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

THE RED CROSS AND THE Y. M. C. A.

The Capital Journal is very much interested in the "war chest" proposal—naturally all our citizens are because it concerns all supporters of war activities. It is a matter that should be thoroughly discussed from every viewpoint before being adopted or rejected by the community.

We are inclined to the view that there are just two great war activities that should be supported by the public, first, last and all the time—the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. The first of these takes care of the men on the battle line, the wounded, sick and distressed everywhere; the second affords conveniences, entertainment, encouragement and assistance to the soldiers back of the lines. Together these great organizations are the main reliance of the soldiers and civilians alike in the war zone, and the Y. M. C. A. begins its ministrations to the soldiers in the training camps of this country.

The Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. must be supported to the limit of the country's means if that necessity comes. The welfare of our fighting men and the morale of the army depend upon these agencies to a very great extent. Next to the fighting machine itself these are the most important factors in waging a successful war under present conditions.

There may be other worthy movements launched in connection with the war but they are of restricted and special character and not so essential to the welfare of the army, neither do they have so important a bearing on the great object in view—a victory for the hosts of democracy and freedom. Let those support such movements who are able to do so, but the great mass of the people must be marshalled back of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and given to understand that they are doing the next best thing possible to manning the trenches when they furnish the funds that keep these organizations actively and effectively at work wherever and whenever their activities are needed.

MAY FORCE HOLLAND TO SUBMERGE

With German cavalry on the Dutch border, it is quite probable the ravening Prussian beast will fasten his fangs in the throat of Holland just as he did in that of Belgium. He is already declaring the lamb's shadow is interfering with him although the lamb has pointed out that the shadow points in the other direction, and is prepared to jump on and punish him for having a shadow anyway. At the same time each country has withdrawn its ministers and are as far at the outs as they can be without being openly at war. Holland has tried to play fair, but the Prussian beast does not want fair play, but a stacked deck and the deal. In other words Germany wants the privilege of sending war munitions and supplies through Dutch territory to her troops in Belgium and also to have a port on the Holland coast if Ostend and Zeebrugge are out of business. Holland could put up a hard fight and give Germany a great worrying if she was willing to make the sacrifice and "submerge." It may be she will do this for apparently the only safe place for her at this time is at the bottom of the sea.

The house yesterday afternoon passed the senate resolution for registration of all men who have become 21 since June 6 last. It is claimed this will add 1,200,000 men to the nation's available soldier reserve. Of these it is estimated 700,000 will prove physically fit for service in class one. It will go at once to a conference committee, as some changes were made in the original resolution and will then be rushed to the president. From these returns it is seen that boys are reaching their majority almost as fast as soldiers can be sent to France under present transportation facilities.

Governor Withycombe seems to have solved the problem of employment of the state convicts. He has put them to work distributing his campaign pictures—rather a tough job but they are in no position to kick.

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.

WHAT ENGLISH WOMEN ARE DOING

The statement of Winston Churchill, minister of munitions for Great Britain, to the house of commons yesterday is simply astounding. It shows the tremendous resources of the British, and also how the English women are "doing their bit." They have made more than nine-tenths of the output of shells, and this output has made good all those expended in a nearly 40 day battle. It is admitted that during this battle the British lost 1,000 cannon and perhaps 5,000 machine guns, but all these losses have been made good and the British have more serviceable guns than at the beginning of the battle. England is now able to make more guns, more cannon, more munitions and more anything else she needs, in a month than she was able to make during the first year of the war. This is shown forcibly in Churchill's statement as to airplanes. He said: "We are making more airplanes in a week than during the whole of 1914, more in a quarter than during the year 1916." While he does not say so, his statement as to the shells shows that English women are behind and responsible for most of this great increase in production and ability to produce. The work of the English women has discounted all such efforts as the suffragettes militant made, for the militant women of England who are helping win the war, have won the right of suffrage and any other that it is possible for a citizen to have.

Governor Withycombe's special pet, Parole Officer Joe Keller, says the Capital Journal falsely accused Convict Frank Martin of questioning the patriotism of S. A. Harris, the Hopmere merchant; that he (Keller) was the man who made the insulting remark when Mr. Harris refused to post a picture of the Governor in his store window. We only have Mr. Harris' statement of the affair and think he told a truth which several witnesses well-known in that community, will verify. Anyway, what business has Parole Officer Keller, in state pay, to be running around over the country with convict companions electioneering for a candidate for governor? We don't blame the convict Martin—he probably had no choice in the matter.

Just why more drastic laws should be asked by those in authority for the punishment of spies and disloyal persons, is a mystery. Under the present laws they could be punished, if the effort was made to do so. We have charges and assertions, and threatened investigations in abundance, but out of the mass nothing ever materializes. As a matter of fact the only person benefited by such arrests as are made are the attorneys in the cases. As they will stave off any action by the courts until after the war, it gives the few of them fortunate enough to get an accused person for a client a meal ticket so long as the kaiser keeps busy.

Whether Mooney is guilty or innocent, the ceasing work for a day by the unions is a waste of time, for the reason that it cannot possibly accomplish anything. The whole matter now rests with the governor of California, who says he will examine into the matter and act as the merits of the claim for a new trial demand. If the governor could be swayed by a strike from performing what he thought was his duty he would be most unfit for the position he holds.

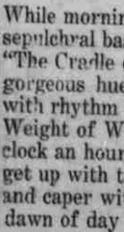
There was a flock of things in the news stories Thursday containing the number 29. There was the story of the 29 boys who were to leave for Camp Lewis this morning. Another story told of the conviction of 29 conspirators in San Francisco and there was a dispatch about the letting of a contract for 29 more ships. Then a murder story told of a victim 29 years old and the days casualties in France showed 29 wounded.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

AN HOUR GAINED

I set the clock an hour ahead, one night before I went to bed; 'twas at the government's request and I obeyed the mild best. A greater sacrifice than that I'd gladly made, you bet your hat. And so, as I've already said, I set the clock an hour ahead; and now I get up with the birds and greet the dawn with fervent words; I see the good old sun arise and climb the well known eastern skies. It is a wondrous thing, I say, this breaking of another day. Like countless jays, I always slept while rosy faced Aurora swept night's clouds and cobwebs from the sky, and let the best of life go by.



WALT MASON

While morning's miracles took place I snored a deep sepulchral bass; in my soft couch I lay asleep, and snored "The Cradle of the Deep." While morning spread its gorgeous hues, its purples, violets and blues, I snored, with rhythm deep and slow, "The Heart Bowed Down by Weight of Woe." By wisdom's admonition led, I set the clock an hour ahead; at 9 o'clock I made it 10, and now I get up with the hen, and see the greatest show on earth, and caper with exceeding mirth. The hour I gain at dawn of day is worth a fortnight in the hay.

Our Daily Story

SNOW USE.

With a heavy heart Agnostes Jones paid the eighty cent check for his ham sandwich and cup of coffee.

"Snow use!" he thought, "I can't keep up with the high cost of living. With the button hole manufacturing business getting worse every day, and a war tax on everything, and everything under snow use! I'll do away with myself, and then at least Maebina and the kids can get along for a while on the \$5000 I've insurance money."

And he stepped into a drug store and asked for fifty cents worth of fruit-ribe of carbolicum.

"Fifty cents?" said the clerk.

"Everything's seven up," said Agnostes Jones.

"Seven up?" said the clerk.

"Fifteen cents worth costs \$4.75 now under a war tax of \$6.80, making \$11.99 altogether; if one customer is in a hurry and doesn't take time to add it up for himself."

Jones paid grudgingly, and with the poison in his pocket, stepped around to see the undertaker with the idea of getting a reduced rate for his funeral if he paid in advance.

"Very sorry," said the undertaker "but my cheapest funeral—with lame horses and undusted carriages—is now \$2500, with a war tax of \$460.00."

Agnostes Jones groaned aloud.

"Snow use either way!" he cried in despair.

And that night he crept out of his house with a can opener and a rolling pin and broke into a bank and made a haul of \$90,000, on which he and his family lived in guilty luxury for almost a year.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels—there's no need of having a sallow complexion—dark rings under your eyes—pimples—a bilious look in your face—dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that exuberance of spirit, that natural buoyancy which should be enjoyed by everyone, by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

You will know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets by their olive color. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

NO JURY TODAY

Chicago, April 26.—Hope of completing today a jury to try the 112 I. W. W. leaders charged with sedition and sabotage went glimmering when a call for fifty additional veniremen was issued by Judge Landis. Two seats in the jury box remain to be filled.

"Defense news," a handbill published by the defendants, has been barred from the mails under provisions in the espionage bill. Editor Ralph Chapin was informed today.

TO PROVIDE CREWS

San Francisco, April 26.—Three prominent marine men left here today for Washington to attend a conference next Monday when means of providing crews for America's new merchant marine will be worked out.

They are Captain C. W. Saunders, port captain for the Matson interests; J. T. Rohlf, manager of marine equipment on the Pacific coast for the Standard Oil company, and Captain J. H. Rinder, marine superintendent of the Pacific Mail Steamship company.

A Lane county man walked 100 miles to be arrested. He certainly must have needed a rest.

Ladies! Keep It on The Dresser

Few drops on corn or callus stops pain, then they lift off.

Your high heels have put corns on your toes and calluses on your feet, but why care now?

This tiny bottle holds an almost magic fluid. A genius in Cincinnati discovered this ether compound and named it freeze-zone. Small bottle of freeze-zone can be had at any drug store for a few cents. Never limp or twist your face in pain again, but get a bottle of freeze-zone and apply a few drops on your tender, aching corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you lift it off with fingers.

Just think! You get rid of a hard corn, soft corn or a corn-between the toes as well as hardened calluses, without suffering one particle, without the slightest irritation of the surrounding skin. Just a touch of freeze-zone on a sore corn gives instant relief.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY

CHAPTER LXII.

George had kissed me good-bye very fondly, had expressed the wish that I have a pleasant journey, and had sent kind remembrances to those at home.

Then, just as he left me, he said: "Remember, I shall expect you home a week from Wednesday."

Somewhat, I wished he hadn't said it. I should have preferred to carry the memory of his kind thought of me, his remembrances to mother and the rest at home, as his parting words.

I would be all day reaching home, so I made myself as comfortable as possible. I took off my hat and coat, opened my box of candy, and laid my magazines on a vacant chair in front of me retaining one to read. But for a long time I sat with it unopened on my lap. I was thinking of George, of myself as I now was, and as I was when I left home. Would they think me improved or would they fail to recognize what George considered as an improvement in me?

I hoped they would be half as glad to see me as I should be to see them. They smiled at myself for my foolish thoughts. Of course they would be. I visualized dad and mother and the boys, each one expressing their joy in their own way, each one voicing their regrets that my visit was to be so short.

The day passed slowly, but promptly on time the train drew into the station. There they all were! I saw them before the train stopped.

A Joyous Reunion.

There were dad and mother, she hanging on his arm and peering anxiously at the train. All three boys talking excitedly together, and running along with the slowing train.

I was so impatient I could scarcely wait for it to come to a stop, and made the porter quite angry by trying to push by him and get off before he had taken off the luggage which filled the vestibule. But, finally, I was in mother's arms, then in dad's. After that the boys each in turn, took possession of me. Oh, it was good to be at home; and to be so loved!

We decided to walk home. The house was but a little ways from the station, so the boys carried my handbag. Carl took my bag, Ralph the basket of fruit and David, the youngest, not to be outdone, insisted upon carrying my umbrella. My trunk would come up later on the village express wagon.

I walked now with dad and mother, then with each of the boys in turn. I fairly danced along the street, I was so happy to see them.

"Some swell, sis has got to be!" Carl said in a stage whisper to Ralph. I laughed, but wondered what they would say could they see the wonderful outfit preparing for me for the summer.

"I should say she had," David broke in. "See them nifty shoes, I'll bet you

couldn't race me to the top of Brundel's hill to those things."

"I'll bet I couldn't either," I answered. "But you just wait until I get some sensible ones out of my trunk and I'll race all you want to."

"Boys, She Hasn't Changed After All!" "Honest, will you?"

"Of course I will, you little simple! And I'll bet you, too, just as I used to." I bragged not at all sure I hadn't forgotten how to run.

"Say, boys, she hasn't changed after all," he called over his shoulder. "Marrying that rich guy hasn't quite spoiled her, I guess."

"Just for that I shan't walk another step with you." I returned, and hastened to mother. So laughing, talking sense or nonsense, I once more entered the house out of which I had gone a bride the year before. Maggie, mother's one servant, came to meet me and I was so glad to be home that I kissed her, much to her delight. I ran from one room to another, sitting in all the old, comfortable chairs. Nesting around to see if anything had been changed; if there was anything new; and making the late dinner wait until both mother and Maggie declared it wouldn't be fit to eat.

But it was. One of mother's delicious home dinners.

"We killed the calf, you see, when the prodigal came back!" David tried to tease.

"One calf seems very much alive!" I retorted, only to find him behind my chair and to feel a smart box on my ear. One of his old tricks.

All this seems silly and inconsequential to others, perhaps, but to me it was all so vitally a part of my old life that had anything been changed, had the boys been different, I should have been terribly disappointed. Now it seemed almost as if I never had been away.

When we finally decided to part for the night, dad had family prayers as usual; and thanked God because I had been allowed to return. It almost made me cry even if I was so happy.

(Tomorrow—Simple Home Pleasures Allure)

Old Mother Earth sees the need of again giving Southern California a good shaking.



New ARROW COLLARS FOR SPRING CASCO-2 1/8 in. CLYDE-2 1/4 in.

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

Ulcer of the Stomach.

G. S.—Please describe ulcer of the stomach. How long does it take to get well? Are there different kinds, and what medicines and diet would be useful?

This condition comes to those who are anaemic, who work hard and are poorly nourished, and occasionally to those whose gastric juice is acid and corrosive, or who have some kind of corrosive juice in the stomach, from whatever source.

It may be a long time coming on, and may last for years. There are different kinds, in the sense that there are ulcers of different size, of different degrees of discharge and absorption, and of different degrees of poisoning and harmfulness in other ways.

In most cases, the ulcer does not eat through or perforate the entire wall of the stomach; for that would almost certainly mean the occurrence in such cases of peritonitis, which usually would quickly have a fatal issue.

An accident which is not unusual with this disease and often is serious or fatal, is haemorrhage; and as it is wont to come on suddenly, without warning, it must always be anticipated and prepared for, when ulcer is known or suspected.

The treatment is principally dietetic, the diet being composed of simple substances which may be easily digested; meat and other foods which are digested in the stomach, with the exception of milk, being excluded.

Medical treatment is also useful in some instances, especially such medicines as may have an astringent and healing tendency, for example bismuth.

If the diagnosis is clearly made out, an operation by a skillful surgeon will result in a cure of the ulcer, but this does not mean that other ulcers may not develop.

There is usually but one ulcer, but others may be in the course of formation and it is quite possible to overlook them in the performance of an operation. If the corrosion has

made only slight or moderate progress.

Many cases are cured by medical measures, and it by no means follows that every case which is discovered must be treated surgically.

Questions and Answers

L. A. R.—I noted in the report by the physicians who examined me for the draft, the statement: "covered with ichthyosis scales." Is this disease inherited? I have a brother and an uncle who are troubled in the same way. And is there any cure for it? It causes intense itching, especially after taking a bath. During the warm weather, my skin is clear and smooth. Are there many people who are troubled with this disease?

Answer—This disease is a rather rare one. It is sometimes inherited—possibly always. I do not think that you could have it in a very severe form if your skin is clear during the warm weather. I should think it more probable that your trouble is of the nature of a scaly eczema—which is quite troublesome during the winter. If you would sponge your body every night with a solution of bicarbonate of soda and use castor oil freely in keeping your bowels open, you would obtain a very decided relief.

Mrs. L. A.—1. What causes violent beating of the heart about three hours after eating?

2. I am troubled with indigestion, and sometimes have chills after going to bed, even though I feel perfectly warm.

Answer—1. If I were you, I would omit the evening meal for a few times and see if it does not relieve the trouble you refer to. Very frequently this trouble indicates indigestion.

2. The chills you refer to may be nervous chills. If you would use a hot water bag at your feet, in going to bed, I think it would obviate the trouble.

Dr. Currier will only answer suitable, signed letters accompanied with stamped and addressed envelope. As the correspondence is very large, letters must be in no case exceed fifty words and must be on matters which are of general interest. The physician, for diagnosis and information of the reader and not to take the place of the physician. For diagnosis and prescriptions, you should consult your family physician. Dr. Currier may be addressed in care of this newspaper.