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

GOVERNOR'S TRICKERY EXPOSED

"The prison flax plant is a going concern."
"It is a success. All bills against the flax factory of the Oregon State penitentiary up to May 1 are paid and there is on hand \$22,276.00. There are also 80 tons of the 1916 crop yet to be treated and this is worth \$8,000. The 1916 crop is as good as when first brought in; some experts say better."

The above statements are taken from a two column editorial in the Sunday Statesman, which being especially friendly to Governor Withycombe surely would not mistake the facts to the governor's shame and hurt. More than that the statement corresponds tolerably well with that made by Mr. Crawford late superintendent of the flax plant at the prison, when he turned the same over to his excellency, the governor. Mr. Crawford housed the crop of 1916 of which the Statesman speaks and must have done his work well since experts say it is in as good shape as when harvested and some say in even better shape.

The 1917 crop was considered a failure on account of weather conditions, and yet what there is of this is said to be in good shape, and the Statesman says "it will be worked up at a profit and probably considerable of a profit." This sounds good too. It is not a new story for Superintendent Crawford filed with the governor a statement showing what had been done, the amount of money expended, the repayment of the money advanced by the state, the building of retting tanks, the payment for machinery ordered by Crawford's predecessor, and some that was not needed either, the amount and value of the finished fiber and tow on hand; in fact a complete showing of what had been done under Mr. Crawford's management. The Capital Journal printed this statement of Mr. Crawford's and it also printed the story of how the board of control had agreed to pay Mr. Crawford a bonus of \$50 a month if he made good, which term the board said meant, "if he showed a profit of even one dollar." The Capital Journal also showed how the governor through petty spite and narrow mindedness when he was given entire control of the penitentiary and with it of the flax plant, stultified the balance of the board, and shamed the people of the state by going deliberately back on the board's agreement and refusing to pay Crawford this bonus when he discharged him.

The governor not only refused to allow him the bonus but declared he "had not made good, and so had not earned the bonus." At the same time this careful and economical governor after insisting Crawford had earned no bonus offered to pay him \$400, half of the amount claimed.

If Crawford had not earned the bonus why did the governor offer to make him a present of \$400 of the people's money? If he did earn it why did the governor deliberately cheat him out of his money and make every citizen of this great state a party to the petty robbery? The Statesman which is friendly to the governor says the flax industry is a success and has made a profit of above \$22,000. That is what Crawford claimed, and what the governor denied, for he said Crawford had not made good, or in the language of the board of control which made the bargain with Crawford, and of which the governor was the chairman, that "he had not made a profit of one dollar." Not only did the governor do this contemptible little bit of pettiness but he dared not face the man he denied justice to, in the courts, but when a mandamus suit was brought against him to compel him to audit the account, hid behind his prerogative as the chief executive of the state and refused to allow the courts to pass upon the matter by hiding behind his official skirts and pleading that as governor he could not be the subject of mandamus proceedings. We are glad to note though that the Statesman which is friendly to the governor frankly admits that Crawford was right in his statements as to conditions at the prison flax plant and the governor was wrong. The whole miserable business shows the governor in the light of a petty tyrant taking advantage of his position to work an injustice on a citizen

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

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of the state, because he did not have the backbone to discharge a man whom he knew understood and was making good at the work he had agreed to do for the state. The governor wanted to reward people of his own choosing, which was and is his privilege, but when he deliberately injured a business of the importance of that of establishing the growing of flax in the valley, in order to make a place for someone else who knew nothing about the business, he was carrying the rewarding of personal friends or political followers to a point but little if any short of the criminal.

Portland it is claimed is soon to have an ordinance compelling everybody to work at least 36 hours a week. This would not be a bad plan only it might be improved by making the hours 48. However it will be interesting to note the working of the ordinance, if it is passed. This interest will lie in watching where the line of idleness begins and quits. Will it be a law applying to the idle poor and not to the idle rich? Well hardly, for in these days of strenuous service the wealth of the individual should make no difference. It does not theoretically, but in practice it does. The Hooverizing done by the wealthy does not mean that they eat the same class of food as the really poor. It, however, may not work that way with the law against idleness. With the law in force it would probably curtail the use of gasoline, for it would shorten the driving of some folks at least six hours a day.

With, it is estimated, eighty full divisions fresh and ready for the attack, military experts say Hindenburg is only waiting the advent of good weather to make another desperate drive on the western front. Bad weather has made the transporting of supplies back of the firing lines a matter of great difficulty, and as these must now be hauled over the shell torn battle ground it makes the problem just that much harder for the Germans. The situation as the last great attack is about to materialize shows the German armies decreased in numbers probably half a million, while armies they must face, augmented by additions from America, are stronger than at the beginning of the first attack.

Quite frequently something crops up to show what minute detail the Prussian militarists had worked out in their plan of world domination. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis who is stumping the country against Germany, says secret service men who raided the home of Former German Consul Bopp found documents showing that Bopp was slated to be governor general of British Columbia and E. H. Von Schaack its tax collector and treasurer. Owing to one of those slips that are said to occur betwixt the cup and the lip, Bopp is doing his governor generaling in a California jail instead of at Victoria.

While the Austrian government is no doubt strong enough backed by Germany to hold the Austrian people within bounds, it is certain the situation is really serious. Only the strong hand of the military prevents open rupture, and there is not much probability of this in the near future because of this military force. The mailed fist of Germany is more feared in Austria-Hungary than the power of the home government.

General Maurice seems to be to England what Teddy Roosevelt and George Chamberlain are to this country. He is eternally criticising the men who are actually accomplishing something.

Now that Bernstorff's code has been deciphered there should be some very interesting reading for the American public if any of his correspondence is available. Maybe it will explain why he wept when he left America.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FRENCH NAMES

I'd chant an ode to Jeffre, with ardor and delight, but up there speaks a scoffer: "You don't pronounce it right; the name should rhyme with 'suffer,' O poet short and fat, and you're a dippy duffer, or you'd be wise to that." I raise my voice so mellow, not peeved, nor in a huff; then speaks another fellow: "The French pronounce it 'Juff'." I see there's no use flin' with such a shining name until I know for certain how to pronounce the same. And so I start a sonnet about the mighty Foch, whose name has laurels on it—I make it rhyme with "yoke."

Then says a posted neighbor, "Your sonnet is a botch, and wasted is your labor—the hero's name is Foch." I fain would sing of Ypres, and also of Amiens, but will one rhyme with snipers, and t'other one with beans? I even balk at Paris, for fear I get it wrong, and such breaks so embarrass the man who trills a song. I'd like to sing of Calais a martial, stirring lay, but then, so help me Alice, I fear it is Calay. Fair France, I'd like to bring you a wreath of deathless song! Oh, France, I'd like to sing you, but get the language wrong!

IF YOU WANT TO RIV OR SETI SOMETHING, "DON'T W HISPEN IN A WELL"—USE A JOURNAL WANT AD

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

MY FIRST SITTING.

CHAPTER LXXII
I was so excited as if I were a child instead of a married woman. I was to go to Merton Gray's studio with Celeste for my first sitting. I fussed over my hair, worried for fear my eyes looked duller than usual, and was so hard a suit that finally Celeste said:

"Madame must not be so anxious. Monsieur Gray will most likely do nothing but sketch in an outline today." It was silly, I conceded, and tried to be natural. But I was in anything but my usual mood, when we reached the studio.

Merton was very pleasant, very affable. But never before had I seen him when business was uppermost with him. Business and ART. He was the artist that day—the artist with a commission to execute.

His manner was a bit abrupt, at times, and occasionally he became a trifle impatient. I could not hold a pose. Finally I said:

"It is all so strange, Mr. Gray, I am excited and nervous. I shall do better next time."

"Of course you will! A first sitting is never very satisfactory," he returned pleasantly. He kept me only an hour but remarked as we left: "I shall expect you to be less nervous next time, and I shall have to keep you longer, if I am to do anything before you leave town."

An Afternoon Call.
That afternoon Clark Huntington dropped in at tea time. We chatted gaily, I telling him of my unsatisfactory sitting of the morning.

I liked talking to Clark Huntington. His easy carelessness was restful. The levels of his mental processes made talking to him a pleasure.

He was rather witty, a good story teller, without demanding an incessant flow of humor from me. He enjoyed appreciation, though, and that I gave freely and honestly. If he was a bit egotistical, a bit inclined to emphasize the I in talking, I was so accustomed to that quality in George that I never dreamed of resenting it in any one.

So this afternoon he entertained me by recounting his experiences when he sat for his portrait. The artist was a woman, and he said he never was so nervous in all his life, until she threw down her brushes and palely in disgust asked him to have some tea. Then after they had become better acquainted had chatted for half an hour, she tried again.

"It was better the second time," he assured me, encouraging me so that I might expect my next sitting to go much more smoothly than the first one. "Just forget you are sitting for your portrait; pretend you have only dropped into Gray's studio for a call."

I told George of his call at dinner also of what he had said about my next sitting.

George Is Amused
"So you did not accomplish anything today," he observed, frowning. "Not much."

"I might have known that you would be upset over anything new or different," he went on sarcastically. "I should have asked Mrs. Sexton to accompany you."

"Oh, please don't!" I exclaimed. "I shall be all right next time. It was more nervousness, for fear I would not look my best, than anything else."

The very idea of having Mrs. Sexton tutoring me before Merton Gray, was unbearable. I had hidden her obnoxious interference—as I still called it—from every one but Evelyn Reeve, and it would be dreadful to have others know that George thought me incapable of properly sitting for my portrait. I had Celeste as chaperon; surely nothing further was necessary.

But George returned to the subject once again before we finished dinner.

"If you do not get along well the next sitting, I shall see if I can get Mrs. Sexton to go with you. I want a good likeness."

Just why he was so keen upon having a portrait of me, I could not imagine. But he was like that in everything, when he had once made up his mind. If a thing was to be done, it must be done at once and done to suit him—that is, perfectly.

I quickly assured him that the next sitting would be productive of good results. Foolishly, adding:

"Drop in yourself, and see how we are getting along."

"A good idea. I'll do so."

I regretted immediately that I had suggested such a thing. Would I never learn not to act and speak on impulse? Now if he were not pleased with the progress of the portrait, he would insist on Mrs. Sexton.

(Tomorrow—A Long Wait)

Our Daily Story

AMONG THOSE MISSING.

The faces of the members of Company K glowed with reasonable pride as they stood at attention and waited to see the medal of honor bestowed on their comrade, Private Duvallo, by General Mouchoir, idol of the French army.

It was a perfect French weather. Overhead trails white clouds rumbled about the skies, and although it was not yet noon the sun had risen hours before.

As he slipped the coveted badge on Duvallo's right breast swelling chest General Mouchoir, in a voice trembling

THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Weak, thin people—men and women—are nearly always nervous wrecks; this conclusively proving that thinness, weakness, debility and neurasthenia are almost invariably due to nerve starvation. Feed your nerves and all these symptoms due to nerve starvation will disappear.

Eminent specialists state that the best nerve food is an organic phosphate known among druggists as Bitro-Phosphate, a five-grain tablet of which should be taken with each meal. Being a genuine nerve builder and not a stimulant or habit forming drug, Bitro-Phosphate can be safely taken by the weakest and most delicate sufferer, and the results following its use are often simply astonishing.

Weak, tired people regain strength and vigor; dizziness and angularity give way to plumpness and curves; sleep returns to the sleeper; confidence and cheerfulness replace debility and gloom; dull eyes become bright and pale, sunken cheeks regain the pink glow of health. Bitro-Phosphate, the use of which is inexpensive, also wonderfully promotes the assimilation of food, so much so that many people report marked gains of weight in a few weeks.

CAUTION:—Although Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh. It is sold in this city by all good druggists.

Investigation Probes Cause of Explosion

Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas, May 9.—A military investigation was under way here today to place responsibility for the explosion of a Stokes trench mortar which resulted in the death of nine Texas soldiers and the injury of eight others late yesterday.

Witnesses declared the gun burst when one of the crew attempted to force a shell into it.

Lieutenant A. J. McDavid was killed. General Groble, camp commander, narrowly escaped injury. At least two of the injured privates may die.

SERGEANT IS CHAMPION

Chicago, May 9.—Sergeant Earl Caddock retains his heavyweight wrestling championship today, but he has yet to gain a victory on falls from Wladek Zbyzsko, Polish grappler. Caddock was awarded a decision on points at the end of two hours of futile struggle here last night. Zbyzsko's fifty-pound advantage in weight and his strength offset Caddock's science, skill and speed.

With emotion, made this little speech in his imperfect English:

"Get afford me zee mos' great plaisir to make ziss medaille d'honneur stick on zee manful chest of ziss brave American. He have been so brave like anyzing, and if heez parents are not proud from heem, zey mus' be a pack of youous-cansilles. Oh, zee est epantant—zee American heart and zee American stomach! Wizz zee most utmost plaisir I kiss ziss brave man on heez two cheek."

Aud, before Private Dwindle knew what was up, the general had kissed him on the right cheek and was making a leap for his left.

"Blanketty-blank-blank-blank-namer-tionable!!!" (or words to that effect) swore Private Dwindle.

And General Mouchoir was sitting on the ground with his cap down over his ears and Private Dwindle was disappearing over the nearest horizon. And as today's story goes to press, his name is still among the list of the missing.

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

Aneurism No. 2.

Aneurisms are produced by disease or injury, by increase in the blood pressure or diminution in the arterial resistance, or a combination of these causes.

This disease is particularly apt to occur in mature life, especially between the ages of 30 and 50, when the hardest work of a lifetime is usually done.

It occurs more frequently in men than in women, notably in those whose work is severe and subject to strains, porters, draymen, soldiers, and those who bear heavy burdens generally suffering from it.

It is also not uncommon in those who suffer from rheumatism, gout, syphilis, alcoholism, diseases of the heart and kidney, and in poisoning from metals, especially lead.

If an aneurism is on a main artery of the arm or leg, it will modify the pulse at the end of the extremity and it may even be difficult to detect it.

Its pressure exerts a corrosive action and this may result in destruction of adjacent nerves and other tissues; it may form a communication with the nearest large vein, making what is called arterio-venous aneurism; or it may eat away a portion of the spinal column, or perforate the skin.

Aneurisms come suddenly, from strain or injury; or gradually, from progressive disease.

They are accompanied with pain, as a rule,—sharp in some instances, and dull and boring in others.

When the largest arteries are involved, the pain is in the abdomen or in the region of the heart radiating to the neck, shoulder, back and arm. There may also be difficulty in breathing and in eating and a purring, sound or murmur over the tumor with throbbing or pulsation.

If an aneurism ruptures, and this is a frequent accident, there will be sharp pain and severe hemorrhage.

Inflammation and abscess may occur in the tissues adjacent to the aneurismal tumor, and their influence upon its progress will be bad.

Treatment may be medical, surgical or both.

Tying or ligating the diseased artery at the proper location, often produces a cure when the aneurism is due to injury, and the remaining portion of the artery is strong and sound.

Some aneurisms have been cured by the use of drugs which cause absorption of their contents or by drugs which modify the heart action; others by long continued pressure, especially pressure with the fingers, and a few by the introduction of fine wire into the tumor or by various other measures.

A person with aneurism must lead a very quiet life, free from excitement, must rest a great deal and live on a very restricted diet, and he should always be in as close touch as possible with a good surgeon who knows how to handle such cases.

Questions and Answers

Garfield—1. There are little red streaks in my eyes which run from the outer portion of the globe to the center, and they become more numerous as I pass from a cold to a warm place. Is this due to condition of the eyes or to that of the stomach? 2. My tongue is constantly coated white and there is a small furrow in it at the end, with others further back.

Answer—1. This condition you refer to is called "congestion" and means that the circulation of the blood in the membranes covering your eyes is abundant. Naturally, the flow of blood is increased by heat as the heat causes dilatation of the blood vessels. 2. This simply indicates a form of indigestion, and if you take a dose of castor oil every night, it will relieve you.