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Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

FRIDAY EVENING
September 13, 1918

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

E. S. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month 45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month 25c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.

Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building
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AN AMERICAN OFFENSIVE.

As a first attempt on their own account entirely, the drive began by the Americans yesterday was a decided success. An advance of eight miles at one point on a twenty-mile front and capture of over 9000 prisoners is a showing of which our boys may well feel proud. The drive demonstrated the trench system of warfare is a failure, and that the trenches are as easily taken as any other defense systems. The Americans went through the German defenses with but little trouble, the cavalry penetrating the enemy territory for a distance of ten miles. That this could be done indicates the German strength behind the lines is not great. Yesterday was but the beginning of the offensive under General Pershing, and it will be several days before the force of the drive can be made felt in its fullest strength. It is up to Hindenburg to stop this drive, and stop it quickly or his retreat to the Rhine must take place at once. To check the Americans he must draw on the line north, and if this is done, it is safe to say Foch will stick a probe into the weak spots left.

It is according to the eternal fitness of things that the Americans who were forced into the war by Germany should be the first to carry the war onto German territory. With Pershing's drive successful, the fighting will soon be carried onto German soil, and this will do more to stir the German people to frantic peace propaganda than any other one thing could possibly do. With Pershing properly supported now it looks as though a successful break through the German lines could be made that would throw the whole German armies in France and Belgium into a turmoil of retreat. It would seem that the opportunity has arrived for clearing the territory south and west of the German boundaries of the kaiser's forces.

So far the allied offensive has been peculiar, in that the Germans wanted to retire and General Foch was engaged in making the retirement as costly to them in men and supplies as possible. Had they been let alone they would have been back on the Hindenburg line nearly a month ago, but they would have had half a million more men than they have now. Evidently the Germans are going to try to hold their old line, and this will test the generalship of the allied commander. It is up to him to say whether the trench system be abandoned and the Hun lines crushed or another winter of watchful waiting be put in along the frontier of France. We miss our guess if a tremendous effort to smash through the Hun lines just as Byng smashed through is not made in the very near future.

Dairymen are complaining that the low price paid for milk is driving them out of business, and causing the dairy cows to be sent to the butchers. The dairymen of the cities have the situation in their own hands and can raise prices to suit themselves, but they complain that the condensaries are what keep the price to the dairy men at large, down to a mark that means loss. They have applied to the Food Administration to have the condensaries make the price of condensed milk depend on that of the raw milk rather than have the price of milk regulated by the price of the condensed article.

Conditions in Petrograd and Moscow are said to be like those in Paris during the reign of terror. Trotsky is ruling with an iron hand, and undertaking to control the situation by terrorizing the people. To accomplish this hundreds are shot down in the streets daily. Kerensky held sway but briefly because he was too lenient, and Trotsky is profiting by his example. He, too, will fail because he is trying to control not by firmness but through fear. The Russians in trading Kerensky for the Bolsheviks swapped King Log for King Stork.

Thirteen million more Americans yesterday signed their names to that peace article which says only when Prussianism is dead will America be willing to make peace.

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Whatever else may be said of the primary nominating system, it cannot be denied that it has taken most of the zip out of the elections. While the primaries fail to draw out on an average more than half the vote, the elections themselves bring out even less. After all it resolves itself into which is the better system--that under which representatives of a party get together and pick out a man for the office, or where office-seekers come forward with their own wares and let the voters choose between two or more of them when they perhaps want none of them. That is the reason of the lack of interest in elections for the past half dozen or more years.

The news of the first great American offensive in France was first given to the public through the Capital Journal. The morning papers today carried nothing new regarding it--but the Capital Journal has a whole lot of additional information this evening. This paper always prints the war news first and its leased wire and cable reports are the fullest and most reliable. That is what our thousands of readers tell us--and they ought to know.

The United States under agreement with the allies is to receive two thirds of the entire supply of tin of the world. This shows the tremendous magnitude of the canning industry in this country. It is in this line most of it will be used, and the cans will go back across the ocean to furnish palatable food for our own boys as well as the armies of the allies. Of course, there is a large quantity used by civilians, but these will be served only after the boys who are doing the fighting are looked after.

Argentina has 2,000,000 tons of last year's crop of wheat and 1,500,000 tons of other cereals for export. There is an abundance of foodstuffs to feed the world, the only thing causing the scarcity being the lack of ships. There is probably at least as much wheat in Australia awaiting shipment, and the wooden ships built on the coast should help greatly toward making this vast quantity of grain available. Every strike in the shipyards delays just that much the getting of this food to the places where it will do the most good.

The American offensive began yesterday under Pershing will whatever else it does hurry up the evacuation of Russia by the Germans. Their armies in Russia are composed of the poorest of their troops, but they are all Germany has to draw upon in the way of reserves, and just now anything that looks like a soldier looks good to Hindenburg, for he is in dire straits. With the Germans out of Russia the bolsheviks will last like a snowball in that country to which the kaiser is so generally consigned.

A news dispatch from Woodland, Washington, Thursday, mentioning the election results, had this to say about the local editor: "Except for some activity on the part of those interested in certain candidates, and that the editor of the local newspaper, E. H. Tarter, was up for County Auditor, there was no occasion for much active work." Now what do you suppose was meant by that?

General Haig reports 75,000 prisoners taken by the British in the past four weeks. For one thing this means 75,000 Germans will receive better treatment than they have had in more than four years.

The boches have prepared four separate lines of defense back of, and practically parallel to the Hindenburg line. This shows what they are expecting in the way of continued "victory."

But a short time ago the evergreen blackberries were considered a pest, but this year a Lane county farmer has sold \$1,200 worth of the "pest" and will make it a leading crop.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

VIEWING WITH ALARM.

There's always some one going round with weird predictions, dark and grim; his accents have a doleful sound, the future is a frost to him. He wets the landscape with his tears, and says we'll never whip the Hun in less than forty-seven years, and we'll be broke when it is done. He hears of victory and scowls; "the worst," he says, "is yet to come; your loud hurrahs will change to howls; the news will soon be fierce and bum." I've seen him wander down the street and queer the town in half an hour, with tales of ruin and defeat, and forecasts driveling and dour. No doubt if some one said, "Old scout, does Wilhelm pay you for this graft?" his rage would turn him inside out--he'd act like some one going daft. He is a patriot, you bet! For Uncle Sam he'd lose a limb; it's just his way to scold and fret, and show that things look black to him. In times of peace he used to show how government was slipping cogs, and pointed out, in grief and woe, that we were going to the dogs. In times of peace he cut no grass, his dodderings could work no ill; but now that war has come to pass, he is a help to Kaiser Bill. If you're inclined to scold and mope, just can that stuff a little while, and hand out packages of hope, all decorated with a smile.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

BRIAN SPENDS \$7 FOR THEATRE TICKETS. RUTH IS DISTRESSED.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Seven dollars for two seats to a show! It seemed dreadful, when they had so little to spend for luxuries. Ruth could understand economy when applied to other things than food and clothes. Those two items were the ones which, at her aunt's, never had been restricted. But amusements were few and far between. An occasional play at the old theater, and later a movie which cost twenty-five cents, were about the limit of amusement possibilities in the town. The young people danced at each other's homes in good old southern style, the boys playing the banjos or other instruments, save when the niggers took that part in the entertainment so that the boys might dance. Of course everyone rode horse-back and played tennis, but as for spending seven dollars for tickets when he needed other things--why, Ruth's thoughts halted. It was Brian's own money, what right had she to criticize him for spending it as he chose? She would expect to spend her's as she wished.

So it was with a bright face that she asked:

"Are they good seats, dear?"

"They ought to be. They cost enough," Brian growled, yet he smiled triumphantly at Ruth when they were ushered to two of the choicest seats in the house.

"You can get anything you want, if you pay for it," he whispered as they sat down.

"Yes, it is nice to have plenty of money," Ruth replied, hiding her smile. "We shall be able to go to the play often, this winter, and perhaps occasionally to the opera."

The raising of the curtain stopped the remark Brian started to make, but did not prevent the scowl from appearing on his face at Ruth's implication.

Ruth gave herself up to the enjoyment of the evening. Brian, too, seemed to be having a good time, if one could judge from the frequency and spontaneity of his laughter. Afterward, they went directly home. Nothing more was said of Ruth's trip with her employer, and Brian was soon fast asleep. But Ruth could not so easily lay aside her anxiety. Someway, she felt afraid. Had you asked her of what, she would have had no answer ready. Brian's unreasonableness, as she called it, had affected her greatly; then, his causeless jealousy had shown her a side of his nature she had only dimly suspected. If he were going to develop into a jealous husband, she would have anything but a happy time.

She recalled what La Monte had told her of the times when Miss Candee was sent away without notice to be gone several days; of long trips taken in the interests of the business; of protracted remaining in the places

where large orders had been taken, so making it imperative some one be on the spot while they were being carried out.

What would Brian say when he learned all these things. When he understood that part of her job was to go wherever she was sent, either alone or with one of the firm. She smiled to herself as she thought of the entirely detached way Mr. Mandel had treated her; just as if she were a man on a business errand with him. Then her lip curled ever so slightly as she thought that Brian held her so lightly as to think she would have consented to go with anyone save on a strictly business errand. But her scorn did not last. She loved her husband too dearly.

"He's a great, big goose," she muttered lovingly, then went to sleep.

Ruth had come back from her business jaunt with Arthur Mandel in a most pleasant glow of feeling for her employer. Now she had an unpleasant remembrance of Brian's remarks, of his jealousy, and insensibly it tinged her manner with Mandel.

Then, too, Ruth could not help but see the worn, sometimes disheartened, look in Brian's face, and her own good fortune made her heart ache for him. In spite of his extravagance with the theater tickets he had brought home less than usual, the last month. And although she had said nothing about it, she was sure he felt hurt and at most embarrassed when with her, because of it.

"I want to make a name for myself in the profession," she had confided, one evening when her work had gone particularly well and she had been praised by Mr. Mandel.

"So that I can be known as 'Mrs. Hackett's husband,'" she supposed, Brian had replied with bitterness, causing Ruth to bite her lip with annoyance that she had spoken, and to resolve more earnestly than ever to keep everything connected with her work to herself.

"Yet, it doesn't seem right not to be able to talk things over with one's own husband," she said as she lingered in the kitchen a moment after Mrs. Crawford had gone for the night. "I do wish he felt differently."

But Ruth and Brian were not unhappy, nor were they at cross purposes all the time. They had many happy days into which there crept no mention of business, and in which they happily went out together or had some of their friends in to play bridge with them.

"Your husband does not approve of your working. Why?" Mr. Mandel had asked, ament something she had said.

"I think he had conscientious scruples or something," she replied, embarrassed. "He, like most men, thinks women should stay at home," she wanted to add, "and wash dishes." That They Must Move.

Tomorrow--Ruth Convinces Brian



NEWEST PHOTO OF OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT THE FRONT

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