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Editor and Publisher

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AN INTRICATE PROBLEM.

One of the most important things in the public mind just now is the so-called "Russian situation." Properly speaking there is no such thing. It is so varied, so complicated, so widely separated that it can only be spoken of in the plural. There is one situation at Archangel; another at Vladivostok; another at Petrograd and still another at Omsk. In the Caucasus is another, and still another in Ukraine, while along the Manchurian border a revolution separate from all the rest is in progress. The bolsheviks, so-called, government has its seat on board a German warship at Kronstadt, and throughout Russia and Siberia are still other local governments of more or less authority. It is with this multiplicity of factions that the allies have to deal, and the problem is such that none know how safely to approach it. The Germans had their chance to retain power in Russia proper at least, but their insufferable arrogance has forever destroyed that chance. No matter how much they may differ among themselves as to what they should do to work out the salvation of their country, there is but little difference among them in their enmity of the Kaiser and his minions. The Russian people enslaved for centuries, ignorant most of them, suddenly given their freedom knew no more what to do with it, or how to govern themselves than did the black slaves freed in the south during the Civil war. They have not yet learned, but among the masses is an earnest desire for liberty, for the right to live at peace with the world, for the ownership of the land they have so long tilled for others, and an uninterrupted dream of a Russian nation strong and free, such as they have pictured the United States to be. It is this desire for national unity and strength deeply inrooted in the Russian mind that makes the masses turn hopefully and trustingly as they can, after their abuse by the Germans, toward the United States. It is for this reason this country more than any other should take the lead in trying to bring order out of the chaos into which the great nation has been plunged. Whatever policy or policies may be adopted, the United States is making no mistake in relying on kindness and good treatment to weld the Russian people solidly to them and to the allies. To extend the helping hand, to provide food and assist the wretched peasants in getting once more on their feet is the task at present being undertaken. It is a huge undertaking, but it will bring results. We have the problem of a people of nearly two hundred millions, without a government, without leaders, no guides, no lights for their path as they struggle through the difficulties with which they are surrounded. If the masses were educated, they could be dealt with much more easily, but then if they were educated they would not have found themselves in this condition. As it is the Russian situations are probably better known to the president than to any other American, and he, if anyone, can find the way to solve the intricate problem. He may make a mistake, for dealing with so many factions it is not possible that all will be pleased, but this country can well place its reliance on the good sense and calm judgment of President Wilson.

There are enough evergreen blackberries going to waste west of the Cascade mountains in this state to supply half the United States if they could be gathered. The trouble with this especially good berry is that it wears a coat of bristling spikes that makes the picker feel the need of a coat of mail to tackle it. If Luther Burbank can do for the evergreens what he did for the cactus, he will make the picking of them more of a pleasure and less of a punishment. He will also make available a magnificent berry that under its present armament is rather unapproachable.

For an army that resorted to liquid fire and poisonous gasses, and to bombing hospitals and torpedoing hospital and relief ships, the horror of the Germans at the Americans using the sawed off shotgun as a weapon seems a trifle far-fetched.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW
HERE.

THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL
AT THE BANK

SOME QUIBBLING CONGRESSMEN.

Those congressmen quibbling over the drafting of young men of 18 and 19 are raising an unimportant issue. The department has announced that the younger men would not be used until the other ages had been exhausted. As to those of 19 they will be 20 and subject to draft under the present law by the time they will be wanted to go to France, if they are so wanted. If they are drafted they will be drilled and prepared when the call is made, that is all. Apparently the principal object of those opposed to the drafting of the younger men is to cause delay. That is apparently one thing that many congressmen consider an integral portion of every bill passed. However both houses are speeding up in a race to see which can get the bill passed first, and the hurry to do this will perhaps cause the passing of the amendment cutting out the younger men. The majority of congressmen realize the necessity of haste, of the sending of an overwhelming army to France so that with the opening of another season the Americans will be able to bear down all opposition simply by the preponderance of numbers. It will cost more money than a slow plan might perhaps, but the toll of lives will be less, and after all that is the one overshadowing desideratum. Money does not count with the lives of our boys in the other scale.

The weather clerk deserves the thanks of all Oregonians for the splendid variety of atmosphere furnished the Old Boys in Blue. They have enjoyed themselves the more because they were not oppressed with heat, the warmest thing they have run against on their trip being the hospitality of the Portland people who have done themselves proud and the state at large an honor. The balance of us take off our hats to the citizens of the metropolis for rising to meet the occasion in every possible way. They have made the visit of our guests one they will remember always, and have given the state a warm corner in the heart of every veteran.

Peaches command a high price and yet the markets seem to be abundantly supplied with them. Anyway just now the display at the stores is such as is seldom seen in Oregon, and never outside of it. California never grew such magnificent specimens as are in the local market now. Besides they can be eaten without overstepping that two pounds a month sugar supply, for they furnish their own sweetness.

Ludendorff insists German soldiers be careful of their lives. He does not want them killed now, because he may need them for cannon fodder later. He wants them saved for future slaughter in order to keep the militarists in power that much the longer.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

GERMAN EFFICIENCY.

I hope this country of the free will never know efficiency, as Germans understand it; for it has made its sponsors' name a thing of hissing and of shame—'twas surely Jonah planned it. Efficiency that doesn't heed the treaty or the written deed, the solemn pledge and promise, may be a great and useful thing as viewed by oil anointed king, but I'm a doubting Thomas. And this efficiency that made of frightfulness a ghastly trade, and rioted in fury, may be a stately thing and wise as viewed by Kronprinz Friedrich's eyes, but I am from Missouri. Efficiency that's built on lies that tries to blind a people's eyes with cooked up fact and fable, may suit the bonehead Teuton race, but as for me, you'll have to place the blue prints on the table. Efficiency that boasts of power and falls down at the leventh hour in every big endeavor, may please old Hindenburg and those who hypnotize our foolish foes, but it would suit me never. Efficiency that has no soul has put the Prussian in the hole, has made him bannal and hated, until we hear the cry of men. "This world will not be clean again until he has been crated."

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

FEARFUL RUTH MAY NOT COME.
HER AUNT SENDS A CHECK.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ruth could scarcely think of anything else but what she would do to make the old living room lovely. She was absent minded for days after she received her aunt's letter, and Brian often spoke twice before he received an answer.

Two or three times she had started to discuss her ideas with her husband, but he seemed so little interested she had desisted. To tell the truth, Brian had been so comfortable, so happy in that he had won Ruth, that he cared very little for extraneous things. Their home was to his mind comfortable, although it seemed so poor to Ruth. She had made it as attractive as possible, and it was so different in its plain refinement, from his own

home, that it satisfied him. Brian was an adorable lover, but as a husband he was far too easy-going to satisfy an ambitious woman, a woman accustomed to luxuries, which she felt, he might in a measure supply if he tried hard enough.

"When does your aunt want you to come?" Brian asked.

"Oh, she hasn't said! When she gets ready to have the work done, I suppose."

"What am I to do while you are away?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that! I should sleep home if I were you, and get my meals wherever I wanted to."

"Um—"

"I'll get Mrs. Murphy to make your bed, and keep the house dusted."

"Ruth, I may as well tell you before you plan any further, I don't see

FRENCH PAY HONOR

Continued from page one

mouth to mouth could be heard the whisper, "General Pershing, General Pershing."

Sure enough, there he sat in his limousine working his right arm like a pump handle, saluting and bowing and smiling in an almost vain effort to do his duty to all.

Pershing Given Ovation.

"When he stepped from his car the whole assembly burst into a deafening applause as hats and flags were waved madly above the crowd. The band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner' and we all posed at salute. The general was met at the car and again half way down the aisle by the dignitaries, each occasion calling for formal salutes and smiles and bows. But the civilians continued to cheer until he reached the steps and bowed his acknowledgments to them. After the colors were placed the American buglers gave our General's call.

"Several couples of children of six or seven years of age presented General Pershing with great bouquets of flowers and the general stooping, kissed each on both cheeks at which the crowd showed its approval by vigorous applause. The

how I am going to manage it—your going, I mean. Ever since you spoke of it I have wondered how I could get the money. But it costs us every cent I earn, to live. It will take fifty dollars, at least, for such a trip. I am afraid, dear, you will have to give it up. I'm sorry, but I don't see how I can manage it, unless," he added whimsically, "I run a second story man."

"Oh, Brian, I MUST go!—think what a stunt would believe if I didn't!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she would say right away you couldn't afford to let me—"

Ruth stopped short. Never had she confessed to Brian her aunt's feeling that he could not support her; that she would miss the luxuries to which she had been accustomed as soon as the newness wore off.

"And what? Why don't you finish?"

"Oh, nothing! only I should hate to have her think we were so poor I couldn't visit her."

"I would manage it, dear, if I could, don't you know that? But unfortunately Uncle Sam doesn't allow me to coin the long green."

"Never mind, Brian, I know you do all you can." But in spite of all she could do, in spite of her love for her husband, her faith in him, Ruth could not help a sinking feeling as she wondered if he never would be able to let her go home. Repeating, a better apartment, all such things seemed before the thought that she could not visit her home, she so loved, whenever she wanted to. Her aunt had told her she need expect nothing from her—told it in such a manner Ruth knew she meant it. But at the same time Mrs. Clayburn had taken it for granted that Ruth would often visit her and had so expressed herself.

Ruth said nothing more, neither did Brian again mention the subject. But while Brian dismissed it from his mind, there was scarcely an hour of the day that Ruth did not think of it. That she did not long to go home, that she wanted to see her aunt, her second mother, and she wanted her money, she longed to be petted and made of. To sleep once more in her aunt's chamber, to have her bath drawn, her breakfast served to her daintily as it used to be. She longed to see what she could do with the old living room that had not been redecorated when the rest of the house had been done over. It had enormous possibilities; it was so big, and her aunt would let her do as she wished.

But of all this she breathed not a word to Brian. She loved him dearly, was happy in her love. Even the lure of all she had given up, could make no difference in that. But oh, how she did want to have both! Brian and all he meant to her; and money to do, and live, as she had been accustomed.

Then one morning came another letter from her aunt. When she opened it, at the breakfast table, a thin blue paper fluttered to the floor. With a little squeal of delight she picked it up. It was a check for seventy-five dollars.

"Your expense money," her aunt wrote, "If I engaged a professional decorator, I should have to pay his expenses down here. As I like your work better than that of the professional I happen to know, I am sending you your expenses."

Ruth jumped up from the table and did a little dance around the room.

"Now I can go! Oh, I am so glad!"

"Yes, you can go. But I can't pretend to be glad. I shall be horribly lonely. Then—I hate to think your aunt had to send you the money for your fare."

"Yes, I know, Brian. But I couldn't have gone if she hadn't, you said so yourself. But don't look so forlorn. I'll stay home if you want me to."

"No, go along!" but Brian felt like a martyr, just the same, and Ruth knew it.

Tomorrow—Ruth is very happy to be back in her southern home.

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WHY?

TO HELL With the KAISER

general then made his speech and was given an ovation. As we say, we must hand it to the French for they accorded us the highest honors. They almost worship General Pershing.

"The French band playing a stirring march but it has nothing on Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes Forever' with which our musicians replied. I was startled as a wave of enthusiasm and uproar passed over the crowd. There on the balcony was General Pershing with a beautiful little French girl in his arms, the mayor's daughter."

"You may be interested to know that the wide street leading to our headquarters has been renamed the 'avenue d'Etat Unit' or translated the avenue of the United States."

Oregon's Walnut Groves Will Be Inspected

Corvallis, Or., Aug. 23.—Inspection of some of Oregon's choicest groves will be conducted by the Western Walnut association, August 26-28. The committee in charge of the excursion which leaves Portland at 8 o'clock Monday morning is composed of the following: Walnut growers: E. W. Matthews, Astoria; K. Vearcy, Salem; Prof. C. L. Lewis, O. A. C. Clark, Trunk, Dundee; Fred Groner, Hillsboro; M. McDonald, Oregon; W. W. Reburn, McMinnville; Phil Matzchen, Portland and A. E. Wright, Portland.

Other members of the party will be men interested in the nut industry, several G. A. R. men now holding their reunion in Portland, a group of Agricultural college men, and such of the general public as can enlist a car for the journey. Intimate talks by orchard owners and others qualified to speak will be given at suitable times.

The schedule provides for a visit to Fred Groner's Groves at Scholls Ferry, followed by dinner at Newberg. The Dundee orchards, the oldest in Oregon,

will be inspected in the afternoon, supper and lodging at McMinnville. Tuesday morning the Eola Walnut grove, said to be the largest seedling tract in the world, the LaFollette Wheeland peach farm, and the Senator McNary walnut tract, will be inspected before dinner at Salem. A longer trip by way of Skyline, Jefferson and Albany will take up the afternoon, ending with a reception and dinner in Eugene. Next morning the visitors will inspect the George Dorris filbert grove, the largest bearing trees in America and some of the other prize orchards of the district. The journey will be concluded by way of Corvallis, Independence, Monmouth, and Dallas districts, where some of the most successful groves are located.

About the only time some men never overrate themselves is when the tax assessor raps at the door.

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