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

JUST CRIMINAL NEGLECT

It is unfortunate that the state took up the flax industry just while a cantankerous, peppery old gentleman is sitting in the governor's chair, who from his office, has charge of the whole business. It is more than unfortunate, it is a calamity, for with a broad minded man in charge who could look after the real interests of the state without worrying about what effect it was to have on his election every time he tried to think, this could be made one of the great industries of the state. This can be done of course, later, but just now is the accepted time when national aid could be had for the asking, and while prices are such that even with poor crops which will be sure to happen to some until the business of growing the flax is thoroughly learned, they would still prove remunerative. The government needs flax and will need it still more urgently as the days go by for the reason that there is but little anywhere, outside of Ireland. Belgium is controlled by the enemy so is Russia; Serbia is out of the growing and France is raising foodstuffs instead of flax. The result is that the market is barren of practically all flax products and will remain so indefinitely. Conditions cannot improve until after the war, and then it will take several years for conditions, so far as flax is concerned, to become normal. Ireland is having the most prosperous times in all her history, and this because of flax. The Pacific northwest, the Willamette valley and sections of the Sound country are the natural home of the flax, for climatic conditions are perfect for its growth and subsequent handling. To accomplish anything this year will require rapid work. Senator McNary has been asked to urge the agricultural department to set aside money enough to offer stiff encouragement to flax growers. A bonus of \$10 a ton for all that could be grown in the valley would be money well expended. Measured by other expenditures of these days, a half million dollars devoted to putting this industry so absolutely indispensable to the government, on its feet, would be a mere bagatelle. It would be less than the city of Salem alone has just loaned Uncle Samuel to carry on the war. It looks though very much as if the flax problem is to be left, as all the others now so crowding us have been, until the last minute. Senator McNary and Congressman Hawley should devote their utmost energies to getting the government to recognize and help put flax growing on its feet. The others should help because in doing so they are helping the state and at the same time doing one of the greatest strokes of business for the general government that is possible. The congressional delegation from Washington should be woken up and made to help. By swift action something can be done yet this year, but unless the matter is taken up at once and not allowed to sleep until it is put through, it is no use tacking it.

GERMANS NOT COWARDS

Some over enthusiastic American soldier who evidently has not tried out his mettle against the German soldier, took occasion in the dispatches Tuesday to speak of the latter as having a yellow streak, and being a "big bum." Taking a look at the present map of Europe and comparing it with that before the war does not indicate the German soldier is a coward. The present battle where day after day the German soldier in response to the commands of his superior goes unhesitatingly to death is not the act of a coward. The British who have fallen back steadily before wave after wave of advancing Germans will hardly concede they are fleeing from an army of cowards. Undoubtedly much of the dogged persistence of the German soldier is a matter of military training. It is also undoubtedly true that much of the cruelty of which we read is a matter of education taught the German soldier by his Prussian master. He may be cruel, he may be misguided, he may be deceived as to what he is fighting for and he most likely is all three, but anyone who classes the German man as a coward is not acquainted with history, or the German people.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

The Third Liberty Bond Sale is now on. We have a Liberty Bond Department in one of our Lobby Stalls. A teller is constantly in charge ready to answer questions and take subscriptions.

MARTIAL LAW NECESSARY

Senator Chamberlain's bill for the punishment of spies is a dramatic one, but should become the law. It places the trial of spies under military direction and takes it out of the civil courts. It is the only way to deal with the problem, for the reason that American laws have been so distorted by courts and precedents that with a reasonably smart lawyer and a court of average leniency a spy would have a fair chance of dying of old age before finally brought to trial before a jury, with all the preliminary and dodging tricks exhausted. As an illustration the case of Professor Thomas is an apt one. Caught flagrante delicto, admitting his offense and the woman caught with him, confessing to her lapse from virtue, they hire some of Chicago's best, or worst, criminal lawyers, to defend them. That is it, to defend them and get them clear of punishment for an admitted crime. That is where the law is weak. It permits a smart lawyer to bamboozle juries, pull the wool sack over the judicial eyes and walk out of court with a couple of white-washed clients who had admitted their guilt. Yes the Chamberlain bill or some other in which common sense as well as common law is a part is an absolute necessity if the spies are to be punished before the war is ended.

McAdoo wants 100,000 cars and all built of steel. Schwab wants all the ships that can be possibly built, provided they are built of steel. In the meantime steel is scarce and so is fuel to make it. They overlook the fact that "We want what we want when we want it," is the nation's cry. We are not building for the future just now but to meet a terrible emergency that endangers our national existence. It is the bird in the hand we want. It is today's emergencies met today that is our aim. We would as soon hit the kaiser with a wooden ship as a steel one. The only preference we have as to the weapon is in favor of that one which we can grab first. To hell with next year, swat Prussianism with anything handy, that is the law and the gospel.

It is hardly safe to make any editorial comment on conditions on the western front for they change so rapidly and so often that comment is risky. However last night when this was written, the reports from the British front were far more encouraging than they were 24 hours or even twelve before that time. Military experts seem to think the British are showing fine strategy by giving steadily away and at the same time inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. General Foch has been pronounced the greatest strategist of the present day, and so far, he has not expressed doubt as to the ultimate outcome or as to the effects of the present move. It is claimed by experts that when the time is ripe and the danger point is reached, that he will start an offensive and deliver a blow that will surpass even that struck at the Marne and which sent the German hosts scampering for safety back almost to the trench border. Had France been prepared then as she is now, she could have chased Von Hindenburg clear to the gates of Berlin.

Salem's quota was \$517,500 and the sum she subscribed when the full amount is known will be probably about \$600,000. This is a showing of which we all feel proud and while General Steiner is giving the principal credit to those who worked under him, and they to his splendid leadership, the average citizen takes off his hat to all of them and acknowledges the debt the city owes them.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

WAR GARDENS



WALT MASON

They will not let me bleed and die or shoot up Kaiser Bill, so here at home I stay and ply the spade of Bunker Hill. I wield my dull and rusty spade with quite as much delight as I would wield my flashing blade, if I were fit to fight. I may not lead my dauntless men, and cry, "Charge, Chester, charge," for I am old and have a wen, my waistline is too large. But I can toil in wind and heat, and raise my garden sass, the luscious squash, the juicy beet, the wholesome sparrowgrass. And every time I reap a bean, according to the dope, I queer a Prussian submarine, and bust a Teuton hope. In times of peace this raising peas is work that I abhor; but I am raising greens like these, for peas will win the war. I'd rather mount a pawing steed, and charge, with lance at rest, to make the frightful foeman bleed, and knock him galley west; but since I dare not sit a horse that has no iron spine, I'm busy raising prunes and gorse, I'm pruning plant and vine. Oh, prunes are things I don't admire—which is no metaphor—but I toil on and never tire, for prunes will win the war. At night I dream of crimson fields where I have strewn my dead; I dream of steeds and swords and shields till I fall out of bed. At dawn I chant a martial lay by Julia C. R. Dorr, and then I hoe my spuds all day, for spuds will win the war.

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Our Daily Story

ALL THE WAY BUGS.

"Your honor, the defendant, is undoubtedly insane, and in behalf of the other members of the family, whom I represent, I ask that he be committed to an asylum," said Causeway Flood, attorney for the offense. "I ask your honor to remember that witnesses have testified that the defendant, for instance, suddenly conceives the idea that he is a battering ram and that at such times the family have to take refuge behind locked doors inasmuch as the defendant believes them to be castles that it is his duty to storm."
"Oh, well," murmured Judge Spindle, "perhaps that's mere playfulness—how is one to know?"
"But, your honor," pursued Flood, "it has also been testified that he is in the habit of spending an entire meal trying to drink bouillon with a fork."
"He may be a bit absent minded," Judge Spindle observed.
"But, your honor—his passion for sitting on the front steps in his undergarments!" persisted the attorney for the offense.
"A mere physical culture fad, no doubt," nodded the judge wisely.
Causeway Flood scratched his head.
"Your honor," he said, "there was one point that I neglected to bring out. The defendant frequently argues by the hour that Napoleon Lajoie is a better all round player than Ty Cobb."
Judge Spindle, who, in baseball season, never missed a game, flushed an angry violet.
"The man is stark, staring, raving mad! I sentence him to the Looseworks asylum for life," he cried.

When Itching Stops

There is one safe, dependable treatment that relieves itching torture and skin irritation almost instantly and that cleanses and soothes the skin.
Ask any druggist for a 35c or \$1 bottle of zemo and apply it as directed. Soon you will find that irritations, pimples, blackheads, eczema, blotches, ringworm and similar skin troubles will disappear.
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The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE NORTHWEST MEN

"The fur trappers and game hunters that penetrated the northwest contributed nothing to the upbuilding of civilized government and good citizenship."—General Odell, Six O'clock club.
"Voyagers of the vanished years, Never for you loud and hoarse to bear— Nor the gall and burn of a comrade's tears
So bitter that none would share; But time makes the waves of her altars clean
And prides with tearless eyes In the faith that her worshipper's has been
And repays every sacrifice.
Sinful you were in measure— Sinless you could not be,
Who cherished an empire's treasure, State-guarded, for men and for me. But the chapter in strange ways
Of writhing, writhing, writhing, And avengences lurking in wait
Were only the fee and fitting Of a guest in the house of fate.
Far under the forest rafters As far as the trails might be,
Drifted the chaussons and laughter Of your dreams of the fleur-de-lis; Though life was a fair dream, I assure,
And its promise of love but a just, Until death paid the price of your hazard
And your dust kept the roads of unrest
Yet not only the maker of furrow,
Facing blast and wind and rain,
But the trailman with courage thorough
Makes the roads of an empire plain—
And the blazing of ways and highways In the gusts of the hidden pass
From the plains to the snow blocked skyways
Lasts as long as an empire lasts.
Hangers of an empire,
Unfearing the roads unknown,
Rooted and croft and hearthfire
Are the debt to you we own—
And may we now who tread the path
Where you trod bravely by love as usage
What sins were yours, gleaming love
From wrath, And be worthy of our heritage.
ERNEST EVERHART BAKER.

Dr. May Shipping Effects to Astoria

Dr. Paul H. May is today shipping his office furniture and household goods to Astoria where he will make his home and practice his profession. Like many others who have lived in Salem for years, Dr. May regrets very much to leave Salem and the many friends he has made in his years of practice. However, the doctor feels that Astoria is the coming city of the northwest and is desirous of establishing a practice there as the city is just beginning its development.
Dr. May wishes to thank his many friends in Salem for their confidence imposed in him during his years of residence in the city.

NOT ON CYCLOPS

Washington, April 17.—The navy department late today announced that the four men who were reported aboard the United States naval collector Cyclops were not on that vessel.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER LV.

I heard cries, groans and curses; but they seemed to come from a great distance. The acrid smell of smoke, then a crackling sound that was not quite like anything I ever had heard.
"Hurry!" I heard some one cry, then "cries and curses; then I must have faint," as I knew no more until I opened my eyes at dawn. George still held me in his arms, but he was pale as death.
"What is it? Put me down," I said, as remembrance of that cry of "fire" came to me. "You're hurt!" I heard, just as I opened my eyes on my feet. He swayed weakly, but steadied himself.
"No, but you are rather heavy." He looked anxiously at me as his color returned.
"Feel all right?" he asked.
"Yes, a little weak, and my throat is so dry."
"That's the smoke. I covered your face, and some brute dragged the handkerchief off in his rush past us."
"Was anyone hurt?" I asked.
"A few were trampled upon, I don't think any were burned," he replied as he signaled a passing taxi.
A Rough Experience.
"Your coat is all torn, George," I said, noticing for the first time that his coat hung in tatters, that his collar and necktie were awry; that he was wholly disheveled.
"It was a pretty rough path I had," he said, looking at himself in absolute unconcern.
I commenced to laugh hysterically as soon as we were in the cab.
"Stop that!" he said severely, then, "what are you laughing at?"
"At you!" and again I laughed until I cried, "you look so different. No one would ever know you," and it was true. George was so immaculate that this man with smears on his face, ragged clothes and untidy neckwear, with so hat and tousled hair, would never be recognized as the well groomed clubman, George Howard.

"Stop it! I tell you. No hysterics. It will make you ill." Then he tenderly drew me to him, holding me close. "You aren't so pretty yourself," he said after I became quiet. I looked down at my skirt and it was hanging in ribbons. I put up my hand and my waist was torn, one sleeve nearly gone. "You see there is a pair of us," he said after I had tried to straighten myself a bit. "Never mind we are nearly home."
When I tried to get out of the taxi, I nearly fainted again. It was silly of me, but I couldn't help it. So George carried me into the house, and called Celeste. I soon "came to" this time, and heard him say, "You see there is a pair of us."
"Take good care of Mrs. Howard Celeste. We nearly lost her. The theatre caught fire, and I am afraid she inhaled some smoke. I will telephone for a doctor. You get her in bed." Then he leaned over and kissed me tenderly.
Unusual Tenderness.
This unusual tenderness quite unnerved me. I reached up and put my arms around his neck, but said nothing. He kissed me again, and said: "Thank God, darling, you are not hurt."
All the time Celeste was preparing me for bed and the doctor, I was absolutely unconscious of what she was doing, of anything she said. All I heard was "dearling," spoken in that tender tone that made me feel he meant it. So I was his darling, after all.
The doctor came, examined my throat and asked me numberless questions, gave

me some medicine, then after doing the same for George, he departed, saying: "You were very fortunate. Many were hurt in that scramble to get out, a few very seriously. Why people act like mad beasts in such cases, I can't imagine. If they would keep their heads, there would be no injured. But these panics are terrible things."
George sat with me a little while, then he went to bed. But first he left word that on no account were either of us to be disturbed in the morning. We both slept until nearly noon. Annie said she had been kept busy all the morning assuring friends who had seen us at the theatre that we were not injured. That the telephone had rung incessantly.
George dressed and went down to the office, but made me promise I would remain in bed. I gave the promise very willingly. I still felt faint and rather shaky.
Evelyn came over and I told her all about it, as much as I had sensed.
"Your husband was wonderful!" she said, when I finished.
"Indeed he was!" I agreed, but I did not tell her that to me the most wonderful of all was his calling me "darling" and being so tender of me. (Tomorrow—Back to His Old Ways)

Rheumatic Pains Relieved
"I have used Chamberlain's Liniment for pains in the chest and lameness of the shoulders due to rheumatism, and am pleased to say that it has never failed to give me prompt relief," writes Mrs. S. N. Flach, Batavia, N. Y.

G. A. Kyle of Portland Still Held by Chinese Bandits for Ransom

Tokio, April 12.—(Delayed).—E. J. Purcell, one of two American engineers held for ransom, has escaped from the bandits.
The other American, G. A. Kyle of Portland, Ore., is still held by the outlaws near the Honan border, despite the fact that \$20,000 ransom has been offered for his release. Anxiety was felt in the American colony here for Kyle's safety.
Kyle is chief engineer of the new Chow-Hiang railway and Purcell is his assistant. They were in charge of a surveying party in Szechuan when the bandits captured them. Kyle and Purcell were carrying with them the payroll of their surveying party. This was taken, and the brigands demanded from the governor of the province forty rifles and a quantity of ammunition for their demand to severely rifles.
The Siems-Carey company, by whom Kyle and Purcell were employed, sent S. S. Young from Peking as their own representative to negotiate with the brigands.

SOCIETY DISBANDED.
Portland, Ore., April 17.—It became known today that the Oregon State Confederation of German Speaking Societies decided at a meeting Monday night to disband.
The confederation which is a branch of the national German-American Alliance was made up of every German speaking society in the state.

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