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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL  
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## OFFENSIVE, YEAR'S BIG EVENT.

The British drive in Picardy is increasing in magnitude. With an advance of twelve miles and the capture of twenty thousand prisoners and a vast amount of war materials, the offensive is rapidly becoming one of the big events of the 1918 fighting. The losses on the part of the Germans from all sources are probably in the neighborhood of thirty thousand since the drive began, and this with trifling losses on the part of the allies. With the Germans in full retreat, the degree being almost that of a rout, how great the advance will be can not even be guessed at now. Under usual circumstances it would be expected that Hindenburg would rush reserves to aid the somewhat demoralized armies of Crown Prince Rupprecht, but that is where Hindenburg's problem comes in. He has no place from which to draw them without leaving that place in danger. His only resource now is to call home from Russia and other eastern points the soldiers used there, to save the situation on the western front. The rapid changing of the man power is illustrated in the last two days' fighting. The Germans have lost probably thirty thousand, while the Americans have increased the forces of the allies by twenty thousand. There is a gain of fifty thousand in two days, and that is some army in itself. General Foch has played the game carefully, and has never overbid his hand, and he will probably follow this plan to the end. If it were not for this well known policy of his one would expect a big force thrown on the heels of the retreating Teutons and a smashing through the partially demoralized enemy. Such were the old-time tactics and such an opportunity would not have been neglected in the old-time wars. However, the people of all the allied countries are content to let General Foch do just as he pleases and this because so far he has always done the right thing at the right time, and has never lost his head. The war news of the coming few days should prove of more than usual interest, because the opportunities for decisive action are apparently open, and some permanent results may be obtained. There is liable to be some interesting news from the Rheims-Soissons section too, for the French and Americans are ready to smash through there whenever Foch gives the word.

If between now and the fifteenth of the month when the open season begins, there are rains, the governor's refusal to postpone the opening of the season will be reasonable. However, if there are no rains the forests will be exposed to great danger. In spite of the rains of a couple of weeks ago, the woods are now dry as tinder and ready to start into blazing from slight causes. Most of the hunters are careful, but there is a large element that are not, and it is from these the chief danger arises. It is estimated that the hunting season is responsible yearly for the loss of a half million dollars, and from that up to several millions in some years. This seems a heavy price to pay for the deer killed. It is also an injury to such hunters as are careful, that they must suffer the loss of their sport because of the carelessness of others, but such is the way of the world.

Finland presents the strange spectacle of a democracy dominated by an autocracy. Not that the Finns favor such a combination, but in an ill-advised moment the new government being hard pressed asked aid from the Germans. They got it, and at the same time got a master for themselves. The sentiment of the Finns is in favor of the allies, and the longer they are dominated by arrogant Prussian military officers the stronger that sentiment will become. It would not be surprising, once the allies get a strong force on the Murman coast if Finland made an open break with "their friends, the enemy."

The Britishers have given Crown Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, a swift kick, just as the French and Americans gave a similar one to the Crown Prince of Germany. It is bad weather for crown princes and for those led by them.

## A PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL.

William D. Haywood, general secretary-treasurer of the I. W. W., testifying in a Chicago court yesterday drew a picture of the condition of the black slave before the war and the white industrial slave of today. As he painted the picture the black slave had much the better of it, having a happy home, plenty to eat, care when sick and was according to Haywood's picture a person to be envied for his ideal living conditions. Haywood's examination disclosed the fact that he received \$50 a night for lecturing, but did not think this put himself in the capitalistic class. He told of his arrest and trial for the murder of Governor Steunenberg and of his acquittal. His position with regard to social and industrial affairs shows he is a dangerous person; either an unbalanced crank or a deliberate criminal. He defended the course of the I. W. W. and apparently justified the assassination of Steunenberg. At least he did not give vent to any profound expressions of sorrow over the event. The existence of such criminals as Haywood in America is an evidence of the carelessness with which our laws are administered. He along with his gang, has been allowed to travel over the country for years disseminating falsehoods about the government, preaching sedition, advocating the use of all necessary force by the criminal element to compel the balance of the citizens to accede to their demands, preaching and practicing ruthlessness to a degree scarcely less than that of the Huns, teaching arson was a virtue and the destruction of other people's property a virtuous act, if those other people failed to agree with them. There are crimes enough laid at Haywood's door to justify hanging him a dozen times, but still, once would be sufficient.

Lenine has declared war on the allied nations. This of course at the dictation of the Germans. As he is about on his last legs and does not represent Russia or the Russian people, but is rather the paid agent of the kaiser, his declaration does not amount to much. From the outlook it will not be long before he is fleeing for his life, and the so-called bolshevik government that has been maintained by force of German arms or money, and that has lost the confidence of the people will be as dead as that of the czar. Trotsky seems to have been lost in the shuffle, as nothing is heard of him lately. Apparently Russia is to find her salvation through the government set up in Siberia, and around which the Russians will finally gather.

The kaiser is forming a new army to defend the Rhine. When the allied armies break through that—that is through the hide—the balance of the hog will soon be taken care of.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

SIX OF THEM.

"My six boys are safe in bed," cheerfully the kaiser said. "Safe and sound they sleep and snore, while the world is splashed with gore. German angels guard their sleep, which is restful, calm and deep; smiles upon their faces burst, as they dream of wienerwurst. Some men's sons, I have been told, lie in couches wet and cold, all their clothing wet with blood, plastered o'er with muck and mud. That would be a beastly fix; I am thankful that my six sleep in peace and comfort here, dreaming of a keg of beer. Eitel Fritz and Wilhelm Fred, each is in his truckle bed, each securely in his cot, guarded by our German Gott. I've been told that some men's sons, shattered by the foemen's guns, have been cast in trenches deep, there to find their endless sleep. Then I view my kraut-fed boys; painless sleep each one enjoys; six fat princes in a row; where do smoother princes grow? German Seraphim are nigh! Sleep, my sons, while others die! Sleep, while boys of coarser blood groan and perish in the mud! All the world is full of groans, all the world is white with bones, all the world is wet with tears, racked with anguish and with fears, and how thankful I should be, that my sons are here with me, while the globe is throwing fits—Wilhelm Fred and Eitel Fritz!"

### THREE HUNDRED TAGS ARE SOLD FOR BELGIAN BABIES.

The girls and young women who sold tags last week for the "Belgian Babies" collected \$29.20 for the fund, mostly in dimes, though there were a few donations of larger amounts.

The solicitors were Edna Kiel and Dorothy Moore, Helen Morris and Helen Phillips, Helen Kerr and Henrietta White, Evanda Hurst and Theoda Grizzle, Rosa Dunn, Echo Giesy, Leona Will and Velma Bents. The latter made the record sales with a total of nearly nine dollars.

R. Woolworth, here from Butteville, took all the souvenirs there were then left, and disposed of 17 for \$2.30. The Aurora women in charge had received but 100 tags, but when they were gone made more and disposed of nearly 150 more.—Aurora Observer.

### BUILDS PRUNE DRYER.

Severin Nelson has about completed a new tunnel prune dryer on his ranch. In building he has followed the same

general style as the dryer erected by Nels Herigstad. From 175 to 180 bushels can be dried every twenty-four hours the dryer has three tunnels which can be used separately or all at a time just as the fruit demands. Mr. Nelson has built with the intention of being able to do custom drying for those with small crops who do not really need a dryer of their own. Theo. Dokken has done the carpenter work and has given excellent satisfaction.—Silverton Appeal.

### THRESHER BURNED.

The George Case thresher burned on one of the Whitney places at Broadmead last Thursday. There were three big piles of grain loosely stacked and a high wind was blowing. The thresher caught fire from burning stacks and was consumed with all the grain but about 60 sacks, which had been threshed and hauled away. Whether sparks from the thresher started the fire or smokers accidentally started the grain burning has not been learned. There was no insurance.—Woodburn Independent.

## Well Up In Years But Writes a Poem

Not only the young folks and those also of middle age are breaking forth in war poetry, but also those of a more mature age. For instance, the following poem entitled "Go Fer 'Em" was written by Olive E. Henry who is 82 years old. Her home address is 500 North Capital street. It has a local color and is just a little different from the average poem.

### GO FER 'EM.

They were some slick Oregonian lads; Good chips of the old pioneer duds; Yet prone to wander, traffic and squander. But some old sour elogs, from the Willamette bogs, Grown fat on cherries, walnuts and hogs; Said they were nix' on chickens, cherees and spuds. And sure must find a way to earn their own duds. Then mother, she piped her sweet little rhyme, Saying, boys are boys, but here is the crime; The best of those ridges in that pasture lot Looks like the cities of the wild Hot-tent. Then the duds arose, with a groan and a seratch, And settled the thing with firm dispatch; Saying, a fighter they'll be; a hunting they'll go; For the price of a pelt, wild oats they'll sow. And this was enthroned the Gopher Boy club, The brightest of all the country of hoo; Thus gaining a wise on the Hottentot Hoo. They went over the top for gopher and fun. The kaiser, by some old duffer, had heard About the caves of the wise little gopher bird; It tickled his gizzard, saying, A cheap, easy way From a little dirt hole, all enemy to slay. But he chanced to hit on an ugly snag And his dog is running with his tail awag; He never again will an American snub, For his Waterloo is the Western Gopher Boy club.

## Another Silverton Teacher Is Married

(Capital Journal Special Service) Silverton, Ore., Aug. 10.—Miss Lela Riches and Mr. W. T. King were married in Portland on July 12, 1918. Mrs. King returned to her home in Silverton as Miss Lela Riches and no one surmised that she was a bride until a friend, who had seen the marriage license in a Portland paper, circulated the report around Silverton.

Mrs. King is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Riches of this city and is a very charming young lady with a host of friends who are extending congratulations. She has been a teacher in the public school for several years. The groom, while a stranger in this community is very highly praised by those who know him.

Mrs. King will remain at the home of her parents while her husband is in Canada working for Uncle Sam.

Mrs. Caroline Hansen died quite suddenly at her home Tuesday evening at the age of 77 years. Mrs. Hansen has been in poor health for a number of years. She has no relatives in this country. Her husband, Chris Hansen, died four years ago.

M. E. Smith of Portland has been spending his vacation at the beach and with his parents at their home in Silverton.

Mrs. R. L. Walcott and Miss Grace Walcott were Salem visitors Wednesday.

Henry E. Browne, editor of the Silverton Tribune was taken quite suddenly ill yesterday and has been placed under the care of Dr. Keene. Owing to the scarcity of help the Silverton Tribune was a day late in being published.

Miss Martha Nelson of Portland is visiting among the old home friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayson of Thief Falls, Minnesota are visiting at the C. M. Wray home. Mrs. Rayson was a pupil of Mrs. Wray's twenty years ago.

Edwin Tingstad left for Camp Lewis yesterday.

### D'ARCY AT WOODBURN.

Judge P. H. D'Arcy of Salem, well known as an orator of no mean ability, and who has been in great demand throughout the country, will deliver the address at the Gala Day and Outing of St. Luke's church to be held next Sunday in the city park, Woodburn. Mr. D'Arcy needs no introduction to the people of Woodburn and will have many things of interest and present day importance to say.—Woodburn Independent.

1,300,000 FRENCH SLAIN  
New York, Aug. 10.—Marcel Knecht, members of the French high commission to the United States, in an address at the annual convention of the Knights of Columbus here, said 1,300,000 French soldiers had been killed and 1,300,000 wounded in the war and that "the polis were wonderfully cheered by the arrival of the Americans."

## THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

SANGUINE YOUTH.  
CHAPTER II.  
It was not only in house furnishings that Ruth revelled; she loved, also, dainty, soft fabrics to wear. Her house gowns she fashioned herself, often out of odd Oriental fabrics, and her underwear was always of sheerest, softest lawn or silk.  
Her street clothes were always simple as is always the case with people of taste. She had little use for evening or party dresses, as the town was small, and her aunt mixed with few of the people.  
Strangely, Ruth never had seemed to mind this. There were two or three girls quite near her own age with whom she was intimate, after a fashion, and a few young men whom she condescended to talk to if it were unavoidable. But mostly she and her aunt were together, each seemingly satisfied to have it so—until Brian Hackett came to visit his relatives.  
Brian's uncle happened to be the father of one of the girls whom Ruth visited. She met Brian. He was a college man—even if he had worked his way—and was different from the slow-going southern boys in whom she had no particle of interest.  
Brian Hackett was twenty-five years old when Ruth met him. He was tall, straight, and broad-shouldered. His finely shaped head, brown hair and eyes, white teeth, and winning smile were partly what had attracted the beauty-loving Ruth. For, no one could deny that Brian Hackett was handsome. Yet there was nothing in the least effeminate about him.  
It was on the occasion of his second visit that he proposed to Ruth and was accepted. In the meantime, they had corresponded. It probably would have made no difference to Ruth, feeling as she then did toward him, had she known that he had hesitated to make the second visit because of the expense involved. But had Mrs. Clayborne known it, she would have even more urgently begged Ruth to remain with her.  
AUNT LAURA'S ULTIMATUM.  
"It isn't all selfishness, dear," she had said when he and Ruth discussed the matter, "altho' I am selfish where you are concerned. But I know you never will be happy as a poor man's wife. That it is so, is probably my fault in a great measure. Yet, I imagine the love for beauty is so ingrained in your nature that you never would have been contented in meager surroundings, even had you not been so indulged." Then, after a long look in which amusement struggled with something else, something very like disappointment, she added: "How would you look washing dishes in THAT?" she indicated, by a gesture, a soft, trailing house robe of creamy silk, fastened at the waist by a heavy cord, with the long flowing sleeves open to the shoulder. The silk stockings and slippers she wore were of the best.  
"Perhaps I shan't have to wash dishes," Ruth answered, looking down at her robe. "Perhaps."  
"No, Ruth, it won't do." Her aunt would try every means to show the wild girl that she was doing something that would mean unhappiness for both herself and Brian. "You have had servants to wait on you, to do everything for you. Old Manny has been like a slave in her devotion to you, and you never hesitate to call upon the others whenever you need them. You have had your horses, now your motor car. I have denied you nothing. Brian Hackett does not earn in a year what I spend for you in a month—I was going to say in a week! But if you marry him or any man, until I know he can take care of you decently, I shall not give you one penny as long as I live. I do not mean to be cruel, Ruth, but—"  
"Brian won't be poor long."  
"What reason have you for believing that he will not?"  
"Oh—because—he's smart. He has had a college education."

## Report Of North Salem Red Cross Auxiliary

The Red Cross moves right along I'll tell you of it in my song. In Salem North is where we meet And love our neighbors all to greet.  
We sew and chat and such as that. But never yet, have had a spat. And once one tries his level best To do as much as all the rest.  
On Friday afternoon we sew. When up to Jason Lee we go; And welcome all who come to know. That we are only there to sew.  
And right good times we have as well. That's what I'm trying now to tell. With now and then a lil' of song. For fear the day would seem too long.  
July's a busy time you know. But we did not forget to sew. But made of garments quite a score. And even half a dozen more.  
Now these were all bed coats you know. And I suppose to France will go. To help to comfort some poor men. Who hope to come to health again.  
Nor is that all we did out here. In hopes our men in France to cheer. On hose and sweaters did work. And never one did try to shirk.  
Well just the number I can't tell. But it was big I know full well; And all were neat and good to see. We hope some comfort they will be.  
We give our money, pay our bills. And that with right good, hearty wills. North Salem lives you see, as yet, And hopes much stronger to get.  
And now we send good will to all. And hope from each to get a call. Who lives around this part of town. With us to work and never frown.  
MRS. J. M. CLARK,  
Secretary North Salem Red Cross Auxiliary, August 5, 1918.

**Boys And Girls.**  
YOU who have been out earning something this summer--will find it very profitable to open a Savings Account here at the United States National Bank with your earnings. In addition to your money drawing interest--you will learn valuable lessons in thrift and economy.

Parents are invited to bring the Youngsters in for Initiation into the Advantages of a bank account.



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Salem Oregon.

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