

CHARLES H. FISHER
Editor and Publisher

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the
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WHAT WILL OREGON DO ABOUT IT?

The Capital Journal has furnished proof which should convince any fair-minded reader that the state of Kansas never offered President Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural college \$9,000 a year to accept a similar position in that state.

The evidence of Governor Capper, chairman of the board of administration of state schools, and of former Governor E. W. Hoch, vice chairman, is unequivocal. The governor says the Kerr story was a "pipe dream," and the former governor says it is absolutely without foundation. The salary paid the president of the Kansas agricultural college is only \$6,500 a year and no decision has been reached to raise it. Mr. Kerr was never considered for the place at any salary.

These are facts which cannot be controverted and yet the board of regents of the O. A. C. raised Kerr's salary from \$7,000 a year to \$8,400 a year as a compromise, so Chairman Weatherford stated, between the amount he was being paid and the salary he was offered by the state of Kansas.

And the state of Kansas had never offered Kerr any salary or any job at all—and the head of a great state school kept silent and became the beneficiary of a fraud, that should make every true Oregonian hang his head with shame. A job was put over on the state that reads like one of Get-Rich-Quick Wellingford's schemes to fleece suckers.

And in this instance the people of Oregon were the suckers.

Remember that while the Oregonian and many other papers were talking about the Kansas attempt to entice Kerr away by an offer of \$9,000 a year the man who was the central figure in the fake story and the prospective beneficiary of it kept silent.

And all this time Kerr knew that he had never had an offer of any kind from Kansas.

What do the people of Oregon think of such a man? Do they want their boys and girls to grow up and emulate him?

The Capital Journal has presented the facts in the case because it realized that a fraud was being perpetrated. It can do more. Public sentiment, the most powerful of all agencies in a democracy, must take up the work from this point. The Marion county grange has spoken—boldly and to the point—and other granges should follow its lead. These grangers see the main point at issue. It is a moral question more than financial. The salary paid is out of reason but the taxpayers can stand it; they have become case-hardened in the matter of being robbed by the men they elect as their public servants and the actual amount of money involved in this instance is not so vastly important. It was the way it was done.

Do the people of Oregon want such a man at the head of one of its greatest educational institutions? Is it treating the rising generation right to keep him there?

Adherents of the O. A. C. friends, students and members of graduate associations are being appealed to to stand behind Kerr in order to protect the school. They say the exposure of the Kansas fake is a fight on the school. Both statements are as illogical as they are untrue.

The best way to protect the interests of the O. A. C. and to promote its growth and influence is to keep it clean and fair and honest from the president down to the lowest official. Every resolution passed by an organization of graduates backing Kerr in his attitude on the salary grab only weakens the hold of the school on the public. It does not fool the public in the least.

The Capital Journal has no fight on the Oregon Agricultural College. It wants to see it big and strong, a potent factor for good in the training of Oregon's young people in useful pursuits and grounding them solidly in the true principles of life that make men and women of the best type for citizenship. The O. A. C. has nothing to fear from the men who have resented the Kansas episode unless as an institution it persists in disregarding public sentiment.

The people of Oregon want clean schools and to be such they must be headed by clean men.

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.

A THRIFTY OFFICIAL

Theodore E. Ferris, naval architect of the shipping board, is a thrifty gentleman. While working for the government he was also taking fees in direct disobedience to the commands of the board, for designing ships for private parties, and this though he was being paid by the government a salary of \$2,500 a month. In the nine months of his employment by the government he has drawn a salary of \$22,500 and in addition has received or is to receive fees from private parties "earned" during the same time, amounting to \$147,600. All but \$20,000 of these fees came from the Sloan shipyards of Seattle and Olympia, and this \$20,000 came from the Jahneke Navigation company of New Orleans. Ferris undertook to explain to the shipping board, but with the facts staring him in the face his explanation explained nothing. He was informed by the shipping board that his resignation would be accepted. This seems light punishment for one employed by the government using his position for personal gain, and indulging in what is in appearance, graft.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

When every citizen is being invited to economize and when National debt is growing at such a pace that the annual interest will soon exceed the normal expenses of the Government, it is pertinent to consider where some of the money goes.—Oregonian.

In this connection and as a matter of information for the Oregonian the Capital Journal points out that \$8,400 goes yearly to President Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural college, and that \$1,400 of this was recently presented him without any reason or excuse by the board of regents. Evidently the invitation to economize had not reached them at the time.

London was bombed again Monday evening by German air raiders. With the opening of Spring Germany should be given not only a taste of its own medicine, but a full dose for an adult. Every town within reach of the allies' airplanes should receive visits from them, until it is brought home to the German people just what the junkers are doing to non-combatants in England. German people have never felt the horrors of war which they have inflicted upon other peoples, and a sample of their work brought home to them might have a sobering and enlightening effect. A few of their own children murdered in their homes might cause a pause in this kind of warfare, so called, on the part of the Prussians.

Reports from California are to the effect that hop prices have tumbled and that they are being contracted at around 17 cents for the 1917 crop with the outlook for a price not above 16 cents for this year's yield. It is also stated that growers say there is but a small margin of profit at this price and that many are plowing up their yards and will go out of the business. This is what occurred in Oregon last year and helped send the price up again for those who held on. It is hoped enough growers will stay in the business to furnish yeast for our war bread anyway.

The supreme court of New York has refused to grant a rehearing of the cases of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman convicted of conspiring to defeat the draft law. This means that as they have a sentence of two years each and also a fine of \$10,000 to pay before they can gain their freedom, that the warlike Emma will not be heard from further until long after the war is over.

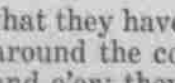
Now comes the news that banana bread is even better than that made from wheat, and that folks down in Honolulu are going dappy over it. The news however is not especially gratifying since there are no bananas in this section from which to make the new war bread.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HARD LUCK MEN

We've played in hard luck all our days,
Explains so many helpless jays. "The Fates
were frowning at our birth; the Fates
don't care for sterling worth; they take a
grudge against a man, and make of him an
also ran, no odds how earnestly he tries to
harvest wealth or other prize." And it is
true that now and then fate hands out
prunes to worthy men, and gents of talents
great and rare have wasted them on desert
air. (And if this metaphor is bad, produce
a better one, my lad.) But it is true that
many skates who charge their failure to the
fates might better charge it to the truth



WALT MASON

that they have fooled around since youth. They've fooled around the corner store and threshed old chestnuts o'er and o'er; they've fooled around with cheap harangues, when wiser men went forth in gangs to shuck their crops of early peas and pluck persimmons from the trees. They've fooled around on summer days discussing congress and its ways, when saner men, on active legs, snooped round the barn and found the eggs. It's fooling round, it isn't fate, that puts the lid on tight and straight.

Margaret Garrett's Husband By JANE PHELPS

A WEDDING AND A BOOK

CHAPTER CXXIII.
John Kendall and Elinor Farnsworth were married very quietly about six weeks after the announcement had been made. They just slipped away quietly and came back man and wife. We sent them some lovely silver and wished them all the happiness in the world. But it wasn't their wedding that made the date one I shall always remember.

Charlotte Keating's book was published that day.

Bob brought home a copy. The first copy. He laid it down and when he wasn't looking I picked it up. She has inscribed it:

"To my friend and inspiration to do only the best of which I am capable."
As I read the words I sickened. I felt faint as I had when I read the note I had found on the floor. The words in themselves were nothing, it was the meaning I gave them. I heard him coming and hastily put the book back on the table. But I had not been quick enough. He saw. The old peculiar flush crossed his face, and lingered there, until I, unable to bear more without speaking, left the room.

There had been pity and guilt in his eyes.

Often as I did things of which I used to disapprove I would have a weird sense of being somebody else. That night the feeling was strongly upon me. All day I had been planning something to please Bob—so I fancied. A welcome home party for the bride and groom. Bob was so fond of John Kendall that I had been very careful to see that fondness as a lever to influence Bob in my favor.

I stumbled up stairs. I was getting tired, so tired. The constant strain, the unrelenting effort were getting on my nerves. I must not lose my poise; I must not fail because of that.

I had looked at Bob many times covertly as he read. I saw the harassed look in his eyes. Many mornings he looked as if he had not slept. Was he worrying, too, and why?

Elsie had told me for my peace of mind that she couldn't see the symptoms I spoke of, yet I felt she was only trying to reassure me for Mrs. Baldwin said:

"You should make your husband take a rest. Mr. Baldwin and I were talking about how badly he looked up this morning." Then, she added, not at all spitefully however: "You give him too much freedom. His eyes show he keeps late hours."

"He reads very late," I responded. "even when at home. He is a regular night hawk."

I knew he had no business worries. His real estate business had grown wonderfully. He had sold several big parcels of land in an expensive portion of the city, and had made a great deal of money. He had been most generous also; increasing my allowance, and urging me to get whatever I needed for myself and the boys. He seldom spent money excepting for books. He seldom came home without one in his hand.

Yet that something was worrying him I was positive.

My first waking thought was of him, and with it would come a misery, an unhappiness that flooded my being. It was in some respect the hardest hour of the day, this waking hour when I knew that another day of effort had to be lived. Yes, just LIVING was a hard thing to do under the circumstances.

By this time I had succeeded in suppressing all fault finding; all questioning. I think sometimes that had we really quarreled it might have cleared the air. That the tension under which Bob was so evidently living might have found an outlet, preventing him seeking one elsewhere.

But I never opposed him. If he tired to go anywhere I went. That I was tired or didn't care for the place and people now made no difference. He wished it, that was enough. When he did not ask me to accompany him I helped him with his coat—when he would let me—and bade him good night with a smile.

I never waited up for him. Even if my book was interesting, and so helped me to forget, I would lay it down before time for his train—now nearly always the last one, and hurry to bed and pretend to be asleep when he came in. In the morning I never referred to his having remained out, as I used to; but chatting of the children and other things when I so wanted to ask him the same questions I used to—no not the same. Then no doubts of his fealty had ever entered my mind. Now I was not so sure—not so sure.

I had hoped he would leave Charlotte Keating's book at home. But when he left he carried it with him. I went into town, and as always called on Elsie.

"Have you seen Charlotte Keating's new book?" she asked enthusiastically. "All the critics are raving over it. They already are saying it will be a best seller."

"No, but I shall get one and take it home. I should like to read a book she wrote."

"Send me one! I am crazy to see it!"

(Tomorrow—The Book)

The Daily Novelette

WHEELS

"Your honor," said Squireman P. Frindle, lawyer for the defense, "my client, Mrs. Sweet-smile-Ever admits with distressing humility, that she took the diamond necklace from a tray on the counter of the plaintiff's jewelry store, but your honor, knowing that a

UNDER THE CAMOUFLAGE

INTIMATE WAR EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF
LOWELL MELLETT
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

London, Nov. 22.—(By Mail.)—Talked with Major General Maurice, director of Military Operations. He was so full of the satisfactory Cambrai push that he was likely to burst. But he didn't. The interview did not develop a lot that is new. However, one doesn't chalk that up against the General, for he seldom disappoints without good reason.

Interviewing Gen. Maurice, is somewhat like attending a class room lecture with the same privilege of asking questions at the end. You couldn't exactly call him a good fellow; he never forgets he's a general in the Army, but he is direct and to the point and full of information than a new India paper edition of the Encyc. Britt.

Got a little extra excitement out of the Byng push on my own account.

Sunday night on an Underground train I met two tired but contented Tommies, just arrived home on leave, in return for a match they volunteered the information that the biggest show of all was due in a couple of days. Told where it would take place, what a lot of tanks were lined up for the plunge, the cavalry preparations and various other details borne out by Haig's bulletins of yesterday and today.

Usually the tales the Tommies tell you are most interesting than accurate. This was an amazing exception.

There's a Defense of the Realm regulation against Tommies telling all they know. Fortunately this happy pair borrowed their match from a friend who didn't believe them, instead of from one of the thinning band of German spies that still infest London.

Shaplen left for Petrograd tonight to join the United Press bureau there. There is something rather fine about this young Russo-Philadelphian's pilgrimage home to do what he can to help Russia save herself. His idea is that nothing will help his native country so much as American understanding of what she is trying to do—the good and the bad of the gigantic internal struggle. He seems to hope for the best, while prepared for the worst, believing the worst cannot last forever.

Last week one wondered why there is no real co-ordinated Allied command. This week one finds there is one.

Next week one is going to Paris to watch it co-ordinate.

English Channel, Nov. 24.—Somehow you can tell a Hoosier.

If you find a smiling gentleman who fills his clothes well and wears a willing-to-get acquainted smile only slightly diluted by traveler's caution, he's most apt to be from Indiana than any where else.

mere \$10,000 diamond necklace means nothing at all in Mrs. Sweet-smile-Ever's wealthy young life, will no doubt be willing to agree that she could not have been in her right mind, when the action was committed. I will now call Dr. Presby Squize, the eminent buggist, to the stand to clear up any possible doubts that your honor may have on that subject."

"I happened to call upon Mrs. Sweet-smile-Ever," testified Dr. Squize, "on the morning of the day on which the incident occurred. She was undoubtedly suffering from a combination of cerebral ruminations and spinofoliotic German willies."

"I discharge the prisoner and trust she will not get her feet wet on her return home through this nasty drizzle," said his honor kindly. "Marie Splurds take the stand. Marie Splurds, you are accused by Radder Speckles, grocer, of stealing a can of condensed watermelon. What have you to say in your own defense?"

"I testify glibly bow," replied Marie Splurds, smiling cheerfully but earnestly. "The dog ran up, and the clock ran down. I feel so jolly I can hardly realize it's Wednesday already."

"Stop that!" roared his honor.

"What do you mean by feigning to be out of your head in this court? Just for that I sentence you to fifteen years in prison."

And the prisoner was led out, muttering brightly, "I had a little good one, but I gave him away because he was stolen from me."

Simply hanging a card in the window won't help any in the conservation of food.

I was swept into the dining saloon tonight by the breeze created by the earnest advent of just such a one.

"What part of Indiana?" I asked, feeling safe.

"Middletown."

When he learned that Elwood, only a dozen miles distant, proudly claimed one, he was astonished and remarked that the world is a small place.

"My name's Ginn," he said. Told him mine.

"Any relation to Doc. Ginn?" I asked.

"Cousin. You any relation to Hick Mellett?"

"Brother."

He repeated his observation on the size of the world and introduced his companion, Mr. Maulding. Ginn is assistant controller of the U. S. Treasury and Maulding assistant auditor of the War Department. They are en route to France to audit army accounts, being the advance guard of a battalion of auditors on the way.

At the table we found a nicely salted citizen—salted by the sea breeze—who proved to be the redoubtable Capt. H. T. Dobson, of Tacoma and San Francisco, known in every port of the Pacific.

On temporary leave from the China Pacific steamship company, he is engaged in a French port superintending the repairs to American and British Transport vessels. As the captain inquired concerning mutual Tacoma friends, Mr. Ginn's estimation of the world's size shrank still further.

Dinner, however, was the principal thing discussed. It included sugar, right out on the open table, and butter. It was the first real butter any of us had tasted, or seen for many days. But there it was, a large plate of it, and no restrictions on the butter-famined one at the table. The steward explained the boat had stocked its butter and sugar on the French side of the channel.

Met Lieut. Col. Baker, of the Salvation army, on deck. He is in charge of that army's work among American soldiers in France. The work is similar to that of the Y. M. C. A., he said, save that emphasis is placed on the religious needs of the soldiers instead of their recreational needs.

Just met another old acquaintance—a wintry gale from Medicine Hat, Mont. It is a long way for a wind to come, but the one that's rocking this here boat now could have come from nowhere else. However, she's a pretty good boat, while she has laid down and rolled over several times, she hasn't played dead yet.

Mr. Maulding just looked in to report that the world has been growing larger in friend Ginn's eyes and that home looks a long way off.

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Though we haven't heard much recently of Major General Leonard Wood, it seems that he has been just where one would expect to find such a good soldier as he is—on the firing line.

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