh, every day I get a raft of circulars and sich, explaining how Dame Fortune laughed on gents who tried the senders' graft, and they grew beastly rich. Why do I labor in my lair, the cheerful writers ask, when, if I'd only buy a share in oil well, mine, or other snare, in opulence I'd bask. Why do I strain my back to make a pittance dire to see? If I'd invest in some one's fake I soon would have so big a stake I'd grin at old

John D. If I'd invest in orange groves, or buy some gilt-edged stocks in mills for making wooden clothes, back-action churns, revolving stoves, I'd soon have lots of rocks. And yet I am content to toil the old time-honored way; to burn at times the midnight oil, that I may see the kettle boil, and buy the children hay. I've known a lot of down-and-outs, poor has-beens broke and sick; and most of them were easy scots, who tried out pipe dreams, shed their doubts, and tried to get rich quick. Why should I long for wealth to burn? Methinks it is a crime for unearned increment to yearn; so I am satisfied to earn one rible at a time.



WALT MASON

## Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE FRELPS

### HOTTEST AT JOHN KENDALL'S PARTY.

CHAPTER CXXI.  
Nellie helped me to bed and Bob remarked:

"Don't get up in the morning, Margaret, I'm afraid you are not well."  
"I could have screamed aloud. 'Not well!' the irony of it. But my emotions had exhausted me and I soon sank into a deep sleep. When I awoke the dawn of a gray morning was creeping into my windows, but it was no colder, no grayer than the cloud over my soul. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep again, but I only visualized with a keenness born of despair, the words Bob, my Bob, had written to another. He had addressed her in the intimate form 'Dear One.' It could mean but one thing. He was in love with whoever was to receive that message. Or—he thought he was. I hoped and prayed the latter. If that was the case perhaps I still had a chance. I rose quietly and dressed. I looked pale and haggard, 'and—ugly and old.' I added to myself as I looked into the mirror.

For the first time in my life I roughed my cheeks before breakfast. Then I hurried down and drank a strong cup of coffee before Bob was ready, making excuse to Della that I had a headache. I hadn't, it was a headache, but it would answer.

"You gave us quite a scare," he remarked.  
"It was foolish in me. I guess I was overtired," I made answer.

"Yes, probably," he said and then gave his entire attention to his breakfast and his paper.  
"It is the night of John Kendall's dinner," I said, "you know I am to act as hostess so we will have to get there early."

"Do you feel up to it? If you don't I'll make it all right with John."  
"Oh, I wouldn't miss it for a good deal," I assured him, hurt to see how quickly he would arrange for me to remain at home.

"Very well. I'll get home early."  
I felt unable to attend to the things I had planned for the day. My trip to the beauty parlors, the final trying on of my finished dinner gown, a wonderful creation of Morton's. But I put all thoughts but those of what I had to do as determinedly behind me as I was able, and managed to get thru the day.

I was dressing when Bob came in.  
"Feel all right?" he said.  
"Yes."  
"That's good! I called John up and told him if you didn't show up not to be disappointed."

"What did he say, please?"  
"That he would be awfully disappointed if you didn't. Did you think he would be impolite to say anything else?"  
Although Bob had spoken in a joking tone yet I was hurt. He had implied that John would not be so disappointed as he pretended.

Once more I waited for his approval. My gown was exquisite, and I knew that I looked very well in spite of the fact that I was desperately frightened and unhappy.

"You have learned to dress, Margaret. It is wonderful what it has done for you," he said. Someway I felt chilled. If he had just given me a kiss, and said he used to—sometimes: "You look bully!" I should have been better satisfied.

We took a cab and reached the studio early.  
"Bob gave me quite a scare," John said as he welcomed us. "He intimated that you might not be able to come. That you were ill. You certainly don't look it now, you are simply stunning. I shall be very proud of my hostess tonight."

It was very comforting to have him talk like that, especially as Bob was standing by and heard him. But I had little time to think of his flattery as the guests began coming almost immediately. The Rapps, Elsie and Tom, and all the others belonging to the same crowd, and—Charlotte Keating. You see I put her by herself. That is the way I considered her. Not as I did the others.

She was dressed in a long gown of black sequins. It accentuated her slight graceful figure, and lent distinction to her face. Even my own gown, easily the handsomest in the room, seemed to pale into insignificance beside the one she wore.

Bob took her in. I don't know why, but I knew he would. They were seated too far from me for me to hear what they said; but as at the other dinner they were entirely absorbed in one another, and kept up an animated conversation all through the entire dinner.

Once or twice I saw Bob look in my direction, and I smiled and nodded at him. He had looked away with a puzzled expression.  
He would have understood a frown, I thought.  
(Tomorrow—A Surprising Announcement)

## Our January Clearance Sale Closes Thursday

Thursday will close one of the most successful January Clearance Sales on all lines of Merchandise we have ever held. To "speed up" sales the last few days we have placed on sale our large stock of high-class Packard Shoes. Here is your chance to buy real, high class footwear at unheard of savings. "Speed up" only four days remain—Until March 1—All Shoes

# LESS 20%

Phoenix Silk Hose for Women  
**G. W. JOHNSON & CO.**  
UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK BLDG.

### DANIELS MAKES GOOD.

(Medford Mail Tribune)  
Despite every inequity and strenuous effort to discredit his administration, of the navy, Secretary Daniels has emerged triumphant from the various probes by inimical senators and congressmen—and the efficiency of his administration stands admitted by the nation.

No cabinet officials in years has had such a bitter personal fight, such a propaganda of abuse and vilification to face and live down as Secretary Daniels. His cardinal sin was that he democratized the navy, thus giving unparalleled offense to the clique of bureaucrats and snobs in control. He has abolished, as far as possible, the rule of caste and made it possible for the enlisted man to attain a commission. He has bettered the lot of seamen and the result has shown in increased efficiency.

The war found the navy prepared for war and ready to fight. American warships have done their share in conquering the U-boat, in patrolling the sea and in conveying vessels. Not a single soldier of the hundreds of thousands conveyed to France has been lost on the sea.

Daniels went to building ships before he had authority or even money for them. He violated precedent and cut red tape. He arranged in advance for munitions and supplies. No sailor lacked equipment or clothes. He did not lose precious months in tests for new weapons, but bought all he needed of types that had been proven satisfactory by the allies. In addition, he furnished guns and crews for hundreds of merchantmen. The marines are the best clad and the best equipped today of any branch of the military service.

Of course, his task was not to be compared in immensity and difficulty with that of Secretary Baker, who had to create in a few months an army, raise, feed, clothe, arm, shelter, train and transport a million and a half of raw recruits and mould them into a fighting unit, a task not to be accomplished without mistakes that worry the politicians and patriots, but who on the whole has made a wonderful showing. But while many faults are found with Baker, Daniels has silenced critics.

### Journal Subscriber in Ohio Tells of Weather

Luther Myers, writing from Maumee, Ohio, to renew his subscription to the Journal for another year, makes some interesting comments of the particular

room with a large packet of mail.  
"Heigho!" cried he, opening the first "My sonnet, 'The Intangible,' returns from the Monthly Slopover, with the following note:  
"The rejection of this manuscript does not necessarily indicate lack of merit. Often the needs of a magazine are not exactly suited to a manuscript which will find recognition elsewhere."  
How sweet the familiar words do sound!

"And here is my classic tragedy, back from the 'Highbrow Whirl' and a little note from ye editor, Let's see—Ah! "We regret that the enclosed manuscript is not exactly what we need. By studying the enclosed folder you may be able to suit your style to that of our publication."

"And here is my drama, 'The Arms of the Pyramas' look from 'The Whimical Review.' Well, well, 'We regret that lack of space forbids a detailed criticism of the enclosed manuscript—' "But great Scott! What have we here!"

"The editors of the 'Mythological Review' take great pleasure in accepting your poem 'The Sorrows of Kniffootham' and beg to congratulate you on the best poetical effusion of the year. They hope the enclosed check is large enough to suit you."

Five hours later, neighbors hearing strange sounds, broke in the door of Algernon Rassendale's attic room. They found the young poet crouched upon the floor, laughing wildly.  
"Lack of space!" he cried when he saw them. "Study the folder! More rejection slips! More checks! Hart Hart!"

He had been eating rejection slips.  
THE END.

### And He Did



### Soldiers' Tobacco Fund Over Hundred Dollars

The following amounts have been received by their Capital Journal soldiers' tobacco fund, since last publication:

Previously reported	\$84.25
Dr. W. B. Morse	20.00
W. W. Bailes, route 2	25
Albert Hennies, Turner	25
A. J. Miller, Turner	50
Mrs. J. Zak, route 3	25
Honey Nelson, 224 Court	50
Geo. Weight, 442 State	1.00
Miscellaneous	1.40

brand of weather they were having in Ohio at the time he wrote. He says: "Well, I have just seen the worst blizzard that was ever pulled off in this part of Ohio. For the past week it has been 16 below, the wind 80 miles an hour, and snow just like sand. It is drifted six feet deep and in some places more and packed so hard I can almost walk on top of it—and the end is not yet. There sure will be no shortage in the ice cop, but we certainly are having a (censored) time getting sugar and coal."

He says the weekly Monday holidays and shutting down of factories has begun, but the people are taking it with good grace and seem to be satisfied if it will bring about the desired and distribute more coal to the needy.

### BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets.

These pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place.  
Most headaches, "dullness" and that lazy feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "loggy" and "leazy." Note how they "clear" clouded brain and how they "perk up" the spirits. 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.