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Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

TUESDAY EVENING
March 19, 1918

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 \$4.50 Per Month \$3.50
Daily by mail, per year \$4.00 Per Month \$3.00

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.
Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

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

GROW PLENTY OF SPUDS

The weather man is evidently preparing to let us have some weather in which the fragrant onion set can be stuck in his little row and the radish and the lettuce be planted with seeds enough in a six foot row to plant a ten foot square bed. In many favored spots the ground is about right for spading and is being turned upside down and prepared for whatever is coming to it. It is time all kinds of garden truck was planted, for the earlier the better on account of the shy character of the summer rains. Don't be afraid of planting too much. Make your plans as though no one else was even thinking about making garden, and you were going to supply everybody. It is claimed too many potatoes were grown last year, and while three is still quite a supply of them it is doubtful if there will be any very large surplus. The Kings Products Company will make a market for a great lot of them, and the starch factory will use up another large lot, and besides we cannot tell yet what the wheat yield is to be or whether we are to face another shortage. As a matter of fact with the demand that will certainly be made on us, if the war continues, it is already certain that other cereals or vegetables will have to be substituted for wheat, even at the best we can do. For this reason it behooves and be-Hoovers us to grow plenty of potatoes. They will sustain life, and are in fact the only vegetable that can in a large measure supply the substitute for grains. Someone has said: "in time of peace prepare for war," and this applies to the growing of the lowly spud. It is better to have twenty million bushels too many than a million bushels too few. They are an insurance against hunger and perhaps starvation, and we will be foolish in deed if we fail to grow a goodly surplus of them, or at least prepare to, for what the crop of cereals will be no one can tell yet.

ABOUT THE DUTCH SHIPS

A dispatch from The Hague yesterday stated the Netherlands government had consented to the allies offer as to ships. At the same time no details were given, or any information other than the bare statement of her consent. It was also announced that Germany would close the open lane kept for the Dutch and would hereafter torpedo every Dutch ship it caught. While it was stated in the early dispatches that the Dutch ships in American ports would be taken over at noon, and American sailors placed aboard there was nothing to show that this was done. It was expected Holland would set up that while she did not want to allow the allies to take over her shipping that she was powerless to help herself and so had to yield. It was expected she would take this course to square herself with Germany, for while the latter country might consider it camouflage, it is true just the same, for Holland cannot help herself. A feature of the day's proceedings was the protest sent Germany by Norway, which is a rather vigorous piece of diplomatic correspondence. The tonnage taken over or to be taken, situate in this country, amounts to about 450,000 tons and this will go a long way toward supplying the deficiency caused by submarine sinkings, and tide the government along until the ships now leaving the American yards are ready for service.

Considering that Germany started peace negotiations with Russia on the basis of no annexations and no indemnities, she managed to make pretty liberal terms with herself. The indemnities demanded of Russia and agreed to by the Bolsheviks amount to \$4,635,000,000 and the annexations, if they also include Finland, a territory larger than all of Germany. What would have been left the Russians had the negotiations been based on indemnities and annexations?

About the biggest thorn in the side of the militarists just now is the British army in Mesopotamia. This draws most of its supplies from India and hence is not a drain on the resources of the allies. At the same time it keeps the Turk from getting lonesome and may eventually result in eliminating him from the war.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

On February 7th we received balance of Liberty Loan Bonds

Now prepared to make deliveries to those buying them.

NO MAKE SHIFT ACCEPTABLE

It is intimated Germany will soon make another offer of peace based on her recent advantages, so called, in Russia. It is claimed she will be willing to surrender Belgium, and Serbia and even parts of Alsace-Lorraine of she will be permitted to hold what she has grabbed in Russia and the east. This would give her what she wanted most at the beginning of the war, an outlet to the Orient; a Berlin to Bagdad railway. It would be an acknowledgment of the kaiser's supremacy, of a German victory, and therefore can never be considered. Any peace that does not see the power of the Hohenzollerns broken and the Hun and militarism forever done away with is not a peace but a make-shift. It would simply be playing into the kaiser's hands, allowing him a breathing spell to renew his strength and gather his forces for another struggle for world supremacy. There may be a peace patched up, but there will be no real end to this war until the kaiser is thoroughly whipped or the balance of the world is. It is another such a condition as faced Rome when her greatest leader said: "Carthage must be destroyed." Peace and the kaiser cannot exist at the same time.

It is claimed the French veterinarians perform an operation on the government mules that prevents them braying. Probably cut the muscles that control the raising of the tail. In old Apache days down in Arizona the prospectors used to muzzle the mule or burro by cinching him tight and then taking a couple of half hitches on his tail with a baling rope drowing it down tight so he could not lift it, and fasten it to the cinch. The discs on a burro's victrola are in some way connected with his tail for he cannot, or at least will not, bray unless he raises his fly swatter first.

The campaign for the sale of thrift stamps started in Marion county today. As a beginning about \$75,000 is on hand of the \$972,000 which is Marion county's quota. Returns for the past few days were about \$3,000 a day, and this daily return will be required for the balance of the year, in order to make the full quota. This thrift stamp subscription is calculated to raise a grand total in the United States of \$2,000,000,000. In this connection it may be stated the quota for the county is almost exactly what is required to meet the taxes levied in it.

Secretary Baker was taken all through some port in France, Sunday, and shown what the American engineers have done toward making it a first class port of entry for American troops and supplies. Of course it is not proper for Americans to know where the port is nor what its named, but it is a dead certainty the German military leaders knew all about the work from the day it was commenced.

In the light of the indemnities levied on the Russians by Germany it would be a prolific field for calculations for the citizens of this country to size up the probable demands Germany would make on them should she prove the winner. Measured by ability to pay the United States could dig up fifty billions as easy as Russia could pay the sum demanded of her as preliminary to accepting a German made peace treaty.

The signal corps it is claimed has fallen down harder than any other department, and has failed to deliver any thing like the number of airships promised. It is stated that to date it has in fact delivered none or at the most a handful. General Pershing is said to have to rely on the French for air service. The Dayton shops need a shaking up.

When the average Slav gets it through his head, which will no doubt require considerable time, since it is almost solid ivory, that he has to pay Germany so tremendous a sum for peace, he will make up his mind quickly that war is cheaper.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS

Undoubtedly you've stored away about a million books; the helpful works of Bertha Clay, those Voyages of Cook's. Best sellers of the days gone by, are stacked away upstairs; they gather dust on shelving high, they're burdening the chairs. Now, in the army training camps, the boys for such things plead, and there is briny in their lamps, because they've naught to read. All kinds of books will hit the spot, and sweeten evenings sour, and e'en Nick Carter's clammy rot will cheer a dismal hour. For reading matter soldiers yearn, they're yearning even now; and you have books, and books to burn, and books to feed the cow. You'll rustle through your happy homes, when you've read this, I trust, and gather up the helpful tomes that merely gather dust. You'll send them to the training camps, where heroes hold the fort; then buy more baby bonds and stamps, and be an all round spot.



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By Jane Phelps

EVELYN HEARS A COMPLAINT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The remainder of our luncheon passed off pleasantly. George really exerted himself to please and entertain me. After I left him at the office, I ordered the chauffeur to stop at Evelyn's. I wanted to show her my pearls.

"Oh, you lucky girl," she exclaimed. "They're perfectly lovely!"

"Then I told her of my dinner party, of the new dress George had ordered for me."

"He is very generous, isn't he?" she asked.

"Very! But, Evelyn, it isn't everything. Wait until I tell you; that hotel Mrs. Sexton is to plan my dinner and, worst of all, she has even selected a new maid for me. George has hired a butler, and insists that I need a lady's maid. I begged him to let me keep Annie, but he says she isn't competent. Annie is to be parlor maid."

"You'll have quite an establishment won't you?"

"Isn't it horrid! I just hate the idea of those servants in the house, I'll never have a minute's privacy."

"Oh, yes you will. You'll soon learn how to manage them."

"Yes—with that Mrs. Sexton to teach me," I said bitterly. Then, "I don't know what I should do if I didn't know you. And so have someone to tell my troubles to, I owe Merton Gray an everlasting vote of thanks for bringing you to call on me that day."

Merton Is Eulogized.

"So do I. When I agreed to go with him that day, I did so thinking only that it was nice of him to ask me; not that I should find a dear friend. I knew Mr. Howard was very different from the men in our set, more dignified and well, and—highbrow, and I thought that you were probably like him."

"No highbrow!" I interrupted with a laugh. "I'm anything but that, although I may be some day. I surely will if George has his way with me. But isn't Merton Gray a dear! He goes with those people too, George's set, but he seems to enjoy us just as much."

"He certainly is a darling, Helen, but I sort of imagine he wouldn't like us so well were you not one of us. Don't blush, there's nothing wonderful about his admiring you. Most any man would. And he's an artist you know."

"I never think of him as an artist, Evelyn," I returned. "I just think of him as I would of any nice young fellow who makes himself agreeable. He staff being swamped and in delaying publication of news until it wasn't news, he said that the contrary is the case. The day staff cleans up all its work during its own hours and the night staff does the same. Only in rare instances where it is necessary to place some highly technical question before the proper authority and this authority is not immediately available, so they fail to get the censoring done in time for publication in the edition intended."

In matters of policy Sir Douglas has practically the last word. He has occupied his present post from the beginning of the war through the successive administrations of Prince Louis of Battenburg and the others on down to the present. All these he has known intimately for years and as censor has known their views and their desires. Wherever he has been in position to expedite matters for the Press, and that he says he considers one of the most important features of his job.

Just how important Sir Douglas considers the needs of the Press his secretary indicated to me. The Chief, the secretary said, works three nights a week till midnight. In the first months of the war he worked that late practically every night and often much later.

I asked him about this. He disclaimed any excess of zeal, reminding me that there is no one on the staff. "With some of these First Lords the best time to get at them is half past one in the morning, and if they can work that late, I can."

Which puts a different light on the "stupidity of the censorship." I'll have to think it over.

UNDER THE CAMOUFLAGE

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

London, Jan. 29.—(By Mail).—If George Creel, or whoever has the picking, hasn't picked a chief naval censor yet here are the specifications:

A man who looks as Lord Fisher would have looked if he had turned out handsome instead of the way he did; if his nose hadn't turned up so far and his mouth down so far; if he had found it easier to smile than to scowl and easy enough to do either as circumstances required; if the wind on the sea had put an English blush in his cheeks without dimming the sharp blue of his eyes. That would be a man like Commander Sir Douglas Brownrigg, who keeps the lid on British naval secrets as well as it is possible to do so—which by the vote of American correspondents is sufficiently well.

It probably won't be possible in America to find a man so facially adapted to work as Sir Douglas is. When I met him today in the musty old part of the Admiralty building where he has his office, he looked as though he had just finished eating one American journalist's missionary and was hungry for another. But appearances do deceive. He was very gentle and kind. It was Meantless Friday and he had been lunching, he said, on a fascinating work of fiction.

"It is an excellent work of fiction," he said, "but it never will see the light of publication. The author writes too well."

"Too well?"

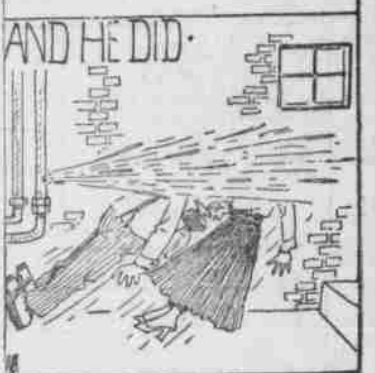
"Too convincingly. He's got one chapter describing the shooting of some German prisoners—they deserved to be shot, according to the story—down in the dark cellars of London Tower. It really wouldn't be bad propaganda for Germany perhaps. It might be a warning to a certain Sir Dwell known type of our esteemed enemy. But it's written too convincingly. You couldn't persuade Germans who read it that it is pure fiction. And that might be bad for British prisoners in Germany."

This led the Chief Censor to discuss some of the things he has to think about. He recalled various isolated and apparently insignificant little news stories that had been found necessary to suppress. Some of them were harmless, but some of them pieced together and added to other bits of information already obtained by German intelligence officers would give them information they undoubtedly were working hard to get. Earlier in the war the British intelligence officers had found the German provincial papers, little insignificant news sheets, a most fertile field of exploration for just this reason.

"So," he said, "we have to kill many a story harmless enough of itself and written in the best of faith."

He explained the workings of the naval censorship. A striking feature of it is the smallness of the staff. Nine officers working at the Press Bureau and something less than that in Sir Douglas' own office handle practically all the work. Asked if that didn't result in the

And He Did



Our Daily Story

SOFA AND NO FURTHER.

Jarvis Swipe, gazing more than a mile into the fathomless depths of her liquid brown eyes, started desperately to propose and then coughed and murmured some platitudes about the Japanese being wonderful little people.

He thought fearfully: "I wonder if I got up steam enough to pop the question if she'd say yes? I wonder if she would if I did?"

And he looked yearningly at her left dimple, took his fountain pen out of his pocket and put it back again, and remarked, "They don't seem to be able to do much with the high cost of living, do they?"

With an indescribable gesture, she lightly powdered her nose. He almost fainted with rapture.

"Steve Brody took a chance," he thought.

And he gritted his teeth together resolutely until he discovered that his tongue was between them.

Suddenly she spoke, and her words came out one by one, each in its proper place.

"I think I'll turn you down," she said steadily.

Jarvis Swipe was dumfounded, bowled over, floored, staggered and flabbergasted.

Yes, I think I'll turn you down," she repeated. And she rose and turned down the lamp until the room was almost in darkness.

Five minutes later they were both prisoners for life.

with Will Johnson and family in South Salem and they report a fine visit.

Mrs. Laflet is spending a few weeks with Mr. R. R. Rine.

E. P. Mills and family spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Farlow, that has moved out on the Charley Willson farm.

The official calculation is that a soldier wears out nine pairs of shoes in a year or a pair in about six weeks. They're the hobnailed kind too, so we'll have to admit that our three-year-old youngster doesn't hold the record after all.

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lumpy back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the rascals begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.