

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY  
**Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.**

**L. S. BARNER,** President. **CHAS. H. FISHER,** Vice-President. **DORA C. ANDRESEN,** Sec. and Treas.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month . . . \$45c  
Daily by mail, per year . . . . . 3.00 Per Month . . . . . 25c  
FULL LEASID WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT  
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES  
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building, Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

The Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, please call the editor's office. It is the policy of the paper to deliver the paper to the door in the morning. The carrier is to be held responsible for any failure to do this. The paper will not be delivered to the door if the carrier is not instructed to do so. Phone Main 51 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL  
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the  
Audit Bureau of Circulation.

**LESSON TAUGHT BY GARFIELD'S ORDER**

The heatless day once a week and the shut-down of industries on the same day throughout the East and Middle West will soon be a thing of the past. This decree of Fuel Commissioner Garfield raised a great storm of protest, the anvil chorus was swelled by nearly all the newspapers of the section affected. It is probable, however, that much real good was accomplished by the order, since fuel is now being produced and distributed in larger quantities than ever before. Freight congestion also has been greatly relieved. This little taste of the real hardships of war was not taken with good grace but the moral effect will leave a lasting impression. It has brought our people face to face with the realization that the United States is engaged in a big, hard war.

We have all known this in a way. But most of us have had a sort of idea that we could proceed with everything about as usual, that the war was something apart from us which would go on of its own accord in a mechanical way to ultimate victory. The war will not go on of its own accord. Everybody has got to recognize this fact. Everybody has to work and save and feel and suffer. And the more keenly we feel the situation now, the more clearly we feel the facts now, the harder we work now, the more frugally we live now, the more we suffer now, the less we shall have to pay later, and the smaller will be the total toll.

The people east of the Mississippi did not want this practical moral lesson administered. They did not like it. But if it tended to make us as a nation realize what the country is up against on the economic side of war-making it will be a very good thing. And this moral benefit is in addition to the practical advantages that will accrue from it.

**WHAT ABOUT RUSSIA?**

The Russian situation has changed again, providing the report is true that the Bolshevik leaders have come to the German terms and signed a humiliating treaty of peace. There are some reports to the contrary, indicating that the Russians will still resist the invaders but these two men came into power Germany has secured very fact.

We are inclined to think that Russian affairs are so badly mixed that speculating on the situation is of little value from any viewpoint. Anarchy reigns and the stage of civil war and wholesale murder and lawlessness is approaching rapidly. For several months it was apparently a state of harmless, peaceful anarchy, with everybody enjoying the utmost liberty and nobody working or seriously considering the future. That condition has passed and an era of intense civil strife is upon the distracted country. Blood is flowing copiously in Russia these days.

As to the conflict with Germany, we are inclined to hold to the opinion that the first allied estimate of Lenin and Trotsky was right and that they are simply paid German agents who are doing their work very cleverly and successfully up to the present time. Their occasional quarrels with the Central empires exist only in inspired reports intended to mislead their own people and the world at large. The fact cannot be denied that since these two men came into power Germany secured every possible advantage from the situation. Russia has quit fighting and her army is scattered, allowing the Germans to take possession of any territory desired and hold it, and every end sought by them has been attained without striking a blow.

There was no doubt that Kerensky was true to Russia and the allies as long as he maintained power.

In England, too, there are chronic kickers, just as there are in this country. No wonder Lloyd-George served notice on the malcontents that if they didn't like the way the war was being conducted to run things themselves—and they had the good sense in the house of commons to tell the premier to stay on the job.

**LADD & BUSH, Bankers**  
On February 7th we received balance of Liberty Loan Bonds  
Now prepared to make deliveries to those buying them.

The magnitude of the automobile industry in the United States, the volume of capital and the equally large amount of labor, are strikingly set forth in data compiled from various sources by Alfred Reeves, of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. These figures evidence conclusively the wide appropriation, not only by business men, but the public at large, of the transportation facilities supplied by passenger cars and commercial trucks which are doing great work in this country, and particularly at this time, in relieving the railroads of much short haul freight traffic and passenger business. An interesting point developed is the fact that the greatest registration of automobiles during the past year occurred in the agricultural states, where some 10,000,000 acres of tillable land have been released for food production by the replacement of horses with motor trucks. Mr. Reeves shows that there is \$736,000,000 of capital invested in automobile manufacturing, and that the total value of the vehicles turned out last year was \$917,470,938.

The Germans will use tanks in their offensive against the allied west front line, so it is stated. Probably, those they captured on account of the fool blunder made by the British commander at Cambrai.

The kaiser's personal dentist has come to this country because he isn't needed there any longer. The Yankee soldier boys will pull the kaiser's teeth pretty soon and do a finished job.

But it can hardly be Seattle without Hi Gill.

**Rippling Rhymes**  
by Walt Mason

**CONSERVING FOOD**  
I took an ax and killed nine rats, and left them in their gore; and then I borrowed Johnson's cats, and killed a dozen more. And thus I did more lasting good, the kind of good that pays than I could do by shunning food on meatless, wheatless days. We gladly do without our steak, and our accustomed bread; we're trusting that our course will make the kaiser soak his head. But what's the use, if we allow the rats to be alive? The grain they eat each day, I swow, would make an army thrive. So let us have a ratless day, a day on which we'll raise, and chase the beastly rats and slay until the last one dies. Then we'll conserve to beat the band, and feed the largest host, and every man in this broad land may have his loaf and roast. No meatless days or wheatless days we'll need to win the war, if we get busy and erase the pest all men abhor. While men are tightening their belts, and knowing hunger's pain, the nasty rats, doggone their pelts, are eating up our grain. And so I take down from its perch the sword of Bunker Hill, and through the house for rats I search, and kill, and kill, and kill.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**  
until I got so tired I can't remain awake and say portia, tomorrow morning when this car reaches Columbia they will put on a dining car and just as soon as that car is attached I want you to get away, drop all other employment or business and order for me two portions of the best country sausage. Stand over the cook with a razor if necessary and see that he cooks that sausage until it just begins to break through the skin, and have it hot and have all the gravy saved off placed on the same plate with the sausage. You understand?  
"Yes, sah, yes, sah!"  
"When that sausage is cooked just right I want you to call me. It will take me only eight minutes to dress and still I can make him cook for me a large stack of buckwheat cakes each one five inches in diameter and one quarter of an inch thick, no more, no less. Start with ten of these cakes and have the cook ready to make ten more at a moment's call. Have him also make ready a large pot of good coffee and if it isn't good I'll wring his neck. And, more important still, have placed at my table one pint of real maple sugar syrup. Understand?  
"Yes, sah, yes, sah. I understand perfectly. I see from de South, General and knows jes' what you wants and you'll done git it, General."  
In a few minutes the berth was arranged and the general was carefully tucked in and soon his snores were trying to outdo the puffing of any ordinary locomotive.  
Ten Hours Later.  
The General awoke and he was as fresh as a cabinet dancer.  
"Egad," said he as he stretched himself, "that is the first time in all my life that I have slept on a moving train. Hey, there, Portia!"  
"Yes, sah, yes, sah," and there was the porter.  
"Now, sir; did you order my breakfast exactly as I told you? I see that the train is standing. Are we at Columbia or Augusta?"  
The porter edged carefully away and made somewhat hurriedly for the rear platform of the car as he replied:  
"I'm mighty sorry, sah, mighty sorry, sah, but de fact am dat de train ain't done started yit."

**GO NO FARTHER**  
The Evidence is At Your Door  
Salem proof is what you want and the statement of this highly respected resident will banish all doubt:  
P. W. Brown, retired farmer, 1499 State St., says: "Had work weakened my kidneys and I often felt the effect in lameness and soreness across the small of my back. Finally my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills and I got some from Dr. Stone's Drug Store. The backache and soreness entirely left me." (Statement given January 31, 1906.)  
"On April 11, 1916, Mr. Brown said: "I am ready to confirm any time what I said in my former statement regarding my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. I still consider them a medicine of merit and they always do good work whenever I take them."  
Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Brown has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Woman Who Changed**  
By JANE PHELPS

**UNKIND MERRIMENT.**  
CHAPTER IX.  
I had taken Annie with me because of my arm. I was sure that if I crippled myself further George would be angry. It was luncheon time before we finished. Then just as we left the store who should I see but Madge Loring.  
After asking about my arm, etc., she mentioned something about her shopping having made her late to a luncheon at an exclusive cafe. I offered to take her in the car and she gladly accepted.  
"What in the world have you been buying a book store?" she asked as the clerk brought out an immense parcel and put it in the car as I had ordered. "I didn't intend to waste any time."  
"Not quiet," I answered gaily. "But there are so many things I do not understand about social etiquette that I bought every book I could find on the subject. George"—I started to say how wise he was, etc., then remembered that he had cautioned me not to talk to him, and hesitated, blushing furiously.  
"Oh, he's a stickler for form all right!" Mrs. Loring returned quietly enough, but her eyes fairly danced with merriment. "There all suddenly she threw herself back in the car and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.  
"Oh, what is so funny, you naive child! Oh, what will George say to that?" and again put Annie behind her and again peeped over her shoulder to see how Annie looked in amazement from my indignation, red face to the woman who was finding what I had told her so amusing.  
Then suddenly she stopped, and waved to a young man we were passing.  
"Merton Gray appears."  
"Do you mind if we stop a moment?"

I had understood that I had not been consulted—that my husband had accepted the dinner invitation without my even knowing he had been invited.  
"You'll like him I am sure. He is younger than most of George's friends; and a very talented fellow. But so hard to get hold of. I believe, he could dine out every single night in the week if he so desired."  
**Immediate Likings.**  
"He looks very nice; not a bit like some famous person," I declared.  
"You just wait until I tell him that!" she declared, again laughing.  
"Oh, you wouldn't!" I exclaimed. "I'd be so mortified."  
"Indeed I shall! It is too good to keep."  
"Is your dinner to be a large affair?" I asked timidly.  
"No, I hate big affairs! It shall have only twelve people."  
"I am glad. I can't seem to become accustomed to the crowded restaurants and the noise," I returned.  
"Thank of comparing my house to a restaurant!" and once more she laughed heartily.  
"Oh, I didn't mean that! But I haven't been to a private dinner since I have been married and I thought perhaps it was to be a large one."  
"Just then we drove up to the curb before the restaurant. She jumped out, thanked me for bringing her, then looked around rather anxiously. I thought, But I was too much engaged looking at a man whom I could just see thru the large swing doors. I wished he would turn around. His back looked very much like George's."  
(Tomorrow—Mixed Reflections)

**UNDER THE CAMOUFLAGE**  
LOWELL MELLETT  
(United Press Staff Correspondent)

London, Dec. 20.—First fog of the season today. There have been foggy days, but they don't call it a fog here when you can see the light in your pipe. Today they called it a fog.  
Called on General Maurice. He explained some of the differences between offensive and defensive warfare, in anticipation of a change to the latter on the western front.  
"The public is apt to believe," said the general, "when the enemy gains a bit of ground that we don't give out complete information. The plain fact is that on the defensive you usually don't know what you've lost, if you lose anything. When you attack you have your eyes ready and an officer to count the prisoners as fast as they are shovelled."  
"Prisoners usually are lost from the front lines, where attention is pretty well occupied and there is no time for calling the roll to find out who is missing. In the confusion of fighting, food, ammunition, and the like, are scattered and it usually takes some days to learn who is missing and who is dead."  
The fog had not lifted when we left the War Office. In fact, it was a bit thicker. Crossing Whitehall to the Admiralty was something of an adventure. It was like swimming under water in a stream, infested with submarines, some going upstream and some down; some confounding.  
Commander Walcott at the Admiralty, a keen, far-sighted officer, foresaw for our benefit the finish of the German submarine campaign. The commander isn't exactly an optimist; his analysis of the situation showed rather a well-reasoned confidence. I can't give the date when he expects the submarine effort to end—because he didn't, not because it would be giving information to the enemy. But when it does end will ask him if he had the right date in mind. Think he'll tell me because he's always been honest about everything else.  
Leaving the Admiralty you couldn't see the hand at the end of your arm. (That's the customary phrase in fog days). By hugging a picket fence most of the way we reached the Foreign Office safely. All except Morris. Morris is perfectly at home in a fog and he struck out into the very midst of it, making a short cut across the Horseguards Parade.  
At the Foreign Office, Roxburgh, authority on international affairs had progressed alphabetically through Albania, Budapest, Constantinople and so following to Petrograd, when Morris arrived. He had not only got lost in the fog, but had fallen down in the mud of Horseguards Parade.  
The day was not without profit; I learned that a fence beats a parade ground in a fog.

London, Dec. 20.—The Mother of Parliament is a good deal like her comports, or at least the resemblance is very marked in the case of one husky child, tucked in and soon his snores were trying to outdo the puffing of any ordinary locomotive.  
The occasion was the Prime Minister's appearance on the eve of the Christmas adjournment to discuss the state of the war on land and sea.  
Most of the speeches that preceded that of Lloyd George bore on what members hoped he would say; most of those following his had to do with what he had said or left unsaid.  
First speaker was the member for East Glamorgan, Mr. Edwards. Among the things he hoped the Prime Minister would announce was the coming-out of about 200,000 single men from the coal-fields for the army, some hundreds of thousands from munition plants and generally "a ruthless re-examination of the judges of exemption." Also he desired "a definite and encouraging

**And He Did**



statement as to that reservoir of 250,000 men in Ireland."  
"Sir J. D. Ross, whom other members are required by Parliamentary etiquette to address as 'the Noble Lord the member for South Nottingham,' echoed the sentiment regarding Ireland, but put in a word for our-man-and-his-country among his Nottingham constituents. In conclusion he protested against asking for a definition of war aims "asleeporable and unpatriotic."  
Soon following him, however, was Major David Davis with a very explicit demand for such a definition. Firstly he suggested the Premier should take the House into his confidence oftener. "It's all very well," he said, "to make speeches to the Benchers at Gray's Inn, who may be a less critical audience than the Members of this House, but I certainly think he would give more confidence to the country if he came here oftener and gave us authoritative statements as regards the policy of the government." He vigorously criticized Balfour's speech of the day before, saying the Foreign Office failed to realize "that the world is now being permeated by new ideas which are totally at variance with some of the prehistoric views held in the Foreign Office."  
Diplomacy, he declared, is no longer to be regarded as the special privilege of the Foreign Office. Commander Wedgwood interpolated:  
"And of the governing classes."  
"And, as my honorable and Gallant Friend says, of the governing classes," continued Maj. Davies.  
Following him there came a perfect torrent of speech from a seat beneath the lantern where I sat. I couldn't see the speaker, but the evening papers note that Mr. Stanton, member for Aberystwyth, broke all speed records, speaking 110 words in the course of fifteen minutes. It must have been Stanton. What he wanted the Prime Minister to do, he said, was "to get more of the young men who are striking around the army, in his other industries into the army."  
"We have these acropines coming from America and I am hoping the government have a little surprise in store for us and that one morning we shall wake up and find that 500 or 1000 aeroplanes have flown to Germany and bombed them to the devil, men, women and children, the same as they have done our people."  
Almost indeed this fine finish for in the midst of it I spied the boyish outline of the Prime Minister—he's really not much bigger than Secretary of War Baker, as he came through the doorway back of the Speaker's dias. No ceremony attended his entry. He slipped in quietly and wedged himself between Sir Eric Geddes and Bonar Law on the front bench, where members of the Government sit.  
Stanton got down and the Prime Minister stood up. He placed a bundle of papers on the big desk that extended from the Speaker's chair in front of and about half the length of the government bench. As he spoke he referred to his notes, for the speech contained many figures, said to be a weakness of the Prime Minister. While in appearance he was as much the evangelist as ever—the Gypsy Smith type, not the jolly Sunday—he did not use his evangelist voice today. The poignant effect, however, was emphasized in other ways; by the involuntary trick, for instance, of resting his hands on the desk at a height slightly below his shoulders and swaying slowly backward and forward.  
This government bench is just a bench, and nothing more. Lloyd George talked for almost an hour and a half. Before he concluded Bonar Law, who had been slipping by imperceptible degrees, was sitting on the small of his back or close thereabouts. When the Prime Minister sat down, Sir Eric Geddes availed himself of the chance, for he must

**Woman Has Thrilling Experience In Russia**

San Francisco, Feb. 20.—Mrs. G. O. Jones, of New York and Louisville, was in San Francisco today after a thrilling wedding trip which took her to Russia in the thick of the Bolshevik revolution. With her husband she is en route to Washington where Jones, now head of a large tobacco company, will become a "dollar-a-year" man.  
Last October Mrs. Jones watched the Bolshevik storm the Winter Palace as she sat in her hotel in Petrograd. She saw soldiers shoot down young girls in the Nevsky Prospect. Then she traveled hundreds of miles down the Volga river to Archangel and was the last American woman refugee to leave the ed himself of the chance, for he must