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

WOULD UTILIZE THE RIVER.

At the request of the government-engineers at Portland the Public Service Commission is investigating the amount of material transported between Salem and Astoria, with a view of having the same carried by river boats. There is no reason why this should not be done, as well as that of all freight between here and Portland. The government has been generous in improving the Willamette and Columbia, has made the former navigable as far as Corvallis most of the year and to Salem all the year. However, the river boats have never been properly patronized and were forced to withdraw from a route that would not pay expenses. Salem businessmen were short sighted in permitting this, for while the boats helped relieve the car shortage they also made a large territory tributary to Salem that without the boats trades elsewhere. If the river is not to be used the expenditure of further money on it by the government is useless, and the money already expended has been wasted. While the government engineers are discovering how much freight passes between Salem and Astoria it should at the same time find out how many Salem business men and how many in Astoria will patronize boats should they be put on the run. Unless a good patronage can be secured in advance, any effort to re-establish a boat line even to Portland is useless, and a line to Astoria still more so. There should be business enough for the former line and is if it could be secured, but this is something that heretofore has not been done since the completion of the Southern Pacific.

The Portland Evening Telegram has for two days been running such headlines as "Surrender Any Moment" with various changes to suit different editions of that sensational paper. Of course, there was no dispatches following to justify the headlines and the whole thing was merely a trick to sell newspapers on the street, always frowned upon by the more reliable newspapers. These headlines no doubt were responsible in a large measure for the rumors that the Crown Prince and his army had surrendered, when as a matter of fact such an occurrence was never even imminent. His army was never surrounded and would have to be yellow indeed to surrender without making an effort to escape from the trap. The worst that could happen to the Crown Prince's army in the present dilemma would be a heavy loss of men and military equipment and stores in the event of a hurried retreat being forced in the face of a victorious enemy and as for the Crown Prince himself, he is probably fifty miles away from the fighting line—or further.

It is encouraging to read the crop reports from the countries of our allies. All of them show better yields and larger acreage, in cereals especially than last year. This with the sole exception of Italy where the area in wheat is slightly decreased, but it is stated this will be more than made up by heavier yields. England shows especially large increases in all foodstuffs. Her potato crop is the largest in her history. This means this country will be called on for that much less, and that so many more ships will be available for other work. It is quite certain now that the big stored surplus of wheat in Australia will be made available by the new shipping next year. The same may be said of the Argentine. Unless the Germans can "improve" on their ruthless methods, this will perhaps be the last year of food shortage anywhere outside of the Central Powers.

The German report that they had slaughtered vast numbers of the American colored troops, is no doubt made for home consumption only. It is a safe bet that if vast numbers of colored troops were slaughtered, the number of German dead in that vicinity is something that will not be reported. If the Germans have an idea the negroes won't fight they are due to have the surprise of their lives coming when they mix up with them. When a negro's fighting blood is aroused he scraps like a female tiger for her young.

Just as an evidence of the wide area over which war has extended attention is called to the fact that the Murman coast in Finland, where the allies have troops, is within the Arctic circle, and two hundred miles further north than the northernmost point of Iceland. Its southernmost point is in south Africa well within the south temperate zone. Its extent east and west, counting the Atlantic ocean where the submarines are at work covers 140 degrees of east longitude, or from London to Vladivostok; and 70 degrees of west longitude, or from London to New York. In other words there is actual fighting going on seven twelfths of the way around the earth.

The pocket in which the Germans find themselves between Soissons and Rheims is about twenty miles across at the top and about fifteen deep at its deepest point. A retreat of ten miles places them on safe ground places so far as danger of being cut off is concerned, and the allies pressing them back from the south lessens the depth of the pocket steadily. While they have a hard ten miles to travel over in making such a retreat it looks as though they could accomplish it. They will probably lose heavily in men and tremendously in munitions and supplies, but apparently they fill have the gauntlet to run in the very near future.

Considering that the Germans but a short time ago claimed there were but twenty thousand Americans in France their latest story about killing a hundred thousand Americans in addition to slaughtering vast numbers of blacks, shows that the percentage of mortality among the American troops is something like 1,000 per cent, which we submit, would be fatal to any army.

Ex-Minister of Education of Austria Baron Hussarek is now the premier and will try his hand at making a cabinet. If he can do no better than his numberless predecessors, he had better try his hand at making a kitchen table just to get experience.

Villa has come to life again and is reported on the way to the border to exchange 250 bars of silver stolen most likely from Americans, for ammunition. From this it may be possible that ordering the court into mourning for the czar, by King George, is premature.

The government says there must be a saving of paper of all kinds. If this need causes the doing away with the colored supplements and the unnecessary padded Sunday editions of the big newspapers it will be a blessing without a particle of disguise.

There is a little grim humor in the official report coming out from Petrograd that the heir to the Russian throne, the czar's eldest son, died of "exposure" soon after his father's execution at the hands of the soviet guard.

Now watch the war gardens get a move on. At the same time it behooves the owners of those same gardens to get busy, get the top of the ground hoed once more and the ambitious weeds chopped off and done for.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

RESTRICTED.

I do not like the sawdust bread I eat three times a day! I'd like a nice white loaf instead—but nothing do I say. I summon up a cheerful grin, a beaming smile, I wot, and push the coarse brown slices in, as though they hit the spot. Our fighting soldiers need the wheat, to keep their strength and heft, and I am thankful I may eat whatever stuff is left. So bring along your wooden loaf, and slice it with a saw; I am no cheap, disloyal oaf, the line at that to draw. I do not like to eat a hen, when I prefer a steak; but, lining up with loyal men, no protest do I make. If beef is needed over there, to help suppress the Hun, I'll feed myself on grizzly bear, if I can find my gun. The soldiers need the beef and wheat, that Germany may fall; it does not matter what I eat, or if I eat at all. I like some sugar in my tea, I like it on my rice, but Hoover lately said to me, "Make one more sacrifice! If sugar from your board you shoo, you may some Teuton halt." And so I make the fragrant brew, and sweeten it with salt. I'm eating things that I detest, I'm drinking things I hate, and all the time I do my best to keep my smile on straight. With cheerful brow, with queenly grace, obey all rules in sight; the patriot with grouchy face is only half way right.

Boy Enjoys Life At Summer School

William Blake, Jr., was one of the fortunate boys who were given free a two weeks' course at the O. A. C. summer school for prizes awarded him at the corn show last fall. He received prizes at St. Paul two or three years ago at the national corn exhibit. His home is in Keizer bottom and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Blake. He writes of his experiences at Corvallis as follows:
"When I reached Corvallis, Mr. Peterson was there with his Ford to take me and some other club boys to the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity house. There we were given our rooms and a few instructions. On the sleeping porch were located about 15 double beds where we slept. Our meals were of the best."
"We got up at six o'clock, had military practice from 6:30 until 7:15 and then breakfast after which we marched with the club boys and officers to the agricultural building where all assembled for the morning lectures which lasted from 8 until 9:30 o'clock and from 10 until 11:30 o'clock. Dinner at 12. At 1 o'clock we assembled again for lectures. They were on cattle, poultry, sheep, gardenage, canning and so on."
"At 3 o'clock we were at leisure while the girls had Red Cross work. We had sports including baseball, tennis and swimming. A 'ducking' committee was appointed which kept the men and boys on their best behavior. I returned home more enthusiastic than ever towards club work. I not only learned a lot while at Corvallis but I had a better time than I ever had before."

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER CXL

The next morning, after George and Mrs. Babcock had left for the office, Mrs. Babcock remarked:
"I know you are going to be busy this morning, so please do not think of me. Just let me take care of myself."
"I was wondering how I should entertain her, and also attend to my plans for my dinner party. Her thoughtfulness left me free. And yet, I did not exactly like to feel that she had nothing to do all the morning."
"I have some things to attend to," I admitted, "but, instead of remaining in, wouldn't you like to have the car and take a ride?"
"Yes, thank you. I should enjoy it very much. Do you suppose Mrs. Reeves would lend me your little name-sake for an hour?"
"Indeed she would!" I replied, pleased that Mrs. Babcock should propose it. "Perhaps Evelyn would go, too, if you would care to have her?"
"That would be delightful."
I immediately telephoned Evelyn, and she gladly accepted Mrs. Babcock's invitation.
"She is so lovely, and I haven't a thing to keep me at home, this morning," Evelyn replied.
After Mrs. Babcock had gone, I went into the kitchen and Mary and I discussed the dinner. Of course everything was practically ready, but I was leaving nothing to chance. It must be as perfect as possible.
GEORGE TELEPHONES.
Just as the flowers came, George telephoned:
"Julia Collins is back! Hadn't you better ask her?"
"But, George—my plans are all made—the table—"
"I think you had better ask her! The table can easily be extended. If it makes an odd number, get Gray too."
"Very well. I will call her up." I turned from the telephone rebelliously. I didn't want Julia Collins. My list was very complete, with just the people I thought Mr. and Mrs. Babcock would enjoy meeting, or those whom, for business reasons, we were inviting.
"It's a pity she couldn't have stayed away until after it was over," I said to myself, as I gave central her number.
"I am giving a dinner to-night, Mrs. Collins. I just heard you had returned. If you will accept this eleventh-hour invitation, I should like you to come."
"Indeed I will! and thank you. It was good of you to ask me."
With the feeling of a distasteful duty done, I then called up Merton Gray.
"Oh, Merton, will you be real good to me again, and come to dinner to-night? I didn't mean to have you; I have invited an entirely different set of people, most of them. But Julia Collins has come back; she knows the Babcocks, and I want you to come to make an even number."
"I am at your disposal, fair lady. I feel I owe Mrs. Collins a vote of thanks for coming home and, so, securing me the invitation."



HOWARD BERRY IN UNIFORM—The great University of Pennsylvania athlete who is now in the army. Berry is famous as one of the greatest all-around athletes of the day.

IF I WAS A REALLY MAN.

There ain't no fun alsein' a hoy—
Wished I was a really man,
Bet I'd go and join in fer Uncle Sam
Guess I wouldn't be a Slaughter
'Er wait for the draft you know,
I'd just get right in the service
And across the sea I'd go.

Bet I'd been the first to answer
The bugle class across the sea;
I wouldn't turn my back on Glory
'Cause she means a lot to me.
I'd be glad to face the conflict;
Just to fight for Uncle Sam—
Sure I'd be a regular soldier,
If I was a really man.

Bet I'd get that pecky kaiser,
I'd put him on the run—
And there'd be another fellow—
Bangin' at them bloomin' Huns.
Bet I'd get right at them Germans;
'Till they noticed Uncle Sam,
Gee—I tell you I'd do wonders,
If I was a really man.

Shaw—there ain't no fun pretendin'
That your leaden men are Huns
A bangin' away like blazes!
With American Make-believe guns,
Course you know it Win in Playin'
Add its Win for Uncle Sam,
Gosh! you'd find me in the service
If I was a really man.
—Mrs. James Leslie.

Big Fleets Take Water At 158 Great Shipyards

(Copyright, 1918 by the United Press)
Washington, July 27.—Germany took 40 years to build up her war machine. The United States shipping board has taken less than 10 months to bridge the Atlantic ocean with ships.
Exigencies of the war have forced this government to accomplish things it never before believed possible. And no task faced was greater, perhaps, than the building of ships. Today, America's merchant marine is the greatest in the world; its growth has been amazing even so the shipbuilding officials themselves.
The shipping board, since its creation

Two Aviators Killed On Aviation Field

Buffalo, N. Y., July 27.—Aviator Lawrence J. Durham, Brockville, Ont., was instantly killed and James R. Doelittle, San Francisco, fatally injured in the fall on an airplane at the Curtiss testing field today.
Doelittle died an hour after the accident occurred.
Major Moore, head of the aviation division of the signal corps, issued a statement this afternoon attributing the accident to the pilot making a too short turn at a low altitude. He said the accident was not due to motor trouble or any weakness of the machine.

last September, has placed 1,714,172 deadweight tons of vessels in service. Two hundred and sixty one seagoing ships, of seagoing capacity, have been commissioned. This does not include the scores of ships already built and owned by American citizens.

Besides the 261 bottoms completed, nearly 200 other hulls are afloat in various stages of completion. These will aggregate approximately 1,800,000 tons. One hundred and fifty eight shipyards are engaged in producing ships with which to transport men and materials to the front. Keels have been laid or will be laid on more than 700 ways, and 250,000 men are doing their bit in the shipyards of the United States.

Here is the rate at which the ships have been completed and placed in service by the shipping board and emergency fleet corporation:

1917	No. of Ships	Dead Weight Tonnage
September	7	47,106
October	12	79,183
November	17	74,029
December	12	104,116
1918		
January	11	88,507
February	16	133,326
March	21	173,611
April	30	159,539
May	43	233,166
June	40	245,026
July	52	360,000
	261	1,714,172



AN AMERICAN SOLDIER'S SMILE after receiving a gift from the Red Cross—"Smile, Smile-Smile" is the motto of this American artilleryman facing the Huns in France, after receiving a supply of refreshments and tobacco from the Red Cross.

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