

CHARLES H. FISHER  
Editor and Publisher

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### OUTCLASSED AND OUT-GENERATED.

The one great outstanding feature of the allied drive is its persistent and unvarying success. Starting seven weeks ago when the German guns were almost within firing distance of Paris, the Germans were given their first serious defeat at Chateau-Thierry, by the American marines and French. The allied armies have advanced steadily ever since not meeting a serious set back in that whole time. General Foch has attacked at one point after another first with the British, then the French, and then the Americans and occasionally all together, just to keep the Prussians guessing. At every point of attack the result has been the same, the driving back of the Germans with heavy losses, and the taking one after another of the strongholds Hindenburg had considered impregnable. Apparently General Foch is able to break through the German front where and when he pleases. Yesterday he sent the British forging through the enemy's lines driving closer to Lens, and capturing Queant and with it 10,000 prisoners.

Opposite Arras, the vaunted Hindenburg line has been cut, a wedge being driven through it and the gap, is seven miles wide. At many points the allies are within striking distance of the line. It is not ready for occupancy, having been neglected, and there is no doubt that General Foch will take it away from Hindenburg for its entire length within a short time. It is not so much the magnitude of the gains that have been made that sounds the death knell to German hopes as the steady, persistent advance that refuses to be denied and that presses on over all obstacles. This advance has continued seven weeks, without a hitch. That is what gives it its importance, for it shows the Germans are at last outnumbered and outclassed both as to men and military genius. It is estimated this drive has cost the Germans in prisoners and casualties more than a quarter of a million men. Hindenburg's claims that the shortening of his lines would compensate for all losses are not tenable. The new line, wherever it may be, will be as much shorter for the allies as for him, so he gains nothing by that. In the meanwhile, during the month of August, America landed 250,000 of her soldiers in France, and if the allied casualties were as great as those of the Germans the showing would be a gain of 375,000 for them. The Germans have lost 125,000 prisoners, the allies practically none, so the net gain over the Germans from this source would be 125,000 and the added American force brings the net gain to the figures mentioned, 375,000. Another feature is that for some time and until within a day or so, the Americans have been held back and not used. The great drive at Lens was made by the British alone and most of the recent drives have been made without material American help. Just what Foch intends doing with the American forces is all guesswork, but it is safe to say that when he sends them in full force, it will mean such trouble for the Germans as they have not yet faced. There may be much fighting yet and much hard fighting, for the Prussian leaders will not quit so long as they can induce the soldiers to furnish the cannon fodder, no matter how hopeless the situation it. At the same time it is easily seen that the power of the Hun is broken, and the beginning of the end is at last at hand. Yet we cannot abate one jot from our preparations, for they are the thing that will win and until we have won and the Hun has quit there must be no let up or slackening of preparation.

In less than four weeks the big state fair will be in full bloom. It gives promise of being one of the biggest and best ever held. If you have not concluded to exhibit the products of your war garden, you had better get them ready. The fat "pumpkin", the "argus-eyed" spuds, the corn and cabbage and all such will help swell the display and at the same time show your friends that you—or your better half actually raised a garden.

The kaiser seems to have carried Wisconsin again, Governor Phillip, the war executive, having been defeated for the republican nomination yesterday.

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### THE COMING POWER.

Capital has had its day and Labor is having its innings. When Capital was in power it was arrogant and forced Labor to approach it with its hat off. Now that circumstances have put Labor in the saddle it is different. Capital realizing that it is utterly dependent on Labor, and Labor knowing it, the former industrial kings are disposed to eat out of hands not long ago grimy with the marks of toil. As a result, and a natural one, Labor is growing somewhat arrogant and will become more so until it meets its master, which it will do in the course of events. Organized Capital and Organized Labor are built too much upon a foundation of force to ever stand against the power that will soon be in arms against them. Not long ago the railroad men demanded an increase of wages and got it partly because it was right and partly because they had the country at their mercy and it had to come through. Organized Labor is now at its zenith and it has reached it much more quickly than was foreseen. It reached it because its demand for higher wages, no matter how just they may have been, hit the greatest force in America, the farmers. These are unorganized, but they have the nucleus for an organization in the grange and their necessities will compel them to join forces against Labor. At first blush Labor may be inclined to laugh at this. It can say to the farmers "we will not haul your products to market, we will tie up industries and you will go broke." This sounds easy. Suppose however, the farmers agree to grow nothing except for their own use? Suppose instead of Labor refusing to move farm products that the farmer sees to it there are no farm products to move? The war has awakened a giant that has slumbered for centuries, in fact ever since creation and has made him aware of his own power. Hereafter, if the farmers so choose, there will be no wars, for the reason that they alone are in position to prevent them. If they refuse to plant in advance no nation would dare to go to war, for it would be left just as the allies would be now if the United States and its 11,000,000 farmers were not solidly behind them. They are now fighting their worst enemy, militarism, and will not quit until it is beaten to a finish. Then there will be something toing along other lines, for the farmer is awake to his power and he will use it.

It is claimed the kaiser will start a peace offensive to work on during the winter. That is the right name for it, for any peace move coming from him will sure be offensive to all decent people. He cannot even imagine a peace that does not leave him in power; a danger to the world and a menace to civilization. His first move toward a real peace would be the stepping down and out and permitting the German people to establish some form of government as best suited to them. Whatever that is it must be such that civilized nations can deal with it, and it must be such that a treaty made by it is not considered "a scrap of paper." The best thing the kaiser can do for his people just now is to make a visit to Siberia—and not come back.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

BETTER DAYS.

For months the news was grim and sad, we learned the word "reverse"; oh, every day the news was bad, and next day it was worse. The gods seemed smiling on the Hun, while we could but retreat; he plied his sabre and his gun, and never met defeat. We took our bitters as they came, good sports I hope we were, while Teutons played their winning game, and filled the air with fur. I used to hear the boys remark, "Just wait—the tide will turn! The prospects now look pretty dark, but we have faith to burn. Just wait until our Yankee lads get busy with the foe, and shoot them through their liver pads, or where their whiskers grow!" And now the better days have come the news is fit to read; we march along to beat of drum, and Huns are snickersneed. By Yankee pep, on which we banked, with French and British force, the kronprinz armies have been spanked, and they are howling hoarse. I wonder how the Teuts will stand the strain they're under now—the homely Teuts who till the land, the peasant and his frau? I wonder how the German towns will stand the sick'ning thud? They like the ups, and now the downs will show their sporting blood. I doubt if Teuts will stand the gaff, their sporting form is cheap; they cannot force a smile or laugh when they're inclined to weep.

## THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

BRIAN ACCEPTS THE FACT THAT RUTH IS WORKING. BUT IS ANGRY.  
CHAPTER XXIII.  
Ruth went immediately to work on the plan left with her. She became so absorbed that she neither saw nor

I reckon I'd know my way about better."

Her soft southern drawl delighted La Monte.

"There is a quiet, refined little place just around the corner on the side street. A sort of lunch and tea room. The food is very good. I often take my wife there when she comes down town."

So he was married. Someway, she never had thought he might be. In a way, she was glad. It would be comfortable to be associated with a man whose wife occasionally called at the shop.

Ruth thanked him, and in a few moments went out to find the tea room he had told her about.

When she had gone he picked up the plan she had been working upon. He glanced at it, then looked more closely.

"Perfect! absolutely perfect!" he said aloud just as Mr. Mandel appeared on the floor.

"What is so perfect, La Monte?" he asked, reaching for the large sheet of paper on which Ruth had outlined her ideas of what she thought would make the room attractive.

"Gad, you're right! It's a scheme of coloring I never should have thought of trying. Odd, too, for it is just the right thing for not only that particular room, but for the whole house." Then he passed on. Not even his confidential clerk would be allowed to see how wonderful he thought Ruth was; or how delighted he was at his "find," as he had called her in his thoughts.

The afternoon passed happily and swiftly. Among Ruth's duties were those of talking with, and advising, customers. She saw that she would have no idle minutes; yet, when five o'clock came and she prepared to leave, she was far more rested than when she left home in the morning—the unwashed dishes, the necessary dinner to get to the apartment in time for Brian's homecoming on her mind.

She took a car. She would get off at the market and carry her dinner in with her, just as Mrs. Murphy, the janitress did; just as she had been doing ever since she married Brian.

She bought a steak. It was getting late and she must not keep Brian waiting for his dinner, the first night she was employed. He would have reason, then, to find fault.

By the time she had taken off her street clothes and pared her potatoes, it was time to set the table. There could be no dishes washed until after dinner. Well, never mind, she would wash them all up at once, or, if she could, she would get Mrs. Murphy to do them.

Just as the steak was ready, Brian came in. He glanced quickly at her before he said, a happy ring in his voice.

"Still on the job, aren't you?" I thought you would be," and he kissed her fondly. "I was pretty much of a crab this morning, wasn't I, dear, to go off the way I did? But you had me worried for fair."

"What do you mean, Brian?" Ruth had been putting on the dinner and had not quite understood all he had been saying.

"Oh, that flossy stuff about your

working! As I said, you had me pretty well grouched."

"Not I AM working, Brian," as she poured his tea.

"You are!"

"Yes, I am working at Mandel's, as I told you. I have been there all day. Got home about half-past five. And I am so happy, Brian! It is the most wonderful place; the most exquisite stuffs to handle in place of soiled dishes and scrubbing brushes. You must come down and see me there. Mr. La Monte (he's the head clerk) says his wife often comes."

She stopped for breath, and for the first time during her long, excited speech, looked at her husband.

Brian had dropped his fork, and was staring at her. Incredulity, unbelief, and anger striving for supremacy in his face.

"Why Brian, what's the matter?" her heart sinking as she noted his expression.

"Matter enough! you mean that you really went to work today after all I said. You know I disapproved."

"Yes, Brian. I took the position, and have worked all day." Her joy evaporated. "If you realized how happy it has made me, dear, you wouldn't object."

"It serves me right for marrying a girl who had been pampered and allowed her own way. Please talk of something else. I don't want to hear another word about it until you come to your senses and tell me you are leaving."

"I will remember, Brian," was all Ruth said, but tears filled her eyes and overflowed down over her cheeks.

Tomorrow—At the end of a month Ruth's Salary is Doubled.

### NEWSPAPERS HIT HARD.

(Marshfield Daily Record)

There is no business so hard hit as the small newspapers these days. Every way a publisher turns the situation appears worse. The government has supplied him with paper consumption blanks to make out which, if followed, would require the services of a special man to handle. The powers that be have limited the number of pages the publisher shall print and have set the ratio of news and advertising which shall appear and at the same time the government sends the newspapers enough free publicity to publish to fill a paper several times the size of the publication which it decries he shall issue. The army and navy are taking all the machinists into service and the result is that it is almost impossible to get competent machinist-operators and thus it comes to pass that pieces of machinery—blueprints which cost close to \$5000 are put into the hands of men who frequently badly damage them. Telegraph tolls have increased and the government restricts what is sent over the lines. The defensive arm of the country needs the metal and dyes which enter into the operation of a newspaper and only limited quantities can be obtained and these at greatly increased cost and to make it all the worse the postal rates have been increased out of all reason. Verily publishing a small country daily is not one exclusive round of pleasure.

### Glenn Schaap Writes He Is Recovering

Glenn E. Schaap, whose name appeared in the casualty list as among the severely wounded, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Schaap of Pratum, eight miles east of here. He is 27 years old, formerly attended school in Salem. He enlisted the week war was declared at North Yakima, Wash., where he was employed. He has been in both of the big American drives, the one in the latter part of June and early July and the one later in July in which he was wounded.

The following letter has been received from him by his sister, Eleanor H. Schaap, indicating that he is recovering from his wounds:

Francis, Aug. 1, 1918  
Dear sister: Am having quite a time at present. Am getting so that I can walk without limping much, so got to roam around a little. A few weeks more and I will be ready for duty, all so ready for more Germans.

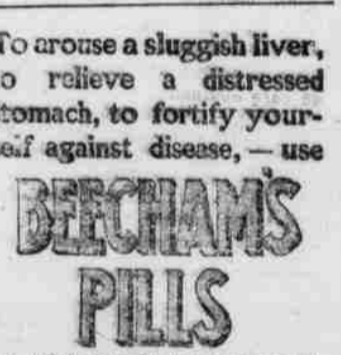
When one is back of the lines he wants to go to the front again and still he doesn't exactly want to either, (sounds conflicting) but after one gets up there and gets in the mix-up he doesn't give a darn what happens. Death holds no terror for a man after he gets into action. You see a big shell wipe out a squad of men and walk right by them. Perhaps if you think of it, you glance at them to see if any of your personal friends are among them. Of course if you have time you give them first aid. If, not, they must wait for the Red Cross men who are on the field with us.

The Red Cross and medical staff are sure doing their bit being in every bit as much danger as the rest of us. The Germans seem to make it a point to shell dressing stations and hospitals. I know personally of one that they did it, the shell landing among a bunch of wounded. I think they are or will get paid back for their brutality, especially by those who go back at them for a second time.

Nearly every fellow I see seems to have a personal grudge against them and I don't think they will lose any time settling it when they get the change. We will go straight thru to Berlin yet. I don't know how far it is but we ought to make it by this time next year unless Fritz gets his fill and quits this fall.

With love to all,  
Pet. Glenn E. Schaap,  
Co I, 26th Inf.

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UNCLE SAM — "This Old Bus Sure Steps Along"

### THE ALL-AMERICAN SWEEPSTAKES

On Saturday, September 28th, forty-eight states in the Union will leave their marks at the crack of the gun in the 4th Liberty Loan Race. The course will be long and rough, but it's a real race now. The stakes are ever mounting higher and every red-blooded American is backing his entry to win. Thrice a winner, Oregon will be jockeyed at the post and beaten at the finish if we don't prepare.

Let the blood of Our Boys "over there" stimulate our driving power over here—and once more pull Oregon FIRST UNDER THE WIRE. If every person in this town, county and state will do his thinking, talking and figuring NOW—and when the time comes—ACT—the 4th Liberty Loan Campaign in Oregon will be OVER WHEN IT'S OPENED.

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE