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THE WAR A GOOD TEACHER.

The world has been taught a lesson of self reliance by the war that otherwise might have been indefinitely delayed in the learning. England, for instance, has relied on her commerce and her manufacturers for her wealth. She has been the common carrier for the world, and she devoted so much of her energies to this and her factories that she left other things undone and neglected to be anywhere near self sustaining as to food products. Conditions are such that she will always have to rely on other countries for a part of her food supplies, but the extent to which she had neglected her possibilities at home in this line are shown by what she has accomplished since the submarines made their attempt to starve her into submission. Within the last two years grass and pasture lands amounting to more than four million acres have been plowed up and made to produce crops. More than 800,000 acres more wheat, barley and oats were grown in 1918 than the year before. While this did not furnish a full supply it reduced the quantity necessary to be imported to the smallest total in fifty years. To accomplish this the women were asked to take up agricultural work and special training schools were established for them. On top of this the American tractor was introduced which made the work possible. Last year it is estimated 91,000 women were at work on English farms and this year the number had grown to above 300,000. The increased acreage taken from game preserves and lands heretofore uncultivated produced in cereals alone this year around 100,000,000 bushels. Besides these more than two million acres were devoted to other crops and their product will go a long way toward feeding the nation.

Here in America self reliance has been taught as radically. Before the war we depended on Germany for many things we have learned we can make as well ourselves. While necessity has forced us to find a way for getting along without the German products, the effort has demonstrated that we can also do without many things we have heretofore imported from other countries. This is especially true of the metals. Tungsten used in hardening steel and in many war materials was practically all imported before the war, much of it coming from Germany. Now this country is producing practically all it requires, the product being one-fifth of the total for the world. Manganese is another mineral of which we were short up to a short time ago, importing much of our supply from Brazil. Now we are in a fair way to not only produce our own manganese, but to do it in such quantities that the price will be greatly reduced. This has been made possible by the opening of mines in Colorado and on the coast, and also by the recent discoveries of vast bodies of the ore in Oklahoma, where it is stated in recent reports the ore can be mined with steam shovels. It, too, is a necessity in making certain kinds of steel and more than 1,000 tons of the metal are used daily in this manufacture. Manganese is another mineral which before the war we imported our entire supply.

Now we are producing practically all we require, and the discovery of the mineral in large quantities has been made on the coast and in Colorado and Utah since the war. A few years ago aluminum was almost an unknown metal. Now, the United States is producing it in such quantities that she not only supplies all home demands but can furnish the allies all needed. We are now getting most of our nickel from Canada, but there is no reason why this should continue for it is well known there are big deposits of it in the Siskiyou and southern Oregon. It will not be long before we are producing to satisfy all home demands. There are dozens of others, far too numerous to mention but all of them being found and utilized in the United States. As for the more rare and valuable minerals such as platinum, miridium, titanium and such, the black sands of the southern Oregon and northern California coast is a vast storehouse of them. An examination of these sands made by the geological department showed they were composed largely of some twenty met-

als, all of them of high specific gravity, and most of them in the class that would be called "rare."

The war will cause these sands to be investigated and worked as well as many other sources of mineral supply and these investigations will complete the making of the country self sustaining as to practically all metals.

The Oregonian continues to play up the differences of opinion between Secretary of War Baker and Senator Chamberlain, and intimates the latter has plenty of ammunition laid away in the back of his head for use against the secretary and the administration. Of course it is all done to slur the secretary and not through any love for the Oregon senator. As a matter of fact there is little love left in the state for Chamberlain since his attack on the administration in his New York dinner speech. In the same issue of the paper, the Oregonian has another "dispatch" from its Washington correspondent, headed, "McAdoo Playing Politics, Administration Getting Considerable Advantage Out of Making Exemptions," further tending to show that it seeks every opportunity to malign and misrepresent the government, seeking to foment unrest and undermine confidence. The Hearst papers are accused of printing seditious articles but the worst thing that ever appeared in one of these sensational papers could not do the harm to the government of the innuendoes, lying and crafty, directed against the government by the Oregonian. It has never missed an opportunity since the war was declared to slander government officials or defend their detractors. Its management evidently lacks only the courage to align itself openly with the pro-German press.

A well known woman of Dallas is reported to have been given a \$300 a month job in the "Department of Business Economy" of the state council of defense, an organization whose bills are paid by the taxpayers of Oregon. This woman is head of the republican state committee's woman voters organization, hence her "pull." This however, is only one among numerous other soft jobs in connection with the state guards, council of defense and food conservation campaign. It looks like a huge graft upon the taxpayers and that the public was being exploited by experienced politicians who are taking advantage of the patriotism of the people. And while these grafters are drawing down big salaries and doing little or nothing to earn them, our Oregon boys, the flower of the state, are fighting--and some of them--dying in the trenches of France for only \$30 a month--and they would play the game just as hard if they didn't get even that little pay check. Patriotism presents startling contrasts, that is if the \$300 a month men and women are really patriotic!

A freight bill of \$131.06 from Oregon City to Salem on a carload of paper means that at the same rate the carload carried to New York would compel the paying of a freight bill of nearly \$11,000. The railroad director general apparently expects to make the short hauls pay that extra half a billion wages allowed the railroad men by him last week.

General Pershing now has 90 per cent of all American troops sent to France gathered under his command. Just what this means no one knows, but that there will be something doing by the Americans before long seems a certainty. It may be a grand smash at the retreating Huns is intended with the Americans doing the smashing.

State Treasurer Kay has about the same opinion of the governor's consolidation scheme as that expressed by the Capital Journal at the time the report was filed. It is autocratic and takes from the people the right to elect their officers, and makes the governor a small kaiser.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

BAD ROADS.

I travel much in autos; by woods and fields and grottos I take my stately way, and see the highway builders blow in our hard earned guilders on roads that do not pay. They're always fixing, fixing, the dirt and rubble mixing, all summer they have toiled; and then there comes a torrent--the fact is most abhorrent--and all their work is spoiled. Their road is washed to thunder; and they repeat their blunder, they build it up again; they cut their bootless capers with graders and with scrapers, misguided sons of men. The roads are dragged and graded, and manured and spaded, and when it rains they're done; the money that's been squandered on roads o'er which I've wandered, in gold, would weigh a ton. Our roads are dreary fizzes, although with planes and chisels we smooth them, year by year; for money always calling, they're good till rain is falling, and then they disappear. When this grim war is ended methinks it will be splendid if we get down to tacks, and build some modern highways, forsaking muddy byways, and rutty cattle tracks. I travel much in motors and oft I see the voters sunk shoulder deep in mud; respect for morals losing, the language they are using would freeze a purist's blood.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

RUTH DISCOVERS THAT TRAVELING IS PART OF HER WORK.

CHAPTER XXVII.
When Brian had left, Ruth opened her letter. As she expected, Mrs. Clayborne was both shocked and surprised. Not only that, she was undoubtedly angry.

"If your husband can't support you, come home. Don't disgrace us all by joining that class of vulgar women who want to usurp men's places in the world. There are men enough to do the kind of work you are doing. Had I dreamed you would put your knowledge to such a use, I never should have allowed you to acquire it. It was all well enough for you to decorate my rooms, here in the home that had always been yours, but to go to work in a shop, side by side with men, is beyond all decency. That a niece of mine should so degrade herself and--" There was much more, all in the same strain, and the letter wound up with a repetition of her invitation: "Remember what I said! If Brian Hackett can't support you, pack your trunk and don't let me hear any more nonsense."

Ruth laughed, then she cried over them. And it was a very sober Ruth she had expected, but now that it came she was hurt and disappointed. No one believed in her, in her ability to do things. Or if they did, they didn't want her to do them. She realized that her aunt, like Brian, would rather she washed dishes and do the menial work of her own kitchen than to work among surroundings that were a constant delight, just because they had foolish old-fashioned ideas about women working for others.

She would have them both to fight, she thought, as she tore the letter in tiny bits. Well she would, if she had to. Certainly she would never give up work in which she was happy, just because they thought it beneath her. Yet between them they had taken all the zest from her happiness, all the enthusiasm she would have shared with them. And it was a very sober Ruth who left for the office a few moments later; it scarcely seemed the same person who, the night before, had hurried home, her eyes dancing with joy, her lips wreathed in smiles because of the good news she was anxious to share with Brian.

But once in the shop, all was forgotten in her absorption in her work. The "Cary house" at Newport had been turned over to her almost entirely--she to consult with Jules La Monte if she found herself in need of advice. It was a big, and an important piece of work. The entire house was to be redecorated and refurnished. Also the entire scheme of the rooms was to be changed.

"Oh, what a chance!" she had exclaimed when she was told it was to be "her job."

"Yes, Mrs. Hackett, it is a chance. And a task that Mr. Mandel would not intrust to you did he not think you entirely capable. But if I can help you, do not hesitate to call on me. There may be details you do not yet understand."

"Thank you Mr. La Monte, I surely shall need your help. It is a prodigious piece of work; and I appreciate Mr. Mandel's faith in me, my ability, more than I can express."

"It's like some sort of a soothing plaster, after the way Brian and Aunt Louise acted," she murmured when La Monte had left her alone with the plans of the house. But a few minutes later she felt anything but soothed when he came and told her that Mr. Mandel was going to Newport to look over the house and grounds and wished her to go with him.

"You will have time to go home and pack your bag. Of course you can't get back until late tomorrow night--maybe not then. I'll have a taxi called for you. Keep it while you pack, and then drive directly to the station. Don't look so non-plus-sed!" he laughed, "after you have been here a while longer you will be come accustomed to these hurried trips. Miss Candee called herself 'the Lightning Bug' because of the haste with which her journeys required her to take long journeys for the house."

The mention of "Miss Candee" her predecessor, acted like a tonic upon Ruth. She had been terribly taken aback when La Monte told her she was to go away at a moment's notice--was to leave Brian alone in the flat while she was away on business with her employer. But anything Miss Candee had done, she could and would do. Even to being a "lightning bug" if necessary, she thought.

"Very well, Mr. La Monte," and, rising immediately, she got her hat, then asked: "Shall I take these?"

"Mr. Mandel will have all that is necessary. The taxi is waiting. You have no time to spare," he finished as he told her the time the train left.

Ruth didn't feel as quiet as she appeared. Her mind was in a turmoil.

APPLE TREE ANTHRACNOSE.

This is the season of the year to spray for control of apple tree anthracnose. Many of the old apple orchards of Marion county are seriously infected with anthracnose and many of the younger orchards are becoming infected. As the old orchards are not generally bearing much fruit this year it is a good opportunity to give these orchards a thorough renovating and disinfecting. Where the disease is of long standing and has impaired the growth and vitality of the tree, it is essential before treatment to prune out all seriously infected branches, and remove the rough bark from the old cankers. By opening up the tops a more thorough and effective treatment can be given. The first treatment should be applied before the rains begin if possible. Sept. 15 to 20th, will be about the right time, and Bordeaux 4-6-50 is the most effective spray. Put on plenty of the spray to cover all the branches and fill the old cankers. Repeat this spray about three weeks later, or any time before the middle of Oct.

S. E. VAN TRUMP,
County Fruit Inspector.

DEATH OF MRS. L. LARSON.

Mrs. Carrie O. Larson, wife of Lars Larson, aged 55 years, 2 months, at the home of Mrs. I. H. Small in Turner, Ore., September 1, 1918.

Mrs. Carrie O. Larson was born in Norway, July 2, 1865. She came to America when but a young girl and was married to Lars Larson at Preston, S. Dakota, July 6, 1888, to which union 6 sons were born, the first child dying in infancy. Those living are Oscar, Percy, Willard and Ernest. She is survived by two sisters, one in Minnesota, the other in South Dakota; two brothers one in Canada and the other in Minnesota. Oscar, the oldest son, is married and lives at Pasadena, Cal., while Percy Willard and Ernest are in the navy serving their country. Ernest is on a battle ship somewhere near the coast of France. Willard is at Boston aboard a gunboat while Percy is aboard a war vessel somewhere out on the broad Atlantic hunting for submarines.--Turner Tribune.

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