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SOME ELECTION SURPRISES

The recent primaries were full of surprises some of which they are still unloading. Of all these none were greater than that yesterday when from a lead of a couple of thousand Frank J. Miller of the Public Service Commission dropped back until his opponent was about 500 ahead, and apparently has the nomination. It will be another surprise if he does not, for with the vote yet to be counted it seems impossible for Miller to overcome this lead. The result was made possible no doubt by the action of the commission last year granting the Portland Railway, Light & Power company the right to charge the citizens of Portland six cents for a fare that the company had agreed should not exceed five. The company made a showing that it was losing money, the five cent fare not being sufficient to meet current expenses and interest. The patrons of the cars, however, looked at it that they were being made to pay six cents for what was promised them for five, and they became angered because of it. The candidacy of Commissioner Miller gave them the first opportunity to express an opinion as to the commission's ruling, and Miller got the results.

We think the voters have made a mistake in defeating Mr. Miller, since he has seemed always a conscientious, hard-working official, well equipped for the position he has held for several years.

Judge Percy R. Kelly of this district, who made the race for the supreme court justiceship has been beaten by a majority of something more than 2,000. The returns from districts other than Multnomah county gave him a lead of 5,983, but Portland went strongly against him on a question of geography alone. It was one of the strongest campaign arguments against him and in favor of Johns, that Multnomah county had no representation on the supreme bench other than Justice McCamant who was slated to resign. It was this circumstance alone that caused Judge Kelly to be second in the race instead of first. However he may well feel proud of the vote he received from the state at large and especially so of that of his district. Marion county gave him in round numbers 4,000 to 1,500 against him, or more than two and a half times the vote given his two opponents. His friends regret his defeat, yet this is tempered by the knowledge that we still have him with us on the district bench.

The trouble at the penitentiary is not yet settled. Warden Murphy, it is claimed, has stated that he and Burns could not both remain at the prison, and at the same time says he does not intend to resign. This evidently means that if Burns does not resign he will be officially decapitated. Undoubtedly the most difficult place to fill of all those on the state's list is that of warden at the prison. Few men are naturally qualified for this job; and of these apparently fewer still get a chance to try their hands at it. It requires firmness, and strict discipline, absolute equality as between all prisoners, no playing of favorites as between the incorrigibles and the trustees, so far as the violation of rules is concerned, and on top of this a natural gift in the way of understanding human nature, and judging of men. A man may make good in almost any position and yet fall far short of making a good manager of criminal wards of the state. Undoubtedly matters at the prison are far from satisfactory, to those in charge, as they are to all who know anything as to the conditions. Whether they will be bettered soon remains to be seen. They certainly will not unless discipline is enforced.

The Russian situation becomes more complex daily. With the bolsheviki doing battle with the Turks, the kaiser's ally, and whipping them too, there is soon going to be something doing between the sultan and Kaiser Bill. The former is not going to take a licking from a nation with which its ally, the nation that persuaded it to get into all the trouble that has come to it, is at peace. The Hohenzollerns are carrying water on so many shoulders that some of it is pretty certain to get spilled.

KEEP ON CONSERVING FOOD

Favorable crop reports continue to come in and it looks as though 1918 is to be the banner year for wheat production. The acreage is larger than ever and the condition above the average at this time of the year. While it is too early to make any figures as to the corn crop, it is known there is an increase in acreage, and the weather conditions so far are highly favorable. While the promise of abundant foodstuffs is bright, it is the part of wisdom to continue our food conservation methods, at least. If the war is to last over another year, which seems probable, it will be necessary to supply our allies and also many neutrals with wheat products and what next year's crop will be no one can guess. We can, however, save from this year's surplus to help us tide over the demand next year should the crop be short and the time to stave off trouble over crop shortage next year is in advance, and beginning right now. When the war is over will be time enough to begin to arrange for getting back on the old way of living, and this by the way will not be done. The war has changed the American people from a meat eating nation to one of wider range of food. Vegetables will hereafter find a more prominent place on the American menu, and this partly from the fact that we have learned to do without such great quantities of meat and partly because the prices of all meats will be high for some years at least and so be above the reach of the many. The potato is occupying the position of honor on the family tables in this country just now and will retain it after the war is over. Most of us can go back to wheat bread quite easily, and there will be no shortage when once the American built ships get on the run and the submarines cease from troubling.

Sinn Feiners need expect no sympathy from the American people. We are not wasting our sympathy on slackers, on able bodied men who deliberately refuse to fight for their freedom and that of the world. Ireland wants home rule, a separate government, yet if she had it it would not be a year until England or some other nation would have to intervene to make the Erin go Bragh folks behave. They would get along trying to run their own government like a house afire. The opposing elements in Ireland are the irresistible force and the immovable body, met.

Salem is "over the top" in the Red Cross drive and still going strong. This quickly successful drive shows that our people are simply getting the habit of giving as well as coming to the realization that the war can only be won if all the resources of the nation are placed behind the government. Each succeeding drive will for this reason be less difficult than the one that preceded it.

To correct a wrong impression, created by the daily escapes from the state prison, we will state on good authority that there are still a number of convicts residing in that institution. Those remaining there evidently are satisfied with conditions and have no desire to change their residence.

Governor Withycombe will probably poll only about 15 per cent of the registered republican vote of the state, although an easy winner. If the election were held immediately he would still be able to poll that 15 per cent probably—but not more.

A Pennsylvania woman is credited with having caught 200 skunks, the hides of which she traded off and invested the money in Liberty bonds. This is admittedly going some and also going strong.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FOUR YEARS AGO
Four years ago the red god Mars was resting, drowsy, on his throne; and so we talked of choo-choo cars, and small beer gossip was our own. Then trifling things important seemed, the twaddle was our stock in trade; reformers o'er the country screamed—you will recall the noise they made. Bridge whist employed the lazy dames at country clubs throughout the land; and stories of the baseball games at eventide were in demand. Would Jinks be chosen county clerk, or would he run against defeat? Discussing this our jaws we'd work, for hours together on the street. Would Willard get the dingy's goat? That was one theme of long ago. Were girls entitled to the vote, or should they stay at home and sew. The neighbors used to come at night and talk with me of many things; and we would whoop around and fight o'er cabbages and cats and kings. But since the war flags were unfurled and battle eagles raised their scream, it seems we're in another world; the old time planet was a dream. The country clubs are drear and bare, no giggles from their porches rise; the girls no longer gather there, to see who gets the booby prize. And men have learned to think grave thoughts, and let the beer and settles go; to plan how they may hand some swats, by sacrifices, to the foe.



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

HOME AGAIN.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.
We had a simple and very quiet dinner on the train, then, as we were all pretty well tired out, we went to bed. The train reached Moreland early in the morning, but I was awake long before it was time to get up. I lay thinking of David—how I should miss him: It had been a perfect joy to have him, in spite of my fear that he would feel that I was neglected and would tell mother so.

We had breakfast at home. Then, as seen as George had left for the office, David and I walked over to see Evelyn. She made us tell her all about our trip, and was delighted with the handkerchiefs I had brought her.
"I suppose you will be going away soon?" she said to me.
"Yes, in about ten days. I dread it!" "Don't be foolish!" Evelyn said to David. "The idea of dreading a trip to Newport and Bar Harbor."
"I, too, think your trip will be a nice one—your vacation, rather," David responded. "It will be awfully jolly to hunt and fish."
"The boys are great for out doors!" I told her.

"Have you seen Merton, lately?" she asked me. "I met him about three days ago, and he said he was inconsolable because you had gone to New York. He is anxious to work on the picture."
"I have a sitting today. Don't you and David want to walk up there with me and see how the picture is getting along? I'll telephone Celeste she needn't go with me today, if you will."
"I'd love to! Perhaps Merton will ask us to luncheon again. Have you met him?" she asked David.

David is Frank.
"Yes, the first night I came. He seems to like Sis. He said a lot about her picture and sort of bragged about her."
"You silly boy," I interrupted, embarrassed.
"Merton does like Helen. We all do!" Evelyn said.
"Stop talking about me and come on. Merton will be cross if I am late." So, talking and laughing, we all three went to the studio.

"Do you suppose you can keep quiet with so many looking at you?" Merton asked, after he had greeted us, and nodded me a bit for running away.
"Oh, yes, I don't mind David, nor Evelyn, half as much as I do you," I confessed, then blushed furiously because I had said it.
"I . . . have . . . missed you," he said so low the others did not hear.

I took the pose he suggested, my mind in a whirl. Why was I so pleased that he, Merton Gray, successful artist and popular man about town, should miss me? I concluded it was because he had been the first, almost the only man, who had made me feel at ease when I first came to Moreland.
David and Evelyn sat in the blow window looking at a book of etchings. The studio was very quiet when Robert, Merton's man, came in and spoke quietly to him. Merton frowned, but nodded assent. In a moment there was a soft rap, a swish of skirts, and in came Madge Loring and Julia Collins.

The draperies at the window effectually hid David and Evelyn. I saw Mrs. Collins look around, then saw a sneering look, followed by one I could not understand. It was as if she were pleased at something.

Jumping at Conclusions.
"I see you've disposed with Celeste I don't blame you," she said. "It is much more cozy, here, by yourselves. Then, French maids aren't to be trusted."

"What do you mean?" I said quickly, my face flushing, my heart thumping so it seemed they must hear it.
"Oh, don't get excited! I only meant that even innocent things took on an air of romance to the French servant."
Suddenly I was very cool. I shook my head at Merton. He had been about to speak, to explain. I knew that was in his mind, by the way he glanced toward the window.

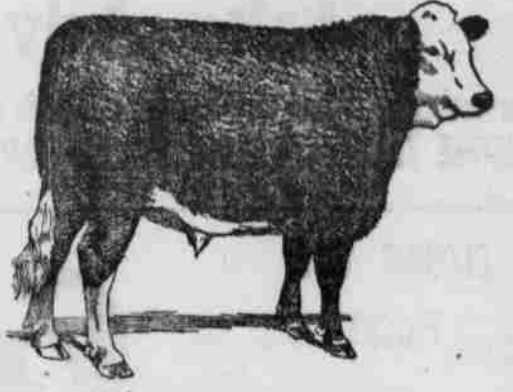
"Yes, I think you are right," I said coolly, remembering how pleased Mrs. Sexton had been when I had come out ahead of Julia Collins once before, by keeping cool. "And YOU, surely, should know; Celeste told me she had a friend who worked for you as private maid. And, you know, French maids talk to each other."
Merton turned away to hide the smile twinkling on his lips, and Mrs. Loring broke in:
"What are you two scrapping about? I can fairly see your claws Julia."
"Oh, pardon me!" I exclaimed, "but I so want you to meet my brother, David!" I called. "Come and meet some of George's friends, My brother, David Mather, Mrs. Collins, and Mrs. Loring." I purposely spoke of him first, instead of following the correct manner of presentation. "And Evelyn, came out from behind those curtains! You know both ladies. If we had a French maid here she would say to you, and David had some sort of an affair, I am sure! Wouldn't she, Mrs. Collins?"
"Comerow—Mrs. Collins Attempts a Reprisal).

Murry L. Hart Now at Camp Lewis

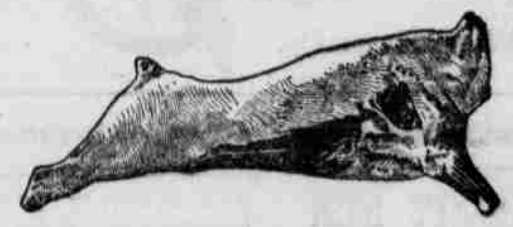
Murray L. Hart, who was formerly with the Lofis plant in Salem, is now among those at Camp Lewis. He writes J. E. Adams, navy recruiting officer in part, as follows:
"Everything is going along fine here and I like it first rate. I am with the 44th infantry, most all old timers and all regulars. Nothing drafted about us, although everything else in camp is drafted men.
"We get a nice hike every Friday with 50 pound pack and rifle. A week ago we started at 2 o'clock in the morning and at 6:30 o'clock pitched tents and cooked breakfast. Some different from civilian life but I like it."



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