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

### THE GOVERNOR AT THE HELM

Management of the state penitentiary causes more grief than all the other state institutions put together. Why is it?

If it isn't trouble over mismanagement of the flax, it is trouble over the handling of wood contracts, or something else.

Governor Withycombe said he wanted something for the convicts to do, so the state board of control entered into two woodcutting contracts. The convicts were to cut and deliver the wood needed for the state hospital for the insane. The hospital depended on this fuel.

After piddling along all winter and spring and early summer on one of the contracts, the convict crew was hopelessly behind and the prison management appeared helpless to improve the situation. So in order to protect his institution from a fuel shortage the coming winter Superintendent Steiner was obliged to buy with state funds a new auto truck and trailer and get busy delivering the wood to the state hospital.

On top of this failure, Governor Withycombe announced that he did not have any convicts on hand to cut the wood included in the second contract, so the state will fail to realize on that business deal, which was made especially at the request of the chief executive.

Governor Withycombe has exclusive control of the penitentiary.

The doubling of wages in many occupations such as ship building has had its effect on the farms and will have a still greater one as the days pass. The extra wages have drawn labor from the farms and the latter are left with the alternative of either meeting the wage increase, or losing their help entirely. This will of course add to the cost of living and if the policy of the last year is followed this will cause another increase in wages and this will again cause an advance in the price of all foodstuffs. The outcome will be that some arrangement will have to be made for supplying labor to the farmers, or all of us will go hungry. The unreasonable wages paid in the shipyards and other munitions works, frequently for an inferior quality of work, is also injuriously affecting all legitimate lines of industry which cannot meet the unfair competition. The time must come when union labor will be told that it must work honestly for a fair compensation, or fight in the trenches for \$30 a month like millions of real Americans are doing now.

Events are moving swiftly in Russia. The German government and the bolsheviki have broken and a counter revolution has begun. How formidable the latter may be is not yet even guessable. Its leaders are not known nor are the elements behind it. It is indicative of the German way of doing things that the allies are openly accused of having put up the job of assassinating the German ambassador. The German officials know how they would have dealt with the situation, and imagine civilized people are guilty of cowardly murder, because that is the favorite Prussian weapon.

The New York Evening Mail and Express was a very vindictive anti-administration newspaper--almost as uncompromising and unfair in its attacks on the government as the Oregonian and other leading g. o. p. papers. It turns out, however, that the Mail and Express had a valid reason for its course, since it was bought and paid for with money furnished by Count Von Bernstorff.

Half a million American soldiers in the trenches by August first sounds good, though not having that effect on Hindenburg. If the latter expects to get away with that long promised offensive he should get busy soon, for with 40,000 Americans added to the forces against him every week, delay is surely dangerous.

German propaganda runs up against the real thing when it undertakes to persuade or deceive nihilism. Two kinds of anarchy cannot occupy the same country at the same time, if opposed to each other.

### AMERICA'S PLATINUM FIELD

Platinum is said to be indispensable in the making of munitions, and as Russia has been the main source of supply, the stock available is low. The southern tier of counties of this state and the northern one of California is about the only place in the United States in which platinum is found. Most of the metal from this source is a by-product of the placer mines, and owing to its extreme fineness it is difficult to save it. Heretofore no platinum has been found, in places, at least, in quantities that would ferred to is undeniable, since that found in the black sands has come from the disintegration of the country rocks. It would be money well spent if the government would send a few practical mineralogists through that section, to "prospect the prospect holes." That section has been pretty well examined by pocket hunters and there are thousands of prospect holes that could be easily examined and that might lead to the discovery of platinum in place, that is, in the quartz or country rock. Most of the pocket miners are not skilled in the minerals and what they look for is gold. They do not bother about anything else. It would cost but little to have this promising field intelligently examined, and if it resulted in the finding of platinum in place it would repay a million times the cost. A few thousand dollars would do it, and "thousands" these days are scarcely worth keeping track of.

The strike of President Kerr of the O. A. C. for increased wages is not yet settled. The governor and the rest of the board of regents stood for the bluff and voted the increase, but the striker, Kerr, has not had the nerve in the face of publicity to draw the increase in his salary. He is apparently afraid of public opinion, and the same feeling seems to prevent the governor building that \$10,000 mansion on the O. A. C. campus for the use and benefit of the striking president. If the salary increase was "straight goods" why does not the super-Kerr draw it? If the new mansion is not built is its delay also caused by knowledge that it too was a piece of crooked work?

Lovers of Mark Twain's writings are objecting to a book being foisted on the public as written by him since he joined the silent majority, he writing with the aid of a spiritual medium. It is strange that some people can be induced to swallow this kind of trash, but they do. The poet Saxe commenting on this writing from the other world suggested:

"Show not in halting prose and splay foot verse  
The spirit's progress is from bad to worse.  
Give us some token of your heavenly birth--  
Write as good English as you wrote on earth."

Marion county will get but little road work done through the highway commission this year. "A New Kicker" in Monday's Capital Journal suggests that it is possible Marion county is to be punished for not voting for the bonds, and wonders whether the commission or the governor is to blame. It may be noted in this regard that the county did not give its vote to the governor at the recent primaries.

When Prussianism runs up against nihilism the civilized world stands back and realizes that each has met its equal. The only difference between them is as to the style of the murders committed.

The Italians on the Piave, and the allies on the western front keep nibbling at the enemy's lines and on both fronts are making considerable gains. They will take large bites before long.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

**UNDERSTANDING US**  
They held the theory everywhere--a theory uninviting--that gold is all for which we care, for which we'd do our fighting. "They're money grubbers, one and all," the nations cried, in anguish; "we have our backs against the wall, and still in sloth they languish. Still, still they chase the buck and bone, to strain of Yankee Doodle; they hear the stricken peoples groan, and gather in more boodle." But now they see our legions rush across the rolling breakers, and not to gather in some cash or annex foreign acres. They see our men go forth to fight where demolition rages, to plant the standard of the right where it may stand for ages. Across the mined and ambushed sea, thousand leagues of water, we go that nations may be free, that tyranny may totter. The wealth for which we planned and toiled in times of peace, is helping to see the war lord's program spoiled, and set his cohorts yelping. And now they see us as we are; we're slow to wrath, but, (thunder!) When roused we rip things all ajar and tear the map asunder. They see us standing up for right without a thought of profit; they'll see us carry on the fight until there's ice in Tophet.



WALT MASON

### The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

#### A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

I couldn't believe what George had told me--believe that I had heard aright. If I had, then my reasoning had been all wrong; Julia Collins had been all wrong.

"Do you mean what you said, George?" I asked, as I snuggled in his arms.

"Of course I do!" he smiled his answer. "What should I do with my money, my business, if we had no children to inherit it? Nice old Darby and Joan we would be, with no young things around to keep us from getting to be a couple of old cranks--I am to blame," he added, after a minute. "I don't know why, but in some way I have made you afraid of me--afraid to trust me."

"It was because you so often seemed displeased with me--so often cross, and impatient because I was different from your friends. Then you said you wanted to make me over. I tried to let you--tried to be as near like them as I could. I failed, I know, but I tried."

"Dear, I never wanted you to be like them, say in the things that would give you pain--would help you in holding your own in society. I have often been very proud when you did so." I remembered the look that I had seen upon his face and could not account for it. It had seemed like a certain prideful look, but I was never sure.

"Why didn't you tell me, when I pleased you? You always told me when I angered or annoyed you."

"George confesses his fault."

"I am sorry, Helen," he replied seriously, "very sorry. I thought that you knew me well enough to see when I was pleased. My only excuse is that I have done always what I thought right. I am a peculiar man, in some respects. A hard man, I expect," he smiled softened the words, yet I knew they were true. "I have little patience with inefficiency in any one. But now we understand each other better," he said, as he put me back among my pillows. "And after this, we will talk things over together."

I did not say so, but I recalled the time that I tried to talk things over with him. I saw Mrs. Sexton had advised him, and how he had flung from me in anger. But I had felt, then, that I was tactless. I must try to learn to wait until a time when I could talk without annoying him.

We talked a little more, then George called the nurse and left me. I had not been so happy since the day I promised to marry him. I felt so relieved; so glad that he wasn't cold and hard-hearted as Julia Collins had made me think. I didn't flatter myself that he would be changed in every respect; he had said he was "a hard man"; but never again would I let another woman--especially Julia Collins--make me so miserable.

It may seem strange that I was happy in spite of the fact that George had not refuted a single statement I had made when I spoke of his neglect--of his desire to be with Julia Collins--and the other things of which I complained; but I had lived with him long enough to know that what he had said--that little--meant more than much protesting would have meant from another man.

I improved rapidly, and was soon as well as ever. Mother had only been able to remain until I could get up. Father was not well, and she had to return to him and the boys. Oh, how I hated to see her go! I knew her loving heart had been torn by what I had said in my first sickness--that she was uneasy and unhappy about me. So I had told her as much of the conversation between George and me as I thought necessary to quiet her fears. If I exaggerated some of the things he said, I felt I would be forgiven, because I did it so that she might not worry.

**A Happy Convalescence.**

I was almost sorry when I was able to go out, once more--to take up my social duties again. George had been so uniformly kind, although, as I got stronger, he went out a good deal. But he never failed to come home, first and to see that I was comfortable. And except a few times, he did not remain out late. He kept me almost smothered in flowers, and as soon as I was able to ride, he came home early every afternoon and took me for a spin out into the country.

Sometimes we went alone, then, again he would stop and get Evelyn Reeves and my little namesake--who had grown amazingly and was a lovely little roly-poly thing, good-natured, and so cunning. Sometimes he would call for Mrs. Sexton, and she would go with us. I had confessed how I had hated her, at first, and how much I thought of her now. George had laughed at my confession and had remarked:

"It will be like that with many things, Helen. Sometimes little girls don't know what is good for them, and they have to learn it by experience."

Once to go with us. We met him in the street. He said he was on his way to inquire for me, and George invited him to make his call in the car. Merton had been most thoughtful, sending me flowers and an occasional message. In fact, everyone had been more than kind in that way, even Julia Collins.

(Tomorrow--A Short Trip With George)

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### Company M Boys Are Anxious for Mail

All of us sure do watch for the mail and are so disappointed when we do not get a letter."

This is the story of almost every soldier in France writing to his home folks in Oregon. They want letters and then more letters and very few realize how much good it does when the soldier boy gets a letter from home.

Private Elmer S. Olson of Company M, 162d Infantry, writing to his folks living on rural route 6, begins his letter as above. He writes probably from Nevers, on the Loire river, as follows: "I am a good piece behind the firing line doing guard duty at one of the large warehouses. I am in a town of 50,000 and the post where I am stationed has a fine Y. M. C. A. If the people back home really knew what the Y. M. C. A. is doing, they would never regret a penny they have put into the cause."

I was a little sick a few days ago and the Fourth family across the street brought me some eggs and milk and some strawberries. They are awfully nice to us. The town I am in is on the Loire river and it is sure a pretty river. There is an old cathedral here built before Columbus discovered America. There is also a large museum which has a number of costly paintings and old things the Romans used. I am hoping to travel over France a great deal before I return as it is certainly a pretty and interesting country."

All the boys in Company M are well as far as I know. Some of them are attached on guard duty. On account of France having so many mountains, the railroad trains are much smaller than they are in the U. S., but they sure make good time and the little engines pull a big bunch of those small cars."

"You just can't realize how much good it does me as well as the other boys over here to get a letter from home."

### How War Transforms Little Old French Home

By Fred S. Ferguson

With the American Forces in Picardy June 18.--(By Mail).--A Little French sergeant came home to Picardy the other day to see the house where he was



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## YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

### Bright's Disease No. 1.

This term is commonly used for a variety of forms of inflammatory disease of the kidneys which were described about a hundred years ago by the English physician Richard Bright.

The proper term for kidney inflammation is nephritis which may be an acute disease lasting a few weeks and often ending in recovery, or becoming chronic with different types and varieties lasting a year or two and ending in more or less complete recovery, or else continuing twenty or thirty years with ups and downs, and finally proving fatal unless the patient is cut off by some other disease which has intervened.

Acute inflammation of the kidney happens to anybody, but more frequently to those who are young and they usually get over it. In children it may be a sequel of scarlet fever, or some other disease, or it may come to old or young after any great strain or exposure.

Exposure of soldiers to the dampness and other hardships of the trenches, exposure in boats at sea after a ship has been sunk, exposure to cold and wet and fatigue in the woods and many other causes will bring on an attack of acute nephritis.

One who is thus attacked will have fever, pain, aching in the loins, the quantity of urine voided will be small, and it will contain albumen, blood and other substances which are not found in normal urine.

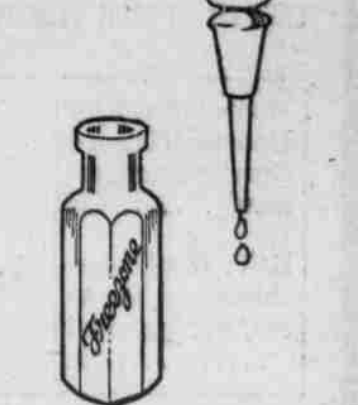
If he lies quietly in bed for a week or two, takes very little solid food and plenty of nourishing fluids, especially milk, the kidneys will gradually resume their ordinary work, none or very little of their structure being destroyed, and they may again become as sound as ever they were.

Not so, however, if the acute disease develops into the chronic, for

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born, where his father and mother, and his grandfather and grandmother lived.

At the big fireplace where his grandmother used to sit, he saw American officers, warming up from the evening chill. As he stood in the doorway he looked just to the right, and there were piles of sandbags in front of the entrance to the cellar. The floor of the house was about a foot higher than when he knew it. In every room unburnt trunks of trees a foot in diameter were sunk in the brick floor, and supported the ceiling. He went to the attic. More sandbags. Two great layers were piled evenly over the entire top floor. Then he looked about at strange objects in the corners. They were hairlocks, but so wrapped that he could not recognize them as first. Old pictures, woodcuts, old glass flower vases--everything that was dear to him and to his father--his mother had been carefully put away.

The little sergeant smiled. Being a soldier he knew what all the sandbags the raising of the floor, and the supports meant. The house had been made as safe as possible from shell fire. It is just a little house of four rooms in a village that is now under the fire of the German guns. The sergeant's people fled when the Jocher thrust forward and captured Montdidier. He had been fighting in another sector, and obtained permission to visit his home to see how things at home were, with none of the family to look after them. When he left to return to his regiment he was happy as happy as a man can be when war has forced his father and mother to flee from the dreary place to them on earth.

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Dr. Currier will only answer suitable, signed letters accompanied with stamped and addressed envelope. As the correspondence is very large, letters must in no case exceed fifty words and must be on matters which are of general interest. The physician is to educate and inform the reader and not to take the place of the physician. For diagnosis and prescriptions, you should consult your family physician. Dr. Currier may be addressed in care of this newspaper.

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