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OUR BOYS OR OUR DOLLARS.

Americans having had it brought home to them that the war could not be won without ships have responded splendidly and are building a merchant marine at a speed never before dreamed of in all history. They have had it impressed on them that in order to sustain the allies and to supply their own armies in Europe that food conservation was necessary and the response to this was a voluntary curtailing of food consumption, and the using of substitutes for such foods as were needed by the allies, that is an example to the world of nation-wide sacrifice, such as was never before heard of. Not that the deprivation has been to the extent of causing suffering, but that the voluntary going without the foods we are accustomed to is one of those smaller sacrifices that are the more difficult in the making because they are small. They have responded generously to the call for money subscriptions, and over subscribed the amounts asked for. Now, however, within about six weeks another call will be made double that of any previous one, and we must prepare to meet it, as we have met all other demands, cheerfully, gladly, and with a heatness that will show the world that America is in the war with every dollar she has and every man, until it is finished, and finished right. We must bear in mind that this is not a fight for points, but to a finish. Either German militarism must take the count after a knockout blow, or the balance of the world must take it. It is possible, perhaps probable, the war could be won with the armies now in Europe, but there is not a preponderance of man-power with the allies to make this a certainty, and certainty is what we must have. With the present forces tolerably evenly balanced it would take years, and cost a tremendous toll of lives before the Hun could be beaten. To avoid this, and to leave no doubt as to the result, another call for men will be made soon that will enable us to send an army of five million men into France, or Russia if need be, and to thus overwhelm the Hun by numbers alone. This will shorten the war, and it will reduce the death toll immeasurably. The call for men will be made before that for money, but the latter will come soon. So soon that it is time now to begin to weigh the situation and to get ready, those of us who do not have to go to the front, to do our part.

The call for six billion dollars means that each man woman and child in the United States, if the money was raised on a per capita base would have to subscribe \$60. There is a vast number that can give nothing toward the good cause, no matter how much they may desire to do so, and it is up to those who can, to subscribe enough to make up this deficiency. The scales are balanced before us. In one end of the balances is placed our boys and in the other it is up to us to place our money. It is up to us to say whether we will let the money side of the balance swing upward, or more than counter-balance the end with our boys in it. To maintain the army proposed will require that every American, every lover of freedom go deep into his or her purse and see to it that the money end of the scales is the heavier. It is a question of balancing our dollars against our boys, and there can be but one answer. It will require that we deprive ourselves of some things perhaps, but who will count that deprivation against the loss of the brave young fellows who are offering their all and counting not the cost? Oregon's quota, it is stated will be about \$37,500,000, and this means about \$40 per capita, this being less in this state on account of the greater wealth in the east. As it is, the sum is about double any before asked, and as Oregon has gone over the top on all other occasions of this kind, it is safe to assume she will do so again. It means the quicker ending of the war, the speedier coming of world peace and the eternal destruction of Prussianism, and autocracy. An army of five million striking autocracy's chin and a six billion dollar sack striking it in the solar plexus at the same time will do the work. Be ready when the call is made to put the weight of your money into that solar plexus blow.

The railroads passing through Amiens are now out of range of the German guns, permitting the operation of trains, which is a great help to the allies.

The governor, responding to the request of George Rodgers, former Salemite, but now building ships at Astoria, for permission to give employment to the state prisoners, paying them full wages and guaranteeing to return them when wanted, and to make good citizens of some of them at least, says he doubts the legality of using the prisoners in competition with free labor. The governor may be right so far as the technicalities of the law are concerned, but as a matter of fact they would not be in competition with free or any other labor, in the sense of interfering with the earnings of such labor. Their employment would not make the wages of free labor any less, nor would it keep any man who wanted to work, from a job. If the convicts could be so employed, it would be better for them, would encourage them in well-doing, would give each of them a handsome little start financially when their terms were out, and at the same time would prevent them taking so many useless vacations, and keeping so many searching the woods for them. There is considerable merit in Mr. Rodgers' proposition.

Portland will fight the petition of the Portland Railway Light & Power company, filed with the Public Service commission asking for an increased rate for power and lights. The company contends that the increased cost of labor, material and supplies makes higher rates necessary to prevent loss. It looks as though there was a determination on the part of those who have the regulating of public utilities to see that no company of this kind suffers loss. This is a commendable spirit, but how many firms, companies and businesses that are not so called public utilities, are there that have to carry on their business at a loss and wait for change of conditions? Most of the newspapers in the country are in the latter class, their expenses having doubled with no increase in rates for advertising or subscription. There are many other businesses in the same condition. Just why there should be such tender solicitude lest some great corporation should have a decreased dividend, while the small fry can pocket their losses and wait for better days, is hard to account for on other than the theory that these be the days when the big corporations are in the saddle and are doing the riding.

The Germans officially admit the allies have made gains in Picardy, but their admissions are not to say the least, startling. The German headquarters gave out an official communication from Berlin Saturday saying: "There has been lively activity on the part of the enemy between the Yser and the Ancre." This is no doubt correct, but the activity on the part of the Germans discounts that of the allies because the latter are giving the Germans a boost to help them answer a hurry up call.

It is estimated the prisoners taken in the drive on the Marne and that in Picardy will total about 60,000, and apparently the end of the catch is not in sight. Another such a move as Hindenburg made in his "victory offensive" and his armies on the west front will be wiped out. Not less than a quarter of a million of his men are lost to him since the drive began, and some estimates place the number much nearer the half million mark. Those put out of the fighting were his picked men, too.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THE GIVERS.

"I'm proud of all my fellowmen; they dig, and dig, and dig again, to help each worthy cause; they are a credit to the race; they shell out coin with princely grace, like Col. Santa Claus. One "drive" comes on another's heels, and we are asked for many wheels, that we may squelch the Hun; and men who haven't much to spare, whose shelves are, peradventure, bare, keep digging up the moon. We have to cut out this or that, a car, a picnic, or a hat, that we may buy a stamp; we have to make the kind of noise one makes when helping out the boys in far-off field and camp. The man who earns his meagre pay by toil so hard it makes him gray, will split his little pile; the woman who goes out to scrub, or works around a steaming tub, chips in, with beaming smile. I know a man who wrought for years like Adam's yoke of sorrel steers, that he might own his shack; at last, the final payment made, he wept some joyous tears and laid the burden from his back. And then upon his mind it dawned that every man should buy a bond, and in our struggles share; and so he sought the loan graft men, and put the mortgage on again, and laughed to see it there. The proper spirit is abroad; no loyal man will hide his wad, while there's a Hun about; we do not contemplate a strike; the more we give the more we like this thing of selling out.

Anarchist Newspaper Raided In Chicago

Chicago, Aug. 12.—Chicago police and federal investigators today raided through a mass of material collected in a raid early Sunday on an alleged anarchist newspaper plant. It was indicated further German plot trails had been uncovered. Twelve have been held for investigation. Officers said two of them were members of the anarchist

propaganda group and that their correspondence would show German money had been used to propagate general social unrest and to foster opposition to the war.

Among those held is Linda Jose "the dynamite girl" arrested months ago when found in the union station here with a suitcase load of dynamite.

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A FRENCH MOTHER'S LETTER.

The committee on public information issues the following:
Mrs. Wilson permits publication of the following letter as illustrative of the view point of the mothers of France:

Madame Woodrow Wilson:
Washington, D. C.

Madame:—It is from the mothers and women of France that I send you these words to prove our gratitude for the comforting and brotherly support that these young Americans bring us with such noble enthusiasm, and who are not afraid of leaving their families, their country, and their hopes to come to our rescue. Alas! I, myself, have given my beloved son to my unhappy and cruelly tried country, and I can understand the pain of those who see their sons go so far, so very far away. Tell them, those mothers, those women with the sublime hearts, how near we are to them in thought, and how moved we are at their sacrifice. They are our sisters through suffering and agonizing worries, and we are brought together through the same sorrow. That we will never forget. It would make me happy, Madame, to correspond with some of these of these mothers, if they will send me a few lines.

Very respectfully, Madame, I salute you.
MADAME M. BARBON,
No. 1, Rue du 14th Juillet, Pan-Basse, Pyrenees, France.

EIGHTY GERMAN PLANES REPORTED DESTROYED

Result of Two Days Fighting Officially Reported By Air Ministry

London, Aug. 12.—Destruction of eighty German battle planes and the probable loss of 42 others which are reported driven down out of control, was claimed today in the official communique issued by the British official air ministry. The failure of 35 British airplanes to report to their base also is noted. Destruction of the eighty German planes occurred August 9 and 10.

Intense air fighting has been in progress over the battle area. Ton after ton of bombs has been dropped by the British air force, principally upon bridges and stations in the Somme valley. All records for use of small arms ammunition in firing upon troops from airplanes, have been broken.

In addition to the battle planes reported destroyed, the communique claimed the destruction of two hostile bombing machines, one of which was a huge airplane carrying five engines, laden with bombs. Two enemy machines have been brought down by anti-aircraft guns. One British machine previously reported missing has returned.

German Airship Downed.
London, Aug. 12.—A German airship was brought down in a battle off the coast of Holland yesterday, in which British light naval forces and aircraft engaged German aircraft, the admiralty announced today.

"A German airship was brought down in flames north of Ameland (an island in the North sea, four miles off the Dutch coast)," the statement said. "British light forces, with aircraft accompanying, reconnoitered the west Frisian coast yesterday morning. German aircraft attacked them. Six motorboats are missing."

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THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

ENGAGEMENT DAYS.

CHAPTER III.
But talk as she might Ruth still remained unconvinced. She loved Brian Hackett; she would marry him and be poor—for a little while—if necessary.

Not that Ruth was unfeeling, or that she did not love her aunt, the only mother she ever had known; but she loved Brian better—so she thought. At least, she loved him in a different way. But all her coaxing, her wheedling could not change her aunt's decision.

"You must choose between us," was her invariable reply.
If Mrs. Clayborne had stormed and been cross and disagreeable, as people were in the novels Ruth had read, it would have been much easier, in a way. But Aunt Laura was just as kind and gentle as she always had been, save when they were talking of Brian—then she simply gave Ruth her ultimatum. She was even gentle and kind when Brian called. But it was a cold, calm kindness which held him off so thoroughly that he remarked to Ruth:

"Mrs. Clayborne, your aunt, doesn't like me."
"Why do you say that? She doesn't dislike you; she told me so."
"What is it then? Does she freeze me out because I am poor? For, freeze me she does."

"It is because of me, Brian. She is fearful that I will be unhappy when I get away from her,—this lovely home."

"It is lovely, but—Oh, a beautiful home doesn't make people happy! I have known lots of people who had lovely homes who fought like cats and dogs."

BRIAN MAKES A PROMISE.
"You don't quite understand, Brian," Ruth was anxious that her lover should like Mrs. Clayborne. "Aunt Laura has been very indulgent to me. I can't remember her ever denying me anything money could buy, and—"

"Why should she? Uncle says she is as rich as mud. She is old and you are young, and I guess she'd have a hard time getting anyone else to stick as close to her and the place as you have. You told me, yourself, that you never had been away from here."

"No, but Brian, I didn't have a penny. My father was poor. Aunt Laura was his sister, and her money came from her husband, not from our side of the family. So you see it was awfully good of her to take me in and treat me as she has."

"She has had value received," Brian answered with all a lover's confidence in the virtues of the girl he loves.

"Stilly! I have given her nothing but love. And oh, Brian! Mammy wants to know if she can 'go north' with us. You know she has taken care of me ever since I was ten years old."

"Why Ruth—" Brian looked distressed for a moment, then brightened at a thought. "She won't perhaps be able to come right away, but after a while we will send for her—that is, if your aunt can spare her."

"Why, Mammy is mine! She belongs to me!" Ruth had imbibed all the southerner's ideas of the colored servant. "She calls me 'her baby' yet."

"You're my baby now," Brian gathered her in his arms and kissed her.

"You think I can have her soon?" Ruth was still thinking of Mammy's when Mrs. Clayborne had told her Ruth would not be able to take her, when she left to marry a poor man."

"Yes, very soon, my baby," Brian had all kinds of faith in his quick success. In a way, he was successful. He believed fully that, because he was rather smart, perhaps clever in some things, and attractive in appearance, he was bound to "get there quickly," as he expressed it when talking of his prospects. That these very things he valued so highly were of little or no use in the fight for financial emoluments, he had yet to learn.

So, with the hopefulness of youth, he promised Ruth that she should have her old Mammy, as well as many other things, very soon.

There was one trait Brian Hackett possessed, of which Ruth knew nothing—because she had never seen him

under the conditions to call for its expression; Brian was of an intensely jealous disposition. But he could easily see that the young men of the town held no attraction for Ruth, and there was nothing else of which he could be jealous at this period.

AUNT LAURA'S STIPULATION.
When Ruth told her aunt that Brian had promised that she soon could have Mammy Rachel, if she could spare her, Mrs. Clayborne said:

"I'll let her go to you any time you can assure me that she will have a good home. I cannot prevent your marrying whom you wish; I shall not attempt to, beyond letting you know my wishes and the consequences, if you go against them. But I can and will prevent any of my old servants leaving the only home they ever have known until I am positive that they will be comfortable. And nowadays an extra one in the family is something of a hardship for a poor man. Remember, Mammy was born a slave, right here on this plantation. Of course she is free. Mr. Clayborne freed them all. But she is still a child—still looks to someone to take care of her while she lives. No, she cannot go unless I KNOW she will be comfortable. Then she can come to you—if you still insist in marrying before Brian has shown himself capable of supporting you."

"He can support me, Auntie! The very idea of thinking he would ask me to marry him if he couldn't! He can't give me quite as much as you have, right away, but he soon will be able to, then I'll send for Mammy."

Tomorrow—A Trip to New York. ...

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