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

THEY WILL NOT "GET" THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.

The Oregonian takes an opportunity to criticize the Capital Journal for condemning the pernicious activities of union labor leaders in the various war plants of the country.

Chas. M. Schwab condemns these same labor leaders in severe language—and the Oregonian indorses and praises him.

The reason for this wide difference in the treatment of the same subject is undoubtedly the desire of the Oregonian to assist the men who want to "get" the Capital Journal. It has been cutting into its field very materially in the Willamette valley.

As a matter of fact the Capital Journal gave the union printers the following commendatory editorial mention on July 8th:

"The International Typographical Union has issued a statement which puts that organization in a class by itself among the unionized trades. It shows that there has been but one strike of printers since the war began and that every effort has been made to adjust wages harmoniously between printers and publishers on a basis that will simply take care of the increased cost of living due to war prices. In all cases but one this matter has been adjusted to the mutual satisfaction of employees and employer, a reasonable bonus being agreed upon in many instances to continue during the war only, without making any permanent raise in the scale of wages. The pressman's union also has adopted a similar policy, realizing the predicament in which the war has placed newspaper publishers and the necessity for pulling together in a time of national peril."

The contention that the strike was an individual walk-out is of course ridiculous. The editorial in question was printed July 8th, and the decision to walk out was not made until Sunday, July 13th, after an all-afternoon session in which State Printer Lawrence and Sefton, a henchman of the governor, also employed by the state printing plant, were the principal spokesmen. No notice of the decision was given the publisher before or after it was reached and apparently every effort was made to keep it from him in order to cripple or close the plant entirely. What would the Oregonian say if all its printers quit at once, without notice, because of some editorial expression? Would it still maintain in the philosophical view of individual right with their men under contract as a union organization to keep its plant running? The position of the Oregonian is dirty because, if it were in the position of the Capital Journal, it would expect to receive and should receive, the support of every honest newspaper.

The leaders in the movement knew their action was illegal and in violation of their contract to protect the plant; they knew that the absence of a written contract was not material with a union plant like the Capital Journal is, and always has been. The conduct of the ringleaders, therefore, in this very instance, in their plot to injure an employer who had always treated them fair, paid their scale and respected their rules and regulations, justified any criticism which this or any other paper may have made regarding their methods.

If they merely resented the editorial and wished to work elsewhere as individuals there was a proper and legitimate way to quit without difficulty. But the movement to tie up the paper was not started by those who were working in the plant—it was a plot of state employees, practically all of whom are holding their jobs by appointment of some politician and not because of competency. The taxpayers of the state pay the bill. Two of the employees of the Capital Journal—as a reward for walking out—were given jobs in the state printing plant—at the expense of the taxpayers. Therefore, can you guess who is back of the fight to destroy the Capital Journal, in which there is influence enough to interest the Oregonian?

The editorial quoted, requited and misquoted so frequently was only an excuse to work on in order to close the mouth of the Capital Journal—or compel it always to say the things that were agreeable to certain persons.

The long abusive bunch of lies mis-statements and misinformation printed as resolutions of the printers' union over the name of one Sefton of the state printing office is not worthy of attention.

It would amuse the people of Eugene, Boise and Roseburg to read that the publisher of this paper was "run out" of those cities. It would be especially interesting down the road at Eugene where Mr. Fisher is president of the Eugene Daily Guard, the principal newspaper there, at the present time. As to residence in Pendleton, referred to in this same article, we have never been there except to attend two different sessions of the State Editorial Association, and as we managed to do nothing that brought us into the clutches of the city police, we cannot quite understand what the reference to our having lived there means.

As a matter of fact the publisher of the Capital Journal has always conducted union shops, has a reputation for fairness to labor and the fact that employees generally remain with him for years at a time.

But the Capital Journal says what it thinks right to say at any time—and that policy has displeased certain people, while it has pleased the public in general mightily. Nearly 5000 subscribers take the Capital Journal daily, which means that it has 25,000 regular readers. It is becoming a power, a very dangerous instrument to persons who are not overly anxious always to have the truth told. It must be wrecked as a business proposition—or placed in a position where it will be afraid to be independent and fearless.

The printers in this case were used as instruments by men who put up the dirty, secret conspiracy to wreck a newspaper.

On Sunday, the day the strike was secretly ordered, this fellow Sefton remarked to a friend of the Capital Journal:

"We're going to get Fisher this afternoon, all right!"
Well, they haven't "got" Fisher yet—and they are not going to "get" him. They may make trouble and expense for him—but they are a long, long way from getting him, because this is not the first time he has fought crooks (and by "crooks" we don't refer to the printers) and they have never "got" him yet.

The Capital Journal will be printed, sometimes it may be abbreviated or late, and they may even make it miss some issues.

But the people want the Capital Journal and they are going to stand back of it and see that it whips the fellows that are trying to wreck it. In a fight of this kind there is never any doubt of the outcome. The right will always win out.

Reports from the western front are to the effect that the orders of General Von Der Marwitz to his army show the German soldiers are losing their morale, and are openly refusing to obey orders. This may be true, and then again it may be a bit of German camouflage calculated to make the allies anticipate an easy victory in the expected new offensive. It is well enough to consider it the latter and be prepared for the stubbornest kind of fighting. If by chance this should not happen then the disappointment will not be keen.

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LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS
President American Society for Thrift



This is the time of the year when our schools are in the midst of their vacations, but the child's interest in thrift and patriotism should not be allowed to lag because the school room is closed. The boys and girls of America have shown themselves worthy patriots, and one can view their loyal activities in the present war with a feeling that the future America will be safe in the hands of our children and that the glorious traditions of the Great Republic will suffer nothing as the younger generations come on to take their places in the affairs of national life.

Children at this season of the year are especially active in the cultivation of their war gardens, and we suggest that, with the guidance of the parent, Sunday school teacher or older companions, the significance of individual accomplishments be kept ever before them. Someone has pointed out that the government is winning this war by arithmetic. It is constantly a matter of figuring how many men, ships, guns, rounds of ammunition, tons of food and airplanes will be needed to defeat our enemies. We will win the war because of our preponderance of these essentials. When the child accomplishes an act of thrift, the parent can drive home a valuable lesson by pointing out the significance of this act—by having the child figure out what it will mean in tangible results if every one of the 30,000,000 school children in the United States accomplished the same thing. If the child earns \$3 a week and invests it in thrift stamps, how much will this amount to if the fund is duplicated by every other American boy and girl? Also, if the child earns, saves and invests \$2 a week until he is 16, then \$3 a week till he is 18 and then \$5 a week till he is 21, how much money will he have saved by the time he becomes of age? In connection with the garden work similar problems can be given which will impart lasting lessons in thrift. The parent should bear in mind that the present is a golden time for teaching thrift to the young. Never before in the history of America was there such an incentive to practice this virtue. This present summer should be taken advantage of to the fullest extent. While it is not likely that any great number of our boys and girls are now leading thrifty lives, it is quite likely that during the vacation period the significance of their thrift practices is not being emphasized as is the case during school days when our teachers are keeping these lessons constantly before them. It is an injustice to the child not to give him every possible opportunity to develop a thrifty character. If the long summer vacation in these matters is allowed to go by unimproved, the boy or girl will have lost certain values that never can be made up. Let there be no vacations in the school of American thrift.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

GEORGE IS PLEASED WITH HELEN

CHAPTER CXXXI.

We sat around the supper table until they commenced to dim the lights of the grill. Then we said good-night after accepting an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Babcock the following day.

"I want to talk a little business with your husband," Mr. Babcock said to me, "and I don't see why we can't talk before you and Mrs. Babcock. I never hesitate to discuss my affairs with her," he gave her a loving glance, "she is apt to be more often right, in her judgment, than I am. And you strike me as being the same kind of a little woman she was at your age."
"I am afraid you flatter me," I replied, as we broke up with gay good nights.
"Did you enjoy the evening?" George asked when we were alone?
"Very much," I said quietly. I had purposely waited for him to speak.
"I was very proud of you, tonight, Helen. You made a very good impression on Mr. Babcock and his wife. It is very unusual for them to invite business acquaintances to their home."
"Is Mrs. Collins a friend of theirs?" I had noticed she was not included in the invitation.
"No—she is a friend of the niece," Encouraged.

I asked no more questions and made no more comments. Had I done as I felt like doing, however, I should have thrown my arms around George's neck and told him how glad I was I had pleased him. But self-restraint was one of the lessons I had to learn—one I must learn if I were to come up to the mark set for me by my husband.

Way he had received my confession wavy he had received my confession about Julia Collins—her talk at the luncheon table. Then, too, he had acted really proud of me that night. He had not made it apparent, at least to me, as he had done before, that he had me with him on sufferance. He had introduced me in a way that told me, as well as it told those strangers, that he thought me worth while.

I was so happy I felt like dancing and singing; instead, I demurely prepared for bed, chatting with George of the proposed dinner. I could see he was flattered by the invitation, although he had said very little. I had no idea of the kind of a man Mr. Babcock was—no idea that he was one of the big men of the Windy City. They were so simple and plain, so nice to me, that I felt quite at ease at the thought of dining with them.

Before George left me in the morning he cautioned me to lie down, for a few minutes in the afternoon, so that I might be fresh for the dinner.
"If you need anything to wear, get it this morning," he said, laying a roll of bills on the dresser.
"I don't need a thing," I assured him.
"Well tuck the money away. You'll

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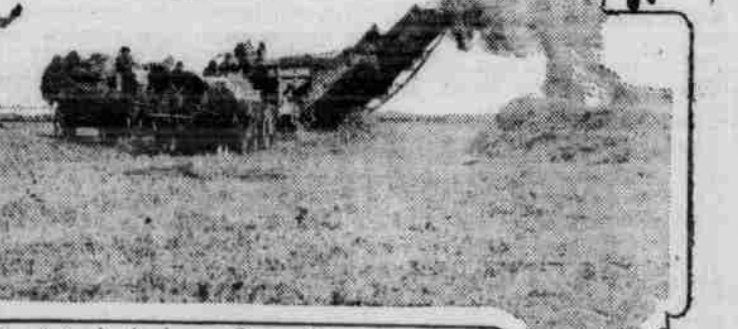
When we arrived at Mrs. Babcock's I was surprised. George had said nothing to prepare me for the elegance of their home, the perfection of their service. And yet, it was the simplicity of the host and hostess in their beautiful surroundings, that still impressed me most.

"We are so glad to have you," Mrs. Babcock said to me, as I removed my wraps. "We had a daughter who would have been just about your age, had she lived. Mr. Babcock said you reminded him of her, the moment he saw you. She was seventeen when she died."
"Oh, how sad!" I said, wanting to throw my arms about the mother, my eyes full of tears.
"Yes, at first it seemed we couldn't bear it. We could not, had we not had each other. But I had to be brave for my dear husband's sake and he for mine. You see, my dear, that even if we lost her, there was still much for us to live for."
"They love each other, and that is what made them brave," I thought as I followed my hostess downstairs. She had insisted upon going up with me, instead of turning me over to a maid.

The dinner was perfect and perfectly served, although there were not many courses. The silver and china were exquisite, and the napery the finest ever had seen. George was in his element. He loved luxury, luxurious surroundings. That is, if there was no trace of the common about them. Here all was so refined, in such perfect taste that there was a feeling of harmony about it all which one immediately felt and appreciated.

The business wags very lightly touched upon, during dinner. But as we finished, Mr. Babcock said:
"If the ladies do not object we will

ALL CANADA NOW REGISTERED FOR INTENSE WAR EFFORT



Threshing in Western Canada



Wheat Fields will yield more on account of increased acreage

Canada now has a National Registration system very similar to that of the United States. In order to know definitely whether the full industrial power of the country is really mobilized or not, and if the latter, to indicate where there is a weakness, June 22nd was set aside as "Registration Day" for the entire population of the Dominion above the age of sixteen. On that day, every man and woman in Canada of 16 or over were to be registered. There were thousands of registration bureaus. The information sought was what the registrants were doing to help the great cause at present, and what further they could do. The leading questions were—what farming qualifications did the man or woman possess, would he or she be prepared to quit his or her present occupation for more important national work, and would he or she help in farming? Women especially were questioned as to their home and domestic ties. Each man or woman, as they registered, received a card certificate, and can be challenged on the street or in fact anywhere to produce them. Neglect to register carries with it heavy penalties. Americans visiting Canada are not, however, subject to this law, provided they can show evidences of their citizenship. There is a large business and holiday travel backward and forward between the United States and Canada. To prevent any misunderstanding, the Canadian Government has issued an official statement that American visitors in Canada are not required to register so long as they can produce their citizenship papers. No passports are required to enter or leave Canada by subjects or citizens of any Allied country, and Americans are allowed to pass freely back and forth without any hindrance as at all times previously.

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HERE.
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AT THE BANK