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

### WAR SAVINGS STAMPS CAMPAIGN

The war savings stamps campaign workers despair of raising their quota in Salem. Many other interior towns of the coast are meeting with similar discouragement. While it is true that there may be some pro-Germans and some tight-wads who never do their share in any public cause in this community and in every other community we believe that most of the people are responding to the best of their ability. The drives for the third liberty loan, Red Cross and war savings stamps succeeded each other in quick succession. And all the time thousands of dollars worth of thrift stamps were being sold by the school children. Such towns as Salem have no war income, it is all outgo, and many people who are paying their various subscriptions in installments feel that they have all the payments coming along they will be able to meet with the incomes they possess. That is the hardest deal the campaigners are up against now. They find not so much unwillingness but inability to subscribe and make good when pay day comes. This situation in all interior points of western Oregon calls for due consideration on part of the state managers when future drives and future quotas are considered.

We would like to see Salem raise its full quota—every good, patriotic citizen will be disappointed if failure marks the campaign. Every real American is working hard for success, because the war savings idea is a splendid one. It helps provide money for the war and at the same time inculcates the principle of saving in time of prosperity. This was the plan worked out by Secretary McAdoo and his assistants all the way through in financing the war. People are working for higher wages and selling everything they produce higher than ever before. Money is plentiful and changing hands rapidly—but some time the war will end and an era of readjustment, lower wages and lower prices will come. The plan of selling liberty bonds in small denominations and thrift and war savings stamps was to induce the people of all classes to lay up some of the money they were making against the inevitable re-acton that is bound to ensue. It was a scheme for preparing for peace in the midst of war—and it has proven a splendid success. The government is raising the money promptly with which to carry on the war, and the people saving in bonds and stamps many times more than they ever did before.

We hope Salem will raise its quota because the more stamps our people buy the better they will be prepared for future developments, whatever they may be, and because the government needs the money, and so far as our people have the power to do so they ought to subscribe it willingly.

### JUST FOUR YEARS AGO

Four years ago yesterday Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne was assassinated by Servian fanatics. In revenge for this crime, Austro-Hungary tried to make a vassal state of Servia, and thus gave to the German militarists an opportunity to bring about the world conflict which they had long been planning for the time when they could be sure of the dual monarchy's support as an active and willing ally, says J. W. T. Mason, United Press European expert.

This was the cause of the war. On the fourth anniversary of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's murder, the German militarists are gathering together in anxious conclave because the German government has been compelled to declare to the reichstag that peace cannot be won on the battlefield. It has required three years and eleven months of fighting to extort this confession from Germany. The vast dreams of Pan-German ambitions that made international outlaws of the Hohenzollern warriors cannot be realized by force of arms.

The German military machine that was ready for instant brigandage on assassination of Franz Ferdinand is no longer able to keep up its bold front of assured victory. The machine has failed. Von Kuehlmann, the third foreign minister whom Germany has called to subservient

office under the militarists during these last four years, has declined to conceal any longer from the German people the fatal defect of the machine which is so relentless in its futile sacrifice of German manpower.

The four years from Franz Ferdinand to Von Kuehlmann mark the shattering of the Hohenzollern ambition to rule the world by force of arms. There probably will be further painful efforts by Von Hindenburg to rehabilitate the reputation of the German army. They will be in vain.

Von Kuehlmann's words are ringing throughout Germany not to be forgotten. They soon will be ringing in the ears of the soldiers, who will then know that in every future German offensive they are dying in vain for victory.

Four years after Ferdinand's death disquiet has gripped Germany. Demoralization is the next condition the kaiser must face unless he publicly abandons the worship of militarism.

### SPIRIT OF UNITY AND SACRIFICE

Many incidents are happening to prove to the nation that the people of America are willing to forego personal pleasures for the success of the war. This fact was illustrated the other day, when the central war auxiliary committees of the women of Portland representing about twenty-five organizations, passed resolutions that they would put a ban on kid gloves as long as the government needed leather to use in the war. Such a spirit as this can only be commended. It is the result of a vision that many far-sighted and imaginative people have grasped, and which should be a lesson to those puny souls who cannot look beyond the fence of their own personal desires. In any group or class the success or attainment of the aims of that group or class always depends upon the extent the individual members forget their individuality in the bigger and broader idea of the whole. They must think of the group as a unit and must conserve and apply their energy not for any small part, but for the good of all. The nation is a typical group which must follow the general sociological rules of any group in order to advance to the highest step of the ladder of civilization. If we want our nation to succeed in her present struggle we must each not only be willing, when forced by some compulsory rule to eliminate personal and selfish pleasures, but we must be keen and alert enough to anticipate these needs and to initiate means to supply them before forced to do so.

Father Arthur Lane, Catholic priest at Albany, has taken off his robes and is preparing to don the uniform of a soldier. He is well over the service age limit but has entered the University of Oregon training school to fit himself for an officer in the army. He says the most important christian duty just now is that of killing Huns and that he is going to do his share if given the opportunity. Rev. Arthur Lane is a grandson of General Joseph Lane, Oregon's first-governor and senator and a famous cavalry leader in the Mexican war. He was a cousin of the late Senator Harry Lane. One uncle, Colonel John Lane, fought through the Civil war on the Confederate side. The Lanes have always been full-blooded Americans although in the Civil war some of them were on the Southern side.

German newspapers say Hindenburg is going to strike the allies a surprise blow. To advertise an intended surprise is a new idea—and the news should be taken with several grains of salt.

The allies are all taking a swat at the Hun nowadays. No sooner did the Italian and Americans let up a little than the French and British got busy. They give him a hard, swift one yesterday morning.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### THE HARVEST

The wheat will soon be ready, throughout the golden west for workers strong and steady to come and do their best; the long green fields are turning to yellow, in the sun, and, viewing them, we're learning how we shall can the Hun. The wide, wide fields are golden, as grateful to the eyes, as in the ages olden was manna from the skies. For wheat means more than giving a pampered people bread; it's triumph for the living, and vengeance for the dead. The wheat from all these regions where reapers soon will sing, will feed our fighting legions, and balk the kultur king. Oh, worker come rejoicing, and bind the golden sheaves, a song of gladness voicing, and not as one who grieves. Oh, toiler, tread the stubble, like victor proud and strong, nor think the task a trouble because the hours are long. As much as men with sabres, you fight the Teuton knaves, so blithely face your labors, and not like gallery slaves. So to the wheat fields journey as gay as knights of old, who hastened to the tourney on fields of cloth of gold. With courage of the stoic, into the harvest prance; there's nothing more heroic on all the fields of France.



WALT MASON

## The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

### THE CHRISTENING.

#### CHAPTER CXVII.

Little Helen was to be christened. I was more excited than was Evelyn. I had insisted upon giving her the christening robe and cap. What an exciting time I had buying it. I am sure I wore out the patience of more than one shop girl before I found one to suit me. Evelyn went into raptures over it; and really it was lovely.

George was out of town the day the baby was christened. I was so sorry because to my surprise he had consented to go to the christening. But nothing could dampen my excited happiness. It was almost like having a baby of my own. I told Evelyn. To have one named after me, to be god-mother.

The baby behaved beautifully, she never made a sound; just squirmed a little and puckered up her nose in funny little wrinkles when the clergyman put the water on her little head. I almost laughed to see how cute she looked making a face at the clergyman.

We had refreshments afterward. Just the families and me. Mrs. Reeves, Kurtz's mother, was lovely. She seemed to forget all her coldness, and just mothered Evelyn and the baby as if she were Evelyn's own mother.

I said something of the sort to Evelyn when we were alone and she replied: "I am sorry I ever said the things about her I did. Yet I always tried to do nothing to displease her. But I didn't know her, I guess. I don't TRY to know her. She is simply wonderful, and so lovely to me. It was only that I wasn't used to her dignified ways so different from the women in the little town I came from."

"I guess that's the way with a lot of people, we don't try to know them," I said slowly, thinking that perhaps I didn't know George even yet.

#### A Good Influence

Talking with Evelyn about her mother-in-law, had been a good thing for me. I mean it helped me. I thought of how stiff and formal I had thought her, how unapproachable. Here she was acting just like any other mother, yet always the delicately refined woman; the dignified society woman, but the mother; the woman with a heart as well. Perhaps in a sort of man-fashion was something like her. I had not found my way down where he lived. I only judged him by his outside, and I complained him for his outside, not a single life was. No matter how hard we tried, there seemed always misunderstandings and heartaches.

Upon his return George seemed pleased to hear all about the christening. When I confessed that I had been horribly extravagant in buying the robe he smiled and said: "I guess I can stand the strain," He was always like that about money matters. He indulged me in anything I wanted to do. Now as I look back across the years, I realize that I was not at all extravagant. That my ideas of the small town girl whose parents were in moderate circumstances. That had I spent far more than I did it would not have been at all out of place because George expected me to spend enough money to keep up his social position in every way. But often I apologized for my bills, although he never had criticized them.

#### A Gay Winter.

We were very gay at that time. But I scarcely let a day pass that I did not see my little namesake. It was usually in the morning. My afternoons were all occupied. Dress-makers, receptions, dinners, balls, kept me too busy to think. Then there was my music, that I would not neglect. It was the one thing in which I absolutely pleased George. He never had done anything but praise me, and was, I knew, proud of my talent. Had I not loved music as I did, I still should have kept up my practice for his sake; for the happiness I had because I could interest and please him.

Sometimes when we were going out to dinner he would come home early and before we dressed we would go into the music room and without any light I would play for him for an hour. He said it rested him more than anything else to sit in the dark and listen to my music.

At all the affairs we attended Julia Collins and Madge Loring were always in evidence. Julia grew more daring in her remarks to George, took less pains to dissemble before me. He seemed absolutely obvious that she was doing anything at all out of the way; anything to which I could object.

After a particularly obnoxious remark I said to him: "I wonder what Mrs. Collins would think if her husband were alive and I said such a thing to her?"

"What has her husband been alive got to do with it?"

"Nothing much! Only it seems rather more—we'll say impolite to insult a wife when a husband is with her."

"Nonsense. You are always imagining things, Julia didn't mean a thing. She knows me so well she thinks she can say what she pleases."

"But she doesn't know me so well, and the remark was to me."

"For heaven's sake, Helen, do stop your fault-finding. It is a most disagreeable habit," George exclaimed impatiently, then went directly back to Mrs. Collins and commenced to chat and laugh with her.

(Monday—The Ways of Society)

## Open Forum

### GERMAN BAKERIES.

Gates, Or., June 27, 1918.

To the Daily Capital Journal:

A few days ago returning from Portland via S. P. R. R. looking out of the window just a short distance north of the Salem depot I saw a conspicuous sign "Germany Bakery," on the whole front of a building. I thought to myself "am I traveling in Germany or am I dreaming?" Is this sign still there?

There are more of them by the same name in Salem or Marion county. If this sign is not whitewashed over pretty soon I'll play Carry Nation, not with a hatchet but with a pot of black tar.

One more grievance: The German bakeries are allowed 60 per cent wheat flour and the good mothers at home get none. We pay 11 cents for a five cent loaf of bread and are asked to save and buy W. S. S. The bakeries don't have to save but take a long profit and buy bonds.

By permission of W. B. Ayers of Portland I am again selling flour and hope that the profits of the bakeries may go to buy W. S. S.

I am yours sincerely,

M. REINE.

### A CORRECTION

To the editor: In reporting the sale of war saving stamps in school district No. 134, Quinalby was given the credit. When it should have read Buena Crest school district No. 134. As district No. 134 extends 1 mile north of Hopmore and 1 mile south of Quinalby and includes both places, in justice to residents of Hopmore we wish to state that they showed their loyalty and liberality in purchasing W. S. S. as much as any other part of the district.

Buena Crest's quota was \$5000, but it's citizens subscribed \$7085 going over the top \$2085 and we wish to state further, our quota was subscribed before 10 o'clock Monday morning, June 24th.

—J. C. McFARLANE,  
Chairman W. S. S. Com., Buena Crest S. D. No. 134.

### Gates News

(Capital Journal Special Service.)

Gates, Ore., June 29.—Haying is on for early hay.

Strawberry crop about all harvested; cherries coming on with an abundant crop.

Gardens dry, a good rain would help all truck just now.

The Harab Grange is planning on a Fourth of July picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson returned to their home at Redne after a few days visit in Gates.

Mrs. M. Morsey went to Portland this week, for a few days.

Mrs. Hunt is packing her goods to ship to Colorado where she expects to go in a short time.

Floyd Random has been on the sick

## OUR DAILY STORY

### STERPLEUNDUM

While shooting hyattines in the Gim-jax forests, Norman Bumpstead accidentally discovered the healing properties of the root of the sterile tree—its marvelous curative effects, when applied to cuts and scratches, balding scraps, overly red noses, creaking joints, colicky babies, etc.

"At last I shall be a rich man!" thought Norman Bumpstead (he was then 102 years old, going on 103).

And he took home carloads of sterile tree roots and concocted a medicine which he called sterpleundum. Leading medical men and scientists all over the world, to whom he sent samples, were unreserved in their praises, and gave Bumpstead full permission to use their names in advertising matter. Within three months a million billboards blazed with announcements like the following:

"Sterpleundum is nature's own remedy. It is infallible."—Dr. Rufus Openor, president of the Rockemore Research College.

"If Sterpleundum won't cure you, it is your own fault."—Prof. Bostock Hides, president of the Amalgamated Scientific Societies of the World.

Norman Bumpstead sat back and waited for orders to pour in. But they didn't pour. Four months passed without an order. Bumpstead was just about to declare himself bankrupt, when, as a last desperate chance, he inserted the following ad in 1000 newspapers: "Use Sterpleundum to brighten my teeth and polish my shoes, and I give it to my little dog to make him happy. It is just curing."—Flossie Aosscuris, star of a hoosand moving pictures.

In two weeks Norman Bumpstead was to the papers protesting against the in-so-rich that he started writing letters come tax.

list for a week.

Miss Edith French returned to her home at San Francisco after visiting at her mother's home for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hofflich motored to Stayton, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McDonald motored to Seio Saturday, returning Sunday evening.

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THE CAPITAL JOURNAL PHONE 81

## YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

### Falling Of The Stomach.

I have been asked to write an article on gastroptosis, or falling of the stomach—what it means, and what are some of its symptoms.

The stomach is very movable, being in the upper part of the abdominal cavity, extending from right to left and held in place by the food tube or gullet, and by loose bands or ligaments attached to the diaphragm, to the liver on the right, and the spleen on the left.

Though so loosely held, it is in motion most of the time, particularly when food is churned about in it, and undergoing digestion.

The tissues of the stomach and its ligaments stretch easily and, lacking the resiliency of an elastic tissue, they do not return to their normal boundaries after a certain number of stretchings.

The stomach of a full grown adult holds one to three pints, and you can imagine how much it is distended and overtaxed by those who eat and drink to excess.

It is not unusual for gazillions of beer, wine, whiskey, gin, etc., to drink several quarts at a sitting, and for those who are intemperate in eating, to eat far more than the proper capacity of the stomach.

The kidneys and intestines do their best to relieve such slanders, but all these organs are sooner or later involved in the penalties of over-eating and drinking.

Continued abuse of the stomach most ultimately result in persistent dilatation, the organ loses its natural shape, constant fermentation and gas formation balloon it into a great bag, and it encroaches upon neighboring organs and causes unlimited discomfort.

From dilatation to relaxation of the loose supporting bands of the stomach, is but a step.

When the bands begin to give way, there is nothing to bring them back to their normal state. The more they are pulled, the more they stretch, and the less able they become to sustain the over-distended and over-weighted stomach.

Then the latter drops, sometimes horizontally and sometimes

how or stern first, the intestines can offer little resistance, and in time the stomach distends and drops until it reaches the pelvis.

Others who suffer with falling of the stomach are the people of lax fiber, who have little muscular strength to begin with, and who have been overpowered by hard work or improper food.

Included in this group, are hard-working women burdened with the care of families among the poor and neglected.

Only recently has this condition been accurately recognized, only recently have the stomach and its disorders formed a group of diseases for careful investigation.

The X-ray and abdominal surgery have illuminated the subject, and though we are far from getting ideal results in the treatment of many stomach diseases, we have certainly made great gains and will gain much more.

Some of the symptoms of falling of the stomach are general discomfort, want of ambition for ordinary duties, constipation and poor nutrition.

The treatment may be medical, surgical, or instrumental.

If the abdomen is opened, a reparative operation can sometimes be successfully done.

Many cases, however, are much relieved by a properly adjusted belt, and this should be tried in preference to an operation, when possible.

### Questions and Answers

J. K.—Am weak and not able to do my housework well. Get very short of breath and my heart beats rapidly. I feel better when I can lie down and take a rest. Please tell me what is wrong with me.

Answer—My opinion would be that you are trying to carry a bigger load than you are able to carry. If you could get a rest for a few weeks, having somebody do your work for you, and just play and sleep for a time, I think you will get a new start. I should be glad to hear if you are able to do this.

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HERE.  
THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL  
AT THE BANK

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