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

THOSE WHEAT "AUTHORITIES"

According to the food administration there are yet some 175,000,000 bushels of wheat of the 1917 crop unmarketed. A close watch is being kept on this and unless it is brought out voluntarily by those now hoarding it, the government will take steps to commandeer it. The amount of wheat, if available at once, would carry us over until after harvest with an abundance for all who are within its reach. It is only a trifle over three months until harvest begins and as none of the stock on hand now can be needed for seed it would furnish nearly 60,000,000 bushels a month, or at the rate for the year of 700,000,000.

According to these figures the proportion of wheat now on hand equals that of a crop of above 900,000,000 bushels since there is no draft on it for seed. This means the wheat now on hand is the same as the proper proportion of our bumper wheat crop, that of 1916.

This is in accordance with the dispatches of yesterday. This morning the food administration is taking an entirely different view of the matter concludes there is but little wheat, and that what it gave publicity yesterday was all a mistake. It may be correct, but as it has never known from day to day, anything as to wheat conditions, or at least has repeated all kinds of conflicting stories concerning them, let us take the cheerful view that the "authorities" were correct Friday and are mistaken today. It's just an even guess.

OREGON'S LOAN QUOTA

Oregon's portion of the new liberty loan, the part she must raise to furnish her quota is \$18,495,000. This is in round numbers about \$21 for each and every person in the state. It will be seen from this that the sum is not as large as though the amount had been pro-rated on a per capita basis. That would have made our quota about \$35 each. The valuation of all property within the state for taxation purposes is about one billion dollars, lacking but fifty million of that in 1916, which is the latest figures at the moment available. Estimated from this standpoint it is the same as a tax of one and eight tenths per cent on all the property in the state. This total valuation of property would allow as the portion of each were it equally divided, the sum of \$1,176. This taxed at one and eight-tenths per cent would give practically the sum named as the per capita portion, or \$21.16. Valuing the entire country on this basis would fix the total value at \$180,000,000,000.

There has been a persistent rumor that the allies had something in the way of a surprise up their sleeves for Von Hindenburg, and yesterday General Pershing hinted at the same thing. Reading between the lines the surprise will be a great body of reserves from French, British and American forces, that is being held in leash for the psychological moment when the German vulnerability is at its greatest, and then to strike. If this is correct, and is not a bit of camouflage used to hide a bad situation, it will be heartening indeed when it materializes, and the bunch is allowed to mix it on even terms with the Hun. We fancy the much exploited super man, the German, will find on that occasion not only his match but his master.

"Gus" Moser, president of the senate at the last session and just now a candidate for the republican nomination for governor, was in the city yesterday. He was wearing a smile that apparently was there to stay, and if all those who greeted him, and went out of their way to do so, also cast their votes for him, he will be a contestant at least for first money.

It has taken more than six months for a United States senator to work his courage up to the point of suggesting that LaFollette should be fired out of the senate. From present indications if that solemnly absurd body should go to house cleaning, LaFollette would not go into retirement alone. Lodge might make him appropriate company and our own George go along as a sort of "Man Friday."

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

The Third Liberty Bond Sale Will Begin April 6th. One of our Tellers will be stationed in our Lobby to explain to those wishing information and to receive Liberty Bond Subscriptions.

SITUATION IS IMPROVING

The force of the great German drive on the west front has apparently about spent itself. While much of the ground abandoned by the Germans last year has been regained, the price paid has been such as to make it an exceedingly bad bargain. The British have been forced steadily back from the start, and are still giving back slowly. At the same time there has never been a sign of panic, and the retirement has been made deliberately and in good order. The ground given up by the British is a desolate barren waste, made so by the Germans before abandoning it last year. Over this waste the Germans must now keep in touch with their supplies and the further they advance the more difficult this will become. On the contrary the British have now passed back through this desert and are on much better ground for making a defense. They are in closer touch with their supplies and with the big body of reserves. In the meanwhile the enemy is exposing his flanks and it is expected the allies will make a drive at these before long. Premier Clemenceau declares that within 48 hours the allies will be masters of the situation. He does not mean by this that the Germans will have been beaten back, but that their force will have been expended and their success made hopeless. General Maurice takes the same view, and the slowing up of the German advance and the weakening of his blows are pretty good indications that these leaders have the situation sized up right.

General Pershing yesterday made a personal request of the French officials that he and his command be allowed to take part in the great battle now raging on the western front. He asked it in his own name and that of the country. It will be noted too, that in making this request he said "Infantry, artillery and aviation, all we possess are at your disposal." This would indicate that the Americans had some artillery and some flying machines despite the assertions of some politicians in congress to the contrary.

Sir Douglas Haig, after a great career of delay and disaster, is now serving under General Foch, who is supreme commander of the allied forces. The worst trouble is that the English never get rid of their incompetents long enough, and in making changes generally go from bad to worse.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE BLITHE SPIRIT

Oh, Monday may be wheatless, and Tuesday may be meatless, but I'll be happy still; if I can swat the foeman by skipping my abdomen, I'll do it with a will. The luscious ham and bacon by me will be forsaken, if that's the proper move; I'll cut out red meat dishes, and feed on bony fishes, and chertle while I hoove. That gent is not a winner who kicks because his dinner is shy of pork or beef, who eats his wheatless ration, and grumbles of privation, and airs a lot of grief. Some day perhaps we'll suffer; our diet may be tougher than we have ever known; before the war is ended we may think shavings splendid, and gnaw old Towser's bone. We may all get together to eat a side of leather, before we end the war; our persons lank and hollow, we may be glad to swallow some boiled excelsior. Let's not pretend we're martyrs until we chew our garters and eat our Sunday shoes; let's eat the scheduled vittles, and show no jots or tittles of grouches, dumps or blues. My health has been improving since I first started hooving, and eating simple fare; I have a better figure, and I am full of vigor, my whiskers full of hair.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

SIGNOR TORRETTI'S FIRST HOUR, CHAPTER XXXIX.

The remembrance of the unpleasantness of the night before, still lingered when I went down to breakfast, entirely obliterating the pleasure I had felt in the earlier part of the day. We talked little at the table, and when we rose Mrs. Sexton said: "You will not need me, as Signor Torretti is coming. I will take the car and do some necessary shopping." I made no reply. She had not asked if she might have the car; nor even if I intended to use it. She had simply stated that she would take it. What need for an answer. "But I forgot all my little annoyances when Signor Torretti came. We spent a delightful hour. He was enthusiastic over my playing, my technique, my phrasing." "You will excel," he said gravely, "if you desire."

"Oh, wonderfully!" forgetting in my enthusiasm that I had felt a groinch toward her; that I was peeved. "He said I would excel if I desired. He was funny. I love music, of course I desire to excel!"
An Explanation.
"I think I know what he meant. You are very temperamental. He feared that you would allow other things—your moods—to interfere."
"That is silly."
After we had finished luncheon Mrs. Sexton asked if I had any plans for the afternoon.
"No," I ungraciously replied.
"Suppose, then, we start planning the dinner. I feel none too well, myself, today. We might go into the library and make up the menu, or decide upon the decorations."
"I should love to," then I noticed that she looked rather white—gray, rather—and had big circles under her eyes. "That is, if you feel able I added.
"Oh, yes, perfectly so. Altho, if you do not object, I might lie on the couch while we plan. I had rather a trying morning."
"Not at all. I will bring you a soft

Halvorsen In Front Line Trenches and Is Shelled by Germans

W. P. Burns has received the following very interesting letter from Geo. F. Halvorsen, who recounts some experiences he has had since being in France engaged in the war Y. M. C. A. work. Paris, France, Feb. 26th.

Mr. W. P. Burns: It's quite a while since last I wrote you, so must try and do so again tonight. Have been waiting patiently for a letter from you, but so far haven't had a word, so guess I'd better write one myself. What do you say, old chap, hey?

What do you think, I got a letter today from Grandad Pearce, a real handy letter, telling me that all was well as far as he knew and that my folks were getting along nicely. It was the first letter I've had so you can imagine how glad I was to get it. He wrote the 29th of January and I just got it, so you can figure out how long it takes.

How are you all anyway, you old bunch of onion tops? My, I'd like to see you all and give you a good punch in the slats. It seems about two years since I last saw good old Salem town and you all, but you ought to see how I've got the old pictures up and how we talk to them once in a while. It gets pretty lonesome over here at times among all these French and all these busy fellows, but we are all alike here and all have our lonely times. I am too busy to think of myself much though for it keeps us busy keeping up with the army. I got promoted today and am not assistant any more but head of the supply and maintenance department of motor supplies for France. Have an office all my own and some bookkeepers. So you know what that will mean. I just got it hard all day and have to keep awake nights planning what to buy the next day and when to send these trucks and who to send with them, and if we ought to have another new service station or just a movable shop, or wheel, or how to get another truck or camouette (that's a Ford) out to the front where one has been blown to pieces. If some of these preachers could drive as good as they can talk and if they knew enough to keep sand out of the gear box and gas in the tank—they don't—call it gas here they call it essence. The mechanics are beiders and a lot of other stuff that I can't hardly even remember, hal hal! Oh, yes, we have a few troubles too, old boy, and war is sure hell with a capital "H". Some of these guys come over here to run the army and the Y. M. C. A. and if you don't feed them with a silver spoon—they want to go home to their mothers. It's too bad some of these dogs go sooner for honestly it's a shame to waste good money on ear fare for a lot of these high minded ginks. But let me say right here that I never saw such a melting pot for— as this is. We sure know how to get the stuff out of a guy if there is any in him. Some of these big preachers are hauling freight in large doses and it's good for them too, you bet. I told them a while back that I wanted to be a truck driver for it would be easier you know, but nothing doing. They said you

fill from my room, and paying no attention to her objections, I ran upstairs and brought down a pillow and a blanket to throw over her. I didn't want to do anything for her, but something I could not analyze impelled me.

"Thank you," she said as she sank gratefully on to the pillow and drew the soft blanket up over herself.
"Now get a pencil and paper, and we'll start that momentous dinner going."
Once more I forgot how disagreeable she was, as, for an hour or longer, we discussed good things to eat, and table decorations.

"We must remember your guests are all young. Simplicity must be the keynote of the dinner. Simple elegance," she said, as we talked of one idea after another.
"Merton Gray is coming."
"Really! he is quite a lion you know."
You Like Him?
"Yes, so they say. But he was at Evelyn's party and he said he would come whenever I asked him."
"You like Mr. Gray?"
"Oh, yes! immensely. He is a nice. One would never mistrust he wasn't just like any of the boys I know. He's like my brothers."
"I rather imagine you know a different Merton Gray from the one the rest of us know."
"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled by her manner as well as by her speech.

"He must be a sort of Jekyll and Hyde individual. Whenever I have been at any function where he was a guest, he has acted intolerably bored and bored!"
"Oh, that's because you were all older—oh, pardon me, but he wasn't a bit like that at Evelyn's. He was as jolly as could be. It was a poverty party, you know, and oceans of fun."
"Please break yourself of saying 'you know.' I did not know, and you probably knew that I didn't. But tell me all about it. I am interested, in spite of my criticism," she had read my resentment in my face.
I explained the party to her in detail. She was quiet for a moment, then said:
"Perhaps we might think up some quaint idea for your dinner. A period dinner of some kind, and all dress in costume."
"Oh, could you? That would be wonderful!"
"Yes, I think I could," she smiled. "Now will you excuse me if I leave you again tonight? As I told you, I had a trying day. But I shall try to get to think about your dinner."
She had scarcely reached her room before Jane announced Merton Gray. I couldn't help but be glad she was not there to receive him.
Tomorrow—A Happy Evening.

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Our Daily Story

FLOR DE PARADISE
On his thirty fifth birthday Dinell Swallow was presented with his first high hat. By the time he had worn it three Sundays he had developed a solemn outlook on life, and on the fourth Sunday he began to save money to keep him in his old age.

For six years he denied himself every luxury. He stopped putting pennies in blind men's cups and began taking pennies out instead. He even stopped smoking, and that was the blindest blow of all, for he was accustomed to eighteen cigars a day, and had got so that he actually felt chilly without a cigar.
One day, as he was walking on Stabside Boulevard, ragged and careworn, thinking of principal and interest, principally interest, he ran into Tutwell Wandix, his one time enemy.
"Dinell Swallow, well! Well, Dinell Swallow!" exclaimed Wandix.
"What do you think I've been doing, Dinell? I've been buying some of those wonderful dollar and a half Flor de Paradise cigars you used to be so fond of. Here, have one." And he handed one to Swallow and hurried away, for his old friend's prematurely aged face annoyed him, and he hated being annoyed.

"A Flor de Paradise!" breathed Swallow, gazing at it, hypnotized. "The perfect smoke! Once again I am going to smoke a Flor de Paradise! But I must not insult it by smoking it on an empty stomach. First I must go to a perfect restaurant and eat a perfect dinner. Grilled young struttages at the King Leon! But I can't go there wearing my old dress suit, or even a hired dress suit. I must buy a new dress suit!"
And he bought an eighty dollar dress suit and was soon sitting in it behind a fourteen dollar dinner at the King Leon. An hour later, with the dinner inside him and a magic mass of Flor de Paradise smoke completely hiding him from view, he felt like a man again.
That night he dashed off his immortal pamphlet, "Spend While You're Young," which brought him in two million dollars a year, and after that he never saved another cent till the day he died at the green old age of 106.

FROM OUR SOLDIER BOYS
Parents and friends of some of our soldier boys have received letters from them this week and they are all getting on quite well. Chester Hannegan wrote his mother he was still improving but would not be able to be out of the hospital for a month or two. Julian DeJardin wrote Joe Keppinger from France and sent a photograph of himself, brother Joe, Mike Perschweiler and Francis Conrad which shows them several pounds heavier than when they left and they look as if they had nothing to worry about. Joe Keppinger also received letters from his nephew, U. A. Keppinger, of Co. C 162d infantry, who is also in France, saying he had everything comfortable; and from Roy Male and Ward and Tot Manning who are in Boston, Mass., and expect to go to sea soon.
Rouben DeJardin wrote from Clatsop spruce mills that he was O. K. and weighed 180 pounds—Gervais Star, heart is ever with you, my good old pal. Please write me often for I am anxious to know how you are making out. Lots of love to you all and best regards and wishes to you all. Also your families. Be sure to remember me to them all. Must close for this time for so it's late now.
Yours very truly,
GEO. HALVORSEN.