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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 "MOVIE" OF THE FUTURE

How far the movie pictures may go before something else takes their place, or they are so improved as to make them practically like the old theatrical plays, requiring real acting, no one can foresee; but that this will happen is as certain as that the movie with its cheapness made the real theater no longer profitable. One of the first things required to give reality to the pictures is something that will remove the quivering and reduce the action to something not so much on the humming bird style of movement. The movie of today is too abrupt, to jerky, too sudden in movements. These are its two worst features, but sometime they will be overcome. Then again it is quite possible, perhaps probable, that before many years the phonograph will be made to work in connection with the pictures and so the audience will have not only the pictured scene, but will also hear the story as told by real actors and actresses. When this time comes it will put the movies on an entirely new plane, and it will cut out a lot of butterfly movie actresses and actors who depend on their looks entirely for their popularity.

The Telegram and some other papers advocating the reelection of Governor Withycombe say the boys "Over There" have asked that he be re-elected, because of his "patriotism." Perhaps some of the boys in the army have expressed a preference for Withycombe for governor, but it is a certainty that but few of them have done so and also a certainty that nine-tenths of the boys have expressed no preference at all. The claim is an insinuation that the other candidates are lacking in patriotism. Whatever else may be said of the other five republican candidates no one will question their patriotism or place it on a lower level than that of the governor. It is a dirty trick to try to wring the boys into an election campaign when they are not in a position to correct any mis-statement made regarding their attitude.

Most vegetables now used as food were at one time mere weeds. The potato is a remarkable example of the possibility of one branch of a family of useless or poisonous weeds being not only edible but one of the important foodstuffs of the civilized world. The potato belongs to the nightshade family of which there are more than 1,000 varieties and of which the potato and the egg plant are the only two edible varieties. Most of the others are weeds and many of them poisonous. Some are ornamental, and one variety is the horse nettle whose name suggests its kind. Nightshade, bittersweet and henbane are some of the varieties. The field for research and improvement among vegetation in which Luther Burbank has won such fame, is certainly one of the largest and least explored of any that remain for the mind of man to develop and make serviceable to man.

With contracts for 100 more wooden ships promised the coast, the ship building business should get such momentum that even the ending of the war will not stop it. If every farm would support only ten more sheep than it does at present, the United States would be practically free from all the world as to its wool supply. More than that the farmers would find the returns from the sheep almost clear profit. In addition to the keeping of a hog, the raising of a sheep should get some attention and sheep clubs should go hand in hand with the pig clubs.

Oregon has made several records since the United States entered the war of which her citizens should justly feel proud. She is in addition to these making another that in some respects out-classes all the others, and that is she is right up at the front in the matter of ship-building. Ships and more ships is the pressing demand if we are to win the war, and Oregon is doing not only her bit but an overshare for some of the other states.

The announcement made by Highway Engineer Nunn that the steel bridge will be open for traffic by the first of July is about as cheering a bit of news as Salem has had since the old bridge was closed.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Second Installment of Twenty Per Cent on Third

Liberty Bonds will be due May 28, 1918.

Washington is the best state in the Union from which to observe the eclipse. The path of totality runs diagonally across the entire state, and the highest points of observation are located within her borders. For once she leads Oregon but this from natural causes rather than any merits or efforts of her own.

We feel sorry for the Oregonian in that West is not governor. The escape of Baldwin from the state prison would give our big contemporary several front page stories and oodles of editorial if it was West instead of Withycombe who had control of the prison.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

WARTIME WORK

The click of needles ever is sounding in my home, while I make fierce endeavor to grind my daily pome. I'm giving Art and Letters the hardest kind of knocks, while wife is knitting swaters and aunt is knitting socks. And sundry loyal neighbors have come to knit a while, and they pursue their labors in patriotic style. They're talking while they're knitting, in accents loud and clear; and while my harp I'm hitting, I cannot help but hear. "Old Jinx is worth a million, and maybe much beyond; he bought, so help me Lillian, a fifty-dollar bond." "The dame who does my washing is poor, so poor she groans; but up she comes a-sloshing, and digs up fifty bones. The day that brought no wringing for her has seldom dawned, but she is gayly singing, because she owns a bond." "We'll know who are the slackers, I'll bet my widow's weeds; we'll spot the wordy clackers who don't make good with deeds. The aiders and abettors of Wilhelm must be canned." The girls are knitting sweaters, and socks, to beat the band. I hear their needles clicking, with patriotic fire, while I am sadly kicking the stuffing from my lyre. Can bard have inspiration, or sing a song, my dears, with all that conversation forever in his ears?



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

A SATISFACTORY DAY

HELEN'S REWARD.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

"So I was a good girl, was I?" I did not pretend to misunderstand. "You are a wonderful girl," he said, with a note in his voice that thrilled me. "If you aren't too tired or too upset," again his eyes held that twinkle, "we will work a little longer, then Robert will give us some luncheon. That is, if you won't honor me!" Had it not been for Mrs. Collins calling my husband "George," and her absolute ignoring of me or my feelings, I should have hesitated to lunch alone with Merton Gray, with only a maid as chaperon. But I was hurt, humiliated, in spite of my brave talk, that Merton should see me so snubbed. That was just what Julia Collins had tried to do, and it hadn't been the first time she had tried to snub me before George and others, I gave her the credit, however, of doing it only to impress George with my lack of savoir faire. "That will be lovely! I'm sure we'll have a better time than they!" I accepted unconsciously giving Merton a chance to see my hurt. "I am sure we will," he responded, then, "excuse me a minute. I'll tell Robert to do his best." An Hour Which Brought Good Results. He was gone but a moment, then without saying anything more, he again posed me and resumed working. For over an hour, with an occasional rest, he worked steadily, saying nothing save to remind me to keep quiet, or to ask if I were able to hold the position a little longer. I was busily thinking while he worked. I remembered that peculiar flash that I had seen before, on my husband's face, when I had been able to hold my own with his women friends. Was it really true that even occasionally he was proud of me! Already, I had forgotten that I was ordered like a child—that I had been hurt and angry because of it. The tilt with Julia Collins in which I had NOT come off second best had raised my spirits, and with the resiliency of youth I made a silent vow to make him proud of me, in every way, before I finished. "Why that determined look!" Merton asked, as he threw down his brushes. "You have decided something?" "Yes." "Something important?" "Very." "I shan't ask you what I have a notion you would not tell me, and I don't like to be snubbed." "Neither do I! Hence the decision." We both laughed merrily. I had not meant to take him even so much into my confidence, but the words had slipped out. The hearty laugh that we enjoyed robbed them, however, of all sting and of all embarrassment. I know that he was aware of my meaning; and he knew that I sensed his understanding.

But neither of us referred to the subject again.

"Luncheon is served," Robert announced.

Always at a Critical Time.

Why is it, I wonder, that butlers and maids always interrupt a conversation at a critical time! Robert's simple announcement brought us back to our own affairs without embarrassment, and we gayly followed him to the breakfast room where the table was daintily set for two.

I felt so deliciously wicked, I was just like the things of which I read. This luncheon, a deus, in the studio of a popular artist! But there all similarity ended. Merton was the dignified and solicitous host—nothing more. And in all the stories I had read, the artist made love to the lady before the luncheon was finished.

We had a delightful lunch. Robert had really outdone himself. And we lingered over it, laughing and talking, for over an hour. Then, as Celeste had finished her meal (served in the daintily clean kitchen), we started home.

Would George be angry, when I told him I had luncheon with Merton Gray? I had no slightest intention of hiding it from him. He had taken Julia Collins with him; surely I had a right to remain with Merton. So I reasoned, never even thinking that since the beginning of time there had been one code for a man, another for a woman.

I heard Celeste bragging to Mary about Robert's wonderful cooking. And Mary's sarcastic reply, followed by the remark:

"I suppose you'll be after settin' your cap for him, now that you are eatin' his cookin'!"

"Perhaps!" Celeste replied with all the airiness of the French maid when the other sex is in question.

"Well, I opes that she misis gets some comfort, going to have her picture painted. She don't git much here!"

So, even Mary knew that I was not really happy. I must learn to be a better actress. It was not good breeding to allow the servants to see anything they could discuss. So Mrs. Sexton had told me, often.

(Tomorrow—A Joyful Surprise)

Belgians and Italians On Way to Battle Front

A Pacific Post, May 13. — Belgian and Italian troops from Russia were here today ready to go to the French and Italian fronts. They arrived yesterday on an American transport from Vladivostok. There are 200 Belgians and 107 Italians in the party. The Belgians were part of an expeditionary force which fought for two years and a half in Russia. The Italians were mostly former prisoners captured from the Austrians. Natives of the Trentino, their sympathies were entirely Italian, but they were drafted into the Austrian army and forced to fight against the ally of their country. Captured by the Russians, these Italians volunteered to fight for Italy. Officials from the French, Italian, Belgian and British consulates extended an official welcome to the troops. They were quartered with an encampment of American soldiers.

Five Pacific Coast Men Will Receive Commissions

Camp Dix, May 13.—Five men from the Pacific coast states were listed today for appointment as second lieutenants, having qualified at the third of ficer training school here. They are: Joseph A. Minott, Portland, infantry.

Basil E. Newton, 1242 West Manchester avenue, Los Angeles, infantry; Stanley Runyon, 1216 Leavenworth, San Francisco, infantry; John W. Schaefer, Vancouver, Wash. infantry; Patrick Sullivan, Eldridge avenue, Bellingham, Wash., infantry.

ALEXANDER WILL FITCH
Camp Funston, Kan., May 13.—Graver Cleveland Alexander will use next Saturday the first of a shipment of baseball supplies from the Chicago Cubs, pitching for Camp Funston against the Rahe army motorcycle school at Kansas City, it was announced.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS

WHY YOU SHOULD BUY AT JOHNSON'S THRIFT SALE

At this time when we are called upon to help the many causes for the winning of the war we should economize on the money we spend for personal appearances.

Men's Suits 1/2 Price

The above statement is almost without reason--with the woolen markets as they are and the Government taking over the entire wool output this fact of selling suits at 1/2 price should be appreciated by those needing clothes. In this assortment are suits that sold up to \$30; all wool garments, some of them not up to the minute in style but all worthy goods.

We also are putting on a line of Men's High grade Wool Suits, that cannot be outclassed in style, quality and workmanship in all styles; you should pay from \$7.50 to \$10.00 more than we are asking--only \$19.85.



A FEW SPECIALS FOR THIS SALE

Men's fine ribbed Summer Underwear \$1.29	A Line of Bell and Arrow Collars 10c	15c Handkerchiefs, special 3 for 25c
A Fine Line of \$6.00 Dress Shoes to go for \$4.85	Broken Lines of Underwear, \$1.50 garments, each 98c	Assortment of Cloth Hats, while they last \$1.89
Men's Shirts, soft collar attached, sizes 14 to 17 1/2, value to \$2.00, special 98c	Broken Line Men's Balbriggan Underwear, regular \$1.25, now 69c	Men's White Union Suits, Short sleeves, long legs, special \$1.29

G. W. JOHNSON & COMPANY

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