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**THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL**  
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## THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

Our boys have done some hard fighting within the past two months but the battle so magnificently won yesterday was the first really big fight, as fights are counted in this war, in which they have engaged. All Americans knew the boys would give a good account of themselves, and would do all that it is possible for men to do, but even the most enthusiastic American scarcely realized the fineness of the metal in them. The German super-man has met his superior, and the beginning of the end is at hand. The splendid forward rush yesterday that carried everything before it and resulted in the capture of Soissons and 30,000 prisoners besides perhaps ten thousand more in the battles of the day before, and in the fighting along other parts of the front, is one of the notable events of the war. Of course this victory was not due to American efforts alone, for the gallant poilus stood shoulder to shoulder with them and chased the fleeing Huns with desperate energy. However it must be remembered that the presence and example of the Americans put new life, new hope and a new fighting spirit into the French, who for four desperate years have put up as gallant a fight as history records. It would be worth something to have been in Paris last night and to have experienced and lived the glad hours of a rejuvenated and rejoicing city. On this side of the ocean far from the scenes of war, the rejoicing is just as heartfelt if not so exuberant, and from one edge of the continent to the other every American heart beats more rapidly, and every eye is dimmed with tears from the depths wherein lie feelings too deep for other expression.

The victory is great, and its effects may be such that the end will be hastened. The German army is in a pocket from which it may find it difficult to extricate itself. A few miles further drive on the American front will endanger the lines of communication, over which the German armies receive their supplies and munitions, and if these lines are broken it will require heroic efforts for the Germans to save themselves. It looks very much as though they would have to fall back or risk capture or annihilation. Then, too, the moral effect on the German people once they learn of the magnitude of their defeat, and that the boasted drive of Hindenburg which was to give them victory and peace, has resulted only in the destruction or loss of thousands of the flower of the German army, is a factor that cannot be measured. The victory yesterday brings the end appreciably nearer.

The decisive day of the big battle is at hand. The Germans are rushing great bodies of reserves to assist in checking the Franco-American advance. That the drive may be checked is possible, but at the same time the drawing of any great number of reserves from the Rheims front may lead to a smash by the British that will jolt the Huns still harder. If the American-French drive is not checked by this last move, the German lines of communication will be in danger and another Sedan in its results may follow, with the Germans playing the former French role.

The Chautauqua will open its sessions Sunday evening. There will be this year more interesting features than usual and the Ellison-White people are deserving of commendation for making special efforts to give the people a better program than ever before. These Chautauqua sessions are educational as well as entertaining—a summer school for all the people at a price so reasonable that all may attend and receive its full benefits. We hope that this session may be even more successful than any in the past.

Along with the American boys taking the lead in France, the glad news comes today that the O. A. C. of Barred Rocks have taken the lead in the egg laying contest.

The Japanese are astonished at America's war preparations and at what has been accomplished. The Germans by the way have the same feeling about it.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### THE SURPRISE PARTY.

Said Kaiser Karl, "My soldiers bold, I know you're mighty hollow; I'm not surprised your feet are cold, since you've no grub to swallow. Our Austria is short of pies, it's stripped of kraut and bacon; there's not enough to draw the flies— it's bare and God forsaken. But Italy has food to burn, beyond those Alpine craters! The winnerurst for which you yearn, the prunes and sweet potatoes! You know how Kaiser Wilhelm went and swiped the Russian larder! Go, scale the Alps with fell intent, with glowing zeal and ardor! Italians are an easy mark, they'll all stampede together; get after them, and skies now dark will let in sunny weather." His soldiers took him at his word (the hint could not be broader), their famished loins began to gird, and started out for fodder. They thought to find a Russia there, disorganized and rattled, and they would strip the cupboard bare when for a day they'd battled. But Italy was on her toes, with lust for fight aqiver; she climbed all up and down the foes, and chased them in the river. Survivors of the hosts of Karl toil home, too sick to utter, to scrape again the empty bar'l, and hunt bones in the gutter.

Too bad the Oregonian editor is not in charge of the war department and boss of all munition and machine factories. Had he been, there would have been no delays in any line. He admits it himself. However, we seem to have a pretty respectable army of Yanks over here as it is.

Mrs. Spencer told the people of Oregon many ways to cook fish, but not one as to how to get them or to get the price reduced. Like all other substitutes the price is higher than the things for which they are substituted. The main thing in cooking a fish, is to get the fish as a starter.

Pershing's "roll of honor", when it gives a list of casualties for yesterday will be a much longer one than he has yet sent. This we must expect, after the fighting put up by the Americans, for it will not prove a bloodless victory.

Most Americans prefer to read the war news from France to themselves rather than out loud. A hesitancy lest the hearers might not understand the pronunciation of the French names makes one chary about giving the other fellow's ignorance away.

Much activity among the German fleet at Kiel is reported. It may be the Hun is going to try a dash for the open sea to see what he can do to add to his ruthless destruction of shipping and foodstuffs. It is safe to say that if he comes out with his fleet that he will not go back with all his ships.

The Willamette reached a very low stage here on account of the long dry season, but owing to the back water from the Columbia, it is not "down in the mouth" yet.

### The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

HELEN GIVES HER HOSTESS PLEASURE.

#### CHAPTER CXXIV.

We had a delightful trip home, George was so pleased at the success of his business deal, so pleased that Mr. and Mrs. Babcock had seemed attracted to me, that he was good natured self. And I was perfectly happy. For once I had really done something which met with his unqualified approval. I had not spoken of his going to the aid of Julia Collins, after that night. When we had reached our room, I had remarked: "I think you made yourself and me unnecessarily conspicuous by interfering with Mrs. Collins and her escort. I was terribly embarrassed."

"Not as much so as was poor Julia! How she happened to go out with that man, is beyond me. I expect she did not know his fondness for rum—champagne, rather."

"Well—I felt it was unnecessary for us to get mixed up in it."  
"Had you been in such a position, and any friend of mine had not done the same, I should have been very much annoyed with him," he had replied, still good naturedly.  
"How did she happen to be in Chicago when we were?" I asked, unable to say more about the restaurant affair because of what George had said.  
"She went a couple of days before we did, I believe. She is to remain some time longer, so she told me."  
ONE CAUSE OF UNHAPPINESS REMOVED.  
I was delighted that she was to be out of town for a while. I would be one less cause of unhappiness for me. I had told no one but Evelyn about the faux

### THE GAME CALLED BINGLE.

By Julia Wilbur Tompkins of The Vigilantes.

This is how you play it. The leader draws the next player aside and whispers rapidly in his ear: "Lord Kitchener was becoming an embarrassment to the British government!"

The second player runs to the third and whispers "Did you know that the British government had to get Lord Kitchener out of the way?"

Then the third player runs to the fourth: "It is known for a fact that it wasn't the Germans that blew up the ship carrying K. of K. The British government—"

Then all together in a loud whisper: "A man just back from the other side told me, so it MUST BE TRUE!"

This is Bingle, the favorite indoor sport of the hour, as played in England and this country.

German Bingle is more complicated, but far more exciting. It is being played to such an extent that everyone should know how it is done. One can scarcely go to an evening entertainment or drop in on a neighbor without finding the game in progress.

German Bingle is generally played for money, and the leader is always a German agent.

He begins by stopping over for a night or two in any loyal community. The initial play is made with a skill that is still a German secret, though America is now working on it night and day and expect soon to have it analyzed. After his play, he vanishes.

Then the chambermaid runs to the grocer's wife with the whisper that the soldiers in camp Buxton have mutilated and are being shot against a wall; and the elevator boy tells the traveling man that an American transport has been lost with all on board; and a leading citizen confides to the newspapers that our Red Cross nurses have been so mistreated by officers and men that a special hospital has been made necessary for them; and every player got his whisper from someone on the inside who got it straight from an intimate friend of a man in Washington who is in a position to know.

Any citizen or newspaper may continue the chain of players, but the mothers of soldiers and sailors are always IT. The leader who can make the mothers cry, all together—

"My boy is being starved—frozen—drowned—poisoned—executed—and I am not being told!"—gets the pot.

That is Grand Bingle.

Little Bingle is also popular. Start with a whisper about the food stored in Mr. Hoover's cellar, or the secret assembling of Japanese forces in Mexico or the misappropriation of Red Cross funds—any good lie will do—and the leader will win every time. Unless— one of the players cries, "Bingle!"

He must shout it the instant the whisper reaches him. Then the chain is broken, and the leader has to start all over again. If this happens too often, the leader will get discouraged and give up. In that case, German Bingle will die out of America.

WHY IS THIS GAME SO POPULAR? AND WHY DOES THE LEADER SO OFTEN WIN THE POT?

Because we like getting excited. It is more fun to repeat in an outstretched voice, "Did you know that soldiers in our cantonments must buy their food or starve to death?" than it is to yell, "Oh, Bingle!"

But there is such a lot to get excited about now; we can find all the thrills anybody needs in the plain truth. And every one of these whispers referred to as well as of ten thousand others, has been proved to be a whopping lie made in Germany.

Bingle agonizes the parents, harasses the government, worries the local citizen, keeps back enlistment, saps the energy out of service; it is like putting on the brake going uphill. We have given up bridge, we have let the tango die; why not stop Bingle for the period of the war?

THE ACID TEST.

By Wallace Irwin.

I am going to call him First Lieut. Williams, of the aviation corps, because that isn't his name and he desires more than anything else not to be advertised. His hair is perfectly gray, but he carries himself with military precision and obeys his superior officers as well as he himself was obeyed during those years when he was boss of many thousands of workmen in one of America's greatest

talking. If he were to be like this—like he had been ever since we came home—it would make life delightful. I must try harder than ever to please him—to be the perfect hostess, the well poised woman he would be proud to call and introduce, as his wife.

"Thank you, for the compliment George. I shall try to deserve it," I said quietly.

"You deserve a lot more than you get," he said rather brusquely. "But I am mighty proud of you at times." With that, he left the house without saying good bye. He did not come in until nearly eleven o'clock. But I had been as happy as could be, all the evening, and had kept busy planning just how I should entertain Mrs. Babcock if she decided to visit us. I hoped she would. I wanted the chance to show George that his growing confidence in me was not misplaced.

(Monday—A Bit of Gossip.)

## Musical Duo at Chautauqua



The Morrison-Smith Company, coming to Chautauqua on the third afternoon, is one of the most talented two-people companies on the platform. Alice Genevieve Smith is one of the country's foremost harpists, one who infuses the staging quality of tone into her playing, so rarely secured by players on this wonderful instrument. Mildred Morrison, pianist, soprano, soloist and reader, has been a prominent figure in the Lyceum and Chautauqua world for several years. As a reader she has attained unusual prominence.

public-service corporations. And this is how First Lieut. Williams, an old man, to be starting on his military career, is taking orders today and feeling like a young man again.

For about a month after President Wilson had offered America with its men and resources to the cause of freedom and democracy Mr. Williams sat at his desk in a tall skyscraper and envied the young fellows whom he saw flocking toward the service and joyfully he decided he had done enough sitting around, getting his ideas of war out of the papers.

"Charley," he said to his business partner one morning, "All your sons have gone into the service and you've done your share. But I haven't got any boys to offer to my country. Therefore it's up to me. I'm going to enlist."

"You can't enlist as a major general," laughed his partner, "and you're too old and too important to be a private."

"I'm neither," hotly replied Mr. Williams. "I'm going to war to fight and as long as I can beat half my office at tennis I'm not afraid of the physical examinations."

Mr. Williams' first experience at the recruiting stations, however, showed that his partner was right. After an army doctor had gotten through with him he went away feeling like a chronic invalid. However, he submitted himself to two or three minor surgical examinations, applied again, was rejected, went the rounds of army, navy, and marines, and at last found himself hopelessly outside the circle, where wealth and success count for nothing against the splendid claims of youth.

He went back to his desk, grinning sleepily when his partner was unkind enough to say, "I told you so!" But

two weeks later, when he appeared in the uniform of the aviation corps and showed the little silver bar on his shoulder, it was time for First Lieut. Williams to boast.

"I found they wanted experienced business men as ground officers to manage the flying camps," he explained. "They wouldn't take me as a private, so I decided to become an officer."

Ours is a true army of democracy—I know of a prosperous corporation lawyer who recently enlisted in the navy and found that the petty officer over him was one Sweeney, whom he had recently employed as chauffeur. The lawyer's wife decided to give her husband a reception on his first day of leave. But early on the appointed afternoon there came a ring at the telephone.

"This is Bob," came the voice of the beloved recruit, "I can't be home dear. I'm scrubbing the mess hall and Sweeney won't let me come."

Sweeney may never rise to the ward room; his ex-employer may command a ship before the war is over—or vice versa—depending on merit alone.

## YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

### Malarial Poisoning No. 1.

The old idea that malarial fever or malarial poisoning was due to bad air, has been exploded by the investigations of Laveran, Reed, Gorgas and others.

Malarial fever, when well marked, has chill, fever and sweating in succession every day, every second day, or every third day.

Besides, there may be attacks at irregular intervals or with only dull, unpleasant feelings, especially when the patient's resisting powers are good, or the poison mild.

Malarial poisoning is not due to bad air, but to infectious parasites, called plasmodia, in the blood stream.

They are introduced into the body by means of the bite of mosquitoes of the Anopheles variety, and attack and destroy the red corpuscles of the blood.

Laveran discovered them in 1882. Malarial fever is a tropical disease, but occurs wherever there are mosquitoes of the Anopheles breed, in swamps, forests, lowlands, and wherever conditions favor the development of mosquitoes.

They are found in cold climates like Alaska, but we do not usually associate them with cold climates and high latitudes.

The Isthmus of Panama was the most mosquito-ridden country in the world, and its malaria would take the prize for severity and fatality, but it was drained, cleaned up and freed from mosquitoes by Gorgas and is now as healthy as any other part of the U. S., which shows that malaria can be controlled.

Some people still believe it is caused by drinking water contaminated by infectious germs or by breathing infected air.

It attacks light skinned people in preference to dark, and men rather than women, and also those who dig or delve in the soil, especially if they work at night or are

careless in their personal habits, like soldier, for instance, or as they used to be.

The Plasmodium goes through his first stage of development in the body of the human being, destroying red corpuscles and causing anaemia and pigmentation of the skin.

It is particularly abundant in the blood vessels that are deeply seated. It occurs in several different forms, some more virulent than others, developing and maturing within the red corpuscle, destroying it and, when mature, throwing off new segments which at once attack other corpuscles.

When a mosquito bites a person already infected with malaria, he thrusts his nose into the person's blood, and plasmodia from this blood adhere to his nose.

Then shortly afterwards when he bites a person who is uninfected, these plasmodia are transferred to the new victim, and at once proceed to develop.

Questions and Answers.  
E. W. M.—1. Do enlarged and diseased tonsils affect the stomach unfavorably, and, if so, in what way? 2. Are they responsible for pain in the chest and the back of the neck, and do they influence the speech? 3. If not, what do these pains indicate?  
Answer—1. With diseased tonsils, there is an offensive discharge, usually, and frequently an active infectious process which may result in the passage of diseased germs into the stomach—which may cause more or less serious trouble. 2. They may be instrumental in producing the troubles which you refer to, but probably are not the exclusive cause. They are particularly likely to cause defects in speech. 3. The pains might proceed from neuralgia in the parts which are disturbed.

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