

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 9.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED 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, unless you, or neglect getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone Main 81 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 Circulations.

THE UNREASONING MOB

The sequel of the hanging by a mob of Robert E. Praeger in Illinois, is being told. The leader of the mob, who confesses he was drunk and irresponsible, has told the story. He had been a soldier and as such was made a sort of leader. This he says swelled his head. He says Praeger denied being a spy or of pro-German proclivities, and that his last request was that he be given the American flag as a shroud. He died without a whimper, the victim of unreason. There are occasionally conditions which make mob rule, or rather the rule of the people justifiable and necessary, but they are few and far between. Under existing conditions there is no excuse for mob violence. The law should be relied on, and while it is sometimes exasperatingly slow, it is pretty sure in the long run. At any rate if it is slow its work can be corrected if mistakes are made, which is more than can be done in such cases as that of Praeger. That is one trouble with the mob plan, its work can never be undone, and an innocent man made its victim, cannot be recalled from the grave to which unreasoning collective anger has assigned him.

IRELAND DEGENERATING

There was a time when any Irishman would fight for liberty of mankind no matter where the battle was staged. Apparently the Irish people are degenerating or the bolsheviks has got in its work on them or some other inexplicable thing has happened them, since they now openly refuse to fight for their own liberty. They want freedom but are as dense as the Russian peasant about seeing that their liberties will be very short lived if the kaiser has the control of them. Ireland, if she really wants to be free will stand in now to help create conditions under which freedom, once attained, can hope to exist. If she obtains her freedom now and at the same time allows the balance of the world to lose all its rights her newly acquired liberties will not last long enough for her to get acquainted with them. There is one thing though the little island can depend on and that is, that if the German emperor once gets control of it, the very name of revolution will be forgotten.

The commission created by the legislature last year for the purpose of consolidating such offices of the state as could be profitably joined, reported progress yesterday making announcement of what has been tentatively agreed upon. Under the plan outlined the governor, secretary of state, state treasurer and the members of the supreme court will be elective, and the balance of the affairs of state will be conducted by eight departments, which are designated as law, finance, education, public welfare, public domain, agriculture, industry and commerce and labor. The governor is to appoint the heads of each of these commissions and these will select their subordinates.

Portland may have its women policemen, but Salem will manage to get along as it has in the past. When Mayor Keyes was approached on the question as to whether this city would follow in the footsteps of Portland, he intimated that so far the men were holding down the police work all right and that no woman need be sending in application for a police job. The policewomen in Portland are to be mostly assigned to dance halls and places of amusement, and are to be known as the woman's war emergency squad.

Last year it was urged that war gardens be cultivated in order that other foodstuffs could be conserved. This year the same reason exists with the added one that not only may the products of the gardens conserve other food, but may prevent a fellow going hungry. Anyway the wise person who has or can get a little plot of ground will be foolish if he or she neglect the little garden placed as an anchor to windward against the day of storm and stress.

HENRY CLEWS' OPTIMISTIC

The weekly letter of Henry Clews is brimming over with optimism. Being in close touch with all the great money kings and centers as well as with all the great industries of the country, including agriculture, his opinion is looked upon by those in high authority as being absolutely reliable and later facts almost invariably prove his predictions as to business affairs are correct. For this reason it is heartening just now when the liberties of the world are the stake of desperate and doubtful battle, to read his calm review of conditions and be strengthened by his cheerful optimism. His opinion of the ultimate result is contained in a few short sentences, in fact in one where he says: "The longer Germany delays submission and the more damage she inflicts upon others the more severe will be the terms of settlement, and the worse her ultimate breakdown." Then he adds this: "Count Czernin's latest peace talk is merely camouflage intended to conceal the enemy's growing anxiety for peace; the best answer to which is the presidents call for additional men and the announcement in Great Britain that the age limit of army service had been raised." If you failed to read this letter get yesterday's Journal and do it today. It is cheering.

Mr. Mason the military expert, who furnishes an article daily for the United Press papers, describes General Hindenburg as being afraid to let his soldiers rest a minute and take stock of conditions. For this reason he attacks first in one place and then another vainly hoping to break through some place. Mason likens him to a caged animal pacing back and forth with its nose to the bars vainly seeking a weak spot. He infers from Hindenburg's actions that he is about at the end of his resources and knows not which way to turn or what to do. At the same time he calls attention to the fact that the old Hindenburg persistency of attack has vanished, and instead of hammering at one spot his blows are being widely scattered.

Councilman Ward would kill two birds with one stone in the ordinance he intends introducing at the next meeting of the council. Under its provision every person, rich or poor, who is able would have to work, or at least keep busy at something. It also provides that the chief of police keep in touch with farmers and ascertain who of them are in need of laborers. The proposed ordinance and the suggestion as to the keeping track of the farmers, gives a hint as to how those found idling would be put at work.

Oregon went over the top with her third liberty loan subscription yesterday, first of all the states, putting up in all more than \$20,000,000, or two million above her quota. Portland is responsible for half the large surplus, her banks yesterday subscribing \$2,225,000. This is about the size of the excess subscriptions on her part.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

SMALL TRAITORS

Some skates are thinking treason, and others talk the same; in due and proper season we'll spoil their foolish game. The government's interning some spieles every day, who seemed to have a yearning to go the Teuton way; our Uncle Sam will boot them until his patience balks, and then perhaps he'll shoot them with rusty nails and rocks. One cheap and poney traitor will make a lot more noise, a-shooting off his crater, than ninety loyal boys; so when we hear one wheezin' and pawing up the ground, we think there's lots of treason a-circulating round. But when you'd count your traitors they're mighty hard to meet, and they have in their gaiters the coldest kind of feet. I often hear of fellows who sympathize with Teuts, who like to work their bellows like traitorous galoots; but when I go to find them and read the riot act, to chide them and remind them of many a loyal fact, their patriotic manner disarms me right away; they love the spangled banner as much as any jay. Dame Rumor is so busy, so drunkenly she swerves, it keeps a fellow busy to follow all her curves. She points to Dick and Harry, and says they're traitors foul; for facts we do not tarry; at once we start to howl. To blast man's reputation by charges idly made won't help preserve the nation, or make the foe afraid.



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

CLOUDS AFTER SUNSHINE
CHAPTER XLIX.
"The costume will send for those less from the shoes, then started to fold clothes I wore last night," George said the coat, when the thought came hat the next morning. "Don't forget to I had better look thru the pockets, take the buckles off my shoes, I'd hate George might have left a handkerchief to have them carried off they are so in one of them."
I thrust my hand into one of the We had slept late and I felt rather pockets and drew out the crumpled tele-

Our Daily Story

WAYS AND MANNERISMS.

Gregory Polka, usually so unresponsive to women's charms, was forced to admit that Christine Wanderlust's many irresistible little ways had quite conquered him.
The cunning little way, for instance, in which she smacked her lips before beginning to speak.
And her adorable little way of wrinking her nose like a rabbit to help her think.
And her appealing little way of saying "deah" for "dear" and "heah" for "hear", etc.
And her charming little giggle.
Not to speak of her fascinating little way of blowing back the errant wisp of hair that insisted on straying from her forehead.
So he married her.

It wasn't long before Gregory Polka discovered maddening little mannerisms about his wife that nearly drove him insane.
The irritating little mannerism, for instance, of smacking her lips before beginning to speak.
And her stupid little mannerism of wrinking her nose like a rabbit to help her think.
And her affected little mannerisms of

gram. I smoothed it out, and read:
"The bunch are to come up for supper. Join us." It was dated the night before and signed, "J. C."

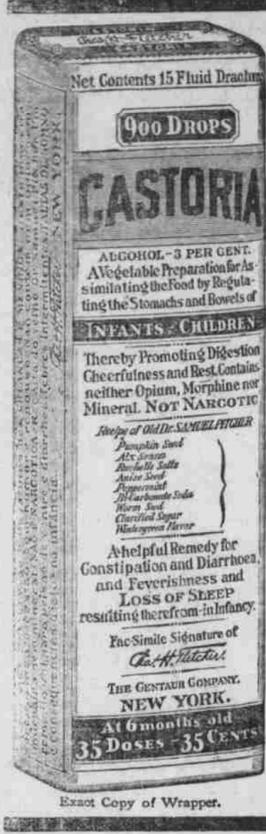
I immediately thought of what Mr. Carpenter had said to George when I lunched with George at the Elite restaurant about "The Bunch"; it must be some of that crowd with whom George had been so intimate, before I knew and married him. But who could have sent it? Then, all suddenly, the thought of that gay widow, Julia Collins came to me. It must be she. But I had heard so much of "good form" of what was no fact in polite society, and what was not, that I could but wonder at her lack of good taste—or so it seemed to me—in inviting a married man to an affair, and in ignoring his wife. At home such a thing was unknown.
That George had paid no attention to the summons, that he had not joined the "bunch" was comforting, until I remembered how often he remained out without my knowing anything about where he was. He probably had spent his time with this crowd—some of whom I had met, none of whom I cared for in the least. My happiness in the success of my dinner of the night before, was clouded with the suspicion, and it was in a very different spirit that I laid the clothes ready, forgetting to look further for anything George might have left in the pockets.

The Message Is Destroyed.
I tore up the message, then immediately wished I hadn't. Had I not, I might have handed it to George and he possibly would have talked with me about it. No, I would say nothing about it. That, I was sure, would be Mrs. Sexton's advice; and, strangely enough I wanted her approval.
Not that my feelings toward her had radically changed; I still resented the fact that she had been hired to teach me in my duties—me, a married woman. Yet she had proved herself right so often, and her REAL HELP with my dinner had been so kindly given, that I had now a certain respect for her, her opinion, that insensibly influenced my thoughts of her.
I burned the scraps, and tried to think no more about it. But either because I was weak, or because I was too young to have yet learned to control vagrant thoughts, I could not wholly dismiss the matter. Even when Evelyn came over to talk about my dinner, it still obtruded.

Evelyn Is Enthusiastic.
"It was wonderful! Simply wonderful! I had a heavenly time. So did all the rest. And didn't everything look lovely? Really, Holes, I don't think there's a person in Moreland could have done any better, and in some things not so well. I had luncheon with Kurt's mother. I just can't call her "mother"; it sticks in my throat. Not that I do not like her; but she is so dignified and cold, not "motherly" a bit. But she was quite nice today. She thawed out considerably while I told of your lovely decorations, and the menu. And you should have seen her when I told her that Merton Gray painted your place cards. Her face was a study in expression. I can tell you. I had to promise to take ours over for her to look at. I'm sure she will ask him to do some for her, at her next dinner, and if he refuses I don't know what she will do."
"I am afraid he will refuse. You know he gave me mine."
"Yes—that is part of the wonder. He gets perfectly fabulous prices, you know."
"I'm going to frame mine, and George's too." I told her.
"A good idea. I'll frame ours. We'll go together and get some dainty frames for them." Then:

Evelyn Admires George.
"Your husband looked stunning. I should think you'd be awfully proud of him. He is an awfully handsome man. And in that costume he was irresistible."
"He did look well, didn't he?"
"I should say he did. Jane Lawson raved about him all the way home, and Olive Bivers said she never had danced with such a fascinating dancer and that he talked as well as he danced."
After Evelyn left, I recalled what she had said, and it gave me quite a thrill of pleasure to know that George had thought my guests worth talking to. I knew how well he could talk—if he wanted to.

(Tomorrow—A Contretemps)



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE GENTLEMAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

saying "deah" for "dear," and "heah" for "hear," etc.
And her asinine little giggle.
Not to speak of her annoying little mannerism of blowing back the untidy wisp of hair that always disfigured her forehead.
So he divorced her.

Wool Supply Will Be Investigated by Baruch

Washington, April 11.—Wool is the next of the long line of necessities to come under the sharp eye of America's new industrial director general, Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the industries board.

As part of his sweeping overhauling of the nation's business rapidly being revamped to fit war time needs, Baruch will soon consider the question of wool supply and prices. Intolerable conditions are rapidly developing which will throw unwarranted burden on civilian populations. Army and navy demands for wool, over sixty per cent of the total product, are cutting disastrously into civilian needs.
Prices are leaping while the supply being rapidly sinking to the point where shoddy is used heavily in woolen clothing.
Cotton manufacturers are here to help Baruch shape his price fixing policy on finished cotton goods. Leather industries are expected to appear on the docket shortly.
Following practical requisitioning of wool looms by the quartermaster general last week, fixed prices on wool goods are looked on as necessary if civilians are to be protected from speculators in the wool left after army needs are met.

Officials declare the strain on the wool supply for the next two or three months will be far greater than originally anticipated.
Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp the hair roots furnish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.
If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter for a few cents; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.
We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

Dig up at home that the boys overseas may dig in to make the Hun dig out.

GIRLS! HAVE WAVY, THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Save Your Hair! Double Its Beauty In a Few Moments—Try This!

Financial Recruiting Station

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK so serves both the Nation and the Individual. We shall feel honored to receive your subscriptions to the 3d Liberty Loan—and pleased to act as depository for your home and business funds.

Call or write for terms and other information pertaining to War Bonds.

United States National Bank

Salem Oregon

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.