

CHARLES H. FISHER  
Editor and Publisher

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

THURSDAY EVENING  
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## AMERICAN SUBMARINE LOSSES

America has been in the war almost nine months, and the second period of unrestricted submarine warfare has lasted three weeks more than a year. In that time America has lost 69 vessels with a total tonnage of 171,061 gross tons. Since she entered the war America has seized former German and Austrian ships totalling 686,494 tons. This leaves us a total net gain of 515,433 tons. At the same rate of sinkage the seized vessels would pay the submarine toll for three years more. In the meantime the United States has let contracts for 884 ships, a large number of which are now under construction, and three of which have been recently launched at Portland. In addition to the ships available and taken over by the United States 21 ships on the great lakes have been taken over, which is the same as adding that many vessels to the available ships, for previously they were not engaged in the trans-Atlantic trade. Besides these 24 steamers building on the lakes for foreign account were commandeered, and as these were well along toward completion they will soon be available for use on the Atlantic.

From February first to December first, 1917, there cleared from American ports a gross tonnage of 24,834,460. From these figures can be gleaned some idea of the task before the German submarines if they could, as they boasted, clear the seas of all shipping in a month. It is no wonder that the thinking Germans regret the ruthless submarine war which has got them nowhere and has instead brought the United States into the conflict against them. The only thing hoped or expected from this ruthless-sinking of ships in violation of all rules of civilized warfare, was that "in six months England could and would be brought to her knees." That hope and expectation has gone glimmering, and the only reason for continuing the submarine attacks is that to stop them would remove the last hope that is held out to the German people that they can yet win. This hope gone it may well be doubted if either the German or the Austrian empires could survive the storm that would follow hopelessness. Reckoning by the sinkings of the past three months America will turn out more ships alone than Germany can sink, and with the building in England and Japan the shipping at the end of another year will show an increase instead of the decrease hoped for and promised her people by Germany. Taken all together, the shipping outlook is highly encouraging, but this should not cause any let up in our activities, but rather encourage us to still greater efforts. What ever is worth doing is worth doing well says the proverb, and this applies with double force to the whipping of the kaiser.

## NEXT LIBERTY LOAN

At a conference of the liberty loan central committee at Portland, Tuesday, the discussion indicated the loan would be for from \$6,000,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000 and that Oregon's quota would be around \$50,000,000. It will be some job to raise that sum, but so far our good old state has not fallen short of anything asked of her, and no matter what the sum may be she can be depended on to meet the demand. To do so however will require the honest, earnest efforts of every citizen. It will require the digging still deeper and by more of us, but it will be done. Our boys are over in the trenches, and depending on us to see that they have everything possible to make their sacrifices not in vain. The news comes that the second draft may not touch Oregon because her boys have not waited for the second draft but have volunteered in such numbers that our quota is about made up. Will we who remain at home be more chary of our dollars than our boys are of their lives? The proposition is unthinkable.

Now Finland is adding to the war's horrors by starting a revolution. Next thing the Esquimaux will be fighting over their ice fields and go onto reduced rations to conserve the supply of walrus meat and whale blubber. Nothing like being in style.

## 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.

## HIGH COST OF FISH

The Washington State Fish Commission is investigating the fishing business with a view to discovering the reason for the high cost of fish. It says the evidence tends to show the fishermen are receiving the lion's share of the profits. At Ketchikan, Alaska, fishermen were paid 14 cents for Alaska chinooks and transportation added brought the price at Seattle to 17 cents. The commission says this cannot be remedied except by the co-operation of the Canadian government. It gives another instance showing the fishermen are the ones cinching the public. It is that of a boat gone eight days from Prince Rupert which brought in 17,000 pounds of halibut for which \$2,139 was paid. The expenses of the crew of four men were \$309 including extra gear, and the share of the vessel was \$435. The men received for their eight days work \$348.60 or at the rate of \$43.57 a day. The reason they received this price was because dealers wanting the fish by competitive offers forced the price up, so after all the dealers are as much to blame as the fishermen, at least. In fact the fishermen are not to blame at all for taking the price offered them, but the dealers in their anxiety to secure fish forced the price to exorbitant figures, without regard to the real robbery they were perpetrating on their customers. It becomes more evident daily that the situation will not be better until the food administration takes charge of the fishing business and fixes a maximum price.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### THE FATAL BLUNDER



WALT MASON

If they would let me go to France, and o'er the fields of battle prance, the war would see its close; the sight of me, in brave array, all armed and buckled for the fray, would paralyze the foes. The world would hear the kaiser cry, if he beheld me whooping by, in my bright shirt of mail, "There is no use to struggle now; that fat bard with the bulging brow has surely turned the scale. The way his dripping saber clanks, the way he's wading through my ranks, has chilled my royal feet; so let the strife and tumult cease; let us sit down and talk of peace, a boon that's truly sweet." Our government, alas, seems bored, when'er I clamor for a sword to prod the Teuton backs; officials, in their bonehead way, explain to me that I must stay and pay my income tax. And so the weary war drags on; there is no sign of peace's dawn, no symptoms of a truce; and all because I may not go across the sea to swat the foe, and cook the kaiser's goose. When will our government awake, and realize its dread mistake, and send me to the front? The world from blood will then be free; then old Dad Hindenburg will see how useless is his stunt.

### Judge Will R. King Will Run For Senator

"Yes, I expect to be a candidate for the democratic nomination for the office of United States senator from Oregon, but do not expect to make formal announcement of my principles and platform until early in March," said Judge Will R. King, solicitor for the United States reclamation service, who was here from Washington yesterday to argue a water case in which the government is interested.

Judge King was a little chary about talking politics, declaring he is here on official business for the government and that he does not wish the idea to get abroad that he is back putting rails into his political shoes.

"I think with my acquaintanceship with Oregon affairs and my experience in national affairs as well, I may be able to do something for the state if I am elected," Judge King said. "When I enter the race I will expect to abide by the decision of the people and if defeated will have no complaint to make. If I win I will try to make good."

Judge King was a member of the house of representatives in the legislature from 1892 to 1894, and in the state senate from 1894 to 1898. He practiced law at Ontario for several years after running for the office of governor on the democratic ticket in 1898, and being defeated by T. T. Geer, was appointed to the supreme bench by Governor Chamberlain in 1907, and served there as an associate justice until January, 1911.

### Government Ownership of Canadian Roads

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 31.—Canada's wartime railroad problem probably will be solved by partial government ownership. Although the railway committee, now considering the problem, has not yet submitted any definite plan for solution to the cabinet, prevailing sentiment is that the Canadian railroads will be grouped into two great systems. One will be owned and operated by the government, while the other will be operated in co-ordination with the government system during the war and the immediate reconstruction period.

### CANADIAN WHEAT SEIZED

Windspe, Man., Jan. 31.—All wheat in elevators throughout Canada, probably aggregating 100,000,000 bushels, was seized by the government today. Lake shippers must cancel all orders in the United States and transfer them to the Wheat Export company, a government corporation, for export overseas.

### American Batteries Barrage German Lines

By J. W. Pegler, (United Press Staff Correspondent.) With the American Army in France, Jan. 31.—American artillery barrage fire probably prevented a recent German raid according to a certain American general today. The commander said: "A quick barrage fire probably prevented the enemy several days ago from carrying out the raid which they did accomplish Wednesday morning. "We have no way of knowing the enemy casualties as the result of our shelling—but it seems most probable that they suffered some loss."

### Twelve Deaths in France

Washington, Jan. 31.—Twelve deaths from illness were eabled the war department today by General Pershing, including: Corporal Harry G. Fairbank, Brandywine, Pa. Ralph Huddelson, Wasco, Cal. George W. Manning, McMinnville, Oregon. Thurman Gates, Salina, Utah. Nestor Cummings, Vanderburg, Ky. James Glenn, Starr, Idaho. Luther Adair, Indiana, Miss. Otto F. Schuchman, Beatrice, Cal. Grand Trunk Pacific. Meanwhile, the Canadian Pacific will remain as it is, with its operation co-ordinated with the government system.

### Margaret Garret's Husband

By JANE PHELPS  
THE BOOK.  
CHAPTER CXXIV.  
I purchased Charlotte Keating's book, and sent one to Elsie. Bob did not come home to-night, that night, somehow I knew he wouldn't. He would stay in town and be with the author. I thought utterly; not yet having proof that she was the magnet that drew him; out positive in my own mind.  
After the children were in bed and I had eaten my lonely dinner, I commenced to read the book. With amazement she had depicted my life with Bob. There was no slightest doubt in my mind as to whom she meant. She had named Bob, and in doing so had made him but little less than a martyr because of me. She called the man, "Greame," and the woman "Lorraine."  
In the condition I was in it was harrowing to read the tale. I was held up to the reader as a woman devoid of feeling, of anything save my phenomenal selfishness. She had left her heroine no shred of goodness, she had stripped her stark naked of all that the successful wife and mother possesses, and had left her sitting in her bones. The story ended by him leaving his wife and marrying the woman who had made up to him for his mistake in marrying the wrong woman. It was a fairly simple story, but its appeal lay in the power with which it had been told. I finished it before I went to bed; then hid it away in the bureau drawer. I would not let Bob know I had read it—not just yet; although I doubted if he would appreciate that I had understood.  
But in some way I must find out if Charlotte Keating were the woman Bob cared for that all my efforts to win him went either unnoticed or unknown. Perhaps at the party I was going to give for John and Elinor I should be able to find out. I would ask Miss Keating of course. I could not well leave her out; it would cause comment if I did. She was invited everywhere by the crowd, and was evidently a great favorite.  
So when I submitted the list of guests to Bob her name was very near the top. He approved my selection at once, only suggesting that I ask Mr. Lansing and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin.  
"They are friends of Elinor's and it would please them to be invited with the New York crowd," he had said and I had acquiesced as I did in all that he said nowadays. I had not included the Baldwins simply because I was afraid she, with her keen eyes, would see below the surface and know that I was unhappy because of Bob's defection.  
The night came and with it every single one of my guests. Not one disappointed me. And had I any doubts as to Bob's feeling for Charlotte Keating, the light in his eyes would have dispelled them.  
He greeted her in the same fashion he had all the others. As far as his manner went there was not a shade of difference. But that look in his eyes as he bent them upon her, tender, caressing, joyous, was not to be mistaken. My heart almost stopped beating; my blood went cold, yet I too greeted her cordially. So much had my training of the last months done for me. In the face of a fear I never until lately had acknowledged I did not lose my poise.  
While paying all necessary attention to my guests, no word or look of their escaped me. I must know. The suspense was too hard to bear.  
In two months the year of grace would end. When I thought of how little I had accomplished I almost groaned aloud. In spite of all I had done, all I COULD do, we were further apart than in the beginning. I had started too late. I realized with a tightening of my throat that had I been to Bob in the first years of our marriage, what was now trying to be, a companion and sweetheart, I would not have lost him.  
For it was each day coming home to me more forcibly that I HAD lost him. That Elsie was mistaken, and he would go when the year was up. And that night as I watched him returning to Charlotte Keating every few moments; each time with a wonderful light in his eyes, I realized I had absolutely no chance. I had had my chance and lost.  
My guests all voted my party a great success; but somehow I did not seem to care that Bob heard them praise me as a hostess. What did it matter. Only one thing mattered. That was the knowledge that I had failed. Yet even then hope whispered, "you are not sure, make him tell you."  
Ask him if he loved another. I wondered if ever I should have the courage, not to ask, but to listen.  
But as the days went by I felt sure it was the only way. Now he scarcely ever came home until late. Even Donald would ask for his daddy. Once I told him that the boy was fretting for him. For days afterward he got up half an hour earlier each morning and played with him. But he came home no earlier at night.  
"He won't rob her of his society," I thought, "even for his boy." And if he wouldn't for Donald whom he almost worshipped why should I expect him to for me?  
So matters stood when one Sunday afternoon I sought him in the library; a question on which my whole future happiness depended on his lips.  
(Tomorrow—The Question)

### THE FIRING TEST

#### Chapter I

The woman, starting unseeing at the table, clutched her jeweled hands and lifted her white shoulders in a shudder which shook her entire frame. He had failed her! How could she go on living with the strong light of disillusion beating mercilessly on her unhappy life? "Marmaduke," she breathed, "how could you? I trusted you so, dear. All my young girlhood I was sure of you, and as I grew to womanhood you never failed me. Our married life has been ideal. But now—"  
She sobbed convulsively and bowed her head crowned with a large ideal hair set upon the double damask. Across the table, Marmaduke Montgomery stirred uneasily in his chair. He felt like a brute. Her beautiful trust and confidence in him were gone, he feared forever. Never again would she lay her glorious cranium on his shirt front, twine playful and loving arms about his neck and breathe out her devoted affection. Never again—  
But the thought was too painful. It should not be. He would show her that even though he had given her reason to think otherwise he had yet the remnants of manhood. Rising from his seat he strode from the room. The door slammed behind him.

#### Chapter II

He was in the kitchen. Before him stood a large and muscular woman, gripping a rolling pin in a burly hand. It was the cook and none other.  
"Now, looky here," she snarled, "I ain't a-goin' to stay here another night. See? I don't like this place, an' I don't like you, an' I'm leavin' as soon as you gimme my roll. Get that?"

#### Chapter III

Marmaduke re-entered the dining room. His wife still sat with her head

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