

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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Subscription Rates:
Daily by carrier, per year \$3.00 Per Month 25c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month 35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
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.

"OVER THE TOP IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS"

The week of May 20-27 has been fixed as the date of the second Red Cross war fund campaign to raise \$100,000 for Red Cross war work. Willamette Chapter's enthusiastic workers have seen fit to adopt as a slogan, "Over the Top in Forty-Eight Hours," which, if realized, and there is no reason why it should not be, will materially reduce the time officially set aside and work still further and splendid economy for our busy people in this, their busiest season.

Let it be said again, and as often as possible, that it is just exactly this spirit of vigorous, energetic, whole-souled action on the part of the enemies of German autocracy everywhere that will win this war and win it decisively; and on the other hand, it is the sleepy, slow-poke methods of indecision on indifference that will just as surely spell defeat.

The first Red Cross war fund was raised because the people realized, with the President of the United States, that the American Red Cross could play a great part in the winning of the war. The spirit of the people was further based on their knowledge of the traditions of the Red Cross and their confidence in the men the President had appointed to head it. They did not know, nor did the leaders of the Red Cross know, what its full scope would be.

We face different conditions in the second Red Cross campaign. The vast amount of money entrusted to the leaders of the Red Cross has been largely spent. We have a record of performance and we now have a more definite picture of our future responsibilities.

The public realizes that the Red Cross performs a very important work in co-operating with our army and navy in the care of wounded and in the general comfort of the soldiers and sailors. They do not know as fully that the Red Cross is performing a great new task of vast importance in helping pay the debt we owe those nations who for three years have borne the brunt of this great struggle.

The fact that our Red Cross, by the broadest kind of relief work, is strengthening and heartening our allies, is one which will be brought home to all our people in this campaign, and we know that their recognition of it, added to their knowledge of its other work, will bring forth the fullest measure of support.

Let every one adopt, without an instant's hesitation, the slogan of the local committee, "Over the Top in 48 Hours"; let each make the immediate personal application of that slogan and see to it that no delay of his or hers shall cause the failure to realize it.

In response to a call for women to work on the railroads and relieve men for war work, seven women at Castle Rock responded and are working as section hands. The foreman says they do their work well though so far it has been light such as cutting weeds along the track and removing debris of all kinds from near the same. They all wear overalls and apparently like the "new dress." It is a strange thing to see women engaged at such work in this country, but if the war lasts it will soon get to be an every day affair.

Now that it has been found reasonably easy to sink ships close to the harbors as was done at Zebrugge and Ostend, why would it not be a good plan to sink a number of them in these harbors or any other where the submarines may find egress. With the submarines sinking a dozen vessels a week the allies might as well sacrifice three or four times that many and fill the harbors up. They might as well sink them as have the U-boats do it, for the toll taken in a few weeks would be as great as the loss incurred in filling a few harbors.

The Oregonian says "Clamdiggers make ten or twelve dollars a day and few of them ever saw the inside of a college." That being the case why can't the "webfeet" make just as big wages as the "clamdiggers." Washington folks have nothing over the Oregonians.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

Second Installment of Twenty Per Cent on Third

Liberty Bonds will be due May 28, 1918.

KERENSKY IS COMING

Kerensky, erstwhile Russian leader, is expected to land at some Atlantic port within a short time. This is the news sent over the wires yesterday. It is stated he is coming to use his influence in preventing this government assisting the Bolsheviki financially. His influence will perhaps not reach far. He had his chance in Russia with the people behind him but was too weak to maintain his position. It required a man of iron nerve such as Porfirio Diaz of Mexico to have controlled that mob of freshly freed serfs, and Kerensky unfortunately was a dreamer. He had along with countless other Russians a vision of Utopia, a new world where everything and everybody was pure, good and devoid of trickery. It did not take him long to discover there "ain't no such place," but by the time the discovery was made Kerensky was down and outski. The Germans are proving Russia's best friend by their contemptuous treatment of Russians, and showing them that under German domination they would be immeasurably worse off than under the czar. There is no Utopia about the world as the Germans show it to these foolish dreamers and as they have awakened from their dream through the rough treatment of the Germans they will not soon forgive them. Kerensky however can do no good by coming to America, and fortunately he can do no harm either.

Little Uruguay served notice on Germany a few days ago to the effect that Germany must define her position toward that country. A submarine had held up a steamer on which a mission from Uruguay was traveling to France, and detained the mission. The little country stated in plain terms that if Germany considered herself at war with Uruguay, that Uruguay would at once declare war on her. The reply was that Germany was not fighting Uruguay. The kaiser probably finds it necessary to keep one or two of the civilized countries of the world on speaking terms, so someone may buy flowers for the funeral when the house of Hohenzollern hits the low places and can't come back.

There has been a remarkable increase in the acreage planted to wheat in Washington, the total being estimated at 2,281,000 acres. With a yield of 25 bushels to the acre this would place Washington second in the list of wheat growing states, Kansas producing around 100,000,000 bushels with the next in line about half as much. The 25 bushels an acre would give Washington a yield of 57,025,000 bushels which is ten million bushels more than the estimated crop of any state except Kansas.

Oregon is in the lead again. The eclipse of the sun is scheduled for June 8, but there was a total eclipse for a large number of politicians which dated from the close of the polls last night. Thus Oregon is ahead 22 days, and instead of one, several favorite sons went behind the moon and will not emerge for two years at least.

Many old timers will learn with real sorrow of the passing of Walter Fernald, who died at Baker Thursday. He was a man of large ideas, a believer in the great future of Oregon, warm in his friendship, generous in his dealings, and with a host of friends in all parts of the state. His death is a genuine loss to the state.

The primaries are over which will help the Oregonian some in that it removes from its pages the vituperative slush furnished by Harley, who held himself out as "a leading republican."

Marion county seems to have known Governor Withcombe best and expressed its opinion most decidedly.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

END OF THE WAR
You ask me when the war will end, and sadly I reply, "I fear it will not stop, my friend, till pigs begin to fly." A flippant answer, you will say, to come from my fat tongue; but every hour of every day I hear that question sprung. I am no seer in spangled robe, no wizard full of gall, who looks into a crystal globe and tells what will befall. No prophet's mantle came my way, the mystic's power to lend, and so I really cannot say just when the war will end. Oh, I can see as far ahead as any common swain; and when the morning sky is red, I know there will be rain; and I can tell by sundry signs when there'll be snow and sleet; along such cheap forecasting lines I simply can't be beat. But when you to my lair ascend, along my stairway steep, and ask me when the war will end, "Search me," I say, and weep. In politics I can predict the votes cast, more or less; George Harvey's flaunting plumes are picked, when I begin to guess. And once I won a full size cheese, as good as cheeses are, by guessing just how many peas were in a grocer's jar. All guessing contests I attend, in this and other lands, but ask me when the war will end, and I throw up my hands.



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

DAVID SPEAKS HIS MIND.

CHAPTER LXXVI

The moment we were alone, I realized that David HAD seen, and that he was angry for my sake. I must be careful if his visit was not to be spoiled, and all of us made uncomfortable.

"I call that pretty rotten!" he declared.
"What?" I pretended innocence.
"You mean that you didn't see?" he returned in a skeptical tone.
"See what? What are you driving at, David?" I asked, still dissembling.
"Didn't you see George pass us with some woman?"
"Why, yes. What of it? Is that all you have in mind?"
"All I should think it was enough! I swear, I can't understand city ways. And you don't seem to care."
"Care, because George happened to meet some woman he knew and offered to take her home? Wasn't I having a good time? He couldn't very well take me, I wasn't at home!"
"Well, you beat me. I'll bet the girls at home would give their husbands merry hell, if they did as George does. Why, they always go to places together, just like Dad and Mum. But here it seems to be the style to go as you please. I don't like it, Sis, and I don't believe it is right, or that it will make you happy in the end."
"My, what a lecture. Now let's hurry and get dressed for dinner. We may want to go somewhere, tonight."
"Say, Sis, before we start I'd like to ask one more question. Why are you so afraid to sit up when George is out? Mum never went to bed in her life unless Dad was home."
"I'm not afraid, silly! George wants me to get my beauty sleep. He hates to have me look tired, and think he was the cause. Now clear out, and make yourself handsome."
The Reaction.
I was absolutely weak from the strain of keeping David in ignorance of my feelings, and threw myself on the couch for a moment before commencing to dress. I was becoming awfully deceitful. But I couldn't feel that it was wrong. Surely it was better to keep my hurts to myself? David would be sure to go home and tell father and mother, if I let him know how I felt. He would tell them enough, as it was, I thought, just as I heard George come in.

I jumped up and hurriedly commenced to dress.
"Dress to go out, both you and David," he called. "I have tickets for the theatre."
"Are you going too?" I called back, scarcely daring to believe.
"Of course," he answered in a decided tone. One, to hear him, would imagine he always went with me. But I was so happy—the reaction was so great—that I never thought of being critical.
"Dinner clothes, David?" I called.
"George is going to take us to the theatre."
"All right, Sis."
We were quite gay at dinner. I was so proud of my handsome husband, my fine looking brother. I told them so, telling them they always should wear dress clothes.
"You don't look so bad yourself, Sis. Does she, George? That dress is a peach. But Oh! what would the home folks say to see you dressed up like that. I know mother would worry herself to death for fear you would talk cold."
"Nonsense," I replied as George and I both laughed.

A Delightful Evening.
We had a box, as usual. I preferred the orchestra, but George was tall, and said the seats were not comfortable—that there was no room for his long legs—so we always had a box when he went with me. David never had sat in a box, before, and he was very funny.
"I feel like I did when I put on an open face coat and vest for the first time," he said, when George tried to have him sit nearer the front. "It sort of seems as if I was out in the world and everyone was staring at me."
"Don't worry; they don't even know you are here," I chaffed.
"Then what was the use of coming?" he replied. "Well, if they don't look, they won't know what they have missed," and he settled down to watch the stage.

I have to go to New York next week, Helen. Would you like to go along?" George asked during intermission.
"I frowned, and looked toward David. Was George crazy enough to think I would leave my brother, on his first visit to me?"
"Don't look so scandalized. I mean to take David, too. I shall be very busy and have little time to show you around. As neither of you ever have been there, you can search out the interesting things together. What do you say, David?" and he repeated what he had said to me.
"It would be bully!" David replied "but"—he hesitated.
"It is my treat to you both. It will be a great favor to me, to have you take care of Helen."
"Of course, if you put it that way, I can't refuse."
(Monday—In New York)

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OUR DAILY STORY

HER FAVORITE AUTHORS.

Geraldine Mish was a young woman of varied tastes, and her two favorite authors were widely different in their appeal. The novels of Buckram Tabb were virile, manly, at times almost coarse, full of the action of red blood and strong desires, while the poems and essays of Verginibus Tweeve breathed the spirit of gentle refinement, and reflected a soul too sensitive for the world's harsh touch.

It was a bright day in Geraldine's life when she was invited to a literary tea at which the two authors were to be among the guests.
"Miss Mish," said the hostess, leading her to a tall, strapping, bronzed giant of a man in a tennis shirt, who gave her a hand shake that deprived her of the use of three fingers for a month, "I want you to meet one of your favorite authors."
"Oh, Mr. Tabb!" gushed Geraldine. "If you know how I've been looking forward to this meeting—to being actually face to face with the man who wrote those thrilling, throbbing novels, 'The Strong Right Arm of Buck Malone,' and 'Might Makes Right North of Fifty-Three.'"

"You got me wrong, ain't you?" said the tall strapping man. "My monicker happens to be Verginibus Tweeve."
"The—the author of 'Pansy, Pansy' and 'Thoughts While Stiffing a Viollet?'" faltered Geraldine.
"That's me," said Tweeve as he took a vile-smelling pipe from his pocket and filled it. "There's Buckram Tabb over there, with all the skirts around him."
He indicated a fragile, dreamy-eyed youth with long, flowing hair and a long, flowing tie, who, surrounded by adoring women, was sipping tea with a slight lip.
And after that Geraldine Mish refused to read anything but the works of Shakespeare, because she had seen his picture, and he looked the way he wrote.

H. Schiff and Daniel Guggenheim.
President Wilson today completed his informal draft of the speech he will deliver tonight officially opening America's second drive for a hundred million Red Cross dollars.

This done, Admiral Grayson, the president's private physician, insisted that he put in a morning of leisure preparatory to the reviewing of the Red Cross parade this afternoon and delivery of his address tonight.
The president had brought along his golf clubs hoping for a round or two this morning—but Grayson frowned on this part of the program.
The president had a regular, old fashioned "good time" last night—and admitted it. At a theater, in response to a demonstration from the crowd, the president said:
"You are laboring under a delusion. You think you see the president of the United States. What you really see is a tired man having a good time."

It was the first time the president had ever spoken thus from a theater box in New York. The crowd cheered wildly.
On every hand comment was heard that the president was standing the strain of war work well. He is heavier than at any time in his life and is the picture of good health and spirits.

PRESIDENT WILSON

(Continued from page one)

express wagons were commandeered to take them to the score or more of first aid stations quickly established in drug stores, physicians' offices and private residences.
Fire attacked the debris immediately after the blast.
Rescue parties worked feverishly amid the ruins in an effort to save many bodies from incineration and the wounded from death.
Two cars of physicians and nurses from Pittsburgh were rushed there on a special train.

The entire Red Cross contingent of Oakland, together with the local organizations of Heidelberg, McDonald and other nearby towns, deserted the Red Cross parade here, to hurry to Oakland. Trained Pittsburgh members accompanied them.

Baldazzi was the leading I. W. W. organizer among the Italians. In Il Proletario of June 9, 1917, his name was signed to a long appeal to the anthracite miners to join the I. W. W. ranks concluding:
"When through propaganda and organizing the I. W. W. will have conquered the masses of miners and stirred up new enthusiasm and energies it will be necessary to begin open attacks against companies and against authorities.
"For this struggle and for its consequent the miners must be armed and strongly armed."
The defense will contend that this did not necessarily mean arming them with weapons.

HUNDREDS KILLED
(Continued from page one)

I. W. W. LEADER
(Continued from page one)

In the same letter Baldazzi related his connection with Armando Borghi, then secretary of the Unione Sindacale Italiana and proposed an international I. W. W. congress after the war, "so as to develop a world wide organization between all workers in favor of the tactics of direct action."
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HENRY FREY AND WIFE DIED AT SANATORIUM

Residents of Farm Near St. Paul Are Victims of Trichinae Today

Within four hours of each other, Henry H. Frey and his wife, Barbara Niess Frey, died at the Willamette Sanatorium. Mrs. Frey died at 9 o'clock last night and Mr. Frey at 1 o'clock this morning. Their deaths were due to trichinosis. Three children now at the sanatorium are now seriously ill from the same disease and one of their children at their home in St. Paul, Mr. Frey was 38 years old and Mrs. Frey 35.
Mr. and Mrs. Frey and six children lived at St. Paul. About six weeks ago Mrs. Frey became seriously ill with fever and insomnia and two weeks ago Mr. Frey suffered from the same disease, which later developed in the three children who were also brought to the sanatorium. With both of the parents the disease developed into a stiffness of the muscles, fastidious fever, and insomnia.
Trichinosis is a diseased condition due to infection from trichinae. It is produced by eating under-cooked pork containing trichina spiralis and it attended in the early stages by fever and nausea and later by stiffness, pain, swelling of the muscles fever and insomnia.
Among the elder physicians consulted, none could remember of a case similar to this being brought to their attention in the city. As yet no funeral arrangements have been made. The bodies are at the undertaking parlor of Webb & Clough.

GALBRAITH HAS VACATION

Private Huxley L. Galbraith, who also has a fairly good command of conversational French, is now studying the grammar and the history of the nation being unable, to drill or even do "kitchen police" work. Last week, while going through a new running exercise that was being introduced, he stepped on a pebble and turned his ankle. While the injury was not serious, Galbraith is having to keep off his foot for a few days. Life was made happier for him recently by the receipt of a package from friends in Woodburn—David W. Hazen, Special Correspondent of The Telegram in France.

According to the Argus, winter grain about Hillsboro, "is looking like 40 bushels and spring grain is getting its nose above the ground in good shape."

FORMER AUTO RACER SAVED BY MIRACLE

Lieutenant Eddie Roskenbacher Collides with Enemy Plane Today

(United Press Staff Correspondent)
With the American Army in Lorraine, May 17, Lieutenant Eddie Roskenbacher, of Columbus, Ohio, former automobile racer, collided with a German airplane in mid-air this morning, sending the enemy machine crashing to the ground. Rickenbacher was saved by a miracle.
The German planes have been trying a trick of patrolling in the early morning half-light, before the American aviators got up. This morning Rickenbacher was out early, in response to an "alert."
He spotted three German planes at an altitude of five thousand meters. One of them was some distance behind the others. Rickenbacher pounced on the lone boche and was getting the best of him when one of the other enemy planes swung round and attempted to dive under Rickenbacher and machine gun him from below.
The boche miscalculated the distance and crashed into Rickenbacher, who lost control. He dropped about one thousand meters, then regained control and managed to limp back to the American line despite a damaged left wing.
The German plane's tail was completely torn off. He dropped out of control to about 500 meters of the ground then flattened out slightly over a wood when it was seen. He is believed to have "crashed."
Another German plane attempted to reach the American aviation grounds by using the French insignia as a ruse. The German motor was detected by its sound, however, and his machine was driven back.

GERMANS PREPARED

(Continued from page one)

der officers received a great deal more, while the potatoes were turned over to the battalion cook. The officers kept for themselves all the best things to eat and all objects of value.
"In the other battalions the men were given permission to go to Noyon singly and pillage as they liked."
The condensed milk referred to, consisted of large stocks brought to Noyon by Baron Henri De Rothschild and a number of American charities for distribution among the babies and sick persons in the devastated district.