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Editor and Publisher

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## MAKING THE GOVERNOR "IT."

The consolidation commission appointed by Governor Withycombe at least recognized the authority that appointed it. It has made its report suggesting that the state government be turned over to the governor, and that officers now elected by the people be appointed by him. The only elective officers left are the governor, the state treasurer and the secretary of state. These are left presumably because the constitution provides for their election and it was beyond the power of the commission to make any change. The commission also reports that it will make a great saving in the cost of running the state, but the savings are all on supposition and the commission does the supposing. It simply says there will be a certain amount saved, giving the items, but as it has no means of knowing what salaries will be paid the gentlemen appointed by the governor to run the state, there is nothing on which to base any estimates as to what the saving, if any, would be.

It is a safe bet though that the people will not consent to having the right to elect their officers, such as are left them to elect, taken away from them and the naming of practically every officer in the state turned over to the governor. It is no wonder the governor wanted a consolidation commission, for it makes him the supreme boss politician of the state if its recommendations are accepted. The governor manipulated the last legislature so that the management of the state prison was taken out of the hands of the board of control and turned over to him.

The history of that institution since it came under his sole control is such that the part of wisdom would suggest that he be not given control of anything else. The flax business at the prison has simply gone to pieces under his management, and the prison as a place of detention is a state-wide joke.

There will have to be a much more closely itemized statement as to savings and benefits to be derived from Professor Matthews' plan than has been made, before the people will even consider accepting it. About the only changes suggested is calling what are now commissions, "departments," and these are so arranged in the plan suggested that there is no end to the subdivisions and minor departments that can be attached to each. Apparently the gentleman from Illinois was more interested in completing some plan that would please the governor and increase his power, than in getting a sensible working plan of government. It is safe to say that when the people tire of their present form of state government they will call a constitutional convention and form some other, and it will not be along the lines of turning the state over to the governor either. This is a democracy not a monarchy, and the people will insist on having something to say about who shall represent them in the most important offices. When they want a little two-bit-king, they can import one from some of the German states, for there are likely to be a job lot of them available and anxious for a boss position in the very near future. However we are not ready for that kind of petty monarchy yet.

The drive in Picardy as well as that on the Soissons-Marne salient has slowed up but is not yet halted. It has not yet been disclosed just what Crown Prince Rupprecht intends doing, or whether the stiff resistance he is putting up is for the purpose of assisting in getting guns and munitions back to the Hindenburg line, or has concluded to take issue with Foch on this line. The former seems to be the more general opinion in military circles. The allied advance is making his tenure of many important positions dangerous, and dispatches intimate that several of these positions will soon fall into the hands of the allies.

General March says there are now 31 complete American divisions in France, or about 1,400,000 men. These should help make it lively for both the crown princes and at the same time give Ludendorff and Hindenburg something to think about as to where they should locate their next line of defense.

The state tax commission is in session today and will consider the budgets submitted by the various institutions and commissions. It is quite certain that requests for appropriations for new buildings will have hard sledding, and if any such are granted it will have to be shown that they cannot be got along without. This is a hard year for making improvements, and such cannot be made for anything like the cost in normal times. Buildings put up now will cost from fifty per cent more, up to practically double what they will when conditions again become normal. Good business suggests that no new buildings be undertaken unless imperatively necessary. The tax payers and citizens generally have about as much load as they can carry, and anything unnecessary added will be resented.

Now little Uruguay is having troubles of her own, the wires yesterday bringing news of a strike in the capital city, Montevideo, in which 15,000 strikers clashed with the troops. Fiery speeches were made denouncing the president. Late Tuesday employees of the packing houses and the port workers joined the strikers, thus stopping the shipping of meats to the allies. The scarcity of food supplies in the city is said to be becoming serious, and it is this with high prices that has caused the strike. Outside of its effect on shipments to the allies it is not probable the strike will have any serious effects.

The war is causing many curious things, not the least of which is the establishing of baseball in the holy-land. Americans with the British army are responsible for the arrangement, and it is contemplated to play several games in Jerusalem. Four complete outfits have been sent to the Jewish Legion for Service in Palestine, which is composed of Jews from this country serving with the army who are able or below the draft age. Baseball slang in Jerusalem is sure carrying the modern things back to rub up against the things, methods and habits of a bygone age.

France and Great Britain have recognized the Czecho-Slovaks as a nation engaged in war on the side of the allies. This makes them take rank with the Jews as a nation without a country, but from the way they keep fighting they should be able to capture a country for themselves before long. They are proving the nucleus around which the Russians may rally, and may prove the salvation of that wrecked country.

The Oregon Agricultural College wants \$1,103,650 for conducting the affairs for the biennium of 1919-20. This is an increase of \$205,450 over the estimated income of the biennium. The estimates place the salaries for the two year period at \$730,000, and this does not state whether the increased salary to its president is included. If not the amount will be \$1,400 larger.

At first glance it seems ridiculous that gold miners should want a bonus on their product. At the same time it costs more to mine an ounce of gold than ever before, and besides the purchasing power of the gold has been reduced from a third to a half.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### GOING DRY.

This land of ours is going dry, the grogshops close their swinging doors, and soon the man who wants old rye will have to swim to foreign shores. John Barleycorn has met his fate, he's being pushed clear off the map; and we must learn to celebrate with sparkling water from the tap. There is no ginmill in the vale, there are no ginmills on the hills; dry people call for Adam's ale, and fill themselves with babbling rills. The workman buys a house and lot with money that he used to blow for brimming bowls of liquid rot, that filled his head and soul with woe. Tired father laps up sparkling brooks, instead of seeking gilded halls, and has some coin to spend for books, and pictures for the parlor walls. The young man hits the village pond, when thirst has given him the blues; and then he buys a U. S. bond, which is a better thing than booze. The war has killed the Demon Rum, has been a hoar and deadly frost; and men will say, in years to come, the war was worth whatever it cost. The ginmill skuts its latticed doors, the red nosed patrons don't crowd in; the jeweled barkeep no more pours rainwater in the keg of gin. The thirsty man thinks not of beer, but to the nearest hydrant tramps, and quaffs a flagon bright and clear, then buys himself War Savings Stamps.

\*\*\*\*\*  
While you compound your gain!  
\*\*\*\*\*  
**PROFITEER.**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
By Charles B. Driscoll  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Go, wallow in your golden mire,  
Count o'er your bloody pelf,  
Rent out your shriveled soul for hire,  
Build monuments to Self!  
Stand not before the altar light  
In Freedom's holy fane;  
Bogone! and let us fight our fight,  
\*\*\*\*\*  
You sell our hero in the mart,  
Your grasping fingers shine  
With jewels from his bleeding heart,  
Your countryman and mine!  
He lies upon a couch,  
Dead, in a holy cause,  
While you behind his body crouch,  
With banknotes in your clow.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Beware the people you betray;  
They're patient, they endure;  
Their wrath, once awakened, none may stay.  
Their aim is swift and sure,  
\*\*\*\*\*

## A GERMAN-AMERICAN SCHOOLMASTER.

By J. Milner Dorey of the Vigilantes.

There is a certain German-American schoolmaster, 'somewhere in America' who has all the earmarks of patriotism but whose general temperament and educational pronouncements would indicate otherwise. Probably he is not to blame and yet—he is accustomed to absolute rule, to dogmatic utterance, and to the absence of criticism or opposition. Moreover, he believes profoundly in the German Kultur, and German efficiency. He tells believers that it is his duty to spread these educational ideals over Anglo-Saxon civilization. Therefore while he may appear to be talking the war up and the Kaiser down, and to be supporting everything that comes along with his heart he is in a state of angry plethoric rebellion.

THIS GERMAN-AMERICAN SCHOOLMASTER IS PATRIOTIC, NOT BECAUSE HE BELIEVES IN DEMOCRACY AND WANTS TO SEE IT GROW, BUT BECAUSE HE IS ENRAGED THAT THE GERMAN MILITARY MACHINE HAS INTERRUPTED HIS EDUCATIONAL PROPAGANDA.

It is not the purpose here to dilate on certain well-known intellectual and temperamental traits of the German schoolmaster—his egotism, his arrogance, his dogmatism, his tendency to generalize from insufficient data, his aggravating habit of borrowing ideas and exploding them as his own, his pernicious habit of instigating movements in others and then absolving himself from responsibility, of seeing only one side of an argument, of making earnest discussions matter, of bitter controversy, of forcing his educational theories down others' throats, of lack of tact, and tact, of brusqueness of manner, or over-fondness for red tape and administrative detail, of a persistent itch to make the public schools the field for all sorts of new experiments, or over-insistence on the utilitarian, or of a sort of imagination or of elements that cannot be defined and labeled. Many of these inclinations often have merit, when properly directed, or when taken not too seriously. He is energetic; he believes in promptness, system and efficiency. He is strong for the properties and conventions; his morality is sound, and he believes in thorough drill in the fundamentals. All of us believe in these things, not alone for young people, and because of the German-American's devotion to principles we have welcomed him into our public school system.

But we are at war with Germany. We have come to regard suspiciously some of these educational ideas brought over from the Fatherland. At least we want them thoroughly adapted to our needs. In consequence, he is estop. But the German-American schoolmaster, before the war, wanted them just as they were. He did not want them Americanized. He believed that we needed German educational ideals. He believed this profoundly. In consequence, estopped in his great scheme, he is baffled, perturbed, alarmed, and enraged. He had the choice of abandoning them, reconstructing them, or forcing them on us. He would not think of the first; he cannot do the second without hypocrisy, and he dare not do the third. Therefore, he is trying the second.

The German-American schoolmaster is patriotic. Oh, yes! He preaches patriotism to his school. He forces it, if need be, to sell Liberty Bonds, and to subscribe to the various funds. He does these things to conceal his wrath at the state of things, and to advertise his own patriotism and efficiency, and to divert suspicion. But he criticizes the conduct of the war on all occasions—not violently, but craftily. He questions the need of this. He objects to this appointment that expeditious. He calls attention to forms of government in other countries that operate better than ours. He impugns the motives of the president. He charges this official with playing politics, or criticizes another for delays he knows nothing about. He rarely mentions the president; in his talks before the school or his class, but subtly praises the judgment of well-known opposition leaders. He would delay this speed that he declaims against waste here, or urges vast expenditures there. He reads only the literature which supports his opinions, and he believes it vital that everyone should agree with him. All of this political propaganda is done in the name of constructive criticism, but in reality it is a half-veiled remonstrance against the need of doing anything about anything. He would have the country at peace so that his chief business is not interrupted. He appears to be urging the war on to a speedy and complete defeat of Germany, but in reality he is frantic to restore normal conditions lest German Kultur be completely repudiated.

Such is a certain German-American schoolmaster. He does nothing criminal. He can point to his shore in war enterprises. He calls attention to his loyalty and his industry, and no one can gainsay him. But to say the least he is an aggravation, a puzzling problem, object of scrutiny, something not to be ignored.

Your day is drawing to a close,  
Your slowly sinking sun,  
A cruel, grewsome shadow throws—  
A gallows and a gun!

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## THE WIFE

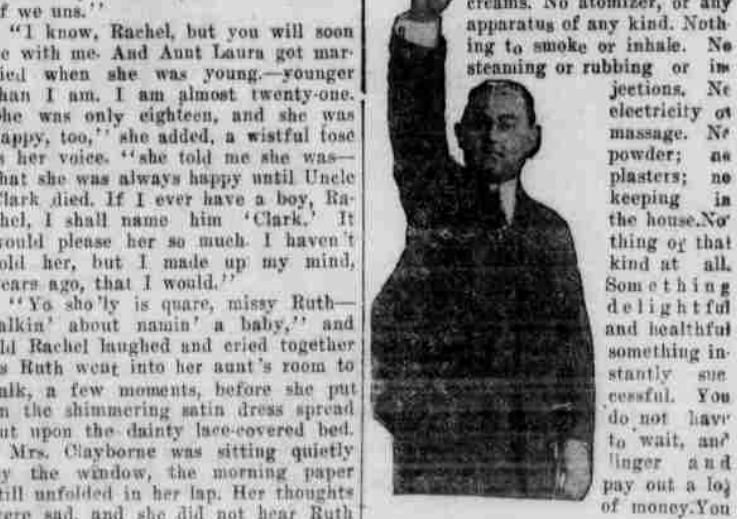
By JANE PHELPS

### GOOD-BYES.

CHAPTER VI.  
Ruth chattered gaily with her aunt at breakfast. That Mrs. Clayborne was not quite pleased that she was going to marry Brian, she knew. But, so long as that displeasure took no other form than cutting her off from spending money, Ruth did not worry about it. For, one who has always spent money recklessly knows nothing of its value.  
Mrs. Clayborne had allowed Ruth her own way in regard to their wedding. It was no part of her plan to alienate her niece. So Ruth was to be married in the little church she had attended ever since she came to "The Terrace." The same old white-haired minister who had patted her on the head then, and said he hoped she would help her aunt forget her sorrow because of the death of her husband, was to marry her to Brian. There were to be no engraved invitations. Ruth herself had gone from house to house and invited the few whom she wished to come to the church, and to the wedding breakfast afterward. There were only a few—a dozen young people, and some old friends of Mrs. Clayborne's—perhaps twenty in all. Ruth laughed when she overheard one of the servants say:  
"Dat Miss Hopkins' Eliza said dat Miss Ruth warn't havin' no kind of weddin' at all. She said she warn't invitin' nobody and that she was marryin' a pore man."  
She was marrying a poor man, perhaps, but he wouldn't be poor very long! He had told her he wouldn't. And he couldn't be so VERY poor; he dressed nicely, and his uncle was a prominent man in the town. Ruth was clever, in many ways, but in others she was as ignorant as, when a child of ten, she had come to live with her wealthy aunt.  
After breakfast she went upstairs and quietly went over the entire house, not missing a room.  
"What do all doin'?" Rachel asked. "I've got to dress and the rest of yo' things on the bed lak yo' told me. Twelve o'clock comes mighty soon, missy Ruth." (Twelve o'clock was the hour for the wedding.)  
"THE DEAR OLD HOUSE."  
"I'm saying good-bye to the rooms, Rachel. I'm going a long way and may not get back to visit for some time."  
"It ain't dem rooms what is gwoin' to miss yo, honey; it am old Rachel and Missy Claiborn, and all the rest of us."  
"I know, Rachel, but you will soon be with me. And Aunt Laura got married when she was young—younger than I am. I am almost twenty-one. She was only eighteen, and she was happy, too," she added, a wistful look in her voice. "She told me she was— that she was always happy until Uncle Clark died. If I ever have a boy, Rachel, I shall name him 'Clark.' It would please her so much. I haven't told her, but I made up my mind, years ago, that I would."  
"Yo sho'ly is quare, missy Ruth— talkin' about namin' a baby," and old Rachel laughed and cried together as Ruth went into her aunt's room to talk, a few moments, before she put on the shimmering satin dress spread out upon the dainty lace-covered bed.  
Mrs. Clayborne was sitting quietly by the window, the morning paper still unfolded in her lap. Her thoughts were sad, and she did not hear Ruth enter the room.  
"Guess who it is?" Ruth said gaily, putting her hands over Mrs. Clayborne's eyes, then leaning over to kiss her before she took a chair beside her.  
"Ruth, dear, you haven't much time. It is eleven o'clock."  
"I know, but I wanted to talk a little. I shall be ready in time. Rachel has everything laid out for me. I know, you don't like Brian, Aunt Laura."  
"You are mistaken, Ruth, I do like him. I simply do not believe he is the right man for you to marry."  
"Strong ties."  
"But, Auntie, please don't stop loving me because I can't do as you want me to, will you? I just couldn't bear it if you did!"  
"I shall never stop loving you, dear. You and my dear husband have been over-night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic."  
"Guarantee is Good 15 Days"  
My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly, yet surely sapping my vitality.  
But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE, and I am ready to let you try it for fifteen days on my guarantee. Yes, I'll guarantee it, and if you are not satisfied it won't cost you one cent. Write me promptly.

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