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Editor and Publisher

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

SATURDAY EVENING
August 17, 1918

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

L. S. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.

Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Bldg.

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulation

A NATION'S FOOD SAVING.

The reports of the governmental departments for the fiscal year ending June 30, show some of the tremendous things the people of the United States have done in the way of saving foodstuffs and supplying the allies. Among these it is noted we sent the allies three hundred and forty million bushels of cereals, or eighty million bushels more than the previous year. This was despite the fact that the cereal crop was short and that we had practically only enough for home consumption. Of these cereals one hundred and thirty-five million bushels were wheat. We had allotted the allies all that it was thought possible to spare, yet when they stated they had to have seventy-five million bushels more, Mr. Hoover undertook to raise the quantity by an appeal to the patriotism of the American people. His reliance was well borne out by the results, for Americans denied themselves the use of flour to such an extent that we sent eighty-five million bushels, or ten million more than was asked. During the fiscal year we shipped to the allies three million pounds of meats and fats, an increase over the preceding year of eight hundred and forty million pounds. This too, in spite of the fact that our supply for the year was rather under the normal. It was economy in the use of these articles, by Americans, that made this splendid showing possible. The outstanding feature of the movement is that it was entirely voluntary, the people responding generously and cheerfully to the demand, and it may be said, almost universally. It is the most emphatic answer to the German taunt that we are a nation of dollar chasers that has been made. We found it no very difficult thing to do, and though we must continue to conserve, we will find it still easier because it has become, as it were, a habit. We have 250,000,000 bushels more wheat than last year, but until the war is over we must try and keep some surplus to meet another possible short year.

The treasury department has completed its report on "profiteering," and shows 31,500 concerns are involved. It is claimed the packers are the worst offenders, but this may well be doubted, for nothing is said of the milling trust. With the price of wheat and flour fixed, and that of all substitutes left at the mercy of the millers and jobbers, this field is such a splendid one that to even imagine it has not been exploited is an insult to the American business shark. Wheat has remained practically at last year's price but flour increased 17 per cent. This shows crookedness on the face of it, but when it is remembered that all the wheat substitutes are in the control of the big trust it can be understood why corn flour costs more than that made from wheat, although the corn is 75 cents a bushel less. It is the same with all other substitutes. The sharks control the substitutes and the government requires the consumer to use the latter on a fifty-fifty basis with flour. This is a regular cinch for the speculators, the big fellows. All those found guilty of profiteering should be made to leave the country and remain out of it, that is if they are permitted to remain outside of the prisons a day of their lives. However, there is no country except Germany that anyone would want to wish the gang onto.

A writer in the Saturday Evening Post discussing the "fight or work" laws calls attention to difficulty the authorities have in deciding in many cases whether a person not working is liable to punishment, and calls attention to those who have considerable properties which require practically all their time to look after. He among other things asks: "Shall a poet be put at work breaking rock on the public highway?" This of course is a difficult question to answer off hand much depending on the poet. If he is of the average war or newspaper brand, it might be conceded that the punishment fitted the crime, unless something harder could be devised.

With Bartlett pears bringing the growers \$48 a ton net, the chances are so much sugar as usual will not be required to do the good housewife's pear canning this season.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW HERE.

THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL AT THE BANK

A POOR YEAR FOR BUILDING.

Many, in fact most of the state institutions have an item in their budgets for the coming biennium providing for the erection of new buildings. It is conceivable that there may be necessity for some of these, but at the same time it is admitted that every unnecessary expense to the taxpayer should be cut out. The demand for labor is pressing, and every available man is needed to carry on the industries of the country. When two and a half million more of our able-bodied men are sent to France, the demand for labor will be immeasurably increased. For this reason, if no other, no buildings should be undertaken that can possibly be gotten along without. Besides all material is high, and to build now will cost from fifty per cent more than during normal times and perhaps double. This is another strong reason why no building should be undertaken. Within six weeks the people of Oregon will be called on to lend the government around forty million dollars, and following this another call will be made for the Red Cross and other societies which will take another million. The people will no doubt respond as they have before, taking the full quota of bonds apportioned to the state, and as they have just finished paying the last installment of the third Liberty loan, it will be a severe drain on them. A million dollars for buildings, in these days when most people talk in billions does not seem large, but it counts just the same. No doubt the tax commission will take all these things, and others, into consideration in passing on the matter, and it can be depended on to cut out all but the absolutely necessary buildings.

Prune growers of this section are finding a market for their products, this year entirely different from that they have heretofore relied on. The failure of the Idaho prune crop, due to Spring frosts leaves the market shy of the 1,000 carloads sent from that section on usual seasons. The result is that a demand is made on this section to help supply the deficiency. The price makes it an inducement to try the new market, but it may interfere with our Uncle Samuel's arrangements for the dried product.

Two days of the open season for deer and hunters have passed, and no killings are reported among the latter yet. It may be hunters are becoming more careful, and those whose business requires them to frequent the woods more cautious.

The cloudy weather and light rains make one feel that winter is close at hand, for rain is Oregon's sign of that season. In addition the hum of the woodsaws all day long give the feeling a still more intensified twang.

Congress is sure getting things down to a fine point. It first passes a "work or fight" law and now comes to the front with a tax on occupations. It makes a fellow work and then taxes his occupation. That is what some folks would call "a cinch."

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

MENTAL HEALING.

I walked down town and cried, "Gee whiz!" an awful uproar making; for I was full of rheumatiz, and all my joints were aching. I groaned and swore at every step, my aches would not desert me; I had no ease, I had no pep, and every motion hurt me. Oh, I had fed on purple pills, I'd lived on drug and potion, and none of them relieved my ills, though swallowed by the ocean. At last I reached the courthouse square, and wondered what was doing; a lot of men were dancing there, and yipping and hurrooing. "Have you not heard the news?" cried one, his face with joy quivering; "Our boys have whipped the beastly Hun and chased him in the river." And then, though I am old and fat, I joined the boys cavorting; I whooped around and waved my hat, and kept the welkin snorting. When I got home my good wife called, "Your rheumatism's better? You walk like one who has installed a brand new carburetter." I said, "The Hun is getting his! The news from Europe pleases; I haven't time for rheumatiz or any punk diseases."

Auburn Dedicates Large Service Flag

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Auburn, Or., Aug. 17.—A service flag with twelve stars was dedicated at Auburn, Sunday, August 11th.
The flag was made by Mrs. A. Stamer and little Miss Janette Olson, who has two brothers in the service, was given the honor of unfurling it. The dedication address was given by Rev. Lovell and was ringing with high ideals of true Americanism. The programme was in charge of the Sunday school choir and was throughout appropriate to the occasion, and was as follows:
Scripture lesson, "The Good Samaritan," Sunday school.
Song, "America," school.
Reading, "A Prayer for the Nation," Mrs. Lottie Mathis.
Song, "Guard the Flag," four young ladies.
Song, "America for Christ," choir.

Reading, The House of the Service Flag, Mrs. A. Williams.
Unfurling the Service Flag, Miss Janette Olson.
Solo, "The Red Bordered Flag in the Window," Miss Mary Barnes.
Reading, "The Kid Has Gone to the Colors," Miss Mabel Williams.
Song, "The World for Christ," choir.
Duet, "He'll never forget to keep me," Messrs. R. Gill and Gail Williams.
Flag song and march, the Misses Mary Barnes, Helen Williams, Byrl Bond and Esther Sneed with recitation by Miss Byrl Bond.
Song, "My Captain Never Lost a Battle," choir.
Address, Rev. G. L. Lovell.
The names of the twelve boys represented by the Auburn Service Flag are as follows:
1—James Pezles; 2—Leo Sotter; 3—George Lewis; 4—John Sneed; 5—Frank Haynes; 6—Andrew Lattimer; 7—Claude McKenney; 8—Walter Olson; 9—Elmer Olson; 10—Roy Mathis; 11—Vernon Aufrance; 12—Osborn Bond.

Oregon City Wants No Sermons In German Tongue

F. R. Andrews, secretary of the Loyalty league, is the head of an Oregon City committee to call on the "German" ministers of that city to ascertain why they continue preaching in German. Andrews, in an interview with an Oregon City paper said:
"At this time every effort should be made to put Americanism to the front. The language of the Hun is no patriotic expression, and we shall endeavor to have the churches substitute plain ordinary English for their services. Everywhere schools are dropping it, and in most places considerable reaction has been caused by the practice of preaching in German. We anticipate no trouble with the local ministers."

DEATH OF JAMES BROYLES.

James Henry Broyles, an old and highly esteemed resident of this city and section, died at the home of his son, W. H. Broyles, last Thursday night, in the 80th year of his age.
Mr. Broyles was born in Washington county, Kentucky, on June 3, 1839. He left there in 1844 and went to Davis county, Indiana, where he resided until April 18, 1865. On February 12, 1865, he married Mary Jane Caswood in Davis county, Indiana. On April 18, 1865, Mr. and Mrs. Broyles left Indiana for Oregon, traveling overland, over the plains and mountains. With them were Mr. Broyles' parents, a brother and other relatives. They came in a train of mule teams and prairie schooners, fifty emigrants organizing at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, the government requiring this organization on account of Indians. Mrs. Broyles' parents and brother died while on the road. They were visited by a large number of Indians, but were not molested.
Mr. and Mrs. Broyles camped for a while at what is now Wacoada, then farmed for four years at St. Louis, after which they rented a farm of Miss Sarah Kennedy on the Champeong road and were there six years.
In 1875 they purchased and occupied a farm on Howell Prairie. This they sold in a year's time and moved to Gervais where Mr. Broyles went into the butcher business.
On May 29, 1884 they moved to Woodburn and Mr. Broyles opened a butcher shop here. At that time there were sixty dwelling houses in Woodburn, a warehouse, and Ben Cooley had a little store in connection with the postoffice. Many friends dropped in on them at their home on February 12, 1915, the occasion being their 50th wedding anniversary.

The death of Mrs. Broyles occurred March 28th, last. Surviving Mr. Broyles are five children: Zuehariah Broyles, Mrs. Nettie Pennobaker of Woodburn, Mrs. Mary Yergen, Donald and John Broyles, in the U. S. army. There are several grandchildren. He was very fond of his children, of a cheerful disposition and every one had a hearty greeting for him whenever they met him.—Woodburn Independent.

DEATH OF MRS. KYNISTON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kyniston died at her home in this city on August 7, at 10:30 p. m., aged 76 years.
Elizabeth Asher was born June 16, 1842, at Agaww, Switzerland. She left for this country with her parents when four years of age, the mother passing away on the voyage over. They located in Iowa and afterward she accompanied the family of Dr. Irwin around the country and then with the family went to Wyoming. There she married John T. Kyniston and they moved to Halsey, Oregon, about 1875. Mr. Kyniston died 99 years ago and was buried at Noti, Oregon. Mrs. Kyniston moved to Woodburn two years ago. She was a member of the Baptist church and very highly esteemed.

Five sons and one daughter survive her, one child, a girl having died in her infancy. Those surviving are: Frank J. Kyniston, Mollie; T. E. Kyniston, The Dalles; A. L. Kyniston, The Dalles; Miss Elsie Kyniston, Woodburn; J. G. Kyniston, Hood River; Ralph Kyniston of Spokane.
The remains were taken to Noti where they were placed beside those of her husband, Sunday. Services were held at the grave, Rev. U. G. Clark of the church of God, Eugene, officiating.—Woodburn Independent.

COOLS QUENCHES THIRST

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THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

BRIAN TAKES RUTH TO A CHEAP HOTEL.

CHAPTER VIII

When they arrived in New York dusk was just falling. They drove to a small hotel, where Brian had made arrangements to remain until they could find an apartment that pleased Ruth, and suited his pocket book. The hotel was rather dingy, but at night it did not look so bad, and he hoped Ruth would not feel too much out of place in it. He knew that upon her visit to New York with her aunt she had stayed at one of the fashionable Fifth Avenue hotels; so it was with an apologetic manner that he asked her if she thought she could be comfortable for a few days until they found an apartment.

"I will have to be, I suppose," she returned, not meaning to be ungracious, her fastidiousness shocked, nevertheless.

"It will only be for a little while until we find something suitable," Brian told her, "and you will be out all day looking for a place, then for furniture."

"It will be such fun!" Ruth exclaimed. "I do so love to furnish. I had the time of my life when I did over Aunt's house."

"I'm afraid there will quite a difference in furnishing a four or five room flat, and your aunt's lovely old house."

"I shall enjoy it, just the same." Nothing couldn't happen to dampen Ruth's ardor where furnishing and decorations were concerned.

Things did not look quite so rosy the next morning. The dinginess of the hotel in the bright sunlight that struggled thru the soiled windows, was more apparent. The faded carpets of antique pattern, the streaked draperies of no particular color, the old fashioned upholstered furniture, all were gloomy and forbidding. But Ruth said nothing.

Brian had told her the night before he had arranged to remain. She would not make him unhappy by letting him see how the surroundings depressed her. She made a little move and shrugged her shoulders, as she thought, she was glad her aunt couldn't see it.

"She would be sure I had made a mistake in marrying Brian," she said to herself. Brian had gone at once to the office, first, however, giving her a list of real estate agents who would be apt to have something within his means on their lists.

She sipped her coffee from the thick china cup, determinedly taking her thoughts from the tray so daintily set for her by Rachel, with its dainty Haviland china, shining silver, and glistening glass. She was in Rome, she would do so—the Romans, rather as the New Yorkers in her position did.

After her breakfast she started out. As she was entirely unfamiliar with the portion of the city in which the real estate offices were located, she did not get along very fast. And at four o'clock tired, lunchless, rather discouraged, she returned to the hotel. She had found nothing, within the price Brian told her they could afford to pay, that she would even consider.

"Why, Brian, even Rachel wouldn't live in the places I saw!" she told him when he came in, about an hour after she did, and found her curled up on the faded cover, in one of her beautiful negligees in which she was so lovely and dainty-looking, he declared he was afraid to kiss her. At the same time he was totally unaware how out of place his bride looked in such surroundings.

"Tell me about them," seating herself beside her, Brian listened while she described the places she had visited.

"No elevators, and hasty narrow stairs with doors almost at right angles at the top. Why, Brian, if you opened your door at the same time they were opening the other one, both could look right in! Then those horrid little mail boxes where you had to push a button to get in. Why, dear, I would be absolutely mortified to death, to have any one call on me and stand and push

Secretary Olcott Mails Out Pamphlet

Mailing of 310,000 pamphlets containing the six measures which are to be submitted to the voters at the November election was begun yesterday by Secretary Olcott. All the pamphlets will be mailed by September 10. Besides the six measures the pamphlet contains four arguments, one affirmative and three negative. The pamphlet is the smallest since the initiative and referendum were adopted.

RED CROSS ITEM

Thursday last the Scandia Red Cross met at Mrs. G. T. Hegvelt's home. On occasion was a "shock" surprise to the club members and invited guests when Mrs. Hegvelt announced it was her birthday.

A sumptuous lunch was served at 1 o'clock to club members and the following invited friends: Mesdames M. Hansson, E. L. Loos, W. J. Wilson, E. Shannott, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. White, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Hoffard, Messrs. Knutson, Jost and Thompson. Miss Inga Jost, Mrs. S. Olson and Mrs. J. Gullick assisted Mrs. Hegvelt in serving.

\$5.50 was contributed to the Red Cross and later Mrs. Nelson added \$2.00 as a gift. Our club receipts for the week total \$8.50. The proceeds go to the Alpha auxiliary.—Woodburn Independent.

FIRST COMBINED HARVESTER IN THE VALLEY.

Frank Siegmund who owns a large wheat ranch near Fern Ridge, has just purchased a combined harvester, the machine which is almost human, has excited no little excitement among people of that section as well as those of the neighborhood, who have never seen one in operation. Sunday there was quite a number of our citizens there to watch the machine cut grain and thresh it at the same time. The outfit—drawn by eight horses and a gas engine does the rest of the work. John Siegmund of Fern, and Andy and Louie of Gervais, were present Sunday and dedicated the machine—decorating it with the stars and stripes and a short speech, was made one call on me and stand and push

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