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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
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A DISASTROUS DAY.

Yesterday was one of the most disastrous days the Huns have experienced since the war began. They were unmercifully whipped along a whole battle front of fifty miles, lost thousands of prisoners an enormous amount of booty, among it hundreds of big guns, and were so closely pressed all day that they had no chance to reform their beaten ranks. The British drove across the old Hindenburg line near Arras, and were still pushing ahead according to last reports. No one knows just what General Foch is aiming at, not even Hindenburg, who is generally pretty well informed on that subject—or thinks he is—but apparently the drive at Arras is more than a mere local matter. From Armentieres, where the allied front touches Belgium northeast across that country to the nearest point in the Netherlands is only about forty miles. Should one-half this distance be negotiated by the allies it would endanger the German lines to the sea, and put that part of the kaiser's army west of that line in a dangerous pocket. At the same time it would place the allies in position to strike either toward the German submarine bases at Ostend and Zebbrugge, or to the east and south behind the Hindenburg line, making a rear attack possible unless a strong force was gathered along this new line, and this would still further weaken the German defense on the present front.

Another puzzle of the French commander's, is the American contingent. It has been held as quiet as that somewhat effervescent body can be, for some time, while the British and French have worked their will on the Huns. It is a safe conclusion that these are being held for some purpose, and what it is will perhaps not be known until that purpose is accomplished. That immense manpower is not going to be left to wear itself out through inaction, and when the Huns are in position to suit, it is certain the Americans will be sent in somewhere where they will do the most good. The allied people have supreme confidence in the French commander, and are not worrying, knowing he will do the right thing at the right time. In the meanwhile it is well to keep your eyes on that section of northern Belgium through which runs the German lines of communication with her submarine bases.

The Oregonian, Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Chamberlain's military committee and all the other war obstructionists have been telling us that the liberty motors for aircraft were a complete failure. This morning, however the Oregonian prints a news dispatch to the effect that our allies have ordered 50,000 of these motors. The French and British are evidently anxious, after four years of aerial war experiences, to share in America's future.

The Mexicans who started firing across the border again yesterday afternoon had more valor than discretion. Uncle Sam just now is not hunting trouble, but he is prepared for it, and had as soon settle some smaller matters that have been annoying him as a side issue. It is possible German influence and Mexican whiskey are back of the proposition and that the firing was done by hired bandits.

The border line between the United States and Mexico runs through the town of Nogales. Besides the difference in the architecture of the two parts of the town, the side you are on can be told from the booze. On the American side a drink or two would make a man steal his own blankets, while on the Mexican side the mescal would make the fellow who surrounded it fight a rattlesnake with his teeth and give the snake the first bite.

Food Director Hoover, has made a new bread schedule and Americans can now eat bread which is only one-fifth substitute for wheat flour. The split fifty-fifty, is no longer necessary. He estimates this country must furnish breadstuffs for 225,000,000 people in all, and the French, English and other of our allies are all going on the new basis. However only corn and barley products can be substituted, which cuts out the ubiquitous potato.

IT IS THE GOVERNOR'S COMMISSION.

The governor denies any responsibility for the action of the consolidation committee which has just filed its report suggesting that the people of Oregon did not have intelligence enough to do their own voting. He insists the committee did not report to him during its consideration of the subject, nor did he make it any suggestions. All the governor did was to select the committee. It is also asserted that he urged legislators to pass the resolution which caused the appointment of the commission, but as to the truth of that we know nothing. The governor admits he selected the commission, and it is fair to presume he had a pretty good knowledge of the feeling of its members. The governor is not so childlike as he looks and plays a good political game usually under the tutelage of that boss politician Kerr of the O. A. C., and can not be depended not to "pick a pig in the poke." It was the governor's own little commission and its work shows that it intended to do the right thing by its creator. The governor says "if there is anything found in the recommendations making for greater efficiency he will support it." How can he doubt there is much of this character, when he is made the whole thing? Does he imagine the average person is as well qualified as himself to select the state officers? It is unthinkable that the great man can have so small an opinion of himself.

The table showing the prices agreed upon as "fair," by the local Fair Price Board, show among other things the tremendous advance in hog products. Bacon that ten or a dozen years ago could be bought at from eight to twelve cents a pound is now quoted at 60 to 65 cents. The difference between the price fixed as fair to the retailer and that to the consumer is now greater than the price of the bacon only a short time ago. At the same time a statement issued by the department at Washington shows the purchasing power of the dollar as to foodstuffs has been split in half in the east and is reduced to about 64 cents on the coast. It is not probable prices for foodstuffs in America will ever again reach their former low level, but that they will be greatly reduced after the war is a foregone conclusion. So far as bacon and hog products generally are concerned, this reduction will result from lack of sales once the government is not a competitor in the markets. Present prices are practically prohibitive for the great masses of the people and will have to come down, to prevent a glutted market.

Henry Ford was beaten two to one for the republican nomination for United States senator in Michigan. This result was no doubt due largely to his pacifist movements before the United States entered the war, and illustrates how hard it is for a man to get right before the people once he gets "off wrong foot foremost." He is nominated on the democratic ticket and will, it is understood, make the race on that nomination. The result next November will be the real measure of his standing in his state.

By this time next year perhaps we can be buying sugar from Germany which has an abundance of it. But then there are countless Americans and other sugar users that will take their tea and coffee straight, and their dessert shy of sugar, rather than sweeten it with sugar bought from the Hun. The blood will have to wear off German hands for a long while before people with average stomach can eat anything that has passed through them.

Five million cans of fruit will be put up by Salem canneries this year, indicating that this is some fruit market. The big Salem King's Products plant, the juice factories, and the packing plants will be limited in their operations only by the ability to secure the labor necessary to run at full capacity.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FOOL'S PARADISE.

The German people live in hope because they're fed on faked up dope. The public prints don't dare to tell if battles are not going well. A German army meets defeat, and pulls a panicky retreat. About a million Huns are slain, and stacked, to mildew in the rain. "Odsfish!" we cry, "the startled Teuts will shrivel now, you bet your boots! When they have heard of this defeat, and see their armies can be beat, they'll shed all kinds of scalding brine, and doubtless will take in their sign." Alas, they do not hear the news, and so escape a siege of blues. The war lords call the printers in, and say, "Announce that we still win! Of course we dropped our guns and ran, but that was Ludinhinden's plan—a masterstroke of strategy, as all of you will later see. Go, print a lot of cheerful bunk, and if you hint the luck is punk, we'll back you up against a shed, and drill you with a ton of lead." The printers then get out their sheets, and make big triumphs of defeats. The people read, and say, "G. Whiz, how wonderful our army is! Our kaiser undefeated dwells, and Hindendorff is wearing bells!" Some day the Teuts are bound to wake, and see how they've been fed on fake, how they've been made a kaiser's joke—and then, perhaps, there'll be some smoke.

Private R. W. Southwick Writes From France

Private R. W. Southwick is with the 162 Infantry in France but he did considerable traveling before he arrived with the Salem boys. Just a few days ago he was assigned to a machine gun company and now he is happy, according to a letter just received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Southwick, 1079 Marion street. He writes in part as follows:
"It was rather rough coming across the pond and at times the boys were all sick. We are billeted tonight in a town with part of the 162d from home and I saw Speck Keene, Whit Gill and Don Randall this evening. They all look fine and do not seem to be suffering from the effects of war. The rest of Company M is pretty well scattered over the country."
"This is the prettiest country I have ever seen and I have often wished Dad could see the stony wheat and oats they raise here. It beats anything I ever saw or expect to see. They probably raise as much wheat here on 50 acres as we do on one hundred and fifty in the states. You can figure that they sure take care of the soil."
"Our cats are all and more than we could wish for it seems to grow better as we proceed. We are, not assigned to our permanent outfit and will probably be with it until the war ends. It is the 30th infantry machine gun company of the 2d division. They are regulars and have made quite a record for themselves."
"Just as present we are busy learning all about a machine gun and I find it is a very simple piece of machinery compared to the work it does. I like the work much better than being with a line company."
"The German artillery is the only branch of the service that amounts to much. Their infantry would much rather run or surrender than fight our men."
"The other day I ran into some of the Salem boys. I saw Oscar Chenoweth, Bill Rinchart, Frank Durbin and the two Praxier boys. They are all well."
"This country is in much better condition than you would imagine after four years of fighting. Some of the towns are getting pretty badly torn up by artillery fire but it shouldn't take the French very long to get straightened out with the aid and support the United States will give them."
"I will do my best to write you but remember that it is not always possible to write—so don't worry."

Senator LaFollette Will Run Independent

Upon receipt of a petition containing the names of nearly two thousand voters in Marion county asking him to run as an independent candidate this fall for state senator, Hon. A. M. LaFollette has definitely decided to comply with the request of these petitioners. At least that is the way he stated the case last Sunday when interviewed by the Tribune reporter.
Mr. LaFollette received a complimentary nomination of the democrats at the primary election, but was defeated by a small majority by the republican candidate. He had intended to support the republican nominee, and take the defeat in good spirit, but he has been so urgently requested to become an independent candidate by numerous people in the county, both republican and democrats, that he has decided to run—Silverton Tribune.

FELL TO HIS DEATH

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 28.—Harry Lyon of Tacoma plunged to his death in Narada Falls, Rainier National Park, Tuesday afternoon, it was learned here today. Young Lyon, with a companion, was attempting to climb down a rocky cliff at one side of the falls when he slipped and fell head-long into the roaring waters. His body was not found.
Lyon was 19 years old and had been employed on government road work in the park.

TACOMA HAS HAD FIRE

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 29.—Fire threatened the heart of the retail district on Broadway here today when flames of unknown origin destroyed the sporting goods store of Fred Edwards and Brother, and spread to the six-story building of the Standard House Furnishing company. Firemen fought for three hours before they succeeded in getting the fire under control. Two millinery stores and two printing concerns suffered damage. The loss will exceed \$50,000.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SKY IN DRYING



In a free book on drying, which will be sent readers of this paper for a two-cent stamp to pay postage by the National War Garden Commission of Washington, you will find the best advice on drying.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

RUTH IS TOLD SHE SHOULD USE HER TALENT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nothing loath, Ruth changed her dress and they walked to the next corner where there was a restaurant. It was an expensive place, but, as Brian explained:
"A rarebit is no good in a cheap place. They just can't make them so they won't string. We won't have anything but a bottle of beer. We don't come often, you know?"
Ruth was in no mood to cavil at anything. But she couldn't help but think that they wouldn't have been there then, had it not been for the money she had earned by going the work for her aunt, instead of its having been given to a decorator.
They had been seated but for a moment, when she heard Brian exclaim:
"By George! if there isn't Kenneth Page! Excuse me a minute, Ruth!"
Ruth's eyes followed Brian as he hurried to a table at some distance from them. She saw him engage in an animated conversation with a good-looking man a little older than himself; then they both came over to her.
"Ruth let me introduce Mr. Page, an old college chum of mine, even if he did graduate about the time I entered. Sit down, Page. We're going to have a rarebit. Dined at home, but you know how it is—once likes to get out occasionally."
Mr. Page had acknowledged the introduction very pleasantly. Ruth felt his keen blue eyes appraising her, her costume. She knew she was correctly gowned, and felt a thrill of pleasure. Her clothes were so elegant; so unquestionably the latest mode; that the most critical could find no fault with them.
"Have a rarebit, too, Page, or will you have something else?" Brian asked gracefully, playing the host.
"I'll have the rarebit, thank you," he replied, adding that it was an unexpected pleasure to meet some one he knew.
"Page is a bachelor," Brian explained to Ruth. She thought him a most attractive one, but refrained from saying so. He was very blonde, but still manly looking. He had perfect manners, and it really was a relief to have a third one in the party. Had anyone said that Ruth wanted to talk to anyone but Brian, she would have been surprised and shocked. But the little fill over the dinner, had left them both rather quiet. And Kenneth Page was exerting himself to be entertaining.
"I wonder where Hackett found her; she's a stunner! Bet she brought him money," he said to himself as he looked at her expensive clothes and the jewelry which was in such perfect taste.
In a way, Ruth sensed his thoughts and it made her uncomfortable. She had the right to wear what she pleased whether Brian could afford it or not. Her clothes were her own; her aunt had given them to her. Then her thoughts were interrupted. She heard her husband say:
"My wife is crazy over all that stuff; you'll have to talk to her. I am absolutely ignorant on the subject."
"What subject, Brian?" Ruth asked; she hated to hear him belittle himself.
"Interior decorating. Page is a decorator, and has just received importations, so he says. It's all Greek to me, as you know."
Ruth was at once interested, and showed it plainly in her face as she turned to Kenneth Page. Bachelor, decorator, society's favorite and a decorator.
For an hour they talked. If Ruth was interested, Page was surprised. The breadth of her knowledge; her appreciation of materials and stuffs; her acquaintance with the modes and architecture of different periods, was really most unusual.
"You are a student," he declared, smiling.
"Of that particular subject, yes. My aunt, with whom I lived, allowed me to purchase everything published on the subject, then let me experiment with her home."
"I should like to see it," he returned simply—the woman forgotten, in his interest in what she could do.
"It's a peach!" Brian interrupted, "a perfect peach! I'll bet you haven't a man on your staff who could improve on it." He finished proudly.
"Why don't you give something of such a talent to the world. Isn't it

rather selfish to hide it under a bush-oh!" Page asked, then plainly showed his surprise when Ruth abruptly changed the subject. She had no wish to provoke a discussion at that time.
But what Kenneth Page had said to her, lingered long after they had hidden his good night. It helped to hold her to her determination.
"Perhaps sometime he will need me in his office," she said to herself.
The next morning she hurried thru her work. It was just eleven o'clock then, armed with a list of interior decorators taken from the City Directory, Ruth sallied forth. She would not slave in the kitchen another day. She would be a business woman, in spite of opposition from either Brian or her aunt.

To be Continued.

RICKEY NEWS.

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Rickey, Ore., Aug. 29.—W. J. Brown has sold his farm to Mr. Tucker of Salem, Mr. Tucker formerly lived at Mealey, and will be heartily welcomed to our neighborhood.
Mrs. E. J. Whitney has returned home after visiting her daughter, Miss Myrtle of Portland.
Miss M. Watkins of Astoria, is the guest of Miss Hazel Harris.
Mrs. C. Grimm and son, Claude, are at home again after spending some time at Newport.
Frank Harris who has been stationed at Vancouver, has been moved to Washington D. C.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Pollock of Sweet Home, Oregon, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.
Mrs. L. Dickman spent last week in Portland, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jim Budlong.
Irvin Caplinger spent the week end at Willhoit.
Miss Golda Wheeler was a recent Portland visitor.
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Olson spent last week with relatives at Silverton.
E. A. Lewis spent most of last week at his Crooked Finger place.

Double Wedding Of Popular Silverton Couples

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Silverton, Aug. 29.—A pretty wedding was solemnized yesterday at high noon at the St. Johns Lutheran church when the Misses Emma and Tena Lee became the brides of Conrad Johnson and Jasper Dullum, respectively. The brides were attended by their nieces, the Misses Rye and the grooms were attended by Oscar Lee, a cousin of the brides, and Mr. Dullum of Portland. The two brides are well and favorably known in this community, the former having been an employe of the Wolford and Benson stores for a number of years, and the latter having taught in the public schools here. Both Mr. Dullum and Mr. Johnson have lived in Silverton for several years and have a host of friends to congratulate them. Both young couples expect to make their homes in Silverton.
Mr. and Mrs. N. Henyon spent Sunday at Willhoit.
Mrs. Theodore Opsund and little daughter of Portland are visiting Silverton relatives.
E. D. Arnes spent a few days in Portland.
The funeral of Mrs. C. Mikleska was held at the church Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Mikleska has been in poor health for a number of years.
Miss Selma Barrevelt is a new employe at Benson's store.
Walter Rosheln has vacated his position at the Digness store and has entered the employ of the Southern Pacific.

Mrs. F. N. Haroun and baby are visiting at the B. C. Olsen home.
Mrs. George W. Davis was a Salem visitor today.
Miss Flossie Conibeam made a business call at the Capital city today.

NEED STIFF UPPER LIP.

Amsterdam, Aug. 28.—This is the time to keep a stiff upper lip and continue fighting even if the heavens grow darker," says the Cologne Gazette.
"If Spain joins America our position will be worse materially and morally."

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW HERE.
THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL AT THE BANK