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

MAY BE DECISIVE BATTLE

It is possible that the really decisive battle of the war may be fought on the Italian front rather than on that in France. Austria has evidently staked her all on the present battle and it is going steadily against her. She has attained none of her objectives and her chances of attaining them are growing hourly smaller. That she will make a desperate effort to extricate herself from the dangerous position she is in, is a matter of course. But that she can do it is apparently already decided in the negative. A large section of her forces on the Piave is in danger of capture or annihilation, and either is going to put a new phase on conditions in the dual monarchy. The dispatches recently are to the effect that the larger cities are scenes of strikes, of street parades by starving people already almost hopeless. What effect a disaster such as an utter defeat in Italy will have on this side the ocean can only guess at, but apparently it will cause trouble that will shake the government to its foundations and may result in its overthrow. If this should happen it will be the battle on the Italian front may be the deciding one of the war.

WILL PUT BERLIN IN REACH

A dispatch yesterday stated American airplanes carrying crews of three or four men will cross the Atlantic within three months. These are said to be heavy bombing machines and they will make the trip by way of the Azores. Flying at the rate of 85 miles an hour these machines could reach the Azores in forty hours, and from there to Portugal a distance of 800 miles the trip would be only a matter of ten hours. The crossing of the Atlantic will permit the sending of machines to the front by their own power, and save that much shipping. There is another feature that is more important than the crossing of the ocean, and that is that with such machines available bombing raids can be made on the cities of Germany heretofore immune on account of their distance from any allied base. A few hundred tons of bombs dropped down among the Germans would bring the war home to them and give them a taste of what they have so generously prescribed for others.

That the price of wheat will be advanced slightly seems assured. The advancing of freight rates makes this imperative, for otherwise it will be taxing the farmers heavily. They would, with a fixed price for wheat have to stand the increased freight rates with no power to pass any of the burden on to the consumer. The country will make no objection to any reasonable raise in the price of flour. At the same time it is rapidly approaching a famine of mind that will cause it to insist on the fixing the price of wheat-product substitutes. Mr. Ayer said that when the big firms that had laid in large supplies of substitutes had sold them the price would be reduced. This being the case the prices should be lower now unless the big fellows corralled all the substitutes there were on the market.

It is possible an army of 100,000 Americans may be sent to Italy and show the Austrians that America is in the war against them as well as Germany. It would hearten the Italians too, though just now they do not seem to need any moral backbone stiffening. An Italian will fight to the last when anyone undertakes to take his truck patch away from him, and this applies to his country as well as to his individual property.

Yesterday was the summer solstice, and the longest day of the year. Today and two or three more days will show hardly and perceptible shortening, but the sun has started south just the same, or rather the earth is tilting to the north again which is the same thing.

General Crowder is properly named. He is a general crowder all right and purposes to crowd every available person into some productive employment.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW HERE.

THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL AT THE BANK

A. T. Seested, general manager of the Kansas City Star, it seems is a Prussian by birth and up to the breaking out of the war between the United States and Germany was not a naturalized citizen of this country. Since the declaration of hostilities he succeeded in having a court in Kansas City give him naturalization papers. The Star is the paper that printed the articles for Rose Pastor Stokes which won her a 20-year prison sentence for seditious utterances. It also prints the false and malignant statements of former President Roosevelt, who no doubt secures immunity from prosecution through the fact that ex-presidents are in a way privileged characters in this country and may say and do things that would not be condoned in other citizens. It looks very much, however, like a nest of dangerous traitors had been uncovered in the Star newspaper office and that Roosevelt's name and position is being used as a cover for their dangerous activities.

Hindenburg is discovering that it is one thing to order and another to carry those orders out. There was a time when he could tell his troops to do this or that, and they were able to do at least in part what they were told to do. That day has passed. According to prisoners taken Tuesday night at the attack on Rheims the 36,000 men making the attack were told to capture Rheims at any price. They made two desperate attempts to obey but failed in both. The French were too strong for them and drove them back with great losses. The "any cost" Hindenburg spoke of was so high the picked troops selected to pay it could not dig up the price.

The books of the board of control show that over and above all indebtedness there is a balance on hand in the prison flax business of \$12,720, besides 80 tons of straw unrefined left from the 1916 crop, and all of the 1917 crop of straw which will yield a profit. The board's books and the governor's statement that superintendent Crawford of the prison flax plant had not made good, do not agree. There is no question but that the board's books are kept correctly. Can the same be said of the governor's mental figures about Mr. Crawford's work? One or the other is wrong, and as has been stated the books are correct.

After the most desperate fighting yet done by the Austrians, and with an army of more than a million and fighting under the eyes of their king, the attack on a hundred mile front in Italy has given the Austrians no advantage. Not one of their objectives has been attained, and it is alleged every soldier in the vast army has been engaged. There are no reserves, and so far the Italians have held the enemy to small gains of no great importance, and this without calling on their reserves. Apparently the backbone of the attack has been broken, and the drive will prove an utter failure.

Congress wants to know the administration's policy with regard to Russia, and especially to Siberia. It is said to be anxious to have an army sent to the aid of the Russians. The situation in that whirlwind-swept country is such that definite action is hard to take. The administration wants to avoid angering Russia, and driving her into the war on the side of Germany. The situation is a delicate one and needs dainty handling.

Portland weather sharps predict rain within a few days, but they did not speak very loud, and surely had their fingers crossed.

Guards resign and prisoners walk away from the pen but Joe Keller and the bloodhounds remain faithful to the last.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE RISING COST

They've raised the cost of rubber tires until I roundly swear, by all the green graves of my sires, that it is most unfair. I'm told by Jinks, the gifted gent, who runs the rubber store, "The price has riz fifteen per cent, and soon will rise some more." Up goes the price of motor oil, it's doubled in a year, and I am pawing up the soil and beefing like a steer. I go to buy the inner tube I've needed since July, and find some avaricious boob has sent the price sky high. When punk mechanics fix my boat—and it needs fixing still—they strike a most discordant note when they announce their bill. "The price of gas," the dealer cries, "for kicking gives no grounds but it is shortly bound to rise, by well known leaps and bounds." My feet are seamed with ghastly scars, put there by thorns and stones, for I have cut out motor cars—they cost too many bones. O'er hill and dale I push my limbs because I can't afford to blow myself for plugs and rims, for fabric tires or cord. I walk the long streets of the town, I climb the school house hill, and now and then I sit me down, and cuss old Kaiser Bill. Because he played at being Mars, and thought the world his meat, I've had to cut out motor cars, and travel on my feet. Because he sprung a martial note with bugles and with horns, I've had to soak my handsome boat, and exercise my corns.



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER CXXI.

"But that isn't fair!" I returned when Mrs. Sexton said men took their bad natures home to their wives. "It isn't fair, but it is natural. You can't give notice and leave them in the lurch as the office force might do." She laughed gaily at my expression. "Now, dear, I am going to tell you a story then we will have something to eat; and finish our talk after luncheon." "Years ago I knew a couple who thought they were unhappy together. She was a gay little butterfly girl, he rather a staid man of some ten years older. He was very fond of her, but naturally reserved and quiet. She loved life and gaiety, he preferred to spend most of his leisure time in his beautiful home with his books, his pictures and his music. He never put an inhibition upon her, however, she could mingle with her gay friends as much as she would. She thought because he did this, because he did not appear to be jealous that he didn't love her. She called his refusal to escort her to the gay parties she loved, neglect. She met a young man, rather a nice fellow as men go, and thought she loved him. He told her he loved her, that he could not live without her, would make her happy always if she would go with him. In some way her husband found this out, and offered to give her her freedom—offered because he loved her better than he loved himself. She accepted. She got a divorce. But she did not marry the other man. When she had left her husband, when it was too late, she discovered the wealth of his love for her, it's worth. She would have given all she had in the world to win him back. "But why—" "He died two months after she secured the divorce!" "How awful. And after she left him she found out she loved him. Why didn't she go back then?" "She was too proud. I think she hoped that when her husband saw she did not marry the other man he would come to her. That girl was my own sister. She ruined her own life, and that of a good true man because she didn't understand either herself or him. She was for whom I wore mourning when I met you. She never knew a happy moment after he died, although she tried to appear so for my sake. Now we'll have luncheon," as the little maid appeared at the door.

A Quiet Luncheon.

Mrs. Sexton's simple story had made a great impression upon me, perhaps more that luncheon had been at once announced giving me no time to talk about it. I was distraught, quiet, all through the meal which was delicious, and daintily served, although very simple. It was like Mrs. Sexton herself. I told her so, and it seemed to please her. After luncheon we returned to her living room and she said briskly: "Now, my dear, we will discuss Merton Gray."

"I don't know—that I want to." "Oh, but I do! He is young, handsome, although not so good-looking to my way of thinking as your husband."

"No one can be better looking than George!" I interrupted. "I think him the handsomest man I ever have seen."

"We agree on that, then. Merton is rich, he is generous—I think, he is companionable, but there is one thing in connection with him that I fear you've overlooked. He is an artist. He has won a certain position. He is established here making money, looked up to; respected. If he takes you away he will have to give up all that. He will have to make another star in some other place. People will blame you. They will say you ruined him, his future. In time he might come to say so too. I do not say he would, but he might. How that would hurt you can imagine as well as I."

"But if he loves me well enough and—" "Dear Mrs. Howard, it isn't of him I am thinking; it is of you. Do you love him well enough to endure anything that may come to both of you if you take this step. You will hurt your family—I have said nothing about that until the last. But from what you have told me they would consider it a terrible disgrace; and would be hurt accordingly. Yet even they have no right to spoil your life. It is your own. I am only trying to have you be honest with yourself. Remember dear, that no matter what you do, what happens, you have to live with yourself. That is one person from whom you cannot get away, no, not for a minute. It would be terrible to do something that made it unbearable to be on friendly terms with oneself, wouldn't it?" When she said that I knew, knew that I could not go with Merton.

"May I use your telephone?" "Certainly."

I called Merton Gray's studio. He himself answered.

"I can't go with you, Merton—Yes it is final." I added in response to a question. Then he asked "May I come and see you?" "Yes—I am at Mrs. Sexton's, come and take me home. Come in half an hour."

(Monday—Helen Makes a Promise Before Merton Gray Arrives)

Open Forum

To the Editor: My attention has been called to the plea of the "Live Wire" S. S. class to work on the next two or three Sundays, and I feel that someone should raise their voice in protest and in defense of the Christian Sabbath. We would not be so surprised at some classes of people doing it; but when a Sunday school class from an M. E. church so disregards the plain teaching of the Book they are supposed to be studying, we feel like exclaiming with Caesar, "Et tu Brutus." We tremble, not only for that particular class and the loss of spiritual life they will suffer, but for the precedent they are setting and the harm which may follow. "No man liveth to himself." Could any one imagine Wesley hiring out to pick cherries, under any circumstances on the Sabbath?

Our first duty is to God and obedience to His commands. But under the stress of these perilous times it is so easy to persuade ourselves (or try to) that a thing is all right, if it is under the guise of patriotism. If it is right for one person, it must be for all; then why not close all our churches, not only two Sabbaths but for two months and the minister and his congregation all go to the fields. Man in his short sightedness has ever been prone to try to improve on God's plan. Even some of the Israelites went out to gather manna on the Sabbath, but found none.

"The things which are seen are temporal, but things which are not seen are eternal" and after all are not these eternal things of paramount importance, more even than saving a few cherries. Christian duty never conflicts with the law of God. Time spent in real prayer is not lost either, as has been intimated for "prayer changes things." I believe our Nation with others is being called to repentance for past wrongs and allowance of certain conditions, and that instead of going in disobedience, we should take heed.

The command does not say, remember the Sabbath day when convenient and when the work is all done and everything saved, but it does say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy servant, thy daughter, thy men servant, nor they maid servant."

I am not alone in the stand I have taken and am sorry such things are done in the name of the church or an adjunct of it. How can we expect God's favor?

A READER.

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THE CAPITAL JOURNAL
PHONE 61

OUR DAILY STORY

SAFETY FIRST

Myamma Plinth was the blondest and prettiest girl to apply in answer to Gregory Mallow's advertisement for a stenographer, so, after mature deliberation, he selected her.

The first morning she reported for work, her employer greeted her with a chuck under the chin and a friendly, "Morning, denzie, make yourself right at home, and if there's any little thing you need that would help you in the work, such as a box of candy or a few orchids, just speak right out."

Then he sat down to look over his mail. The first letter he opened was anonymous. It read:

"Sir: We take this opportunity to inform you that a low down trick is being played on you. Your new stenographer is really a spy in your wife's employ to report all misconduct on your part in your relations to her. A word to the wise, etc.

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"Er—ah—er—Miss Plinth," said Mallow, "I—er—er—want to apologize, er—that is to say, explain, my greeting to you a little while ago. You see, my attitude to, all my stenographers has been one of strictly disinterested business, and I have never tolerated the presence of any girl who—er—expected me to be in the slightest degree—er—personal, in my attitude towards her. Therefore, I always begin by testing every stenographer, and I want to congratulate you, Miss Plinth, on the cool manner in which you took my pretended advances this morning. Ahem."

And he returned to his mail, and Miss Plinth, who in her last three positions had made everything comfortable for herself by working the same little anonymous note game, merely smiled chillily and sharpened her pencils.

A Friend.

New Books Received at Public Library

Bridges—Poetical works.
Depew—Gunner Depew, the fighting laughing American boy. Those who have enjoyed "Over the top" and "Private Peat" will enjoy "Gunner Depew" his story as told by himself.
Gates—Recreation and the church.
Hyde—Quest of the best.
Maeterlinck—Wreck of the storm.
Tennyson—Idylls of the king, edited by Van Dyke.
Fiction
Atherton—Julia France and her times.
Brown—The country road.
Grey—The U. P. trail.
Several replacements of popular fiction.
For the Children
Crissey—Story of foods.
Gask—Treasury of folk tales.

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M.D.

Narcotics.

A narcotic is a substance which makes you stupid, partly or completely unconscious, more or less insensitive to pain.

Some narcotics will make you entirely oblivious of what is going on; with others you may be semi-conscious, but have little sensitivity to pain; while with others you will have dreams, hallucinations and sometimes great mental distress.

A narcotic is very apt to discover your real nature and disposition. When one is drunk or narcotized, he can usually be depended upon to speak the truth.

The effect of a narcotic includes (1) that which happens while you are taking it, (2) what happens while you are under its influence (3) what happens after the influence of the narcotic is spent when the body is trying to eliminate or get rid of it.

The first effect of a narcotic is often agreeable; it may cause excitement, exhilaration, or calm and contentment, with oblivion of life's ills and miseries.

This is what makes narcotics so attractive to many. The opium user has it, and it often comes with the inhalation of ether or chloroform. Then follow stupidity and unconsciousness, when poisonous effects result and may prove fatal.

Finally the chemistry of the body tries to get rid of the drug through the intestines, kidneys, lungs and skin.

A gas or vapor narcotic, like ether, chloroform or laughing gas, is partly taken up by the blood vessels of the lungs, more or less changed, carried to the kidneys and passed out with the urine, the remainder being exhaled from the lungs with exhaled air.

A liquid narcotic, like alcohol, is eliminated chiefly by the lungs and kidneys, part of it stimulating the liver and being absorbed by it, and part being absorbed by other organs.

A solid narcotic, like opium, undergoes various chemical changes, is absorbed by the blood and eliminated by the kidneys. There are six classes of narcotic drugs which it is worth while to remember, typical representatives of these classes being: alcohol, opium, cocaine, Indian hemp, scopolamine, which is the same chemically as hyoscyne, is useful in surgical operations, and a few years ago was much exploited in obstetrical cases producing the so called "twilight sleep."

Ether is most used as a general anaesthetic, and belongs to the class of narcotics which volatilize at ordinary temperatures and are of great value in surgical work. It is not infrequently used for its intoxicating effects; and because it may produce serious results, it should not be trifled with nor used by those who are unfamiliar with its possibilities.