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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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THE DAY OF THE FARM TRACTOR.

As the auto has taken the place of the "horse and buggy" once the dependency of the farmer for his communication with his neighbors and the trading centers, so the farm tractor has come to take the place of the farm team in many things. It cannot entirely supersede the horse, for there are many things on the farm that the gasoline driven machine cannot do. At the same time it is certain that the day of the tractor has arrived and that the heavier work of the farms will be done by gasoline driven machinery rather than by animal power. The recent tractor demonstration at Gresham with its large and intensely interested attendance showed conclusively how the farmers of Oregon are awaking to the fact of the new era. Naturally the first task to which the tractors will be turned is that of plowing. This is the part of farming that drives the farmer the hardest, for it is work that needs to be done sometimes hurriedly and while the ground is in proper condition for it. Lack of teams in the plowing season causes decreased crops for the reason the ground cannot all be plowed and made ready for the crops while it is in the best condition. Dry weather on the one hand makes the plowing hard and leaves the ground in far from an ideal condition for receiving the seed. On the other hand, too much moisture is equally bad. There is always a rush at the plowing season and always, or nearly so, there is not a satisfactory completion of the job. To meet this under old conditions required the keeping of more work horses than were needed the balance of the year, and this meant great expense, for the horses must eat whether at work or not. The farm tractor will do away with this. When not in use it costs nothing more than the interest on the investment. It is noted in this connection that arrangements have been made for a tractor demonstration at the state fair, and this we believe is the most important feature of that educational event. It will prove a great drawing card, too, for the farmers are deeply interested especially just now when labor is scarce and its cost almost prohibitive for farm work. The tractor will make it possible to get along with less labor on the farm, and more than that it will permit the ground being better broken and placed in much better condition for cropping. The tractor is only arriving, but that it is coming to stay, and to fill a long-felt want is as certain as that the auto has "arrived." We predict that the tractor demonstration at the state fair will be the center of attraction for the farmers, and that the result will be the placing of many of the horseless plows on the farms of the Willamette valley. The fair management performed a real service to the entire community in arranging for the tractor demonstration.

With nearly \$61,000,000 worth of ships to her credit from July 1, 1917 to the same date in 1918, Oregon has sure been "going some." For the year previous to that her ship building amounted to \$3,851,000. The increase was 1,478 per cent. With 96 ways in operation she has ten more building and twelve in contemplation. If the war keeps up her ship building for the coming year should be around \$100,000,000. Add to this her supplies of airship lumber and it will be seen old Oregon is doing much toward winning the war besides putting up her share of the expense.

Almost before we can realize it the fourth Liberty loan will be on. If you want to hit the kaiser hard and help bring the war to a speedy end, dig deep and do it promptly. Don't wait to be asked but show Uncle Samuel that his credit is good and that every dollar in the country is at his service to help the boys "over there" get their job completed as quickly as possible.

The same day Austria begins her peace offensive Germany torpedoes a passenger ship without warning and murders many women and children. This shows she is not ready for peace, and that she will not be until she is left without a leg to stand on.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
4th LIBERTY BONDS
Will be for sale on
and after Saturday, Sept. 28

ALL EYES ON FOCH.

The eyes of the civilized world are focused on Foch. It is believed by those who are students of the situation that with steady and virile aggressiveness, Germany can be beaten to a standstill inside of three months. Foch has his opportunity to force the Germans to make a finish fight of it right now. Hindenburg has a line several hundred miles long to defend and he has not the troops to defend it. He can be forced to send reserves to the front where the Americans are pounding him, for if the attack is kept up he must do this to prevent them breaking through. On the other hand if he draws on his forces elsewhere on the front to strengthen this point he will weaken the point drawn on until the line can be broken there. That Foch intends to keep hammering at the retreating Germans seems assured. If not, it will mean another long winter of suffering in the trenches, with the Germans given just that much longer to strengthen themselves for another summer of war. The German leaders and the German soldiers know they are whipped, but so far, this is a bit of knowledge not permitted to be talked about in Germany.

Germany's offer of peace to Belgium is simply an offer to get out of her territory and allow her to rebuild her ruined industries and devastated homes. All she requires of Belgium in return is her good offices in persuading the allies to restore Germany her colonies and to observe strict neutrality, so the allies could not approach her through Belgian territory. Germany knows the allies would not violate Belgian neutrality and so would make Belgium a buffer state.

The governor is not in half the hurry to restore harmony at the prison when one of his pets might be fired, as he was in the case of discharging Superintendent Crawford of the prison flax plant, partly in the interest of harmony and principally because he wanted to get the man whom the board of control hired out, and a man or men of his own choice in his place.

America's reply to Austria, made by President Wilson, briefly stated is: "We have stated our terms, take them or leave them."

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

HELPING THE HUN.

You help the Hun if you are prone to dodge food regulations, if you put up a dismal groan whenever you view the rations. The loyal fellow does not swerve from rules laid down by Hoover; he blithely follows every curve and bylaw and maneuver. You help the Hun when you repeat dire stories of disaster; you pick up rumors of defeat, and make them travel faster. It is the kaiser's standard trick, to keep such rumors brewin', to make our hearts and spirits sick through tales of death and ruin. You would not wilfully assist this would be Alexander, but thoughtlessly you help, I wist, to spread his propagand. You help the Hun when you complain of what the war is costing; the patriot who's safe and sane will find no load exhausting. What if demands on you are big? What if you're always busted? While you've a penny still to dig, you shouldn't be disgusted. You're buying freedom with the cash you shell for bonds and taxes, and Kultur's dome you help to smash, as though with battle axes. It's easy work to help the Hun, by snarling and repining, by being stingy with your mon, by beefing and by whining. And legions do it every day whose anger would be royal, if we should point with scorn and say they are not truly loyal.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The next morning, when Brian reached the office, he found a bright little note from Ruth. She had seen the house so was to plan doing over, and it was a lovely old place. She would surely be home in time for dinner the following night.

"I hope you are not too lonely, eating alone," she had written, "I must make it up to you when I get home." Brian smiled rather shamefacedly, although there were none to see, when he read that passage; then thought, flushing a little at the hint of disloyalty in his mind, that it was lucky she wasn't coming back that day. He had Mollie King on his hands for dinner.

He met Mollie at the usual time and, once more, they dined in the old corner. But that night they were not alone, as they were the night before, and in a way Brian was annoyed.

Several of the old bunch were there—the "Bohemians," as they styled themselves—whom he had known before he married Ruth, even before he had met her. After he became acquainted with Ruth, these others had seemed somehow common, almost vulgar in their parade of their poverty and unconventionality—all but Mollie; she had always been a little different from

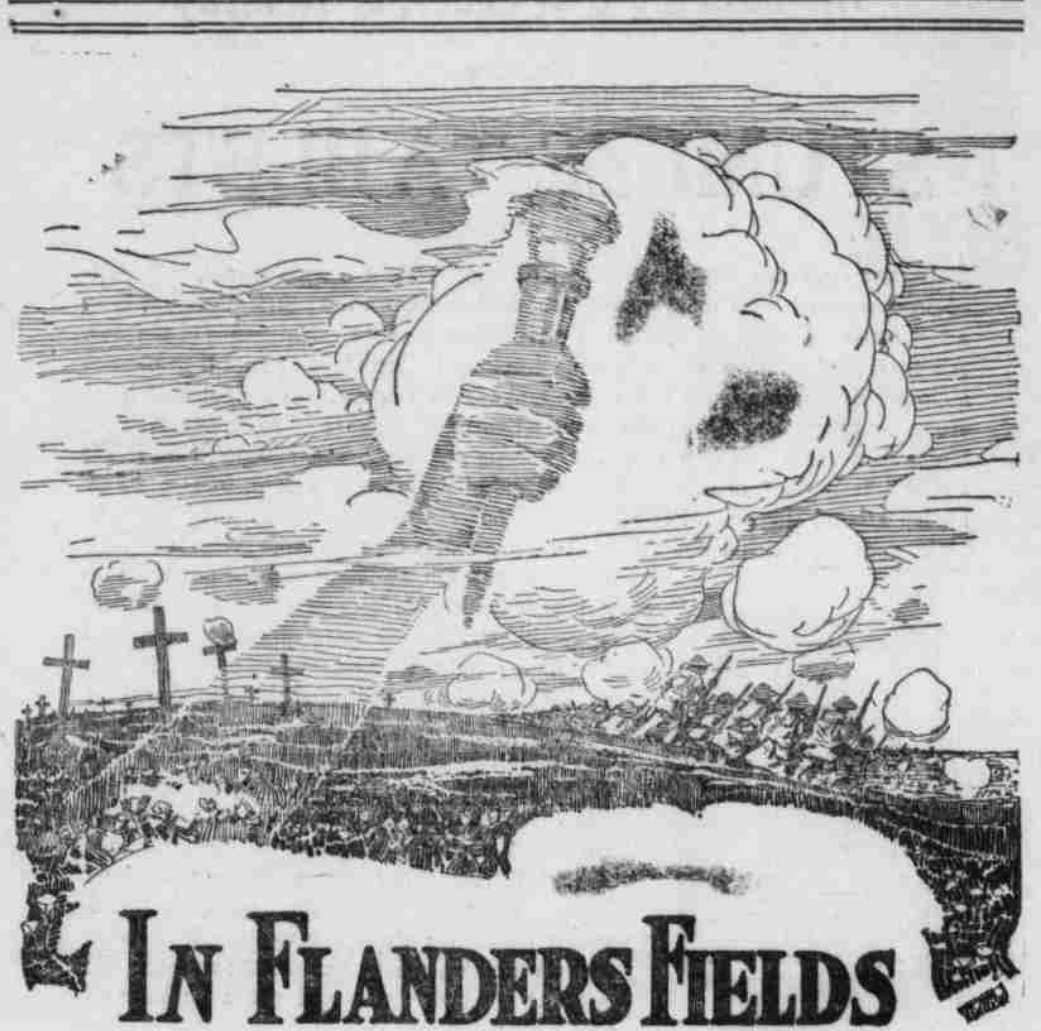
the rest. Brian was, however, cordial in his greetings. He could be nothing else, he thought, as long as he was with Mollie.

"Couldn't keep away, could you, Hackett?" Claude Wetherill, a writer who had not yet arrived, asked, slipping him familiarly on the back. Hello, Mollie! aren't you afraid of getting your hair pulled? Mrs. Brian may hear of this," and, thinking he had been clever, left them to tell others that Brian Hackett was back with Mollie King again, that he couldn't keep away from her nor from the village.

"I wish we had gone somewhere else," Brian said when he and Mollie were alone for a moment. One after another had come over to welcome Brian back, to get a cigarette, or something to quench their thirst.

"It is a bore, isn't it?" Mollie replied. "And yet, Brian, they are really glad to see you. You were rather popular in the village, you know." "Yes, but now it seems somewhat different—all but you. They seem cheaper—I suppose I should be ashamed to say it, but they do."

"I understand. You have been with a woman to whom nothing in the village would appeal. A woman who is conventional. They are the best kind to marry, Brian. Altho a man misses a lot of fun," she adied naively



IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY COL. JOHN F. McCRAE,
DIED AT BOULOGNE, JANUARY 28, 1918.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch -- be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep the poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

BUY Fourth Liberty Bonds Any Bank Will Help You

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED THROUGH THE PATRIOTIC CO-OPERATION OF

**Smith & Shields
Max Gehlar**

"I know I have missed you, Mollie. But the rest—" he left the sentence unfinished.

"Come on over to the studio. All of them rushing over to see you, has upset you. Don't let them annoy you. Tell her first, then they will have nothing to gossip about," she said, reading his mind correctly.

"Oh, Ruth is all right. She said she liked you."

"Yes—but Brian, liking me when she meets me with others, and liking me when she knows I dine with her husband when she is away, are two different kinds of liking."

Up in the studio they smoked and talked. Brian told of the reason for Ruth's absence, and Mollie agreed with him that it was not his duty to eat alone, even if Mrs. Brian were away on business; especially as he objected to her being in business.

Now, Mollie did not object to a woman doing anything she could do, or thought she could do—if she wanted to. But, like many women, she said nothing of her own feelings, but agreed with the man. Men like women who do not contradict them. And Mollie wanted Brian to like her.

Then, too, why should a conventionally brought up woman like Ruth want to be in business if she loved her husband? Brian had said very emphatically that he could support her, and, judging by his extravagance in ordering the two dinners she had helped dispose of, he had not misstated the case.

"His law business must have improved wonderfully," she said to herself, thinking of the size of the checks he had paid, and also of the difference in his appearance. She remembered that he used to be a bit careless; now he was perfectly groomed. She liked him this way, even better than she had

before.

When the clock struck twelve, they neither started, as they had the night before, and for another hour they visited. Without meaning to, Brian had conveyed to Mollie the idea that he was rather a neglected sort of person; that he was disappointed in Ruth. He had realized the impression she had gained from his chatter. Feeling that he was perhaps unhappy, disillusioned, Mollie had been even more sympathetic, more friendly than she would otherwise have been. Their comradeship took on a deeper meaning to her. She must try to make up to dear old Brian for what he had lost by marrying someone who didn't understand him.

A dangerous conclusion for any woman to arrive at; and one apt to make trouble.

Tomorrow—Brian Tells Ruth About His Dinners With Mollie.