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AUSTRIAN OFFER DISMISSED.

If the Austrian peace offer was intended to in any way divide the allies it certainly fell flat. With President Wilson's prompt answer to the effect that Austria knew America's terms, and could take them or not as she pleased, came in quick succession an answer to the same effect from England, France and Italy. They all agree that there is only one condition on which peace will be considered and that is the utter destruction of militarism. Two views are taken of Austria's offer, one, and the generally accepted one, that she made the offer just as Czernin did before at the instigation of the kaiser and to give that sorely pressed monarch a short breathing spell; and the other that Austria has reached the end of her resources, sees ruin ahead if she cannot make peace at once, and makes the offer preparatory to making an unconditional surrender. The latter suggestion has not many believers for it is recognized that the Austrian emperor is under the thumb of the kaiser to such an extent that he dare do nothing without that monarch's consent. At the same time Baron Burian, for Austria, appeals to the pope to use his good offices in bringing about a conference. The treachery of the central powers to their allies the Turks and Bulgars is disclosed in the plan, for Austria asks a secret conference where the big central powers can get together and save what they can for themselves by sacrificing any and all others. On the other hand, President Wilson insists that when peace is considered each and every small nation interested shall have its hearing, and have its rights protected. The meeting he insists must be open, public, with all nations represented, so that no secret trading may be done. Austria's attempt has already been crushed. Apparently she did not and does not understand the temper of the allies else she would not have made her offer.

The defeat of the Bulgars by the Serbs and Greeks will cause the sultan to smile. So will the action of Germany in siding with him and against the Bulgars in the matter of re-arranging the borders between Turkey and Bulgaria. With the Greeks and Serbians beating them and the kaiser going back on them, no doubt the Bulgars are beginning to regret siding with Germany to earn a bribe, which they now realize they will never receive. If the allies wanted to follow the German tactics it would be a very easy thing to make a separate peace with Bulgaria, but then the allies do not purpose making any promises they do not intend to keep and just now they can promise Bulgaria nothing.

With a million dollars asked of Salem for the Fourth Liberty loan we may as well each and every one of us prepare to go clear to the bottom of the old stocking and besides stretch our credit to the limit. Salem faces a tremendous task for the reason that she has received little benefits from the expenditure of the vast sums raised for war purposes. She has built no ships, made no munitions, in fact has had no income outside of her usual normal receipts. This makes it harder for us to meet the demands made on us, but it has made us none the less willing.

Has anyone heard anything about those long range guns with which the Huns murdered a few innocent Parisians but a short time ago? Maybe Hindenburg has moved them back of his lines and will use them in fighting the Americans. Evidently he would prefer doing his fighting with the doughboys at about the range these guns would give him.

Hood River wants five thousand apple pickers, and yet it is not very long ago that there was not that many apples in that famous little valley.

The New York Times is a great paper but its chief editor is gullible to an inexcusable degree. He did not even wait for a real bait but jumped at an artificial fly dangled before his nose by Austria and labeled "peace."

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

NOT WARRING ON BABIES.

Certain elements are advocating the cultivation of an intense hatred for Germany and the German people. Gertrude Atheron goes the limit in this direction and call on Americans to "remember that German babies grow up into German men and women, who if the present form of government persists, will be taught that their only object in life is to follow the kaiser into a war for conquest of the world." She says: "better extirpate the whole breed, root and branch." She puts in more delicate language the opinion of General Harney, who by the way was nicknamed "Squaw killing Harney," who speaking of the Indians of the plains years ago, said in defense of his mode of warfare which meant "extirpation", that "nits make lice." The mistake the advocates of such measures make is that they fail to see America's object in entering the war and its aims now that it is in it. We are not making war on German babies or German women. We are indeed not waging war against the Germans as a people, but against the system under which the German people are ruled and under which they are taught the doctrine of German domination of the world. We would do away with the system, would make the military rulers subjects of the German people. We would do away with the "divine rights" of kaiser and emperor, would destroy Prussianism and set the German people free from the tyranny of militarism. It is not necessary to cultivate a spirit of hate for German babies, or a desire to exterminate them to accomplish the things we have set out to do. With the system destroyed, the teachers of "might makes right" removed, the doctrine that Germany was created superior to all other nations and was directly ordained by God to rule the world, exploded, time will soon obliterate the false teachings, and the German people of the next generation will find their true place among the nations of the world.

It seems the kaiser was so certain of success but recently, that he had a nice quarters built for himself, in a little wood back of the Somme front, where he was perfectly safe of course, but from which he could be easily called to the front to rejoice over what "me unt Gott" had done. The allies have possession of the house but needless to say the kaiser was far from the place when they found it. When it comes to dying for Germany the Hohenzollern family do their part of it by proxy.

The Serbian armies, long separated, have attacked and beaten the Bulgars and have succeeded in uniting their forces. The Greeks acting with these against their hereditary enemy will give a good account of the Bulgars. In fact they have already done so for in their first offensive they, combined, have broken through the Bulgarian front for a distance of five miles and captured 3,000 prisoners and many cannon.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

SELF DENIAL.

I do without a lot of things, because I wish to can such kings as Carl and old Red Bill; as Hoover says, "That man is wise and loyal who'll economize, and do it with a will." It's been a grievous hurt to me that I can't sail across the sea and slay my share of Huns; it's made me shed the tears of brine that I can't reach the battle line, all loaded down with duns. When first I suffered from this smart there was rebellion in my heart, and I remarked, "By James, it's tough when one who's strong and bold is said to be too fat and old to play these martial games." But now I see that one can aid who does not wield a shining blade, or ply a sawedoff gun; and every time I save some scads I'm backing up our fighting lads, and helping squelch the Hun. I'm wearing last year's mohair suit, and hope by this to queer a Teut, and make old Bill despond; the coin I'd spend for raiment gay, for shirts and neckties recherche, will buy another bond. And every bond for which I pay brings nearer still the happy day when triumph will be ours; when our brave boys will homeward come, and we shall make the old town hum, and load them down with flowers.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXV.

Brian caught a Fifth avenue bus at the square. It would take him nearly home. He rode on top, the only passenger. While he smoked he thought of Mollie.

"Good little scout!" he said aloud. "I wish the others had kept away. Next time I'll have Mollie meet me at the town somewhere," showing he intended there should be a "next time."

When the conductor came for his fare he had no change, so took out a dollar bill (his last one) and handed it to him.

"I've spent a lot of money, these two nights," he soliloquized. "But it was worth it. I'll have to borrow to pay the rent tomorrow. Clark will let me have it."

Clark was the man who had loaned him money once before. Brian had paid

it with the check Ruth's aunt had given her, and he had also given Clark much bigger interest than the banks gave. So he had no fear but, that he would accommodate him again. That settled, Brian gave neither it, nor the fact of his extravagance, any further thought. His mind dwelt upon how little Mollie King was; what a jolly little studio she had, and what a comfortable place it was to visit.

It was after two o'clock when he switched off the lights.

"Pretty late for an old married man," he muttered with a grin.

Ruth was at home when he arrived the next night. She had sent word what time she would be home so that he might meet her; but he had been away from the office when it came. He had not gone back so missed it altogether.

Ruth had been terribly disappointed

when she realized that Brian was not at the station. She had lingered some little time hoping he would come for her. Then she had gone on home, a little hurt, but her mind made up to show no signs of it. So she had met him with a loving kiss and no reproaches, although she saw she had been disappointed.

"Go, Ruth, I would have gone back had I thought of it! But I forgot all about your promise to let me know the train you were coming on. I'm awfully sorry, dear," and he was. He felt chagrined that he had failed to remember Ruth's message.

"Never mind, dear. I'm here now. Had an awfully lonesome time, dear."

"No—not so very," Brian flushed and stammered a little. "I went out to dinner. There wasn't any use eating alone."

"Indeed there wasn't!" Ruth said heartily. "Where did you go?"

"Down town. To the Brevort."

"How in the world did you come to go way down there?"

As she asked the question Brian recalled what Mollie King had said: "You tell her, then the others will have nothing to gossip about." Yes, Mollie was right. He better tell her himself.

"I asked Mollie King to dine with me. She is good company. The Brevort is handy for her, so I asked her to

meet me there."

"Oh—?" then, after a minute, "did you ask her BOTH nights?"

"Yes," with a little bravado. "I was lonely. Mollie is the best company of anyone I know. If you WILL leave me alone, I have to find some one to take your place, you know," this last pleasantly.

"Of course you do. And don't think for a minute I object to your having company," yet, as she said it, Ruth's heart contracted a little as she thought of Mollie King, and of TWO nights in succession.

"Well, let's have dinner. You must be hungry. How did things go in Philly?" Brian changed the subject. He did not care to be asked if he took Mollie home or what time he himself got in.

"Oh, everything went beautifully!" Ruth responded with enthusiasm. "It is the loveliest old house, and will lend itself to certain schemes wonderfully. I am delighted that Mr. Mandel let me have the work to do. Even if it did mean letting you dine with another woman," she added with a little laugh.

For the remainder of the evening Mollie King was not mentioned. But she was in the mind of both. Ruth told of the details of her business, in which Brian was only politely interested; but

through her mind ran the picture of Brian and Mollie at dinner together. Brian listened, occasionally asking a question, but, in his thoughts, Mollie, and her smoke-filled studio insisted upon intruding. It was so easy to talk to Mollie. She sort of looked up to a fellow. But a wife who earned more than he did, then insisted upon talking business—well—he loved Ruth, but he couldn't help it if he wished she would not be so superior.

The fact of the matter was that Ruth was not at all "superior." She constantly tried, in her talk with Brian, to eliminate anything that might make him feel that she was sensible of her earning power. She constantly tried to make him see her business as a business, done because of her love for it, instead of the remuneration she received. She had sensed his feeling of resentment toward that phase of it from the start, and was constantly on her guard when talking to him.

After Brian fell asleep Ruth lay for some time, wide awake, thinking of her handsome, careless husband and Mollie King.

"He belongs to me; she can't take him from me," she muttered before she fell asleep to dream that Mollie HAD taken Brian from her; and that Brian wanted to go.

(Tomorrow—Ruth is Made Uncomfortable by Mrs. Curtis)

In The Name



In the name of the women of Flanders,
Who are ploughing the German fields,
Yoked to the ox and under the lash—
Buy bonds—lest the country yields.

In the name of the girls and the children—
The Belgian, the Serb, and the French—
You know what a German victory means.
Buy bonds for a stronger trench.

In the name of our murdered seamen,
Of hospitals bombed from the sky,
In the name of Good Friday in Paris,
In the name of Decency—buy!

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