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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the
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HENRY DEVELOPS SIXCENTITIS

Henry McGinn is generally instructive, often amusing and always interesting. He has a way entirely his own of approaching an audience or a subject, that is self advertising and it draws the crowd. Just now he is engaged in a Titanic struggle with the Portland Railway, Light & Power company, or would be if the company was aware of it. However, it makes no difference to the doughty champion of the down-trodden jitney so recently sent to the scrap heap by the proletariat, it being the same proletariat, by the way, to which Henry now appeals to undo what it had so heedlessly done and recall the jits from banishment. Henry snaps his fingers at the proposal to appeal to the courts, and says the latter have acted and established a precedent that will forever bar the people from having any rights under a city franchise which a Public Service Commission or the courts are bound to respect. In this respect McGinn places the franchise on a level with a treaty as interpreted by the kaiser, classing it as "a scrap of paper." Henry has recently been "a court" and knows what he is discussing—and cussing. He has diagnosed the disease as "sixcentitis," and prescribes as the one and only remedy the jitney treatment, they to be taken at all times, as needed.

Perhaps the treatment might give relief to the "in-nards" of the city but it is extremely doubtful if it would prevent chilblains and corns in its lower extremities, say down about St. Johns way. The jits would be all right for short hauls, but it looks as though they would have to raise even on the sixcent "robbery" to carry passengers out to the ends of the carlines. We much fear the judge has tackled too heavy a load, and that he will break down under it.

Rumor has it that the judge has decided to run for the senate, and that he purposes to make the trip in a jitney, but this is perhaps a baseless dream. It is understood he has announced that he is after no office, and that he is chasing the street cars just for the love of the game. He is making a spectacular scrap and while he may not get the decision is pretty certain to last for the scheduled number of rounds. So far the six cent disease has not shown signs of becoming epidemic, none of the other cities of the state yet being attacked by it, but there is yet time.

Portland is always complaining that ships do not enter her harbors. The reason is evident, and it is that such ships as do seek that port are not patronized. This applies especially to steamship lines, which one after another have tried Portland and quit. Now still another line is appealing to Portland shippers to ship by water. Portland's chamber of commerce has taken the matter up just as it has done before many times and there will probably be a spurt of patronage, and in a short time the ships will be sailing half loaded again. Portland is not only doing herself an injustice by not using every available opportunity to get her freight in and out by water, but she is also working a hardship on the balance of the state by causing still further car shortage, which she could help avoid. Here at Salem we are doing the same thing only on a smaller scale. We should patronize the river steamers and thus not only maintain the service but at the same time release a few cars for use by others who have no river boat line.

The Columbia Shipbuilding Company, Sunday, launched another 8,800 ton steel vessel at its yards at Portland. This is the third vessel of this size launched by this company, and it helps swell the record for the Portland yards materially. This however is only the beginning of the industry for other yards will soon have vessels ready to take the water, and soon the launching of a big ship will be an everyday affair. When the wooden ship crop begins to get ripe there will be things doing all the time.

Roosevelt insists the war must be won, but at the same time it will be a great disappointment if it is won in any manner other than as he may suggest.

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.

FULTON'S DEATH A REAL LOSS

In the passing of Charles W. Fulton the state loses one of its real leaders. At the bar he had climbed to the top and in the field of politics had filled the highest office in the gift of his state, that of United States senator, which office he held for six years, having been elected in February, 1903. Previous to this he had been elected to the state senate several times, serving as its president at the sessions of 1893 and 1901. He was prominent not only in state but in national politics attending the last three national republican conventions. Senator Fulton was born in Ohio in 1853, so was not an old man, and had not sickness prevented it is quite probable he would have been a candidate, and most likely a successful one, this year for the United States senate. Many of his friends were urging him to make the race, and their importunities only ceased when ill health made his compliance with their demands impossible. He was a man of strong personality, a profound student, an able lawyer, and broad minded in his political views. Men of all parties and classes will regret to learn of his passing and all can say that in his death the state has lost a loyal citizen, and an able man, one whose life can be pointed to as an example worthy of emulation, a credit to his state and to the nation.

The Oregonian intimates that in the selection of generals to lead our armies in France, only those of attested merit be selected to lead them. This is correct in theory but can it be put in effect in practice? We have not been at war for so long that there are no generals of "attested merit." We have them of high rank, of perhaps much merit theoretically, but we have no military men who have seen what in these days would be considered real service. General Pershing has seen perhaps as much service as any, yet his real war experience has been small. Apparently all that can be done is to weed out the unfit and promote the fit as fast as they develop. However there is one thing in our favor and that is that the character of the fighting has so changed that it is largely a battle of engineers and of machinery. The Oregonian plan is all right but where are we going to get "generals of experience," especially in such fighting as is being done on the western front?

When Chamberlain was making his harrangue in the senate the other day he shouted, "The president don't know, but I know!" And yesterday he humbly asked Secretary Baker why he hadn't been told all these things before. It seems to have been more a case of swollen head with the Oregon senator than anything else, due probably to Teddy's encouragement coupled with the attentions received from those hair-brained fanatics who compose the so-called national security league—and George thought he knew it all when he hadn't passed the primer stage.

The cold wave back east, shortage of coal, peace negotiations of the Bolsheviks troubles in Austria and other trifles have temporarily obscured the battlefield in Seattle and shoved the Hi Gill mayoralty campaign onto the back pages, but it is promised that it will soon erupt again, and the display of fireworks will be well worth seeing. Several candidates have entered to ring but Hiram is unafraid and it is a safe wager that when the ballots are counted he will not be the tail ender.

Next to the operations of pro-German agents and spies the activities of the National Defense League, through its circulation of disquieting rumors and bold misrepresentation of conditions, is the gravest menace this country faces. The entire membership of the organization should be interned for the period of the war.

Since Baker spoke the Oregon senator is indeed our "Little George."

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CONSERVATION TALKS

This conservation talk is wise, when sprung by people safe and sane, who know where moderation lies, and have no schemes absurd and vain. But now we're going to extremes, which is our tendency, alas! And we are airing hop joint dreams for bringing victory to pass. The faddist makes a fool of himself, and tries to regulate my coop; the piffle vendor goes around and tells me how to salt my soup. Let's win the war by eating prunes, I hear the noisy alecks' call; "If you eat fowl," cry other loons, "devour the feathers, bones and all!" "We can bring near the dawn of peace," some other locoed spielers say, "by spreading bread with axle grease, and making tea of last year's hay." They tell me I am in the wrong, because I have an extra cap; they say I wear my pants too long, since cloth will help to win the scrap. They tell me I do grievous hurt to every noble soldier lad, because I have a Sunday shirt, and wear a costly liver pad. Now, I'll conserve with any man, do every sane and useful thing; but I'll adopt no foolish plan that any noisy nut may spring.



WALT MASON

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A SURPRISING ANNOUNCEMENT.

CHAPTER CXXII.

When dinner was over, before we had left the table, John told us that he and Eleanor Farnsworth were to be married very soon, such a time as we had after that! The toast with which they were showered would have been embarrassing to a young couple; but they were equal to the occasion, and both said they expected to be very happy.

Later when Eleanor and I were by ourselves she told me: "John is not a good many things I dreamed a husband would, and should be, before I married him. But John is a dear, and he is kind and—safe. And I so want children, I never have ceased to long for them since I lost mine."

Eleanor would make an ideal wife I knew. How Dick Farnsworth could have let her go I never have been able to understand.

After dinner we as usual danced until the wee sma hours, then broke up. As I left John said: "You were a perfect hostess. I thank you so much for your share in making my engagement dinner a success. You see it was really that."

All the women too praised my ability even Charlotte Keating. I should have been quite pleased had it not been for the dull ache in my heart; and the feeling every time I looked at Miss Keating that she was Bob's "dear one."

"I don't know why I felt so sure. But from the moment I had found the note I had not the slightest doubt that it was intended for her."

The day following the dinner Elsie came out in the afternoon. I told her all about finding the note, and my suspicions. She was at this time a safety valve for me. I could not have gone on had she not been ready to listen, and to help.

"Maybe other women could do more than I am doing, but I can't!" I told her, "I am starved, Elsie, starved for sympathy, for love. My boys are absolutely all I have in the world."

"No, Margaret, you still have Bob, I will have faith that in the end you will win out."

"But you know that Bob has changed. He is so quiet. He never jokes and laughs any more—at home. He is like he was when his mother died, only he has added absolute indifference to his sadness."

"Yes—he has changed," she admitted. "But you must not let that discourage you. I do not think it may be my fault entirely that we have made such a failure of our married life. But I have tried so hard even when I was trying in a mistaken way. Still I shall keep on trying until the last minute of the last day of the year he has granted me."

It was not the thought of any present unfaithfulness that tormented me. The concrete forms of love had never entered into my thoughts of Bob. I had long ago become convinced that it was intellect that attracted Bob. An intellectual affinity was the thing I had all along feared and dreaded for him.

Elsie, too, I think feared this and she encouraged me in my efforts to improve myself. I never wasted a second at this time. I studied, I read, I practiced. Bob was fond of music, and occasionally now I would play a little for him.

But often I grew cold at the thought of losing Bob. The next wave of hope would envelope me. He was often out in the evening, and at such times would get his dinner in town, I felt a wild unreasoning hatred of that Bohemia which he frequented—with Charlotte Keating as a companion. I longed to take him and run away from it all. To go to some place where home, wife, children, satisfied all the cravings of his nature. I wanted at other times to drug myself so that I couldn't think.

But I kept myself at the task I had set myself. On the long evenings when I sat alone I studied and read. I myself had begun to take an interest in my studies out of proportion to my feelings when I commenced. They began to appeal to me; not as a means to an end, but because they interested me. I saw how much I had missed of the good things of life as my mind grasped the thoughts of others, big thoughts which left an indelible impress on my mind.

Yet there were days when I could scarcely take my mind from my own perplexities and when I wondered if ever I could be reconciled to failure. The very thought frightened me, and I would run to the nursery and as surreptitious play with my darling boys until their play loving hands had stilled the hurt.

Bob never seemed to notice what I did. He was abstracted, his mind on other things. That I could discuss some of his favorite authors with him helped me not at all when he would not talk of them.

And yet I had no further proof that he was interested in anyone else; that he cared for another. Only that crumpled scrap of paper I had taken from the floor.

(Tomorrow—A Wedding and a New Book)

The Daily Novelette

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

Is this Sherlock Bones, the great detective? I acquired a tall, short man attired in checked trousers, short silk hat and a small mole on his Adam's apple.

"It is! Well, I'm Sherlock Bones, of Pickers' Pickle Palace. I'm foreman of the Bill Department and I've been

UNDER THE CAMOUFLAGE

INTIMATE WAR EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF

LOWELL MELLETT

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

Paris, Nov. 25.—Have isn't much fun on a windy winter's day.

Capt. Dobson and I tried a movie, attracted by a bill which featured "President Wilson" and "Joe l'Idole du Ranch." The president was an animated creation of a charcoal artist, but Joe l'Idole around before the camera in the flesh and chemicals, to the accompaniment of an Indian uprising, a Penitents Round-Up and much fat comic relief.

The movie should give the French an interesting idea of the brains in an infantry. All they had to do was to "capture and capture a flock of red Indians about fleet-footed ponies that skinned across the sage-brush regardless of all speed laws. As if the handicap were not enough, the movie producer had provided the brave foot soldiers with a beautiful but immense star spangled banner to carry!

The captain and I lunched on well-cooked variegated food in an unostentatious, though ambitious, little eatery. The proprietor will be able to retire in comfort when the war is over.

Capt. Dobson's French isn't all it might be. Quite apart from our order, the waitress brought two large glasses of lager beer. It was clear, to my mind, that she had mistaken his order for butter, though he insisted it was my order for boiled potatoes.

At the railway station we plumped into an officer of the American military police. His home is Denver and he's a marine. He was sure because the marines hadn't been allowed to be first into the trenches.

"The marines are always first," he argued.

Dinner on the train likewise was marked by platitude and paralyzing prices.

A porter at St. Lazare station found me a taxi, driven by a dignified looking Moor in long whiskers. I directed him to the hotel.

Instantly from somewhere in the dark bounced an indignant Frenchman protesting that the driver had no right to drive to that hotel. He was so vociferous about it that he gathered a crowd in much less time than a minute, notwithstanding it was midnight and the streets had seemed deserted.

The crowd, including several soldiers seemed to share his views. They joined in the noise, which became terrifying; but the Moor on the box seemed unmoved. The crowd's numbers and its rage increased, but not a whisker of his trembled. Eventually, he started the machine and hustled away to the hotel, followed by the imprecations of the mob.

missing coal in my cellar for the past month, ever since I bought a quarter of a ton for my two furnaces and three open grates. I haven't a single grain. I mean bunk, of coal left and I'd like to know where it's all gone. I'm sure someone has been swiping it!" finished Slobbs, in an injured tone.

"This is one of the most baffling cases I've ever encountered," and the great detective scratched a hair loose on his forehead to prove it.

"You see, the mere fact of your having bought such a large quantity of coal, and it disappearing so rapidly, when you have only used it in two furnaces and three open grates for a month, makes the case only the baffling."

"Very queer—very queer!" went on the great detective. "However, for the small sum of \$300.00 I will solve the riddle."

"Ten—twenty—thirty, I thank you!" "As I was saying—come to my office in an hour and you shall know the truth. Good-day!"

II.

Then the detective ordered a ton of coal to be sent to Slobbs' house, and he blacked his own face.

Now he went to the coal yard and hid in one of the empty wagons. After a minute or two a ton of coal was chucked down on him and he had to tie up his nose to keep from sneezing, so as not to give himself away.

Very soon the wagon backed up to the Slobbs' residence, and Sherlock Bones and the coal were shot down the chute to the bin.

All would have been well, and the mystery perhaps solved, if the great detective had not landed upon a waiting pitchfork at the end of the chute.

And unto this day, Sherlock Bones, cannot look upon a load of coal without crossing his fingers.

I don't know what it was all about.

Paris, Nov. 26.—Breakfast, it seems, is coffee and rolls, with perhaps, some jam, I ordered jam in a perfectly strange restaurant. On the bill I found a charge for the whole pot—one dollar. Explained, I hadn't eaten the whole pot but that made no difference. The waiter brought me the pot and had to write my name on it. Now I've got to eat there frequent like or lose money on the jam.

Found Col. House bravely stemming the tide of inflowing French dignitaries in the large suite of hotel rooms devoted to his mission. Gordon Auchincloss was cheerfully telling nothing whatever to a group of American correspondents. He was cheerful because he had just been through an ordeal with the reporters from the local papers, after which the Americans seemed easy.

The appearance of the Paris papers made Auchincloss tear at what remains of his hair. The papers had mixed things. There are three distinct things involving the American mission. One is the Inter-Allied War Conference. Another is the Inter-Allied Council and the third is the Supreme War Council. Some of the same persons participate in all three, but most of them don't. Given a chance like this to mix things, the Paris papers did a thorough job. However, it doesn't in the least matter, since the work the three are to do does not depend on the newspapers.

It doesn't matter, apparently, any more than the newspaper opinion here that there should be one Supreme Generalissimo. If the views of other countries' representatives here, as thus far obtained, have any weight, there'll be no Generalissimo.

The Place Concorde, on which Col. House's hotel is situated and the streets and boulevards leading into it all have one point of similarity. They are filled with American soldiers. Never saw as many soldiers in all America, or so it seemed, as I saw today.

Met one who looked lonesome for someone to talk with. He had certain absolute opinions about Paris. He hailed from Cripple Creek, Col., but he swore there is nothing so wild and woolly in the west as Paris is today. He referred to the matter of wickedness.

Can't pass a nihil opinion, but it disagrees with that of a lad from Washington, D. C., and officer who I met at the hotel.

"Frightful bore, Paris," he averred. Maybe what shocks the one bores the other and maybe the Colorado boy was judging the city by its picture papers, which as he truly remarked, Burleson would not allow in the American mails.

Am sure I don't know.

After London, one misses music in the cafes. There is light and laughter, wine and women aplenty, but the space once taken by the orchestra is now filled with tables. Apparently it is no loss to the restaurant business, this prohibition of music, for all tables are filled until the lights go out at 9:30.

French Gold Reserve Greatest In Europe

Paris, Dec. 28.—(By Mail).—When the moment comes for settling accounts, whatever trumps Germany may hold, France is sure of holding the Ace of trumps—the greatest gold reserve of any country in Europe. The gold reserves, which every country has been busily accumulating, rank as follows:

France	5,326 billions of francs
Germany	5,326 billions of francs
England	1,408 billions of francs
Italy	835 billions of francs
Russia	845 billions of francs
Rumania	493 billions of francs
Germany	3,005 billions of francs
Denmark	267 billions of francs
Spain	1,949 billions of francs
Holland	1,419 billions of francs
Sweden	286 billions of francs
Switzerland	349 billions of francs
Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey	do not figure in the list, for the simple reason that since the war began these states have published no information regarding their financial status.

At Summers showed a wonderful up-percut in his fight with Ortega. He also showed a lot of other things Ortega didn't approve of.

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