

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month 45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month 25c

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.

POOR LITTLE HOLLAND

Poor little Holland is having a hard time of it trying to maintain her neutrality and to remain at peace with all the world. She is unfortunately so close a neighbor to the unspeakable Hun that she is in a sense at his mercy, just as Belgium was. To keep the big bully, her neighbor, quiet, she violated her neutrality, helping the Hun in the way of furnishing him provisions, and she is still doing this. This is not a matter of choice but of compulsion. She has the example of Belgium before her, and realizes that the same fate may be her's unless she submits to the embraces of the Hohenzollern beast. The trouble with the small neutral countries is that none of them are big enough to face the Hun and his ruthlessness. If they could all agree and strike together they could throw the balance of power so overwhelmingly to the allies as to put the kaiser and his infamous militarists, where they belong—out of the world. It is hardly probable they will do this, but they could do it and win. At the same time while at the mercy of the kaiser, they are the safe-guards of his empire. Switzerland, Holland and Denmark so long as they are neutral guard and protect just as much of Germany's border as their boundaries cover. Other nations will not violate their neutrality, and yet the kaiser whenever he thinks it to his benefit to do so will invade any of them as ruthlessly as he did Belgium. Maybe when they have been kicked, cuffed and insulted long enough the little fellows will get together and double teams on the big bruiser.

SOME UNEASY ARCHDUKES

The Archduke Eugene has summoned all the Austrian archdukes to Vienna for a conference on "urgent questions," so Prague newspapers declare. Nobody, besides the archdukes perhaps, knows just what is in the air; but that the Austrians are most dreadfully sick of war is a certainty. The whole family of archdukes no doubt realize that they had better be doing something to preserve their archducal crowns before the preserving season is over and "canning" time begins. They may realize that when the end comes, as it must, with the kaiser deposed by his own people and the Austrian emperor chased out of the empire by his subjects, that it will be awfully bad weather for Austrian archdukes and other nobility. Nobody knows what the meeting is called for but it is a dead shot it is not called for the purpose of passing resolutions endorsing the Hohenzollern family or the Prussian junkers.

If the government shuts down on wooden ship building, as it may do to considerable extent, it might be a good move for the builders of the coast to launch a fleet of wind-jammers. These could do a great business for the next year or two in bringing foodstuffs, especially wheat, from Australia and India. If the war keeps up another year the wooden sailing ship would go a long way toward solving the shipping problem for the Pacific, and besides they would pay for themselves in a trip or two. They would be longer making the trip, but as they do not have to carry coal would bring at least one half more cargo and at less expense. A couple of hundred sailing vessels on the Pacific just now would make prosperity get up and chase itself.

An item yesterday was to the effect that the war chest committee had under consideration a plan for providing money for the next liberty loan. This was to assess every person in the community a certain amount and when the call was made ask him to put up the amount assessed to him. The scheme would be fair enough no doubt, but it is lost sight of that the liberty loan is a voluntary matter. The United States could assess the amounts due from each person, if it wanted to raise the money in the way of an enforced loan. It can levy a tax and collect it, and if it is necessary will no doubt do so. In the meanwhile so long as it is a voluntary loan the element of tax gathering should be kept out of it.

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.

THE SINKINGS WILL TELL

It remains to be seen whether the daring British raid on Ostend and Zeebrugge accomplished the things it was intended to do, that is to close the ports so they could not be passed by the submarines. If the venture was a success it will be but a short time until there is a falling off in the number of ships sunk weekly. Of course the submarines already at work in the zone are good for several days yet, but when it becomes necessary for them to return to their bases the merchant marine will have a breathing spell. In the interest of humanity it is to be hoped the attempt was successful and that it will require several months to remove the obstructions. In the meanwhile America will have a still larger fleet of destroyers and other submarine enemies on the job. Even a temporary stoppage of the U-boats for a month or two will help weaken the German morale and to make the German people understand that ruthlessness and terrorism, cruelty and barbarity cannot win in a war against civilized people, for the reason that such things but the more firmly convince the intelligence of the world that the authors of such crimes must forever be eliminated. Superstition and ignorance may be influenced by such measures, but intelligence—never.

With the pouring of the concrete for the last bridge pier and the beginning of work on the false work for carrying the steel spans, it looks as though it would not be long before a real, sure-thing bridge across the Willamette here was assured for the very near future. The bridge question has been an annoying one for a long time but it is hoped it is now over for a number of years at least.

The time in which Jason Moore may pay for his license to extract the salts from Abert and Summer lakes has been again extended. He must put up \$15,000 by May 10 or forfeit all rights to Abert lake. He has the right to gather salts from Summer lake, and he has let a contract by which 4,000 tons of these salts will be gathered and he will be paid \$6 a ton for them. Of this money Moore will turn over to the state \$5 a ton until \$15,000 is paid. The state may get something besides salts and promises out of its lakes during the summer. Anyway Mr. Moore will have to shoot or give up the gun, as about all the extensions have been granted him that anyone could ask.

The committee or commission appointed to examine and report on the combining of state departments in the interests of economy has reported and retired for further consideration of the matters before it. The whole thing is a cunningly devised scheme on the part of the governor to give him more power. He has the penitentiary and whole lots of other departments now under his control, to play with and there is no need of the state furnishing him any more. The flax plant should keep him busy, and would, if he would take care of it.

Contracts have been let for 29 more vessels aggregating more than 215,000 tons. Of these twelve are 9,600 ton steel freighters and ten of the same class but of only 9,400 tons. The shipping board in order to show that it was not prejudiced and wanted to play fair, while arranging for these 22 steel ships, also let contracts for three wooden ships of 3,500 tons each which are to be built at Astoria.

Only three weeks in which you can whoop it up for your favorite candidate, for the day following the three weeks will be election day and then it is too late to do any talking. The wise ones say the situation is changing rapidly and that the returns are going to surprise more than one candidate.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

DRASTIC MEASURES

Oh, Uncle Sam, if you need wheat to keep our allies on their feet and jar the Teuton loose, don't tell us why or argue 'round but lay your hands on every pound the country can produce. We stay-at-homes can't carry guns, but we can feed on saw-dust buns, and do it with a grin; 'twould be a pity if we'd swear at any sort of bill of fare that's planned to help us win. Oh, Uncle Sam, whatever you need to help the men who fight and bleed for us on foreign shores—our hay, our hens, our wheat, our shotes, our horses or our choo-choo boats—just take them; they are yours. I used to call my



house my own; I labored hard for every bone that bought its beams and jambs; and the adjacent tree and vine I used to proudly say were mine; now all are Uncle Sam's. I used to watch my bank account, rejoiced to see the figures mount, as happy as nine clams; but dollars do not comfort me while kultur riots o'er the sea; they all are Uncle Sam's. Oh, Uncle Sam, don't coax or plead! Just reach out for the things you need, reach out and take them in! We stay-at-homes can roost in trees and feed on crusts and rinds of cheese, if that will help you win!

Our Daily Story

LET'S TALK SERIOUS

After sniffing again the lovely clump of orchids and friblossoms he had sent her, she sat down beside him on the sofa. "Let's talk seriously tonight, Butterfield," she cooed. "I don't want you to think I'm just a flighty, giddy-headed little girl with no other interests except dancing and cards and bon-bons. Tell me about the war, Butterfield." Butterfield brightened, for the war was his favorite topic. "I begin at the very beginning, so you can get a good grasp on the subject," he said. "Oh, Butterfield, that will be just wonderful—I'd dearly love to have a good grasp on the subject!" she bargained. "It is the first place," he began. "I've conceived an emphatic dream of conquest, in short of world domination." "Yes, yes! How thrilling!" she breathed, leaning forward with her ruby lips slightly parted. "He aimed to extend her powers even beyond the wildest Bismarkian dreams," he continued, "to stamp the iron heel of militarism every ruthlessly burn into the flesh of a quivering, war-torn world the flaming brand of a superior 'kultur.'" "Oh, Butterfield, how perfectly absorbing!" she breathed. "She planned to dominate both sea and land, she—?" "But Butterfield, just a moment," she interrupted, a tiny wrinkle on her lily white brow. "Didn't Germany have some reason for starting this dreadful war?" Butterfield Dindress slammed the front door after him most horribly, but luckily he had forgotten his cane, and when he came back after it, they made up again.

Open Forum

To the Editor: I would like to say a few words in regard to a piece in the Monday evening Journal, written by Pearl Cooper. In the first I mention she has just moved in from the country and rented a little house and let, used to be the Shavlin property. She says sidewalks are so bad and the rose bushes along the walk. Where these are is on the south side of Columbia street instead of avenue, and in Riverside addition, instead of north Salem, Highland district. She doesn't mean the Highland rose bushes when they are within a stone's throw of her place. She said it seemed to her the property owners would cut out those rose bushes. Why do not the renters on that side of the street lend a helping hand in beautifying Salem? As she speaks of the property owners, on the north side all as clean, but the first lots facing for three blocks on Columbia, south side of the street, are tenanted by non-residents. A few in the vicinity in Compton's addition with two on the south side of Columbia street have taken care of the rose bushes by cutting them down and burning them before and intend to this spring. But it was gardens first. Charley commenced at home, clean up our own door yards first. —SUBSCRIBER.

A TOAST

Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North Advance.

Here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South Advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag Advance.

COREGA

Holds False Teeth Firmly In Mouth
It Prevents Sore Gums
Gums shrink or swell and plates become loose, which is no fault of the Dentist. An application of COREGA relieved evenly on the Dental Plate relieved these conditions. It holds the Plate firmly and comfortably in position. Also promotes mouth hygiene. See at Drug Stores and Dental Supply Houses. Your Druggist can get it from his wholesaler. Free sample from Corega Chemical Co., Cleveland Ohio.—Adv.

DRIVE FROM FALLS CITY.

N. Selig and daughter, Miss Vola, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hall and family drove to Eugene from Falls City Sunday for a short visit with relatives. Miss Selig will remain for a week's visit and the remainder of the party, accompanied by Mrs. Selig, who is making her home here this spring, started home Monday morning.—Eugene Guard.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

AN UNEXPECTED DISAGREEMENT.

CHAPTER LXI.
The tone in which George interrupted my recital of the day's doings surprised and puzzled me. It was cold, almost as if he were terribly angry about something, yet I could think of nothing I had done to displease him.

"Yes, he asked us to come and see his pictures, then his man served us a delicious luncheon. We had creamed chicken and lots of things. Then he showed us all through his studio apartment, then we had to run because we had told the dressmaker we would be back at a certain time."

"I had talked so fast he had no chance to interrupt if he wished to, but now he said: 'Have I ever given you permission to lunch at studios?'"

"Why not but—' suddenly I knew he was angry because I had gone to Merton Gray's studio. I was a bit frightened, as always, because I had displeased him; but there was also a little thrill of gladness because he cared. Could he care enough to be the tiniest bit jealous?"

"Well, I do not like it! It isn't pleasant to meet people who tell you things about your wife."

"I know that. He had met Julia Collins. Unfortunately I said so."

A Foolish Remark.

"Oh, I know! That catty Mrs. Collins told you. We met her and she acted as if she wanted to join us, and we just muddled and hurried on. Evelyn doesn't like her; neither do I. I suppose she was cross because Mr. Gray hadn't asked her." I hit my lip. I had almost said "Merton" Mrs. Sexton had been right; I must not think of him, or any other, by their first name.

"Mrs. Collins is an old friend of mine. I prefer you should speak more respectfully of her. You say Evelyn Reeve was with you?"

"Why yes! she has spent the entire day with me. She was so delighted to see Mr. Gray's pictures. He showed us since he has finished, as well as those he is working on."

"So long as you did not go alone I have no objection, save that it isn't a thing I want you to do often. An occasional visit to a prominent artist's studio can do no harm, if you have some one with you. But hereafter, ask my permission before you go."

He did not seem to expect an answer so I made none. Yet had I, I should have refused to give such a promise, it was unbearable. He treated me as if I were six years old, instead of twenty, and a married woman. I certainly shouldn't ask his permission when I wanted to go somewhere, just because that horrid Julia Collins had been mad because she was not asked to go along.

George was quite pleasant all through dinner. But I was not, although of course I dared not give expression to my

feelings. I wanted to talk of the good time we had had. I wanted to tell him of the things Merton had said; of the society woman's portrait, and everything. But if I started the subject again he might repeat his command, so I sat trying to appear pleasant, but in reality calm and cross.

A Time of Peace

The two days that passed before I was to leave for home, were unusually pleasant days for me. George was continually kind. As usual, I thought many times a day of this, and also of the wonder of why—when he could be so nice—he at times was so disagreeable, so almost unkind.

Evelyn kept her promise and was over as soon as she finished her marketing in the morning, and remained until the late afternoon. She helped me buy some gifts for the home folks—a dress for mother, a nice smoking outfit with a lot of his favorite tobacco for dad, and books and fishing outfits for the boys. How I did enjoy spending money for them! That was one nice thing about a rich husband. One could buy things for those one loved.

I was to remain away not quite two weeks. George had been very emphatic as to the time. I had begged for an extension, and he had said: "You will either return when I say or you will not go."

That frightened me, and I promised faithfully to return on the very train he ordered me to. Now that I really knew I was to see father and mother and the boys, I should have been broken-hearted had anything happened to interfere with my plans.

So I tried not to fret because of the short visit I was to make, and to think only of the pleasure in store. Pleasure for them, and for me. I knew they would be delighted to see me; Mother's letters had been filled with longing for months. She was not very well, or she would have come to Moreland to visit me long ago. But father couldn't come with her and some of them wanted her to look the party over.

The morning I left George went to the station with me. We stopped on the way and he bought me a wonderful basket of fruit, some candy, and late magazines. The fruit I determined to keep for mother. It was such an attractive basket.

(Tomorrow—An Uneventful Journey)

CHARGED WITH MURDER

San Francisco, April 24.—Santokh Singh, convicted Hindu revolt conspirator, will be charged as an accessory before the fact in the murder of Ram Chandra.

In a sworn statement before federal officials, Sundand Singh Gali today declared he had seen Santokh Singh hand to Ram Singh the automatic pistol with which Ram Singh killed Ram Chandra in Judge Van Fleet's federal court room yesterday.

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

Eczema.

It is only since the time of Hebra, the great Vienna dermatologist, that this disease of the skin has had a scientific basis; before that, almost any skin disease about which a doctor was uncertain he would label "eczema" or "salt-rheum" or "tetter."

If on the head of a child, it was called "milk head" or "milk crust." Eczema comes in a hundred forms. It is the skin crying out from bad treatment.

It is constitutional, or it may come from local irritation of any kind and may be present at any period of life, alike in males or females.

When constitutional, it spells weakness or bad nerves or poor nutrition or some fault in taking up and assimilating the food.

It may also be distinctly an inflammatory disease, lasting a few days or an indefinite period with symptoms which may be mild or severe.

The common symptom is burning or itching, which often is worse at night.

The more one scratches the skin, the worse the eruption becomes. Frequently there is a watery or sticky discharge, and when this dries it may thicken or cake in scales, lumps, and crusts.

If this crust is removed, the underlying surface will be found fiery red and will bleed freely.

Often there are cracks in the skin which are sore and painful and heal slowly, especially in cold weather.

There may be merely a reddened surface, dry or moist, scaly or crusty with a crop of pimples.

But these pimples may become blisters which coalesce and cover a large area.

If the fluid in these vesicles becomes purulent one may have a sore which may discharge indefinitely.

When on the face and scalp it may be mistaken for erysipelas or some other disease.

Eczema may occur on any portion of the body, or it may involve every inch of the skin and the treatment of such cases is very difficult.

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