

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

## Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

A. B. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c  
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month .35c

### FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

**EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES**  
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.  
Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

The Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, unless you, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Please Miss 81 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

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

### OURS TO "SALUTE AND OBEY"

General Wood indulged in a bit of personal camouflage when having been refused permission to accompany his division to France he remarked: "I am a soldier and when I receive orders I click my heels together, salute and obey." These may not be his exact words but they are the substance of them. His actions belie the soldierly sentiment for when he received his orders he at once began a campaign to have his superiors overruled by getting his case before the president. He failed in his object and now is ordered to Kansas to train troops.

As a soldier, no matter how much he may desire to get in the lime light of active service he should remember they serve best who perform the duties given them, cheerfully. Someone has this service to do and General Wood is no better than any other officer. To bring the matter nearer home here in Salem we should all remember that we too have a duty to perform. It may be distasteful, and out of our line, but that should not influence us. Someone has to gather the crops, and as the scarcity of labor is caused by so many able bodied men being sent to the battle front it falls on all who are left to see that the work once performed by them is done just the same. It is not tasteful to many whose hands are soft and who are not accustomed to hard labor, to blister their hands and to do hard and unaccustomed labor; but it is not as much a sacrifice as the boys are called on to make who offer their bodies as a bulwark against the attacks of the Huns and their lives, if need be, in defending us and our liberties. All who are able, should volunteer to do any and all work they can to save the crops and help supply our boys and our allies who are fighting for us. A blistered hand is nothing compared to the ghastly wounds that some must suffer, and bodily weariness nothing at all by the side of hours in the trenches that sap one's strength and make keeping awake torture. We must save our berry crops, our fruit and above all our grain. It is up to the city folks to help, and it is up to each and every one of them to not wait for the other fellow but to get in and do his or her full part. Patriotism that is afraid of a sore hand or a tired back is not worthy of the name.

The aphids have taken the pea crop this year as their especial property. The same story comes from all sections of the valley, and there are no peas in market. The little green calamities simply took them all. They have also levied heavy toll on some grain fields. Of course they have not refused a salad in the way of tender cabbage, or turned away from much of anything else green. However the peas were their first love, and they staid with them to the last.

Uncle Sam is going after the harpies who would fatten off the country's needs. Many arrests have been made of these vermin. It is claimed a great war lobby has been uncovered in Washington and raids in many big cities are said to have brought to light a mass of evidence showing deliberate profiteering. If in the trial of these cases any are found guilty the punishment should be the confiscation of every dollar's worth of property the guilty ones own and on top of this they should be sent to the front if young enough, and if not, imprisoned for life.

The Austrians have made considerable gains up to last night but the Italians are putting up a hard fight and insist they will be able to check the Huns soon and stop them getting to Venice. If this is done, Austria's part in the war will become considerably smaller, for she will have plenty of troubles at home if the rumors trickling across the border as to conditions are true.

Miss Lusk has been sentenced to serve 19 years in prison for the deliberate murder of her paramour's wife. This is as it should be, and indicates that the American jury is outgrowing its maudlin sentiment about punishing a woman criminal. When coyotes get rabid the fellow with the gun shoots the female as quickly as the male. The ugliness and wickedness of a crime is not lessened because the perpetrator of it wears skirts.

Just as a matter of fairness, congress should pass a law providing for the expatriation of all German-American citizens who are German first and Americans, never. It should require that when the war is over each and every German sympathizer be given so long to settle up his affairs and go back to Germany, or at least leave the United States. Since they have proved their unfitness for citizenship they should be got rid of and that as quickly as possible. It is only fair to pass such a law now and set some of these lovers of the Hun and his methods thinking of their future under the thumb of the kaiser. If they hate America and Americans as much as they assume to do they should not be permitted to remain among them.

In the present drive on the Italian front the Austrians are tackling a job they have little stomach for, but one which their new boss, the kaiser, orders and there is nothing to do but obey. If the attempt fails it is liable to add fuel to the flames of revolt that are showing in the dual monarchy. It will have to be substantial victory to appease the public clamor at home, for only a real victory and a promise of peace, and a winning peace, will suffice to hearten the hopeless Austrians. This is hardly among the possibilities, as the first rush of the drive is over and the gains made are not worth a fraction of what they have cost the Austrians in lives. A long death list just now will add to the seriousness of conditions throughout Austria.

Hearst is the most un-American American in this country. He was once a guest of Bolo Pasha, who paid him a high tribute in the Paris Journal. As Bolo was afterward shot as a traitor to France, his eulogizing of Hearst indicates the style of "patriot" that traitor is. Those who knew "Uncle George" Hearst, and his splendid wife, "Aunt Phoebe," will never be able to understand how they came to have such a son as William Randolph, for both parents were superb specimens of the highest type of American.

When the last chapters of the war are written Italy's action in refusing to join the central powers, and her finally throwing her weight into the scales on the side of the allies will take its place in history as one of the things that saved the world from pillage by the kaiser. Italy's part in the war, for this reason, is one of its most important features. It is one too that her sons may well feel proud of through all time.

It is a case of help harvest the crops or go on short rations. If Salem folks would avoid trying the old remedy for hunger, of drawing the belt tighter, they will have to help gather the things the farmers have grown. It is not a question of being willing to do it, simply a choice of doing the work or going hungry.

Hood River Indians predict a hard winter from the abundance of aphids. The white folks who have been trying to grow a feed or two of peas beat the Siwash all hollow as predictors, for they say it is going to be a hard Summer, and would be now if Summer was here. It will arrive Friday.

Now just as the iceman has to be patronized, the days are reaching the point where they begin to grow longer bringing visions of the winter's wood pile and its accompanying bill. Anyway, this section of the state has an abundant fuel supply--on the stump.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### WORK OR FIGHT

"Work or fight," I say, with Crowder! Man must earn his pone and chowder, or secure a gun and powder, shooting from the Hun the slaw; for the husky boys are needed where the farmers' fields are seeded; long we've argued and we've pleaded, now we're laying down the law. Soon the harvest will be yellow and we'll hear the farmers below for the able-bodied fellow who can handle sheaves of wheat; and the loafer who is standing, chunks of elocution handing to the public should be landing in the country with both feet. Long the loafers have been petted, fed and lodged by men who sweated for the roubles they have netted, but the day of wrath is come; toil and wounds where battle rages--work at home for honest wages! Work, abhorred by them for ages! These confront the vag and bum. From their squalid haunt and haven, frowsy, fragrant and unshaven, to the fields where crops are wavin' 'twill be good to see them go; from the joint and pool-hall riven, unanointed and unshriven, 'twill be fine to see them drive; where the big bull thistles grow. Work or fight! O words inspiring! Work with energy untiring, for our country is requiring everything our hands can bring; if we feel too punk for mowing, if we are not built for hoing, we can go where blood is flowing, and run down the Teuton king.



WALT MASON

## The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

### A DECLARATION OF LOVE

#### CHAPTER XVII

"Haven't you heard that a singer seldom has a good speaking voice?" again I tried to put at least naturalness into my voice.  
"Yes, but it does not apply in your case. May I make a guess?"  
"As to what?"  
"It was Julia Collins whose voice was praised. Am I right?"  
"Yes, I could not deny it if I would. It is too patent." I could not help glancing across the room where George was bending over the "lovely Julia."  
"And really she has a wonderful voice. I think I never have heard a more musical one."  
"You are very generous. Helen--" he stopped a moment, then in a low, intense voice he went on, "I love you." His quiet earnestness was very convincing. "Will you--do you care for me? I may be a rotter to tell you this; to ask you to care for me. But will you be kind and let me know what you think of me--let me know if you are unhappy with Howard--let me know if you are happy?"  
"Oh, Mr. Gray!" I commenced, then I stopped. I had perhaps given him reason to say things to me, things to which I had no right to listen. But--what kind of things was George saying to Julia Collins? His attitude had been that of a lover all the evening.  
"Playing With Fire."  
That I was deliberately playing with fire, and that I might be burned never entered my head. That when I gave room to the thought that George's actions excused anything I might do I was on dangerous ground did not occur to me. Strangely enough I did not resent what Merton had said, save that I resented the fact that George by his neglect had given him the opportunity.  
"You like me, I know it," he went on in the same quiet, convincing tones. "You have shown plainly that you do. It is but a step, dear, from liking to loving--I will be very good to you," he waited.  
"Oh, I am so sorry! I never thought you cared that way!" then I flushed crimson as I remembered Evelyn's declaration that he was madly in love with me.  
"I know. You are a loyal little soul. But why not take your happiness now while you are young? Why wait until you are all worn out with the struggle? You look so unhappy tonight. I break my heart."  
I wonder if anyone can conceive how such sympathetic talk appealed to me? My heart was sore and sick, I had been morbidly unhappy for days. That he, popular, handsome, talented, should be heartbroken because of me seemed almost impossible, at the same time it healed my hurt. Had I given up to my emotions I should have thrown myself into his arms and said:  
"Take me. No one else wants me."  
It is perhaps fortunate that we were where such a course was impossible. No matter how unhappy I was, conventions had to be respected. I think Merton read what was going on in my mind. He rose, and stood before me.  
"I must leave you. It won't do for me to monopolize you. I will see you tomorrow afternoon. Until then remember, dear, that I love you, that I want you; and that I will make you happy if it is in the power of a man to do so." Then without a word he moved away just as Madge Loring called out.  
"You should be ashamed to be so greedy. Mr. Gray hasn't spoke to me this evening."  
"I will not only speak, but dance with you now, if you will honor me," he said drawing her hand through his arm.  
I was so thankful I did not have to speak. I knew he had acted as he had to save me the necessity. How wondrously kind and thoughtful he was. How could I help caring for him?  
On the way home George talked very little. I was too busy with my thoughts to resent it as I usually did. He asked me if I had enjoyed myself.  
"Fairly well," I had replied.  
"I felt a bit bored myself," he returned.  
I started to say that he had not acted bored, but bit my lip and kept still. I had no right to say anything to him. Had I not just listened to a declaration of love from Merton Gray?  
I went immediately to bed, pleading weariness. George read as he always did no matter how late it was. But although I left him to go to bed, I did not sleep. Merton was coming tomorrow to again tell me he cared for me, to urge me to go away with him. What should I tell him? How could I decide? I closed my eyes when George came up and pretended to be asleep, but I lay awake the entire night trying to think what to do. Should I take my happiness where I found it--or thought I had found it; or should I go on living as I now was? Tomorrow would soon be here and I must have an answer ready. So I thought as I lay staring up at the ceiling.  
(Tomorrow--A Momentous Decision)

## LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS

President American Society for Thrift



It is inspiring to learn that while the American civilian is learning his lessons in thrift, the boys at the front are doing the same thing. With the comparatively small amount of pay earned by the soldier one would think there could be little or no money saved by him.  
But the thrift spirit has taken possession of our boys, and the percentage of them who fritter away their soldier's pay is almost negligible. The average American soldier spends 20 cents a day, which includes his bill for tobacco, toilet necessities and sweets.  
Indeed, a situation that even the frugal Frenchman would be proud of!  
One cannot begin to compute the value of this condition neither at the present time nor in the era of peace that sooner or later will come. Of the thousands upon thousands of American soldiers in France (and

soon it will run into the millions) a very small percentage, we venture, were thrifty before the war.  
Think then of the economic value that will accrue when these boys who have been getting along on 20 cents a day for their little luxuries come back to us and again take up the routine of civilian life!  
An artilleryman writing home from France, says:  
"I have Liberty bonds, war savings stamps, military insurance, and have allotted \$15 a month to the folks back home."  
A Y. M. C. A. secretary writing home from France, says:  
"The average amount of money sent back home by the boys here is a franc a day (\$6 a month) and this represents artillerymen, engineers, and doughboys. The chief thought of the majority of our boys now is to insure their economic independence after the war."  
What an inspiring statement!  
What a splendid testimonial to the good sense of our wonderful boys at the front!  
This war is making them soldiers of thrift.  
They are enrolled under the stars and stripes which never have gone down in defeat, and never will, and they have enlisted, too, in the legions of thrift whose followers know not the meaning of failure.

## Chautauqua Program Better Than Ever This Year

The Ellison-White Chautauqua to be held in Salem July 21-27, will in many respects be the best entertainment ever given in the chautauqua line, according to Dr. H. C. Epley, president of the Salem Chautauqua association.  
Although the program for each day has not as yet been sent to the association here, J. H. Ellison gives the assurance that already the chautauqua to be given in Salem is doing a bigger business in the first 47 towns it has visited than was done a year ago.  
In regard to the entertainers for this year, Mr. Ellison writes as follows:  
"The program for this year is by far the best we have ever had. So much ahead of last year that there is no comparison. This is not hot air--it is an actual fact. Town after town says that we have never done anything like it. The band is by far the greatest and best the chautauquas have ever had and one of the best that has been in the west. You understand of course, that it opened and closed the exposition and the only band invited to return after they had played there six weeks at the opening of the exposition."  
**SOCIALIST RENOMINATED**  
Minneapolis, Minn., June 19.--Thomas Van Lear, socialist mayor of Minneapolis, was renomiated at yesterday's primaries, returns indicated. He was running second to J. E. Myer, who will be the other nominee, by about 800 votes.

## YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

### Pruritus.

This annoying and very prevalent condition of itching, known technically as pruritus may exist by itself, without rash or eruption or it may be a form of eczema, or a symptom of a great number of diseases.  
It involves not only a limited area of skin surface but may embrace the surface of the entire body.  
It consists in a disturbance or irritation of the nerve endings everywhere present in the skin, and when they are in trouble over only a limited area it probably means that the exciting cause is not sufficiently intense to produce more general disturbance.  
The condition is especially common in areas which are soiled by the natural discharges of the body, also on the outer surface of the arms, the inner surface of the thighs, the calves of the legs, and the surface of the abdomen.  
It is particularly common in the aged, in women rather than in men, is worse at night when the body is warmly covered in bed, and in cold weather rather than in warm.  
Few people can resist the temptation to rub and scratch the skin in the presence of intolerable itching, but such scratching may do great harm, particularly when poisonous germs are transferred from the fingernails to the skin.  
The inflammation and disease produced in this way may be very much worse than the original condition.  
The cold weather variety of this disease often begins in the autumn, lasts until the following summer and may be repeated year after year.  
Itching is the principal symptom in multitudes of cases of eczema and it is also prominent in malarial poisoning, typhoid fever, hives, psoriasis, infection from lice, scabies, ringworm, and in the eruptive diseases like measles, and scarlet fever.  
It is always important to distinguish between itching which constitutes the disease pruritus, and itching which is merely the symptom of some other disease.  
Itching is often due to indigestion from eating strawberries, tomatoes, honey, fish, especially shell fish, particularly when the fruit or vegetables are not entirely ripe and the fish not quite fresh.  
It may also be excited by harsh underwear, and sometimes by a Turkish or even an ordinary hot water bath.  
The cure in such cases will consist in abstaining from that which produces the misery and in general from foods which cause overheating, including fats, spices, and alcohol in every form.  
In addition to abstaining from the known causes which provoke this condition, treatment which has served me well consists in free purgation with castor oil, Epsom salts, or compound cathartic pills and sponging of the entire body frequently, if need be, with a hot solution of bicarbonate of soda.  
Ointments containing tar, or zinc, or menthol may also be used.  
**Questions and Answers.**  
Subscriber--I have been troubled since the birth of my baby, eight months ago, with a pain at the end of my spine. What should I do for it, as it seems to be getting worse?  
Answer--It very often happens in connection with difficult labor that the end of the spine is broken off. This accident is very apt to be followed by severe neuralgia, and it can be very readily relieved if the fragment of bone is removed. It is not a difficult operation, and is done many times.

**LADD & BUSH, Bankers**  
ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW  
HERE.  
THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL  
AT THE BANK