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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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GERMANY BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Evidently there are serious internal troubles in both Germany and Austria. The desire for peace is an increasing one, and it will continue to increase. A people who have faced insufficient food for three years, and for two years of this time a dearth of proper nutriment that is destroying health and increasing mortality, have shown Spartan qualities. That there must be an end to endurance is undeniable. The question just now is, has this limit of endurance been reached, or nearly so? If it has, peace in the very near future is assured. The probabilities, however, are that this limit has not been reached. The situation is a complicated one. Hunger and suffering make the demand for peace incessant, while patriotism and love of country misguided by militarism, urges still further resistance, still further sacrifice. On top of this is the strong military machine of Germany backed by unswerving obedience that overawes the civilian population and will prevent any open outbreak, at least in Germany.

While these conditions all give hope of peace they must not be built on too strongly. If a separate peace is made with Russia as it apparently has been with Ukrania it will undoubtedly help the food situation of the central powers and this will have a tendency to prolong the war. As for this peace materializing, the chances just now seem to be in its favor. If it is made however through Germany's forcing the situation, the only way it can be made if Germany insists on annexations, it will perhaps drive Austria in to making a separate peace, and this would hurt far more than the peace with Russia would counter-balance. The fact though that all parties are discussing peace gives hope that it may result during the year. There are apparently insurmountable obstacles still in the way. One of these is Alsace-Lorraine and the others are the demands of Germany for increased territory and the abandonment by England of some of her strongholds, especially Gibraltar.

Secretary Lane, chairman of the Railroad Wage Commission in meeting a delegation of telegraphers who were asking an increase of 40 per cent in wages said: "It is not what labor, organized or unorganized, demanded, but with war upon us and living costs what they are, what should be the compensation given for the services rendered." This was the first hearing before the commission and Secretary Lane's announcement is taken as the keynote of all future dealings. From this it would seem it is not what labor may ask but what it really needs to counter balance the increased cost of living that is to govern in settling all such demands or claims.

The east is again tied up by storms and snow. Philadelphia insists the present storm is the worst of the many that have wrought such havoc and brought dire distress throughout the east within the past month. All traffic is stopped, and conditions are such that only warm weather that will melt the snow can be depended on to bring relief. The situation is said to be beyond correction by man power, the cuts in the railroads being filled not only to the top, but to the top of the great embankments built up in clearing the tracks before.

Seattle is going into the fishing business, by equipping a boat for fishing on the halibut banks off the Oregon coast, and soon some figures will be available as to the actual cost of catching fish and landing them in market. While having little confidence in a municipally managed fishing business, even with poor methods the price should be greatly reduced.

Two women recently robbed a Kansas store, and not getting any money from the woman proprietor grabbed six pairs of trousers and fled. This is strong evidence the robbers were married women, and if they had been followed they would have been seen going through the pockets of the whole six pairs.

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 DROP IN THE BUCKET

The demand of the people in some of the European countries for food is answered by declaring martial law. This may stop rioting but it is a sure thing it will not stop the pangs of hunger. Dispatches recently told of an agreement between Germany and Austria by which the former turned over to the latter 5,500 tons of wheat. This is 11,000,000 pounds, or about a quarter of a pound for each person in Austria. This would not last while the agreement was being ratified, it not being food enough for one day. To relieve the situation would require this amount be turned over daily, and with Germany herself down to a ration that will barely support life, the turning over of any material supply of foodstuffs is a physical impossibility. Germany is no doubt building hopes on the coming harvest and the grain she may get from the cultivation of conquered Rumanian territory. However, it is a long time until harvest, long enough for even a war hardened stomach to get weary and worn out with waiting. It may be the central powers will be able to worry through the Spring but while doing so there is pretty certain to be serious trouble due to hunger that borders on starvation.

Last evening the signs of Spring which have been in evidence since last Fall took a decided change and many a housewife hustled around and had hubby also hustling to cover plants outside and prevent a real catastrophe. Along towards evening the north wind got busy and brought a "tang", whatever that is, of winter. Apparently most of us had like the parrot in the story talked too much, and this without having our fingers crossed, for it sure felt more like sledding than making garden.

Prosecutor Heney is making it extremely uncomfortable for the "Big Five" packers. That is a way Heney has that seems to have made him unpopular in certain wealthy circles. The evidence presented by him shows pretty conclusively that the packers had an agreement as to handling the markets, each purchasing a given per cent of the offerings. It was a gentleman's agreement and was therefore kept.

The job of preparing the country for war on a big scale is so great that the copperhead partisan editors of the Portland Oregonian and Telegram can't even comprehend how big a task it is. All they can do is to whine and snarl because somebody hasn't raised and equipped an army of ten million men over night.

Villa has succeeded in killing more than a hundred of his fellow Mexicans. This side of the border we cannot understand a government that permits such things. The truth seems to be that Carranza is afraid to tackle the big bandit, and his officers are as cowardly as he is. It may be possible when the war is over the United States may yet have to go down into Mexico and help clear it of bandits and show our neighbor what law means.

Russia has broken with Rumania, but as she has broken with pretty much everything and everybody else, even including herself, it may be set down to habit.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THIS FATEFUL YEAR

This year should see the scrapping end, should hear the song of peace ascend. The Prussian hosts still face their foe, and through their war-like motions go, and would convince us, if they could, that they're in shape to saw much wood. But all their fighting men who made of war a pastime and a trade are dead, or shy of legs or lumps, or fenced in foreign prison camps. No longer does the Teuton find in war a solace to his mind; of such rude games he's had enough; he'd rather play at blind man's bluff. The Prussian armies are composed of dotards who for years have dozed before their fires, so old and weak that walking made their hinges creak; and boys who have been drawn from schools to drill around with deadly tools. The hacks and has-beens of the land bear arms at Kaiser Bill's command. To face them go our stalwart sons, who'll climb the frames of war-worn Huns, and show the world how Yankee snap can draw new lines upon the map. When once our boys have got their stride in battle, on the other side, I don't see how Bill's weary crew can help but throw up hands--do you?



WALT MASON

Washington Student Under Investigation

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 1.—Federal agents are conducting a rigid investigation of E. V. Evenson, aged 33, a University of Washington student arrested yesterday in chemistry class by Patrolman J. M. Bailey. Evenson is held as a German. It is understood the arrest was made at the request of the United States department of justice at Boston, but the nature of the charge is withheld.

United States Attorney Clay Allen and Howard P. Wright, special agent of the department of justice, held a conference with Evenson that continued all forenoon today. The results of the examination will not be announced until further investigation is made. Evenson claims his father is a Norwegian, his mother German and that he was born in Finland. The police declare Evenson was arrested three months ago as a slacker, but the charge was withdrawn.

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

THE QUESTION.

CHAPTER CXXV.
"Bob, dear, will you send Donald away? I want to talk to you," I said as I found them together in the library.

"Run away like a good little man," he told Donald who seemed about to object. Daddy will play with you by and by."

He spoke so gently I had to swallow hard to keep the tears back. But tears had no part to play in my life at that time. I had exhausted their power years before.

"What is it, Margaret?" still he used the same gentle tone he had used when speaking to Donald.

"Our year is nearly up, Bob." He gave a start showing how unexpected was what I had to say.

"Yes."

"I love you, Bob, as you know. I shall always love you. But I have learned many things the last year; one of them is my own selfishness. I love you so well that I will not stand in the way of your happiness. Do you understand, Bob? I am not asking you to stay—if you will be unhappy with me; or if you will find happiness elsewhere."

As I talked every vestige of color left his face. His hands twitched, as, without speaking, he took a cigar from his pocket and lighted it.

"Will you answer me truly, Bob?" "What do you want to know?" His tone was so low I could scarcely catch the words.

"I want to know if there is some one else—whom you—love?"

The silence was so tense, so fraught with possibilities for me that I scarcely breathed.

"I will never let my wishes stand in your way—now, Bob." I went on when I could endure the silence no longer. "There was a time when I only thought of myself, my happiness. That time is past. Your happiness is in all respects the chief concern of my life."

"The time isn't up, Margaret. Why didn't you wait?"

"A few weeks. What difference would they make? No earthly power, I scarcely think heavenly, can kindle a love once dead. A love whose fire has gone out. I am convinced that it is utterly folly to seek it in the ashes, gray and cold. A loveless, even if only loveless on one side as is ours, is no marriage at all. It is almost unholy. It is only lately I have come to know this."

Bob, only very lately, I know too, dear that you never have loved me; that as Elsie said I caught you on the rebound, when your heart was sore from the loss of your mother. It is my fault that I didn't win your love then. I might have—perhaps. When I woke up, it was too late. I had given my love to another. I know it. Bob had bowed his head on his hands but neither moved nor spoke.

"Will you answer me question now, Bob? Is there some one else?"

"Yes—Margaret—there—is." And his answer was almost a groan.

How I wished he would raise his head. How I wanted to look into his eyes, to know if the love-light caused by the thought of her—that other woman, lingered in them. But he still shaded them with his hand.

"May I ask who it is, Bob, or do I know? Is it Charlotte Keating?" I pronounced her name in a steady voice although my heart was pounding, and my hands were like ice as I waited.

"Yes—it is Charlotte," he said, then raising his head he looked at me. "You must believe me, Margaret, when I say I had no intention of caring for another; that it came to me so gradually, that I cared as I never supposed a man could care, before I was aware of my feelings."

She was so pure, so unspiced, such a wonderfully understanding companion that I had given my love before either knew I had done so. Then it was too late; although I too have tried, Margaret. I have seen your efforts, you brave girl; and I have honestly tried to put this love from my life. But it has been useless. I have failed."

"Then dear we better end it. Why should all three suffer when one of us can make the other two happy. When the suffering of only one means the happiness of the majority?"

"Don't Margaret! You—I can't take advantage of your generosity. I will stay, and we will be as happy as we can. We, and the boys."

"No, not even for the boys is it your duty, Bob. They will always be your boys—they won't object to your seeing them when you want to. I will bring them up the best I can. They must be left with me, dear, that must I demand!"

A stifled groan was my only answer.

"Love, Bob, is a vagrant," I went on. "I try to catch him and failed. It is not your fault. I cannot in fairness hold you any longer. Think it over, Bob, then we'll talk about the details." And with a blinding pain in my heart I walked from the room.

(Tomorrow—The End of a Painful Day.)

The Daily Novelette

THE GREAT SPIFKINS MURDER TRIAL

The court room was crowded, for on this day the last of the testimony in the Spifkins murder trial would be given, and James Spifkins would know whether or not he should be hung for the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mattie Haggelstraw.

The deciding testimony was that of the young wife, who appeared childishly grieved in green crepe de chine to show her extreme innocence. It was understood that the pretty former chorus girl would make an effort to save her

MEN!

February Sale of Overcoats

Right now in the coldest part of the season comes this startling announcement.

We must have the room for in-coming stock and so are placing our stock of All Wool Overcoats on sale at unheard of savings. Purchased early last Fall when wholesale prices were low these Coats are good buys even at regular prices. Sale prices now rule that are actually below present wholesale lists. We have a coat to fit you—Come in and try it on.

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husband, and the wives of the jury were all in court to keep their better halves firm, and also to observe what the charming witness wore.

"You admit that your husband killed your mother on the night of the great murder?" barked the prosecuting attorney, as she bashfully swore herself in.

"I do, your honor," she responded ingenuously.

"Tell the exact circumstances of the case," demanded he, glaring doubly at the simple collar of pearls which encircled her slender throat.

"Why, you see it was this way," she began bashfully. "My husband always was the best of men, and kind to my mother, and on the night before the great murder, he carried all her plants out onto the grass because it was raining and they needed it, she said. It rained hard, and then grew cold, and my mother was afraid it would freeze and so she got up and asked my husband to carry in the rubber plant—"

At this point the jury showed signs of violent agitation. The witness proceeded.

"So he carried it in out of the cold, and then later in the night she thought it might do better in another room, so he moved it again, and then early in the morning she woke up and decided that it ought to go outdoors again,—and then my husband seemed to go wild, and took the carving knife and waved it around. Then he killed her and cut down the rubber plant and buried them together in the back yard."

"The evidence is complete," said the judge, "and I charge the jury to consider it as peers of the accused."

The jury were absent from the court room but five minutes. They returned with an air of mysterious exaltation.

"Your honor," reported the foreman, gazing triumphantly at his wife, who occupied a seat in the front row. "we have reached a verdict of NOT GUILTY. The defendant was justified."

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