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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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HINDENBURG'S APRIL FOOL JOKE

The Medford Mail Tribune calls attention to the story in German newspapers that Hindenburg says he will be in Paris on April 1. The date is suggestive that an April fool is in prospect for Germany. Probably a medal is being struck off to commemorate the event, like that made for September, 1914—a memento for futurity of the folly and futility of frightfulness.

Of course Hindenburg's "children," the German people, implicitly believe whatever the war lord tells them to, but it will take something more than credulity to fill empty stomachs—and promises have been the chief diet of his "children" for some time and have not fattened them any, the Mail Tribune continues.

Just a year ago Hindenburg was promising that the U-boat campaign would end the war in six months. Instead it has immeasurably lengthened it by bringing in North and South America and China. Many other alluring promises have failed to materialize the gorgeous rainbow of German success, including the famous "strategical retreat to victory."

There is not much left of the "impregnable" Hindenburg line—that was to definitely check the progress of the British and French. Wherever and whenever the latter wished, they have smashed it. The Kaiser is as far as ever, in fact a little farther, from making his triumphant entry into Calais, Verdun or Paris—and if he failed before, despite his superiority in men and armament, how is he going to get in now?

Facts concerning America have been kept from the German people. They know nothing of the gigantic preparations for war underway. Newspapers unitedly belittle and ridicule America. The only news that is permitted are the speeches in congress attacking the administration, which are displayed as proof that America has fallen down and failed as a factor in the war—printed to hearten and cheer the German people.

Only recently the German papers stated that there were but 20,000 American troops in France, that they were untrained and undisciplined and had no equipment. A recent issue of the Stuttgart Neues Tageblatt, typical of all the German papers, contained the following: "Our field grays held the American soldier in contempt and refuse to recognize him as a worthy opponent."

German papers claim that the U-boat has made the transportation of troops impossible—and the sinking of the empty returning transport Antilles was described as being full of soldiers, all of whom perished and assert that the loss so frightened America that she has stopped sending troops abroad.

In short, the German press and people believe that America is not seriously in the war. They poke fun at Roosevelt but never at Wilson, upon whom is spilled the vials of German wrath. Wilson is always a malign figure calling for black hatred. But most of the hate is reserved for German-Americans for not returning to the fatherland to fight its battles.

It is not at all improbable that the American front will be selected as one of the spots upon which the German blow will fall—for they regard it the weakest, manned as it is by green troops. But the Americans will be ready and give a good account of themselves and help give Hindenburg his April fool.

The Medford paper's remarks are sensible and timely, although its criticism of the German papers for misleading their readers with mis-information concerning America's military progress is somewhat harsh. These papers know all about the debates in our congress, and the speeches of the Oregon, Nebraska and New York senators have no doubt been published broadcast in Germany. They have these speeches upon which to base their statements that the American army is a joke and that this country will be unable to cut any figure in the war. Hindenburg's promise to be in Paris by April 1, is entitled to as much consideration as some of the remarks made in debate by our own public 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.

FIRST REAL LOSS OF WAR

This country has suffered its first serious loss in the war by the torpedoing of the troop ship Tuscania. Of course, the loss is trivial as compared to the staggering losses of life the other nations have suffered, but it is enough to bring the nation to a realization that it is engaged in the serious business of war. The people of this country cannot seem to realize that the nation is fighting for existence, for that is what the war means. If the decision of arms goes against us everything is lost, and we must make peace on the terms dictated by the enemy, which will not be easy to comply with.

No one really expects this country to be defeated, but it seems to us that if everybody took the war more seriously and in doing so contributed something toward winning it the task would be more easily accomplished and the inevitable loss of life much lighter. Casualty lists just coming from the front will have the effect of arousing the nation to action and many persons who are not lending the assistance they should may be induced to do their patriotic duty through a realization of the seriousness of the job cut out for the American soldiers and sailors.

There is said to be a chronic shortage of workers in the various Red Cross activities of this city which should not exist. This one kind of work where everybody, patriot or pacifist, may meet on common ground because it is the greatest movement to alleviate sickness and suffering ever attempted. Its scope of activities includes every human being within the war zone and its workers will be everywhere that their services may be required. Many Salem women have not yet responded to the call for help who ought to do their part, in fact everyone should do something, contribute some time and some labor to the work of the American Red Cross.

The residents of Yew Park, in the vicinity of Twelfth and Cross and Twelfth and Hines streets, are complaining today of a flood due to stopped up sewers and other causes which might be remedied. If this is true the municipal officials might get busy and give that part of the city the attention it is entitled to.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE UNKIND ACT

My aunt came to me, in my lair, and talked while I was busy; I smote her with a rocking chair, and knocked her cold and dizzy. The butler bore her form away, and sent out for a doctor, and I could hear the sawbones say, "The blow has badly shocked her." And, sitting there in solitude, remorse soon drove me dotty; I sighed, "Oh, why am I so rude, unladylike and naughty? Why do I thus my temper lose, o'er every trifling matter, and bombard guests with chairs and shoes, when they come in to chatter? If I had said, 'Dear aunt, you see that I'm composing sonnets, so please don't

talk just now to me of furbelows and bonnets, I know that she'd have understood, she would no longer tease me, for she is gentle, sweet and good, and always wants to please me. But no, I swat her with a chair, and make her topknot bloody, and servants drag her by the hair from out my gloomy study. I am a brute! I should be canned! My soul is dark and shady! Alas, that I should raise my hand to such a smooth old lady!" Next day, a sad, repentant man, I went to beg her pardon; she soaked me with the frying pan, and chased me through the garden.

Margaret Carrell's Husband

IN THE SOUTHLAND

CHAPTER CXXX.
It was about four months afterward, as I sat on the veranda of the southern hotel where I had spent the winter with the children and Della, that I fell to thinking and wondering about Bob. I had passed a very quiet peaceful winter. Donald had had no recurrence of his throat trouble and both children had been happy playing in the sand day after day with faithful Della to watch them.
I wondered if he were married. Strange Elsie had not known and written me. Yet perhaps it had been done so quietly that no one knew.
Then suddenly I saw someone coming up the long path that led to my heart. So familiar was the walk that my heart almost stopped beating before I could smile at the idea. But—it could be yes, it WAS Bob. He saw me I think at the exact moment I realized that it was really he.
"Margaret!" he said and held out his hand. His other sleeve was EMPLOYED. "Bob!" then I caught myself. "How do you do?" I said truthfully.
"Very well now," he replied, "I have come down here to recuperate. Doctor's orders, but that I needed to," he said rather bitterly.
"You have been—hurt?" I pointed to his elbow.
"Yes, I got mine very soon after I went over. Some of the poor fellows fared worse than I did. Many of them never knew what hit them," he said softly.
"You have been—to war?" I asked. Somehow the thought had never occurred to me.
"Of course! Why shouldn't I go? I had no one dependent on me—no excuse to remain behind even had I wanted to, which God knows I didn't! I offered myself before we declared war, I was fighting with the British."
"But—she—Charlotte Keating—was she with you?"
I had not intended to ask the question, it was fairly forced from me.
"No. She married a Chicago millionaire about three months after—she wouldn't wait for me. I don't wonder. I wasn't worth waiting for," he said, the bitterness of death in his voice. But such a surge of happiness went over me as made me clutch the arms of the chair to keep from crying to the stars and the sea. He was alone! He had not married. She had not been with him all this time when I had thought them together.
"May I sit down, Margaret?" he asked, and when I nodded, he took the chair next me and asked about the boys. It was a safe subject, perhaps the only safe one for me.
I told him of Donald's bronchitis, of

The Daily Novelette

CHRISTOPHER'S REASON.

"Now, what do you want to know, Tommy?" inquired Mrs. Askitt, as she looked up from the sweater she was knitting.
"Why, how in the dickens did Christopher Columbus know there was any land over here to come to, heh?" queried Tommy.
"Er—why, I used to know about that but making sweaters and shirts and socks for soldiers has completely taken it off my mind. Ask your father. He never has enough on his mind for anything to take it off."
"Huh!" commented Pa Askitt, who was pretending to be deeply interested in the sporting section of the Morning Glory.
Well, Thomas, as I am the only one around here who seems to know anything, I may as well inform you, inquiring your mind the vital question you are propounding.
"Let me see—ah, yes. Christopher Columbus sailed over here some few years ago. How did he know there was land here? Haw! Nothing simpler. He just did what I would have done in his place."
"Chris had a ship that some queen over in Europe gave him for a birthday present and he always lived on it. One day when he got out in his rowboat to go to shore for some provisions he found he had forgotten his purse, so he sent one of his carrier pigeons back to get it."
"About three months later the pigeon came back with a fig leaf in his bill, and Christopher liked the shape of it so well, that he put the pigeon on top of the ship's mast, (which by the way started the weather-vane business) and they steered straight over here to America," said Pa with a lofty air, and he adjusted his newspaper for further reading.
"Gee! That was a good stunt!" said Tommy.
"You bet!" said Pa.

HAIR OFTEN RUINED BY WASHING WITH SOAP

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.
The best thing for steady use is just ordinary washed coconut oil (which is pure and grassless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.
One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.
You can get muffled coconut oil at any pharmacy. It's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

County Agent Thompson of Josephine reports considerable interest in the pruning school now doing field work at the Canby orchard. The Grants Park Center reports an enrollment of 22. Two of the pupils are women.

The doctor's wish that I try the warmer climate for him for the winter, and of how happy both of the boys were in the new environment.
"You will see them in the morning if you walk on the beach. Della takes them out very early," I told him rather stiffly. Then, as I saw the shadow on his face deepen, I reproached myself for asking about her, never thinking the shadow deepened because of the change in my voice.
It was awful to think of Bob with only one arm. The tears filled my eyes as I glanced at the empty sleeve. Capable, handsome Bob wounded and maimed for life. Not even waiting until his own country called him.
Then came the thought of the uselessness of my sacrifice. I had given him his freedom that he might marry Charlotte Keating, the woman whom he had said was a perfect companion, the woman he had loved so that he could not remain with me. No one but God had known what it had cost me to give him up. And it had been of no use.
After a pregnant silence, Bob asked: "How are your people, and Elsie, and do you see Elmer? Good old John is still over there doing his bit."
I told him of father and mother, of Elsie and Tom, and that Elsie had been so good to me and the boys; that she had written me regularly and that they were all well and happy in spite of the war.
It was getting late. The music in the ball room had stopped, lights were being extinguished all over the hotel. I rose and held out my hand.
"It is getting late, I must go in. If you are staying here I shall probably see you again. The children will be out early." I reminded him, loathe to go.
"Bob had taken my hand and held it closely. When I left him he remained standing quite still. I glanced back as I entered the hotel door and he had not moved, but was silhouetted against the sky, his thin sleeve hanging limp against his side.
With a sob in my throat, but a lightness I had not felt for ages I hurried to my room. And until morning came I sat by my window trying to piece the way of things.
—Then just as the world was waking I threw myself on the bed, and sank immediately into a heavy, dreamless sleep. (Tomorrow—A Walk On The Beach)

TWO HUNDRED TEN

(Continued from page three.)

Tacomn, is also believed to have been on the troop ship.
At Camp Lewis it was said today that a number of men from the 160th depot brigade had been sent to fill out the 20th engineers.

Modesto Man Aboard
Modesto, Cal., Feb. 7.—Bert Weeks, a Modesto volunteer, was on the ill-fated British transport Tuscania which was sunk Tuesday. Weeks was a member of the 100th aero squadron and in a letter just received by his parents from New York said he expected to sail immediately.
Stanley Collins of Knights Ferry, another Stanislaus volunteer, was also on the Tuscania. He was in the same aero company with Weeks.

Two Marshfield Men
Marshfield, Or., Feb. 7.—Two Marshfield men were aboard the Tuscania, according to letters written to their relatives. They are W. B. Curtis, son of a former postmaster here, and Sydney Bennett, member of a pioneer family. Both were in the Twentieth engineer units sailing on the steamship.

EYE WITNESS TELLS

(Continued from page one)

"The Tuscania floated three hours, but her steering gear fouled and she smashed some lifeboats," declared a young Ohio engineer officer, who was among the survivors.
"Several of the occupants were thrown into the rough, freezing water. In the dark it was difficult to locate the lifeboats and almost impossible to find any swimmers.
"Many were lost by jumping into the sea with lifeboats where they floated out of range of the rescue craft.
"One bunch of soldiers in a lifeboat began singing, 'Oh, They've Got to Cut That Out.'
"I was in a leaking collapsible lifeboat with thirty others. We sat for five hours waist deep in the water that had washed over the gunwales of our boat.
"Our only light was a pocket flash lamp. By signalling with it we managed to attract attention and finally were picked up.
"Shortly before we were rescued we saw five men lashed to a raft, three of them dead from exposure."

DANDRUFF SOON RUINS THE HAIR

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.
It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.
By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.
You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

Famous Japanese Admiral Is Dead

Tokio, Feb. 7.—Vice Admiral Shishu Akiyama, who was one of the closest advisers of Admiral Togo during the Russo-Japanese war, died here today.

Admiral Akiyama commanded Togo's flagship Mikasa during the naval battle of Tsushima strait. He was chief of the Japanese naval affairs bureau until February 1916.

Fifteen Hundred Passengers From Europe

At Atlantic Port, Feb. 7.—Fifteen hundred passengers are waiting to disembark today from the Holland-American liner Nien Amsterdam. This is the largest number of passengers to take the trip from Europe on one steamer since the rush of refugees at the beginning of the war.

Government officers are using the strictest methods to guard against the landing of enemy spies.
No one will be permitted to board or leave the steamer until the search is concluded.

Rosedale Items

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Rosedale, Or., Feb. 7.—Lester Cook went to Portland Friday evening, returning Sunday evening.
The Hadley and Gardner family are in Portland where they went to attend the funeral of their father, Sam Gardner.
T. D. Trick has been on the sick list for a few days.
The revival meetings closed Sunday night. Rev. Lewis I. Haines has gone to Portland to visit his mother for a few days. He will be back Sunday morning at Marion, Feb. 10.
Miss Irma V. Cook responded to Portland Sunday.

Publicity Campaign

Amsterdam, Feb. 7.—Publicity regarding momentous events affecting the east front was given in the form of copies of the Vorwa

CUTS DRAWING

DESIGNING, ILLUSTRATING CUTS FROM PHOTOS

MURRAY WADE

ENGRAVINGS, ETC. 239 HUBBARD BLDG. PHONE 9202

WIN THE WAR BY PREPARING THE LAND

SOWING THE SEED AND PRODUCING BIGGER CROPS

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the U. S. and Canada—Co-operative Farming in Man Power Necessary to Win the Battle for Liberty
The Food Controllers of United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat can be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rest the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand must Assist.
Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operations.

Canada's Wheat Production last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the demand from Canada alone, for 1918, is 400,000,000 Bushels.
To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there. Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell where you can best serve the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than April 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50 a month and up, board and lodging. Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board, and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.
For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had, apply to

U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, Dept. of Labor.