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

PAID IN THEIR OWN COIN

The Huns' love of murder has caused them to kill hundreds in White Russia just for the reason that the victims were not Germans and therefore had not even the right to live. The dispatches tell of 600 citizens of Viborg being herded together in bunches of fifty and shot down by machine gun fire. Following this, after a ten minutes consultation between officers of the White Guard 200 persons including women and children were sentenced to death. Evidently this kind of atrocities stirred the Red Guards to reprisals for a dispatch from Moscow says 4,000 Germans and members of the Finnish White Guard were killed in a battle near Lathis, 60 miles north of Helsingfors. Civilized nations of modern days refrain from reprisals that are against the rules of war and the dictates of humanity, so the thugs turned loose in Belgium and Serbia, and now in Finland never meet the same treatment they give others. It is consoling to know that at last they have come in contact with a race that does not draw the lines of what is humane and what not, so closely. The Huns in Finland are apt to have each and every of their acts of barbarity practiced on themselves once they fall into the hands of their enemies. As long as the Hun delights in deliberate murder of women, children and innocent non-combatants, so long will even the greatest stickler for decency in dealing with enemies rejoice that the Hun is getting the same treatment he gives others.

The hatred of the Oregonian for the government of the United States is shown by the way it proclaims the guilt in advance of any hearing of any official accused of a misdemeanor or crime. Now it has its Washington correspondence (marked "special") intimate that Borglum, the crook who has been raising a row over the aircraft work, is only the victim of a "frame-up." Or possibly its Washington correspondent does not write these dispatches at all but they may be manufactured in the Oregonian office just to fool the public which believes them to be regular press matter. The full measure of the hatred of both the Oregonian and Telegram may be seen in the love these papers express for Senator Chamberlain, simply because he is making all the trouble he can for the war administration, doing more German propaganda work than all other agencies in this country. Until Chamberlain begun to hinder and hamper the war administration of the nation these two Portland papers did nothing but vilify and ridicule him; now that he has become merely a pestiferous obstructionist the Oregonian and Telegram express the highest commendation for his every act.

An hundred million dollar shipbuilding order, as well as an order for 50,000,000 feet of car lumber and 30,000,000 of airplane stock, has just come to Oregon and Washington. This is in addition to the tens of millions of government money already expended here on account of the war. And yet the Oregonian and Telegram (partisan first and patriots when the mood suits) are continually berating the administration for over-looking the Northwest and showing favor to the "democratic South." As a matter of fact the Northwest is being called upon to supply everything it is capable of supplying to assist in the work of winning the war--and the Portland newspapers know it. They are simply trying at all times and in all circumstances to stir up trouble for the government at a time when pressure from outside enemies should unite all loyal Americans in defense of a common country.

Judge King, who is the Hon. Will R. King, present candidate for the senatorship on the democratic ticket was in the city yesterday. Speaking of the political outlook from his viewpoint he remarked: "It might be possible to find a better democrat than myself, but it will be conceded by all who know him that it would be impossible to find a worse democrat than West." Mr. King will find many democrats to agree with him in the last section of his statement.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Second Installment of Twenty Per Cent on Third

Liberty Bonds will be due May 28, 1918.

How the Oregonian would enjoy the present prison escape if West was governor. What learned dissertations on prison management and the way Os mismanaged the state institution would our esteemed contemporary indulge in. However as it is largely responsible for the present governor being such and also sole manager of the prison, it has nothing to say. By the way we give the big paper credit for being able to say nothing more persistently than any other in the state. The way it has maintained silence about President Kerr of the O. A. C. and his salary grab would make the sphinx resemble a phonograph in full action.

Germany announces that after the war she will take charge of and control all Rumanian oil fields. This is an early announcement, but the fact is that Germany will control what the allies permit her to control after the war, and the Rumanian oil fields will not be one of these things. Those making such announcements are forgetful of the fact that when the war is over Germany will be so badly whipped she will not be in shape to demand anything. Her junkers refused to make peace when it could have been done because they wanted annexations and indemnities, and to profit from a war of conquest. After the war Germany's great problem will be to pay what she owes.

The junkers are not pressing Holland as hard as they would were she in a different position. They know that should the Netherlands get their Dutch up and join the allies, it would be a costly game for Fritz. The English fleet could help protect Holland and it could be used as an airplane base from which to raid important German cities. Besides an army could be landed on its shores to push across the border and flank the German armies in Flanders. The Huns may run a hard bluff on little Holland occasionally, but when it comes to breaking with her they are afraid to do it. If Holland could only pluck up her courage to resent the insults and injuries heaped on her she would soon see the kaiser hunting some place to hide from his own people.

If you have any work you want to do for your political friends you had better get busy, for tomorrow is the last day on which you can get in your work.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

WORKINGS OF FATE

My Uncle James, with brooding eye, gazed on the autos whizzing by. "Those blamed machines," he grimly said, "just strew the highway with their dead. I wouldn't ride in one, I wot, if you'd give me a horse and lot. A wheel flies off, the springs collapse, and then where are your auto chaps? Go ask the undertaker, who'll tell you where their pieces went. I do not wish to scorch and flee; a nag is good enough for me." Then Uncle James rose from his chair and harnessed up the old gray mare. "Methinks I'll go to town," he said, "and buy nine loaves of graham bread." A piece of paper flew along, when Bess, the mare, was going strong. She snorted, shied, kicked up her heels, and busted all the shafts and wheels; her big steel shoe hit uncle's dome; an auto brought his fragments home. My Uncle John took jealous care in following his bill of fare. For years he cut out pies and cakes, and eggs and cheese and juicy steaks, and lived on greens, such things as cows throw in when they set forth to browse. He said I'd fill an early tomb, because the good things I'd consume. If I would reach a green old age, I'd live on lentils, leeks and sage. He ate some mushrooms on a day, and then in anguish passed away. The mushrooms were the toadstool brand, and so my Uncle John was canned, and I still use my easy chair, and eat all through the bill of fare. Which shows that rules of life are vain; no human plans are safe and sane.



WALT MASON

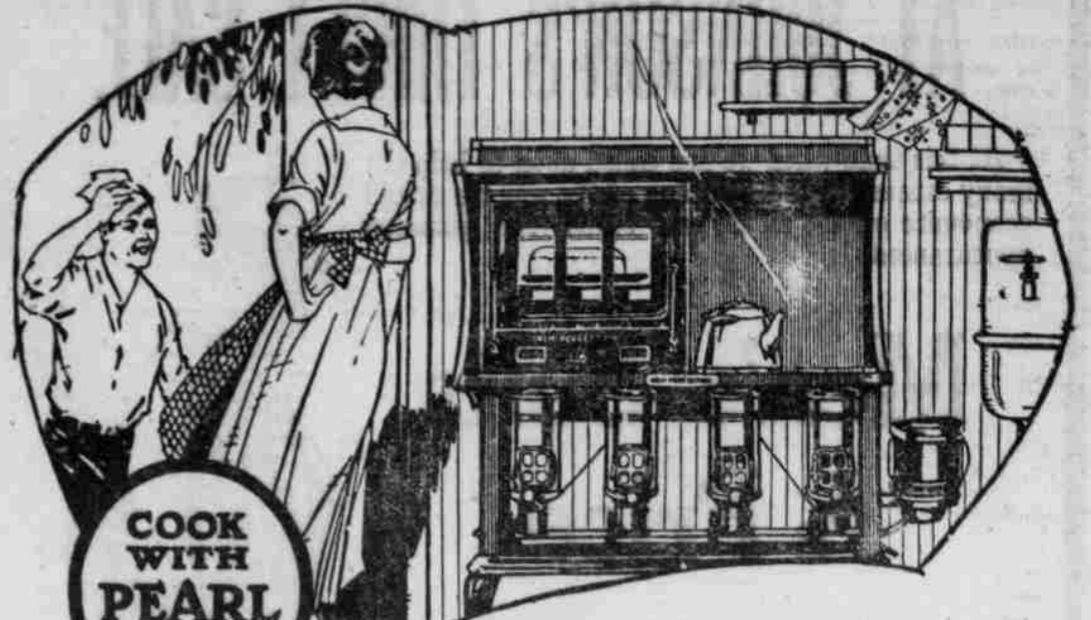
Auburn News

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Auburn, May 15.—Miss Sara Latimer of the state deaf school, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Loyd, Friday.
Both circles of the Red Cross auxiliary will meet with Mrs. A. Williams today.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hammer had as their dinner guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. G. Proe and family of Salem.
Mr. and Mrs. Latin and Kenneth Ranner of Fruitland, were visitors at Auburn Sunday school, Sunday.
A happy event in the form of a surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. J. Bellamy Saturday night, when their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bellamy, of LaGrande arrived here for a short visit. Other relatives who were present to help make merry the event, were Mr. and Mrs. William Bellamy of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Parvine, D. F. Harrison, Supervisor and Mrs. J. W. L. Smith, little Ivan, Baby and Vera Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Osa Fagg, Miss Oma Fagg, Stanley, Guy and Fred Fagg. Ice cream and cake were served.
Mrs. A. J. Mathis and Mrs. Jess Mathis were Salem visitors Saturday.
Mrs. A. Williams and Mrs. N. P. Olson were guests of the latter's daughter, Miss Lillian Olson and Mrs. J. Hopkins, at the Y. W. C. A. Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Metzfresh were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane.
Miss Mable Lindquist of Salem was visiting Auburn friends Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Fagg and family were visiting at the home of Mrs. Fagg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bellamy, Sunday.

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RY JOURNAL WANT ADS



COOK WITH PEARL OIL

Kitchen Comfort

No matter how hot it is outside, your kitchen is always cool and comfortable when you use a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

The steady heat is concentrated on the cooking. There is no smoke or odor; no dust or dirt. Lights at the touch of a match and heats in a jiffy. Bakes, broils, roasts, toasts,—all the year round. Economical.

And you have all the convenience of gas. In 1, 2, 3 and 4 burner sizes, with or without ovens or cabinets. Ask your dealer today.

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NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE

RAY H. CAMPBELL, SPECIAL AGENT, STANDARD OIL CO., SALEM

THESE STOVES FOR SALE BY

E. L. STIFF & SON, SALEM
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* The Woman Who Changed *
* By JANE PHELPS *

PLANS FOR DAVID'S ENTERTAINMENT.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

As I had planned to do, I pretended to be asleep when George came in. It was after one o'clock and I could not help wondering where he had been, and who with. I have often speculated, since, upon whether other women were content to know as little of their husbands' plans and actions as I did of my husband's.

In the morning before we went to breakfast, I said:
"W must do something to entertain David, George. What shall we do?"
"Take the car and drive him around; go to the movies or the theatre with him. Do anything you like, only on no account allow his being here to interfere with my plans for your portrait, or to make you neglect your preparations to get away. I cannot have my plans upset by anyone."

It sounded awfully selfish, yet I do not think George meant it so. I could do anything I wished within reason. I should not have felt that stir of resentment, as I followed him slowly down stairs. There, before us, buried in the morning paper, sat David.

Fussy About His Paper.
The moment I saw the newspaper I trembled. If there was one thing more than another over which George was impatient, it was his paper. He always knew if it had been touched, no matter how carefully it might be refolded, and he never failed to find fault because of it.

"Not much news that I can see," David said carelessly, laying the paper down as he kissed me good morning.
"No?" George said coldly.
"Won't pay you to read it!" David returned obliviously.

"I will read it, just the same."
Just then James appeared with the breakfast. I poured the coffee and commenced to chat with David. But George had nearly finished. I made up my mind that I would have to tell David that George was peculiarly sensitive about opening his morning paper himself.

But I forgot all about it in my pleasure, as George remarked:
"They tell me the play at the Academy is excellent. Shall I send you tickets for the matinee?"
"Oh, please do! I heard Evelyn say she had heard it was good."
"Why not ask her to go with you. Call her while I am upstairs, so that I can know how many tickets to get."

Evelyn was delighted, and promised to come right over and meet David. She knew he was my favorite brother and was very anxious to see him.
So, once more, George had upset my theory that he was carelessly indifferent. It was puzzling to say the least. Just as I had made up my mind that he was cruel, unbearable, he would do something nice and I would be all at sea again.
But I was glad he had shown himself so gracious before David. My brother would have a good impression at the start. I never thought of the finish.

Evelyn and David made friends with each other at once. We ordered the car and took an hour's spin out into the country, then we went home with Evelyn to luncheon, and then to the matinee.

David Is Puzzled
The play was delightful. We decided to walk home. It was just getting dusk as we left Evelyn at her door. The afternoon had been cloudy, and darkness had set in very early.

"Isn't that George?" David asked in a stage whisper, as we turned the corner.
"Yes, come on," I said taking his arm and hurrying him along. George was standing in front of Julia Collins' house, he and she engaged in an animated conversation. They hadn't seen us, and I piloted David across the street.

"What's the game?" David asked.
"What do you mean, 'the game'?"
"Why don't you want George to see us? He told you to get Or—I have it. You didn't want him to know we saw him! That's it, isn't it?"

"It might embarrass him. He was very busy," I answered as calmly as I could. I would have avoided it, had it been in any way possible. But David had seen. Now I must quiet any suspicions he might have.

"Is he that kind?" David asked, real concern in his voice.
"What kind?" I spurred for time.
"The kind of man who isn't satisfied with his wife, but wants to make love to other women, too?"

In spite of my anxiety and my hurt, I laughed. There was such real tragedy in David's voice.
"No, indeed, dear. He isn't at all that kind. It is vulgar to do such things, and George never is common."
"Well, I don't like the look of it. Honest, don't you care, sis? If you do, and he makes you unhappy, I'll—well, I'll do something!"
(Tomorrow—David Watches His Brother-in-Law)

WAR BULLETINS

Moscow, May 15.—Foreign Minister Tschitcherine today sent a wireless to Berlin declaring Russia proposed to disarm the Black sea fleet in an effort to propitiate Germany.

Vienna, via London, May 15.—"Italian forces captured an outpost in the region of Mont Corna," the Aus-

trian war office announced today.

Stockholm, May 15.—The Russo-Finnish fronts are completely blocked with great masses of troops, and a battle between the Russians and Finns is expected, according to dispatches received here today.

BACKACHE KILLS!

Don't make the fatal mistake of neglecting what may seem to be a "simple little backache." There isn't any such thing. It may be the first warning that your kidneys are not working properly, and throwing off the poisons as they should. If this is the case, go after the cause of that backache and do it quickly, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney and bladder troubles, which may be the unsuspected cause of general ill health. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form to take, and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief, or your money will be refunded. Get them at any drug store but be sure to insist on the GOLD MEDAL brand, and take no other. In boxes, three sizes.

Rev. Jacob Stocker Returned to Salem

Rev. Jacob Stocker, pastor of the 17th and Cheneketa street Evangelical association church of this city, has been returned to this local pulpit by the annual conference of the church which convened from May the ninth until May the 12th at Milwaukee, Wis., Bishop Spreng of Naperville, Ill., presiding.

He will be in his pulpit by next Sunday and begin the new conference year. Rev. H. E. Abel of the Liberty street Evangelical church was assigned to the First Evangelical church at Tacoma, Wash., and Rev. G. E. Liening, Sr., former pastor of the Clay street church at Portland, and a previous pastor of the Salem Liberty street church, will be the minister for the Salem Liberty street congregation.

Rev. C. Schuster of Albany is the newly elected presiding elder for the Portland district, and Rev. P. B. Culver of Bellingham, Wash., for the Puget Sound district.

Catarrh of Throat

Miss Amalie Ruzicka, 1449 South 16th St., Omaha, Nebraska, writes: "I have suffered with catarrh of the throat. I caught cold and it settled in my throat, and I coughed badly and was very weak. I could not sleep and had no appetite. I had two doctors, and had taken so many different medicines and found no help. I thought I will have to give up; but at last my mother read about Peruna, so I thought of trying that great medicine Peruna. I got a bottle of it and in about four days I almost stopped coughing, and after a while I surely found relief, and from that time we are not without Peruna in our home."

Could Not Sleep No Appetite Now Well. We Always Have PERUNA in the Home.



Those who object to liquid medicines can procure Peruna Tablets.