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### A SLAM AT OREGON VOTERS.

Governor Withycombe, probably due to his ancestry, got the idea that the present form of government in Oregon needed changing and fixing so as to make the governor somewhat of an autocrat. Pursuing this idea he imported from the prairies of Illinois a mountain of state management information in the person of a gentleman who has devoted his life to fixing things political. The mountain came to Oregon, labored, and brought forth a whole barrel full of mice for the governor to play with. Apparently he knew what was expected of him, for he recommended among other things that the governor should receive the highest salary of any state official, not even excepting President Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural College whose salary is now \$8,400 a year. The commission led by the gentleman from Illinois recommends that all state officers, save those made elective by the constitution, be made appointive, and that the governor be made the appointive officer. The reason the commission gives for this is not at all flattering to the intelligence of the Oregon voter, for it says such appointments would relieve the voter of a burden which he is not qualified to bear. It justifies this assertion by saying that on a number of offices the voter cannot remember for whom he voted, that he casts his ballot in a mechanical fashion. This is expressed rather delicately, for stated in plain, everyday English it means the Oregon voter is not intelligent enough to do his own voting and that for this reason the governor who is selected by him and elected by his vote should do his voting for him. It assumes the concentrated wisdom of all the voters is assembled under the governor's hat. It asserts that while the people are intelligent enough to elect a governor, secretary of state and state treasurer, they are not well enough informed to select other officials. We have not had the time to analyze the report to the extent of discovering how many, if any, offices have been abolished and how many new ones created. A cursory examination however, indicates that while many changes have been made the number of officers has not been reduced, at least materially. The duties of this board are transferred to that one, departments given authority over minor offices that were before under some other head and some new boards and commissions with salaried officials created. The superintendent of education is made appointive with a board of nine members to superintend him. This board would not be under salary, but would have a general manager and auditor who would be under salary and who would have charge of the business affairs of all the higher educational institutions.

When the full report of the commission is available we will undertake to analyze it for Capital Journal readers, so it will be shown just what reductions have been made, what new offices created, and what there is to the plan when the camouflage is removed. It will be seen though, without any close examination, that the proposed plan would make the governor the supreme IT of the state. He would be given the power of appointing all but two state officials and also the power to remove them without cause and at his pleasure. It is also stated "that it is not necessary to have any of his appointments confirmed by the senate." This would make the governor the autocrat of the state. We have had an example of what the present governor would do with such power at his command, in the removal of Superintendent Crawford of the prison flax plant, and the governor's refusal to keep the promise made Crawford to pay him a bonus if he made good. The people of Oregon will not be delighted to learn the rather contemptuous opinion held of them by the gentleman from Illinois, for somehow they have an idea they are of average intelligence and are as capable of managing the election of their officers as even the present governor. We have no idea what the legislature will do with the commission's plan, but we can make a pretty good guess as to what the voters will do to the legislators if they indorse the opinion of the commission as to the intelligence, or lack of it, of the Oregon voters, and put the changes in effect by making them the law.

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### NOT A PLAUSIBLE LIAR.

"An eminent Swedish journalist" who has just returned to Sweden from Germany says Germany is far from starving. He then tells what he was able to get on a dining car on his way out of the country, the meal costing him in the equivalent of our money, 85 cents. Among the things he mentions is . . . abundance of white bread. It is apparent this "eminent Swedish journalist" was told before he left Germany what to say along this line, and was in addition perhaps well paid for saying it. The Prussian is a generous liar, remarkably prolific in subterfuge, but is woefully lacking in realism. He is deficient in the artistic temperament necessary to make a successful and plausible liar. Had the "eminent Swedish journalist" supposedly neutral, but financially influenced to pro-Germanism, left out that part of the story about an abundance of white bread, some might have taken his story as partly true. He over-liked and gave his yarn away for the German leaders admit there is scarcity of bread of any kind. The riots in Austria were caused by bread shortage, and the failure to have the situation bettered as promised after the treaty with Ukraine, and the taking over of the wheat stocks in Rumania. The abundance of white bread was an after-thought of the "eminent Swedish journalist", calculated to emphasize the abundance of food stuffs in Germany. The story is for allied consumption and would not be accepted as the truth in Germany. The story there would go no further than the white bread which so impressed the "eminent Swedish journalist." But why should the Associated Press disseminate such German propaganda, through papers like the Oregonian? Is somebody getting paid for it, and if so, who?

It is all right of course to look ahead and provide for the boys when they return from France, but the idea that they will have to be taken care of in any great numbers, is a mistaken one. Most of those who have gone left some gainful occupation, had some position, or business, and to these most will return. It is not a helpless lot of broken down old men who will return, but strong vigorous young men, able, and more able than ever after their experiences, to face the world of business. Of course there will be some come back whose sphere of usefulness will have ended through wounds or sickness, but these will be taken care of generously by the government. Those not called to the war, will find the boys who come home will make them hustle to maintain their standing in the business world, for they will be some hustlers themselves.

Germany tells Spain she will continue to sink Spanish ships no matter where they may be found, or in whose service they are. At the same time she hopes Spain will not take offense at a little thing like that, for the reason that Germany feels she has a right to do anything she can to win the war even to starving her friends. She expresses the hope that Spain may in time get to liking the treatment. Probably Spain will, but no other country of any size would, unless it is Sweden.

The aggravating thing about the war maps published in the newspapers is that they never have any of the towns located on them that are mentioned in the dispatches. It is impossible to locate the line of battle from the maps. Another fault is that too much attention is given to the thousands of places that are not mentioned and the prolixity of detail prevents anyone finding anything any place on them that would throw any light on the dispatches.

Billy Sunday apparently acquired his wonderful flow of language ragging the umpire and has utilized it to good advantage in his campaign against the kaiser and his co-partner, Satan.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### FREEDOM.

Here we are free to come and go, and do all kinds of knitting, and while we lay no statutes low, our course is right and fitting. I pack my grip and journey forth, on impulse or suggestion; and if I journey south or north, no guy has right to question. And every time I tour the earth, where'er I may determine, I thank the gods who ruled my birth, that I am not a German. I'd hate to have my course laid down by some tinhorn official, to tremble at a kaiser's frown, rebuking and judicial. I'd hate to have to sign my name to forty kinds of papers, before allowed to play my game and cut my useful capers. I'd hate to come when princes call, and go when they demand it; that sort of thing would stir my gall-methinks I couldn't stand it. Here we are free to live our lives with no avenger near; we run up bills and beat our wives, and no one's interfering. No cheap policeman comes along and puts me in the cooler, because in some immortal song I ridiculed a ruler. My little home my castle is, where rhythmic storms are brewing; no punk inspector thrusts his phiz inside to see what's doing. But if the kaiser comes to reign, from o'er the Prussian border, I will not dare to chant a strain, without a written order.

## THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

MRS. CLAYBORNE PAYS RUTH GENEROUSLY FOR HER WORK.

### CHAPTER XV.

Finally the room was finished. Ruth had been South a month. At first Brian had written cheerfully, almost gaily, about keeping bachelor hall, etc. But the last two or three letters had told of his loneliness, and had wondered when she was coming back. "You haven't left me for good, have you, dear?" he asked, pretending to joke, "because if you have, I shall set the police on to you with orders to bring you back. But really, Ruth, I don't believe you have any idea of how lonely I am, or you would pack up and come by the next train. I can't bear to go home, lately; it grows more and more lonely without you." "I really must go," she told her aunt. "It was good in Brian to let me come, and I feel abominably selfish when I think of him there, all alone, while I am having a glorious time here and being waited on like I used to be. I reckon you all have most spoiled me again."

Her aunt did not urge her to remain. But she figured up what she would have paid a decorator for the work, and insisted that Ruth take a check for the same amount. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," you know," she quoted. "But I LOVED to do it!" Ruth returned. "And really would you have paid a really truly professional man all that?" the check was a large one. "Yes, perhaps more."

This second parting was in some respects harder than the first had been. Ruth had so easily slipped back into the old groove; so readily fallen into her old habits of luxury, and had been so loving, as well as beloved, that they could not bear to see her go. Mammy Rachel, especially, lamented long and loudly. She had expected to return with Ruth from the moment she knew she was coming South. Her disappointment was very keen, and she took no pains to hide it. "It sho'ly an wicked, she ain't nothin' but a baby, and her all 'long No 'th."

Only Mrs. Clayborne said nothing. She fairly ached to keep her niece with her; to feel that once again she belonged to her, and was happy. She noted the softness of her hands, the gloss on her hair, the look of perfect grooming which had always been associated with Ruth, and which had been absent when she came. "How does she endure it?" she muttered. "She must love him very much."

Ruth did. As she drew near New York, she could scarcely wait to see Brian, to be clasped in his arms. It seemed to her that something must be the matter, the train went so slowly. It fairly appeared to crawl. But finally they were in the station, the train stopped, and she saw Brian, tall, handsome, distinguished-looking, waiting for her. Clashed in his arms, regardless of who saw them, she told him how glad she was to be back, how she didn't believe she could ever leave him again, and many things that emotional people say at such times. And Brian! He told her how he had missed her, how the days and nights were, each, forty-eight hours long. That he had considered committing suicide if she remained longer; and all the foolish things a man may say in love with his wife is apt to say. They had dinner at a nice little restaurant. And as Mrs. Murphy had scrubbed and cleaned the little flat until it was spotless Ruth's home coming was really quite a gay and festive affair. But the next morning, just as she was happily dreaming of some old castle which she was to re-decorate, Brian woke her:

"You'll have to hurry if I am to have any breakfast," he told her.

For a moment Ruth lay trying to realize where she was. It was only half past six. She had been sleeping until eight; then her coffee and bath. But this wasn't Aunt Laura's. This was home, her home and Brian's. So she sprang out of bed, threw on a kimono and hurried into the kitchen to the once more unaccustomed and unwelcome task of getting breakfast.

All day, Ruth's thoughts were very busy. "I reckon, the first thing, we all will be hearing you have gone into business. I hear it is quite a fad up No 'th."

Peggy Sutton had all unconsciously set her thoughts in motion. Now they wandered on and on of their own volition. Try as she would, Ruth could not divert them into another channel. She went to the drawer where she had laid it, and took out the check her aunt had given her. "She said it was no more—not as much, perhaps—as she would have given a professional. She says my work is equal to theirs. And—it is twice as much as Brian earns, even in his best months."

All thru the day she wondered. "Why not?" she said to herself. "Others do such things because it is a fad with them. Why not do it because it is necessary and—because you love it—had rather do it than—this!" looking around the kitchen, and, because of her straying thoughts burning her arms as she lifted the potatoes from the stove. "I believe I will!" a frightened look in her face. "I won't say anything to Brian until I see if anyone will have me. Then I can hire this sort of work done. Ugh—how I loathe it!" as, once again, she burned herself on the hot dish.

To-morrow—Ruth Considers Taking a Position So She Can Have a Servant.

### Wounded Woodburn Boy Writes Mother

The Independent prints the following letter from one of the boys in France. France, Base Hospital 34, C 2, July 1, 1918—Dear Mother: Well, mother, here I am in base hospital No. 34 with a shrapnel wound in my back. I got wounded on the 25th of June at 2:30 p. m. on the Chateau Thierry front and on the 26th, at the same time, I was operated on and awoke at 5:30 p. m. and ate a good, big supper, and never was sick at all, and the next day I was sitting up in bed and today I am walking around and feeling fine. Expect to be out of here in a couple of weeks, and then I do not know where I will go, I don't think I will go to the front again very soon as I am working for a transfer to where Julian is. I wrote to him yesterday and he is working on it for me. If I cannot make it I will probably go back to Co. 1. I was in

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Co. M, 23 Inf., 2d Div. They were regulars. They are now called the saviours of France. General Pershing claims he has a surprise for them and they are all anxious to know what it is.

The shrapnel that got me was nothing more than a ball bearing, like in a wheel, only it was four or five times the size of that in an auto. It went in just to the left of my spine and kept on going to the left, and have a cut there from six to eight inches long and only six stitches. The nurse has taken them out for me, about five minutes ago, and I am up and writing already.

One of those shells that they send over has 284 shrapnel in it, besides the shell itself. The shell that got me only landed about ten or fifteen feet away and I was lying down flat on my stomach as I heard it coming and knew it had my address on it. They say all you have to do is to give them your name and address and they will find you, and I sure do believe it. But one thing about it is that the Americans give them at least twice as much as we get, as you can tell all the shells that go and come and you get so you can duck them pretty good. I thought I had ducked mine but a stray one got me.

The Americans sure stopped that drive on Paris and drove them further than from where they started from. They cannot face an American in the open. They run back or say "kammerad."

When you folks write to me address the letters to Company I, 1624 Inf., A. P. O. 727, the same old address.

I have not been sick yet since I got hurt and so I am eating like a horse, and believe me, they sure feed you here. This is the easiest life I have had since I have been in France. I will write again at the end of the week, so will close with lots of love and regards to all.

From your loving son,  
JOE.

### AS A REAR GUARD SEES IT.

Corporal Frank Zinn, who is now stationed at Nevers, France, submits the following:

Guard duty is getting to be the nuts. We do it day after day. But somehow we've got to do our bit, and we're over here to stay.

I thought when I left home last spring, 'Twould be the greatest fun. To take a Lewis shooting iron. And bump off two million huns.

Or fly aloft in an aeroplane, And U.S. in the sky I'd spell. Then drop some twenty tons of bombs, And blow the huns to hell.

I could see myself with medals on, And loping around with a cane, While papers at home my valor praised, For two regiments of boche I'd slain.

BUT, here I am so peaceful like, In the Service of the Rear, And Kaiser Bill with his deeds of hell Has no need of me to fear.

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