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Editor and Publisher

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

ALL OREGON WELCOMES THEM.

Portland today is making everything else subservient to the welcoming of the members of the Grand Army, the boys of 1861-65. It is right that this should be done, for the presence of the grand old men on the coast at this time is an inspiration that will stir patriotism as nothing else can. Strong in spirit, though the years are telling, these grand old men are representatives of what the American flag stands for and for what American ideals are. It is fifty-three years since their work was completed, but as the years pass that work becomes dearer to the American people, and those who performed it are taken still closer to the hearts of all of us. They are old men now in years, but young in spirit as they meet and recall the labors and the sufferings of half a century ago. It is the most wonderful trait of Memory, and the most blessed that she permits us to enjoy over and over again the past, blotting out the sufferings and bringing into vivid light the pleasant things of the long ago. We can laugh over and over again at the things that amused in the past, but we cannot suffer pain, or feel the bitterness of sorrow the second time. And so the "boys" of the Grand Army are again living over the pleasant things, and recalling the past only to smile over it, albeit sometimes with tremulous lips as some are recalled who have passed over the big divide. Portland is honored by their presence, and all the rest of the state although it cannot be there to add to its greeting, is there in spirit and just as heartily welcomes the veterans. Should any of them be able to visit other sections of the state before returning to their eastern homes they will find the latch string of every town, village and hamlet hanging out and if not it will be because the doors will be wide open.

But a short time ago Austria was camouflaging her peace talk with the statement that she desired peace without annexations or indemnities. Now she wants an Austrian archduke made king of Poland. It is probable this will be done, but considering the shortness of time the successful one will remain in the king-row, it is hardly worth taking the job. This also shows the falseness of the Teuton declaration that Germany is fighting to save herself, and that her war is for protection only. It shows the determination to grab all she can get and no matter under what circumstances the getting is done.

The governor has some queer ideas, that somehow get their wires crossed. Recently he objected to the plan suggested by George Rodgers of Astoria for employing inmates of the prison in the shipyards, because it would bring them into competition with free labor. Now he suggests that a plant for the manufacture of twine be established at the prison for the purpose of making twine, not from the flax which he says would be too expensive, but from hemp brought from Manila. He overlooks the fact that this would bring the prison labor in direct conflict with free labor.

Food Administrator Hoover says the quality of war-bread will be improved, which means no doubt the quantity of substitutes required to be used will be decreased. He says there is a sufficiency of meats and fats, and that with economy America will be able to supply all her allies and carry over a surplus for a guard against possible shortages next year.

Kaiser Wilhelm an Emperor Charles, of Austria had a conference recently in which they are said to have been in strict accord. The statement is true in substance though not stated with exactness. It should have read, Emperor Charles was in strict accord with whatever the kaiser suggested. There was no other course open for him.

Germany has called on Austria for help. The trouble is that just now Austria has about all she can attend to managing her own affairs and holding the Italians steady. Emperor Charles is willing, but his forces are weak.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Indisputable evidence that the Germans were taken by surprise in the Picardy drive is that they neglected to destroy the grain crops in that section before retiring. It is about the only piece of vandalism they have a change at that they allowed to get away from them, and it can be accounted only on the theory of utter surprise. It is possible they thought they could again drive the allies back and so neglected to burn and destroy as they fell back. As it is the dispatches say the crop which the Germans were getting ready to harvest, and which the allies are kindly looking after instead will yield 1,800,000 bushels of grain. This equals 54,333 tons or ten shiploads each carrying above five thousand tons. It would mean about two days supply of bread under full rations for all Germany, or about a week's supply under the present arrangement. This is a hard blow to the Germans, but as the French planted the grain, they will enjoy eating it just that much the more since it is saved from the Germans.

Great Britain has just sent an order to Australia for 600,000 crates of skinned rabbits. It will require 21,600,000 rabbits to fill the order and the shipments will weigh 18,000 tons. These Australian jacks have been a pest just as they have in some sections of the United States where drives were organized for the purpose of destroying them. Eighteen thousand tons of jack rabbit stew would sure make some side dish.

It is only a short time since the newspapers were taking a fling at the nation's law-makers calling the aggregation "a billion dollar congress." Now that this same body is about to arrange for collecting eight billions in a year from taxation, nothing is said of it, and this on top of it raising through bonds a nadditional sixteen billions at the same time. A twenty-four billion dollar congress makes the little billion dollar body look like peanut vendors.

With a million and a half soldiers in France, and another two million preparing to go over, the Prussian militarists can readjust their arrangements for meeting that "contemptible little American army." With the new draft there will be plenty to make the five millions promised for service next year, with plenty of reserves at home drilled and ready to make good all losses.

Governor Withycombe does not take kindly to the suggestion of his consolidation commission that the boards of regents of the state colleges be united. He says he thinks it better that each should retain "its peculiar individuality." He is correct. The peculiar individuality which President Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural College has evolved for that institution should be kept within its own campus. The other colleges should not be exposed to infection.

The weather man is sure doing some strange stunts. Just think of it, rain in August and more coming. It is a great thing for the potatoes, corn and vegetable crops, and a boost for the summer pasture that will encourage bossy to bring home at night her little reticule filled to overflowing with the milk the human kind rely on, instead of that of human kindness. The clover patch and the welcome rain sure make a combination hard to beat.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

USEFUL LESSONS.

The war is teaching me a lot that seems well worth the knowing; each day some lesson hits the spot, and keeps my knowledge growing. I'm learning how to salt the dimes, which may avert disaster; this was a graft in former times I never seemed to master. On payday I would draw my mon, and then would let it flicker, and always, ere the week was done, I had to soak my ticker. But war has shown me it's a sin to waste a single nickel, and now I take my hard earned tin, and put it down in pickle. It's hard to start this saving scheme, for one who's been a spender; he thinks that thrift's a tightwad scheme—he'd blow his legal tender. But having salted down a plunk, the next is quick to follow; he finds collecting silver junk beats blowing it, all hollow. The war is teaching lots of chaps to put away the shillings; slim comfort, you will say, perhaps, for all the blood and killings. But it is good to know that war has one redeeming feature (perhaps that's what it's fashioned for)—it's useful as a teacher.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

RUTH FINDS AN APARTMENT. SHE PLANS TO DO IT OVER.

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, dear, I want to talk to you." It was the third day after they had arrived in New York, and also the

third day of Ruth's fruitless search for a place to live. They had finished dinner, and Ruth, utterly worn out, had slipped into a comfortable kimono, and was leaning on the couch. "Go ahead, Brian, dear. But don't expect me to answer. I am tired to

death. The perfectly awful places I have seen, have given me a horrible headache."

"All right, I'll do the talking. Now Ruth darling, there isn't any use pretending. We are poor, poor as church mice, and we have got to find a place to live in and get out of here. Cheap as it is, it is far more than we can afford for a while. To-morrow is Sunday. I will spend the day hunting a place. Then Monday we must get a few things and move in. You can buy the fold-downs gradually. We'll get the necessities, and start house-keeping. Of course, Ruth, we won't be as poor as we are now, very long."

"Of course we won't! Why, you'll soon have a big law practice, then we can get into a nice place and have Rachel."

"Yes," rather impatiently, "But Ruth, I am afraid you will not be contented. You have seen many apartments just as good as any we can afford now, and you say they give you a headache. I should hate to come home and find you always with a headache."

Ruth laughed merrily. She was really tired, really disgusted with the places she had seen. But she was also in love, also young and enthusiastic. "Oh, I'll be happy, Brian dear. We'll fix up the place so prettily, on almost nothing at all, that you won't recognize it. Only please don't take a place where there are cock-roaches."

Ruth's idea of "nothing at all" was a little less than she had used to decorate her aunt's house.

"Of course I won't! Now we'll turn in early, get a good start in the morning, and by night, we will have a home, little girl. It will be better than this old hole, anyway. And the way the bills come, up here, is scandalous."

Ruth was about to tell him they weren't a tenth of what her's and Aunt Laura's were at the Ritz, when they stopped there. Then she remembered that Brian was no rich like Mrs. Clayborne, and said nothing. But it seemed to her that Brian talked a good deal about money, and how careful they must be—for a while. She never had heard money discussed. It was there; she had used it. That was all there was to it. That made her think, her pocket book was nearly empty. Her aunt had not given her a very large amount—in line with her ideas of what Ruth would do when she found she had to economize—and it was nearly gone. Would she have to ask Brian for money? That would be unbearable. But how else was she to get it? She couldn't do much without money, especially in New York.

"Are you going to give me an allowance to run the house?" she asked. "I read a book, once, where a young couple like us got married and they divided the money the man earned. So much for the rent, so much for clothes, so much to run the house, etc. It was an awfully nice story. I recall, I read it aloud to Aunt Laura. She said that was the only way for people of moderate means to do."

"Why, yes—if you would like to do that way, I have no objection," yet, as he said it, Brian flushed with embarrassment. He had not told Ruth the size of his income. He really had not been able to get courage to do so. Her absolute disregard of money at Atlantic City, had shown him more of the manner of her upbringing than he had before known. It had frightened him, a little. He loved Ruth passionately. He hated to deny her things to which she had been accustomed. He wouldn't have to, very long—just until he got a few good paying cases. But in the interim it would be hard to make her understand. He must be patient. Sunday dawned bright and lovely. In high good spirits they set out to find a home. Somewhat things looked different to Ruth with Brian along. The sordidness did not seem quite so sordid, the dinginess of the cheap flats quite so dingy. About three o'clock after looking for hours, they found a little five room apartment that Brian said would have to do. The rent was thirty-five dollars a month. The entrance was neat, the apartment was up one flight of stairs. The janitor—rather, the janitress—seemed a good soul, and promised to do all she could to help Ruth.

The rooms had been lately "done" and were clean. But Ruth's spirits sank as she heard the woman tell Brian that the owner would not re-paper for any body. He had papered to suit the last tenants, and then they had remained only three months.

"But he won't mind if we paper ourselves!" Ruth asked. "No, I don't guess he would mind if you done it yourself, but he won't do nothin' for nobody, so it ain't no use askin'."

"We'll do them over in soft pretty colors, Brian. It won't be so bad then." Ruth shivered as she looked at the glaring colors that no amount of furnishing could tone down.

Brian made no answer. But Ruth never noticed.

(Tomorrow—Ruth unsuccessfully attempts keeping house.)

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was duly appointed administrator of the estate of Pauline Neugebauer deceased, by order of the county court of the state of Oregon, for Marion county, on the 11th day of July, 1918, and he has duly qualified as such administrator, and that all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present their respective claims, duly verified, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned administrator at Patton Bros., 340 State street, Salem, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated August 5, 1918.
AUGUST NEUGEBAUER,
Administrator of the estate of Pauline Neugebauer, deceased. Sept. 2.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY



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