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TWO HUNDRED MILLION HORSE POWER.

It is estimated that the water power already developed in the United States amounts to 6,000,000 horse power. This seems like a tremendous power, but it is a trifle compared to what the country possesses and can easily make available. It is stated by government authorities that there are opportunities for developing horse power to the amount of 61,000,000 and this without storage. With storage the horse power possible would be above 200,000,000. Of the 61,678,000 available without storage the western states are credited with 44,049,000 horse power while all the other states are lumped at 17,678,000. It will be seen from this that the west has more than two and a half times the water power of all the balance of the states. Oregon, it is believed, leads all the other states in this respect, and this because of the high mountain ranges and the high plateau over which many of her rivers flow, yet reaching practically to sea level before leaving the state. Of these the Columbia with its tremendous volume offers unlimited possibilities in the way of power and the Deschutes, John Day, and other streams of eastern Oregon, are ideal for deriving power from. The Willamette, McKenzie, Santiam, Rogue, Umpqua and dozens of other large streams with their sources high in the Cascade mountains might furnish power for all the machinery and factories that will be established west of the Cascades for years to come, making ideal conditions for all kinds of manufacture with the cheapest power in the world. Conditions in Washington are similar and so are those in Idaho and Montana. Some time these favorable conditions will turn the tide of manufacture from the overcrowded east, and bring part of that congested population to the coast. That is the one thing that handicaps manufacturing on the coast, the scarcity of labor. The tremendous demand for fuel in the east, a demand that can scarcely longer be met, will force this change of manufacturing center, though it will take time for this to be realized. The time is coming when the Willamette valley will be as densely populated as Massachusetts and the balance of the overcrowded states of the far east. One of the great industries then will be the manufacture of linens, and when this is once started western Oregon will come into her own. Congress has under consideration a bill making water powers available for private capital, and it is claimed this bill will pass without much opposition. Circumstances, especially those arising since the war, the main one being shortage of fuel has caused a sudden change of sentiment as to Gifford Pinchotizing the water power, for congress is awakening to the fact that the only way to conserve water power is to use it. It is learning that the water that has passed the mill will not turn its wheels. It will be a long step toward the development of the state once some reasonable law concerning the use of the water now running to waste is made.

Lenine and Trotsky it is rumored have fled from Moscow to Kronstadt. This is a strong fortress twenty miles west of Petrograd. It is also stated the power of the bolsheviks is rapidly crumbling. While these are both rumors there is plenty of solid fact behind them, for if Lenine and Trotsky have not fled, it is only a question of a very short time until they will do so. It is noted that they fled toward their friends the Prussians, and if affairs grow worse will no doubt return to Germany where their good work for the kaiser should cause them to get a warm welcome. Still with the kaiser's well known ingratitude, they may get into prison instead, for not doing better.

Spain has sent a protest to Germany over the sinking of Spanish ships by submarines. It is a waste of paper and time for Germany knows no law or right unless it is a law or right that is for her benefit. Spain should unite her tears with those of Sweden, over the treatment they have received and are still receiving from the kaiser with whom they sympathize so deeply.

IN BRIGHT COLORS.

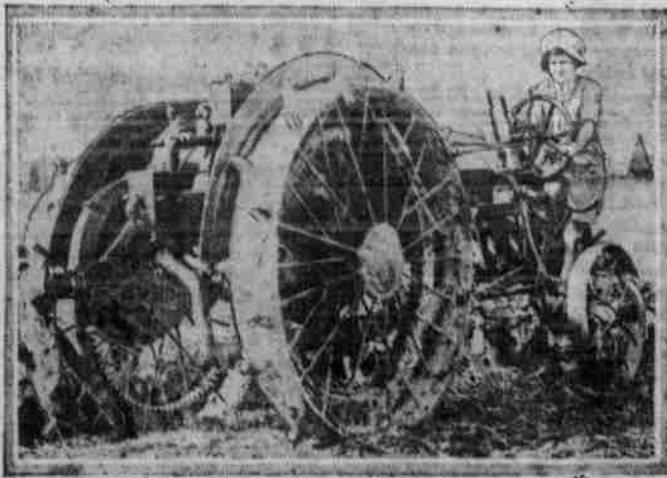
Lloyd George's advice to Englishmen not to grow too optimistic, is also good advice for the balance of the allies and especially for Americans. While the news from the front is highly encouraging, and shows continued successes for the allies, we must remember that the Germans are not the only ones who get their news more or less colored. It is natural to give success its brightest hues, and that this is being done in the reports from the western front is easily seen when a calm examination of that news is made. For instance the correspondents have given Americans the impression that the retreat of the Germans both on the Marne and in Picardy were almost a rout. That this was a mistake is easily seen. They pointed out that back of the German lines streams of returning soldiers were seen, the movement being almost in the nature of a rout. Now a cursory examination of the story of both battles shows that there has been little in the way of a disorderly retreat. Apparently Ludendorff having felt out the front on the Marne and found how strong the Americans were there saw that his safety lay in getting out of that pocket. The story of the withdrawal shows that it was made in a mastery manner, and with no greater losses than were natural to the movement. There was strong rear-guard fighting all the way back. While the Germans were taken by surprise in Picardy, it is evident they too were intending to withdraw, only the British attacked them a day or so sooner than they expected and so by surprising them caused some change in their plans. At the same time there was no rout or anything like it but a well conducted retreat, which like the withdrawal from the Marne is marked by fierce rear-guard fighting, showing the retirement is orderly. It is probable from today's dispatches the withdrawal will continue to the old Hindenburg line, but it can be depended on the backward movement will be made in good order. That the enemy has lost heavily in guns and munitions as well as men is only a result of the retreating of so large a body of troops, with a closely pursuing enemy. True, we do not like the Prussian's claim a defeat is a victory, but at the same time those writing the story of the fight for American readers are disposed to use rather gaudy colors. We have the Huns to whip and we are making a good start at it, but they are not whipped yet. They will be, but the celebration should not be premature.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

NUTS.

I used to hold that I was sane, there were no weevils in my brain; no bats or bugs were wont to chase inside my dome, in endless race. But now, unfortunate, I dwell, and gibber in my padded cell. I tried to read and understand affairs in Russia's darkened land. I read dispatches branded true; the more I read the less I knew. I heard some gifted speakers tell of what in Petrograd befell, of anarchy 'neath Russia's flag, and felt my brain begin to sag. My aunt, in desperation, cried, "For heaven's sake let Russia slide. You never will get wise, I swear, to all that's doing over there." I answered, "I have never yet sidestepped a guessing match, you bet, and I am bound to find a slew to Russia's curves before I'm through." I read in helpful-magazines how Trotsky spilled the Russian beans; I read how Lenine and his group with ardor brewed the Russian soup; I read such stories day by day; and dreamed them when I hit the hay; and then I had a raving spell and landed in my padded cell. The children come when school is o'er, and feed me peanuts through the door. And rubbernecks come by and say, "Alas for this poor stricken jay!" The keeper murmurs to the guest, "Don't mention Russia, I request, or he may rise in frenzied rage and tear the padding from his cage."



HELPING THE U. S. A.—Ladies! Did you ever think how much help you can render your Uncle Sam if you know how to run an auto? Did you ever know that it is just as easy to run a farm tractor as it is to run an auto? If you don't believe us ask Mrs. Henninger, who takes a ride in her tractor every morning to help raise Uncle Sam's crop.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

A TRIP TO NEW YORK.

CHAPTER IV.
Ruth Madden was not a beautiful girl, as many consider beauty; her features were too irregular. She was tall and graceful, with reddish hair (Brian called it Titian) and a face sparkling with intelligence and animation.

While Ruth's education had been almost entirely conducted at home, she was better equipped than most girls. She spoke French and Italian fluently, was thoroughly conversant with the history and literature of her own country as well as of other countries, and was almost an authority on the textiles and decorations used in famous buildings, as well as the architecture of different periods—a different education, perhaps, than that given most girls, yet a practical one in many ways.

Ruth also rode and danced, she drove her own car, and could, if necessary, put on a tire. But she knew absolutely nothing of housework, and less than nothing of economy.

"It would have been better if I had sent her to boarding school, perhaps," her aunt said to herself in the days after Ruth had promised to marry Brian. "She might have seen other attractive young men, and then not been so easily won by Brian Hackett."

Thinking, perhaps, that it was not too late, even yet, Mrs. Clayborne planned a trip to New York, pretending that business called her. Ruth was delighted with the big town and all she saw, but Mrs. Clayborne, because of her long absence, had lost track of most of her old friends, and found very little chance to introduce Ruth to anyone who would take her thoughts from Brian. She did impress upon Ruth, however, the need of money in a city. She purposely took her to the most expensive places, then, by contrast, to the cheaper ones. But Ruth's ideas regarding money were peculiar to her upbringing, and these things her aunt did, hoping to impress her, were of little value.

THE CHIEF ATTRACTION.

What Ruth did enjoy and fairly revel in, were the shops—not the crowded floors where women congregated around the bargain counters, or shoved and pushed each other to see what was on sale that particular day; but the art galleries, and perhaps even more than the galleries, the interior decorating departments of some of the larger stores.

"Some of it is lovely!" she said in criticism. "But so much more could be accomplished if they would do this and so." Then, "I'd like to be in such a place. It would be lovely to be

always handling new and exquisite things—to have some room to decorate in a different way, day after day—some house of different architecture to consider and"—

"Come, dear," her aunt interrupted. This was not what she had hoped to do. And she did not like to see Ruth so enthusiastic over an occupation that took women from their homes. She had all the old-time southerner's dislike for a woman doing anything that brought her into the life of the great public. Home was made for women, and women for homekeepers, was one of her theories.

Ruth talked often of what she had seen in New York, but beyond that, she was not impressed. She thought the few young men she had met, vapid and silly. She had not seen one as handsome as Brian. Her aunt had given her carte-blanche in buying, and had made no attempt to direct her purchases. The result was, that Ruth had taken home a trunkful of new clothes. Dainty expensive negligees, fit only for her boudoir. Soft lace and silk underwear which Mrs. Clayborne's laundress, with years of experience in doing such things, washed carefully between her hands; and one or two street gowns which, while plain, were of the finest material, the most fashionable cut. Things very out of place, all of them, for the wife of a poor man.

AN UNVOICED PREDICTION.

It was like Mrs. Clayborne to allow Ruth to do as she pleased about her clothes. She would not scrimp the child, nor meddle in any way with what she spent. She had not, since Ruth was eighteen, and she had given her permission to buy what she pleased. Up to the last minute, she would pamper and indulge her. Then, if they did not get along, her child, as she always thought of Ruth, would come at once to her. She would part from her kindly; she would even treat Brian well. But if they married, she would absolutely eliminate herself, her support.

If Mrs. Clayborne hoped they would not get along; if she really thought by doing this she would hasten the time when Ruth would return to her, she gave it no expression, not even to old Rachel, who bemoaned her young mistress' leaving.

"Dis house'll be lak the grave when she is done gone," she wailed. "Wid' out no young thing lak her in it."

"There, Rachel! you must not go on so. It is natural for young folks to marry, and Miss Ruth will come home to visit, perhaps."

"I reckon she's mightily in love with him, to leave us uns," she moaned. "I don't know what old Rachel gawn to do wid' out her baby."

Hobo King Jeff Davis Wants Bum Put To Work

Washington, Aug. 13.—Jeff Davis, "hobo king" blew into town today to interest General Crowder in work for the country's "bums."

President Petitioned In Mooney Case

Washington, Aug. 13.—President Wilson today was formally petitioned by representatives of labor throughout the country to use his powers as commander in chief of the army, to take Thomas J. Mooney from control of the California state courts and see that he gets a new trial.

A memorial was left at the White House, and the president, it was understood will reply to the appeal within a few days.

Mooney is now under sentence to die for participating in the preparedness day outrage in San Francisco. The president has made repeated efforts to secure a new trial for him, thus far without avail.

"I reckon I wont know what to do either," Mrs. Clayborne said with a sad smile. "But we'll have to get along some way, Rachel."

"Yes Ma'am, but we all gawn to be mighty lonesum."

After Rachel had departed, sighing, Mrs. Clayborne said to herself: "Yes, we all will be mighty lonesome—until she comes back."

Tomorrow—The Wedding Day.

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