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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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GOVERNOR WANTS ANOTHER PLANT.

Undoubtedly the inmates of the prison would be better off if they had steady employment of some kind. The trouble is to find the kind. The old stove works of years ago were discontinued because the products came into competition with those of free labor. Nearly four years ago money was appropriated for establishing a plant at the prison for handling flax and putting the product in shape for shipment and sale. So long as this was under the jurisdiction of the board of control it was making fair progress and finally was placed on a basis that promised good returns on the investment and employment for many of the convicts. By the process of enlargement it would not have been long until there would have been work for all of them. However, for some reason best known to himself, Governor Withycombe wanted sole control of the prison and the flax plant. He got it. From that day the flax experiment has gone into a steady decline and its death at the hands of the governor doctor seems a certainty. With this showing of executive ability the governor now suggests that a plant be procured for the manufacture of twine, for the purpose of "giving employment to the convicts." It is not at all likely the legislature can be again induced to invest any more of the state's moneys in manufacturing experiments, so long as the present governor will be in charge of them. With 80 tons of the flax crop of 1916 still in the sheds at the prison, and this while the plant for handling it is in good shape, it would seem that something would be done by the governor toward getting the product of this crop on the market. The price is high, the demand never greater, and yet the governor says the men in the prison need something to keep them employed. The governor is right. They need a new man in charge, one who will back up the prison management in keeping the prisoners at work with the material now on hand and for the handling of which the state has purchased the plant and contracted for the growing of still more flax. The crop of 1917, although largely a failure is still on hand in addition to the 80 tons of the 1916 crop, and now the crop of 1918 is ready to harvest. Of this the state has contracted about 500 acres. What does the governor intend doing with it and the other raw material now on hand? If he will explain this he might get some members of the legislature to listen to his proposition to establish a twine factory. Until he does there will be nothing doing.

In the story of Robinson Crusoe one incident was the laying of the ship on which he was at the time, up to the shore while her seams were being caulked and pitched. It was at this time swarms of natives in their canoes attacked them. As the natives were naked the sailors found their most successful weapon was big ladles full of hot pitch, which thrown on the savages sent them back howling. This worked all right until the pitch gave out. At this stage of the proceedings the narrator of the story says: "Here they came again, hell to pay and no pitch hot." It seems this is about the condition in Russia. The bolsheviks and their German masters have exhausted the pitch supply, and there is literally "hell to pay." The dispatches today tell of food riots in Petrograd with hundreds killed. This is the German way of conciliating the people. When the latter ask for bread they give them bullets instead. This satisfies the hunger of a few for all time, but it only serves to enrage still further those remaining.

Japan has learned modern ways quickly, and the riots in that country are of a character that would be a credit to a much longer civilized nation. However it is the same old story of the people rising up against having the price of their food increased without there being a sufficient reason shown for the raise. Japan has also profited by American methods, and the speculator has put the screws on the people for the purpose of increasing their own wealth. It is likely the Mikado will find measures to do away with this speculation and do it much more quickly than our own rather cumbersome government could do.

HAYWOOD'S CAREER NEAR END.

At last Big Bill Haywood has run up against the real thing and stands a good chance of paying some penalty for his long criminal career. He has apparently been immune from punishment, for though in the clutches of the law many times he has with the aid of shrewd lawyers who for a fat fee would defend Judas Iscariot and use all sorts of trickery to clear him, managed to find some loop hole through which he escaped. Now along with a hundred other I. W. W.s, he has been found guilty on charges of sabotage and sedition, in the United States courts at Chicago before Judge Landis. He says the judge's instructions were fair and the trial impartially conducted. At the same time his lawyers have made a motion for a new trial, and Haywood asserts that if this is denied an appeal will be taken. This will cause considerable delay in the administering of justice to the gang, but taking Haywood's statement for it, there seems but little chance for getting the verdict set aside. Of course he and the other defendants are fighting to put off the day when their punishment must begin, as long as possible, but even with the silly, almost criminal delays in the trial of criminal cases in American courts, the end will be reached sometime, and merited punishment awarded. Judge Landis is generous in handing out punishment, trying to make it fit the crime, and the sentences of these men, if the supreme court sustains the verdict, will be such that the activities of William Haywood will have ceased to have any force by the time he is free again. An example should be made of this kind of national enemies, and surely no better opportunity, or one in which "the really deserving" will be rewarded will ever be offered than that which makes William Haywood one of the shining examples.

The German press camouflaging the disastrous defeat on the western front are one and all shouting "betrayal." Of course there is nothing in it for there was nothing to betray. It is necessary however to deceive the masses and make them believe the defeat of the Germans was due to some kind of trickery. It would never do to tell them their superman had ran against just the everyday man and got supremely licked man for man. When the German who has been educated for half a century to believe he was superior to the balance of mankind and therefore born to rule them, learns that "there are others", he will have mastered one of the rudiments of a very necessary education. His superman got licked to a finish in a square fight, and he is still getting beaten with more coming to him.

The kaiser recently sent a message of sympathy to the citizens of Frankfort because allied airmen had bombed their city, killing some of its inhabitants as the kaiser expressed it: "in direct violation of the rules of civilized warfare." This statement coming from this source is enough to jar the popcorn from a Christmas tree. Every rule of civilized warfare has been violated at the kaiser's command, and yet he whines when given a taste of his own medicine.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

GONE TO WORK.

The village pool hall looks as bare as banquet hall deserted; the loafers used to gather there, unwashed and flannel-shirted. But Crowder's order, "Work or Fight" broke up their long vacation, and now the pool hall is a sight, a scene of desolation. The railings of the courthouse square are shorn of all the slouches, who used to drape their persons there, and air their woes and grouches. They hung there in the long ago, content with their condition; to sit and let their whiskers grow was all of their ambition. For living they had no excuse, their faces showed dejection; they merely threw tobacco juice in every blamed direction. But now they're working by the day, they're plowing and they're hoeing; they're rearing up two blades of hay where only one was growing. To cultivate the fertile soil I see them daily faring; their bones are creaking as they toil, and they are hoarsely swearing. The dungeons of the village jail are empty now and dreary; no Richard Roes within them wail, no Willies who are weary. The skates who used to beat their wives and steal their neighbors' chickens are driven now to useful lives; they're sweating like the dickens. The war is shaking things around, from old time ruts it's tossed us and when it's done it may be found it's worth whatever it cost us.

Brian had the same answer for everything. He would do it—some time in the future. She wondered when, then dismissed the thought as unprofitable.

They spent the next day buying the necessary furniture, so that they could move right in. With unerring taste, Ruth obstinately refused to have anything but the simplest, the most unpretentious furniture.

"We will either have to give it away or sell it pretty soon," she said when Brian, lacking in artistic sense would have her buy the more ornate pieces when the price was the same, "and then too, it will be more appropriate to the rooms."

"All right! I told you you should fix them as you liked," Brian returned with condescension.

As she liked! Ruth could have screamed with laughter. Why she could not have had one single thing she wanted. Then she looked at Brian, tall, handsome, virile. He was worth more than everything else. She ought to be ashamed to feel as she did. Surely, he would soon be able to give her all she had been accustomed to—even to sending for old Rachel! To tell the truth, Ruth had shed tears several times from sheer loneliness, and the desire for her old nanny.

But finally they had all the absolutely necessary things with which to begin housekeeping. So on Wednesday morning, they set up their Lanes and Penates in the five-room flat, and proceeded to take up the serious business of house-making.

How Ruth struggled and toiled, to make the place what she considered livable. She knew nothing of cooking, and the first few days she spoiled the food and burned her hands. Brian, worried over expenses, badly fed, developed a spirit of fault-finding which finally got on Ruth's nerves to such a degree that she went to bed, and sent for the janitress.

"I can't cook a decent thing! I don't blame my husband. No one could eat the things I have offered him," she wailed.

"It's sorry I am, I ain't got the time to learn you. But they has them fine cook books, now, that tells you everything to do."

Ruth had not thought of a cook book. Her aunt's cooks, experts, had no depended upon cook books to prepare their meals. But she would get one at once. She at least could read, and had common sense enough to follow directions. So she jumped up and dressed for the street before she remembered she had but fifty cents in her pocket book.

"Oh, I forgot to ask for some money," she exclaimed.

"I can let you have a dollar." "Oh, can you? That will be fine. I'll give it back to you as soon as my bus band returns," and tucking the dollar bill in her purse with her fifty cent piece, she started out.

When she returned, she carried a book under her arm. It was nearly dinner time, and she was tired. But she hurriedly slipped on, of her street clothes into one of her simplest negligees—which, simple as it was, looked terribly out of place in the small kitchen—and started her dinner.

At half past six, when Brian came home, Ruth was almost exhausted; but an eatable dinner was on the table. She had selected some simple ways of cooking her meat and vegetables, a rice pudding for dessert. As she had followed the directions faithfully, they were all well cooked, and really deserved the praise Brian bestowed.

"You will be a famous cook in no time," he told her as he kissed her flushed face. He had noticed that she ate nothing, and that, when they rose from the table, she halted as she carried the dishes to the kitchen to be washed.

"Perhaps, but I doubt it," she had returned. "I have a notion, Brian, that to do anything real well—to become famous, as you say—one must like their



THE PURSUIT OF THE BOLSHEVIKI—Since the landing of Allied forces at Archangel on the Murman coast Bolsheviki numbering 8000 men have been retreating. The Maximimalists first crossed the Dvina River after abandoning Archangel and have been falling back on the south along the railroad to Vologda.

War Summary of United Press

1476th Day of the War; 34th Day of Counter Offensive

Oise-Aisne front—French continue to shove forward the wedge they are driving into the German lines between the Picardy and Soissons-Rhinus battle front. In further progress, the town of Vassens, nine miles northwest of Soissons, has been captured. This operation is threatening enemy positions around both Soissons and Noyon.

Picardy front—French troops, according to latest reports, virtually occupy Lassigny, have taken the railway station within less than a mile of Roye, and are shelling Noyon from two sides. More important still, they have occupied the Lassigny and Carlepont plateaus, dominating both sides of the Oise below Noyon. The British repulsed four German attacks southwest of Chauines last night and captured an enemy post west of Bray on the north bank of the Somme.

Flanders front—The British, continuing their advance on the western edge of the salient, brought their line forward to the highway between Vieux-Berquin and Outtersteene and farther south, passed eastward of the Paradis-Merville road. The village of Merville has been penetrated.

Aisne-Vosge front—Artillery duels and sniping operations continue, but there have been no important infantry engagements recently.

Champagne front—Some victims resulted from a German air raid on Nancy last night.

Russia—Berlin reports food riots in Petrograd and martial law declared in the city. Several hundred persons were killed and wounded in clashes between workers and soldiers, the dispatches said. Japanese troops have occupied Nikolievsk, in Siberia, 750 miles north of Vladivostok.

Dealings Were Light Price Changes Small

New York, Aug. 28.—The Evening Sun financial review says:

There were quiet, active and conspicuous features in today's stock market but the list as a whole did not reflect much change and trading was handicapped by the tight money situation as prevailed last week.

Demand for Canadian Pacific, credited to buying for British account, carried that stock to 162, the highest price of the year.

Mercantile Marine stocks and bonds alike attracted much attention, the preferred shares crossing 103. General Motors achieved a record price since its incorporation in October, 1916, at 162, over four points up despite clearing house restrictions. Baldwin Locomotive was well bought, also American Telephone. The list was generally firm to strong.

There were reductions here and there in the late trading although prices in the main held without change of importance.

Dealings continued light. Business in bonds was fairly active. Liberty 3 1/2's moved up to a new top price at \$161.14

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THE WIFE
By JANE PHELPS
RUTH'S ATTEMPTS AT KEEPING HOUSE ARE NOT SUCCESSFUL.
CHAPTER X.
Ruth repeated her little speech about changing the paper, as they walked slowly back to the hotel. Brian flushed.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

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