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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 ARE NOT GERMAN VILLAGES.

The allied advance continues steadily and the German hosts which but recently were marching so confidently on Paris are still headed in the direction of Berlin. They have been driven across the Vesle river where they had planned to make a stand, and are headed for the Aisne. It is doubtful if they will be able to form a new line of defense even there, and that they may be forced back in this drive to the Chemin Des Dames, the place where such bitter and long drawn out fighting occurred last year. It will probably take some time to get them started homewards from that point, but once they are, it is most likely they cannot make another stand until they reach German territory. Hindenburg stated recently that "the giving up of villages caused no worry because they were French villages." He added that if it was the abandoning of German villages it would be a bitter pill. That is what it will be for none knows better than he what the condition of abandoned villages is. It is in fact but the abandoning of sites where villages once were, for the Germans see to it that every particle of destruction possible is done. This will be the same in German villages, not that the Germans would destroy them, but that the allies in taking them will leave but little to mark the spot. The artillery fire necessary to drive the Germans back will leave little for German ruthlessness to work on, even if they were inclined to the same destructive methods used in France. However, when the war is being fought on German territory, which it gives promise of being soon, the conditions spoken of by Count Reventlow, in which he spoke of the German press "whining" will be multiplied many times, and the end will not be far away, simply because the Prussian is an arrogant master but a servile sycophant when he is a loser.

Max Hauser, who handles the grain department of the food conservation work in Oregon, has purchased the flour milling interests of the late T. B. Wilcox. This is not particularly cheering news to the people at large as it was indicated very clearly that Wilcox, as milling administrator, looked very carefully after his personal interests in the matter of prices, as well as war time rules and regulations. Now we may assume that Mr. Hauser will do the same, although as a more public spirited man than Wilcox was, he may be big enough to serve the country in a more unselfish way. In this connection it may be said that the entire work of the food administration in Oregon has been unsatisfactory, probably because W. B. Ayer, as its head, is too indolent and lacks business and executive ability, allowing most of his subordinates to do as they please. Herbert Hoover is certainly an over-rated executive if Oregon offers a fair sample of the brand of food conservation he has handed out to the country at large.

Count Reventlow, in a Berlin paper reviewing the war says the beginning of the fifth year of the war "finds the German press marked by reflections which are overflowing with resignation, melancholy and whining." A little taste of real disaster makes them despondent and drives away hope. The Prussian is a good winner, but a poor loser, simply because he is not a true sport. He can fight a winning fight but has not the spirit to battle against odds. As that is what he will have to do for the balance of the war, the outlook is anything but cheerful for him.

The Oregon Voter is not particular in the selection of its words, sometimes. For instance lately it asked: "Where are we getting with our flax and lime programs which were backed so liberally in response to government operation enthusiasts?" He fails to distinguish between government operation, and governor manipulation. So far as the flax proposition is concerned we can enlighten the Voter. We have arrived at the governor's office and there the business is lost in the great vacuum under the governor's hat.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW
HERE.
THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL
AT THE BANK

THE CHANGES NEEDED.

John A. Logan, member of the prison parole board, says a change is needed at the prison. He is correct. His idea is a new prison, and this is also correct for the present building is not well calculated for the purposes for which it is used. What is needed more than a new building however, is a change of system. As at present managed the prison is a place for voluntary sequestration, and prisoners take a vacation at any time they feel like it. If they would get clear out of the country the situation would not be so bad, but instead the state is put to the expense of hunting them up and returning them when their vacation is over. The governor thinks they should have some kind of employment inside the prison walls, but while there are 80 tons of flax straw in the prison sheds that has been there for two years, his excellency fails to couple the convicts onto the job of preparing it for market, and getting it out of the way of the coming harvest. Besides this there is the entire crop of 1916 also in the prison yards, and nothing has been done with this and apparently there is no intention of attempting to do anything with it. One of the most needed changes at the state's caravansary is the turning of its management back to the board of control. The governor has proved himself absolutely incompetent to manage it.

Under the agreement reached as to the allied aid in Siberia, it is understood Japan will furnish most of the troops needed, although China may send a formidable number. As to the part the balance of the allies will take in helping untangle Russian affairs, whatever it is it will probably be applied from the Murman coast. German arrogance is daily making the situation easier for the allies, and before long will make all Russians willing to welcome any aid that may be rendered them by the allies in getting rid of "their friends, the Germans." The latest news from Ukraina is to the effect that the peasants have assembled an army of 25,000 and besides are doing all they can to make it uncomfortable for the enemy. It is stated they are burning their grain and all other supplies rather than have them fall into the hands of the Prussians. The news from the eastern front is not much more cheering than that from the western, to the Hohenzollern family.

Conditions in Austro-Hungary grow steadily worse, if the reports can be believed, coming from that country. The masses are said to be ill-fed, and many actually starving. However the conditions in Austria are always brought forward as bad when the Germans are getting the worst of the scrap, presumably to persuade the allies to believe their efforts may be reduced, and that Austria is going to quit. No doubt she would do so if she could, but with the kaiser's mailed fist clinched on their throats they are helpless, and will do nothing until the entire population turns against the government. This it may do in time but the suffering has not been sufficient yet to cause this. When it does, even the kaiser will find himself helpless against the entire people.

The new draft bill will be submitted by Senator Chamberlain this week. The ages suggested in the bill are from 18 to 45. It is suggested however that the boys under 21 be not sent into the fighting, and it is probable a fight in congress will be made on this feature of the bill. One proposition is to keep the boys under 21 in training, and it is also held this will relieve the labor shortage as it will give the authorities jurisdiction over the younger men as well as those up to 45 and this will keep them doing work for the government, even though not engaged in the actual fighting.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HYMN OF HATE.

Last night I sat up pretty late indulging in a lot of hate. I hated all our Teuton foes, their hearts, their whiskeys and their toes; I hated Hindenburg and Bill, and Ludendorff, with right good will. From 10 o'clock till half past one I hated every beastly Hun, and hoped his name might yet be Mud; I ground my teeth and sweated blood. And so today I'm feeling punk; there's lassitude throughout my trunk; my head aches in a horrid way, I have no appetite for hay; a shooting pain is in my lung, and I have moss upon my tongue, the gripes disturb my ample waist, my mouth is full of dark green taste. I don't suppose a Teuton knew that I was hating, long hours thru. And so I realize today that all my hate was thrown away; alas, to waste a hundred weight of all-wool-and-a-yard-wide hate! The Teutons have for many years been soaked in hatred to their ears; they lapped up hatred from their birth; it fattened them, increased their girth; their kultur has it for a base, it thrives in every Prussian place. So they can hate the hours away, and not be crumpled up next day. But hatred here seems coarse and rude, for kindness was our infant food; it makes us bilious, sick and sore, and life becomes a dreary bore.

Capital Journal Want Ads Will Get You What You Want

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

PLAIN TALK.

The next morning, at breakfast, I said to George:
"What made you so late last night? I did not get to sleep until after one o'clock and you had not yet come in."
"No, it was nearly two," he replied, paying not the slightest attention to my question.
"I hope you are not going to stay out nights like you used to? I was very lonely last night," he asked, and there was an undisguised sneer in his voice.
"Why—yes. You know I have been so busy with the baby since I have been around that when night came, I was tired and so didn't think much about your being out."
"So I perceived. I hope you have not forgotten that I dislike to be questioned. I hoped you had outgrown the habit."
"I question you very seldom," I was piqued. I had not asked him where he had been or what he did, for months, and the very first time I mentioned it he found fault.
"That is too often. When where I am is of special interest to you, I will tell you."
"Very well. I shall ask you no more questions," I returned, then, in a burst of indignation "I soon shall begin to recognize that being your wife carries no privileges. I try to please you, but it seems that, to do so, I must make up my mind to live with you almost as I would with a stranger."
"Don't be silly!" and when he went out he, for the first time, slammed the door.

A RESOLVE.

I was so astonished at George—
I was slumming the door that I forgot my indignation. Then suddenly it came over me that I had really been to blame. I knew only too well that he would not be questioned, yet I had deliberately asked him where he had been. Then I had been rather horrid when he replied that when he had anything of interest to me he would tell me. I was not keeping my word to Mrs. Seton. I had promised her that I would set do the things I knew angered George.
"Your husband is a peculiar man. I am sure he loves you dearly, but you could easily lose his love if you kept him in a state of annoyance. Some men throw such things off, but not men of his type."
From that time on I never asked my husband any questions. That is, nothing referring in any way to his actions, the way he spent his time, I tried to become more reserved, more tactful. And I was not without my reward. George often told me how improved I was, that I had grown in every way to be more attractive. If I thought that others might not agree with him, I never gave the thought expression. I had him, and him only to please.
When the baby was about six months old we took up our social duties again. We had been so long out of things, we had accepted so many beautiful flowers and received so many expressions of regard, and congratulation that we felt we owed nearly everyone we knew some form of entertainment. So I necessarily had to spend less time with Kenneth, which Evelyn's mother-in-law told me was the best thing that could happen. We had a thoroughly competent nurse so he was in no way neglected. And the nurse did not humor him as I did.
GEORGE TALKS OF INDIVIDUALITY.
That winter we were very gay, we entertained at least once a week, we subscribed for the opera, we attended the theater and concerts. We accepted so many invitations to dine out that I laughingly told George we might as well have no cook. Then in the early summer we took the baby and went up in Maine and remained for the summer. We fished and roamed over the woods, we spent long lazy happy days together, just George and I. There was no friction between us that summer, and he often spoke of it as we sat on the porch after the rest of the household were in bed.
"Men and women are so foolish," I remember he said one night. "Instead of giving each other the liberty God intended they should have, they try to mold the other to their own desires their own way of living and thinking. We are individuals, Helen, and we can no more get away from our individuality than we can from our ancestors. You are emotional, naturally show your feelings at the slightest thing; whereas I am just the opposite. You cannot make me emotional; I never have succeeded in teaching you to conceal your feelings. Yet, because we are together, because we care for each other, because we are each inescapably changing. Perhaps you more than I. You are learning that it is undignified, bad form, to show your emotions to the world; and I am learning to show you that I am not the cold-blooded me. But in all vital things we will always show personality, individuality. You recognize that fact, and so do I. But it spite of it, we are about as happy as the average, don't you think so?"
"Perhaps—but—George—I want to be happier than the average."
Tomorrow—Deep Waters.

State Normal Ready For Big Enrollment

Despite the drain of war the outlook for increased enrollment at the

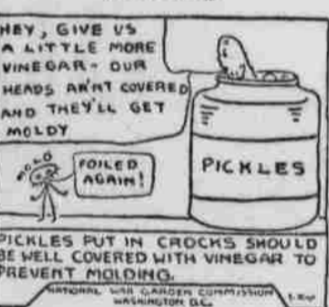
BOYS ATTENDING SCHOOL IN SWIFT'S OFFICES STUDY MEAT BUSINESS



Thomas O'Brien Explaining Cuts of Meat to Schoolboys.

This is a story of a pig that went to school. Not only one pig went but a whole lot of his brothers will follow. Here's how and why:
Two hundred boys who attend school in the general offices of Swift & Co. at the stock yards and are growing up in the business of packing town, are being taught the practical side of the meat business in addition to their regular classroom work, which is under the direction of the Chicago board of education. Demonstrations and lectures by department heads of the various branches of the business have been inaugurated.
Just now the boys are studying the various cuts of meat a hog becomes after it is made into pork. W. D. Honohan of the provision department and Thomas O'Brien explain the cuts of meat and tell the boys of the live animal and what becomes of the dressed carcass.
These demonstrations will be put into practical use by the boys in connection with their problems in percentage in the classroom. They take the different parts of an animal and apply them to arithmetic, thus varying the usual problems found in the textbooks.

DON'T CHEAT YOUR PICKLES



Mold is the villain that'll get your pickles if you don't use enough vinegar. Follow the rules. Write for free book of instructions, addressing National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., and sending two cents for postage.

Open Forum

SAN FRANCISCO SHINES

San Francisco, 8-1-18.
"Dear Editor: In your issue of July 30th you had an editorial about the San Francisco bootblacks juggling with the price of shins. I wish to correct the idea you have relative to the prices. There are only a few stands that charge a 10 cent rate. In fact nearly all of the shiners in the city around the bay charge the 15 cent rate which of course is unreasonable. However, a number of boys in the larger cities in the state especially here in the city and at San Jose, have gone back to the old bootblack days. They carry their little outfit and stop you on the street and ask to shine your shoes. The little wooden box they carry is marked 5 cents. It may mean 5 cents per shoe. Today I heard about a hotel in Oakland that had honey suckles painted on the cups to make you think the coffee is sweet. If this is true, it certainly is hoaxing, and if the idea has the desired effect it will be a great boost to the New Thought movement. I wonder if Elizabeth Towne has started the suggestion.
Yours truly,
—R. A. LUCAS.

Allied Planes Bomb Several German Cities

The Hague, Aug. 5.—Bombs from allied planes recently fell in the midst of a group of 400 German marines at Bruges, killing many of them it has been learned here.
Amsterdam, Aug. 5.—Twelve persons were killed and sixteen wounded when allied airmen dropped 28 bombs on Duesen Thursday morning, according to an official announcement made in Cologne.
Geneva, Aug. 5.—British air raids on Stuttgart and Coblenz last Thursday were the most destructive ever made, a Basel dispatch said today. Large portions of the railway stations were destroyed and traffic was seriously interrupted.
At Stuttgart the royal palace was damaged, while in Coblenz an ammunition factory was partially destroyed.

Another Black Bear Seen In The Silverton Hills

A black bear crossed the road near the J. C. Bonner home in the Silverton Hills Sunday afternoon. It was not long after brown was sighted that a party was on the trail. Dr. Lear went out with his hounds and the dogs soon took the trail. The bear went in the direction of J. H. Porters ranch and made off into dense woods beyond. The hounds followed the trail for a time but gave

IT CHEERS 'EM UP



PUT US IN THIS WAY AND WE WILL BE HAPPY!

FRUITS CUT IN HALF SHOULD BE ARRANGED WITH PIT SURFACE DOWN

This is the way to pack your fruits in jars in canning. Send for free canning and drying book, enclosing two cents for postage. Address National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C.