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**THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL**  
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### STAND BEHIND OUR BOYS.

Today the drive to secure \$6,000,000,000 on the Fourth Liberty loan began. On a per capita basis this means \$60 must be subscribed, for each and every person in the United States. Here in Salem we are apportioned a sum almost exactly equal to our per capita rate, or \$1,057,869. It is a vast sum in the aggregate, and yet it is only \$60 each. However as there are many who can subscribe nothing it will require that every one of us dig deep and make up for those who are not in condition to help. We want, for the first thing, to get rid of the idea that we are giving anything for we are not; but instead lending our money to ourselves in a common cause and that cause the holiest one that ever moved a nation or a people. We are lending the money for the purpose of making the world free, for getting rid of war forever, for defending those weaker than ourselves, and making the world a fit place for decent civilized folks to inhabit. This is something it has never been, for the simple reason that one class has arrogated to itself the right to rule, as it alleges, by divine right; and at the same time absolving itself from any duty to the balance of humanity. We are told "lend us the money and we will free the world of a menace that has been suspended over it since time began." We are not asked to give, only to lend the money. On top of this, looked upon merely as an investment, it is safe and brings good returns. It also leaves our money in such a shape that should necessity compel us to use it, we can get the cash at any time. There are no law suits necessary to collect it, no expense attached to changing it into cash at any time. Bonds issued in the other Liberty loans have sold above par, and so will these before long. This means the interest instead of being four and a fourth per cent will really be above five per cent. Over and above all however, is the duty we owe to ourselves as individual fractions of the great whole, the government of the United States, to back up our government to the last dollar necessary to aid it in carrying out our own expressed wishes as to the war in Europe. Already what we have done has altered the situation in Europe, has turned the Huns toward home and must keep them travelling in that direction, until they are back in their own territory and so thoroughly beaten that they will never again threaten the destruction of the civilized world. This is what your money loaned the government is to be used for, and when the task is accomplished it will in time be returned to you with interest from the day it is loaned. The indications are the war will be ended within a year, and whether it is or not depends on the way we back our boys "over there" who are offering their lives if needs be, upon the altar of duty. Weigh their service to the government and to yourself against your money, and you will consider whatever sum you may be able to spare is insignificant in comparison. Don't wait to be asked to subscribe, but make up your mind to put up every dollar you can spare and then--PUT IT UP.

Arthur Brisbane, righthand man of W. R. Hearst, is in a bad mixup. It seems he bought the Washington Herald for something like \$575,000, which was furnished by German brewers of this country. Brisbane admits the fact, but says it was a straight business deal and that he borrowed the money from the brewers, but the fact that the money was to be repaid by him only when he felt so inclined and that the loan was to draw no interest makes the transaction look bad.

Heroic little Belgium is not making any appeals for a peace conference. She knows better than all the others combined what any peace but one dictated by the allies, and with the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs eliminated forever, means. She has felt the friendly hand of the Hun and prefers unending conflict to peace with the barbarians still ravaging at her borders.

Only one newspaper in America jumped at Austria's fly and that was the biggest fish in the pool, the New York Times.

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### VOTERS WILL DEFEAT GRAFT EXPENSES.

The \$940,000 asked for by the board of control for meeting war emergency expenses will probably be defeated because of the graft it contains. The state council of defense seems to be wasting money on big salaries, like the \$300 a month paid to a Dallas woman, automobiles and other extravagances. This part of the appropriation should not be passed because the work of the council at best is of little value to the state.

The state guards, which is the hand-picked political body-guard of the governor, is a useless organization. Just now it is detailed to protect the coming state fair from a possible Prussian air raid. The members are supposed to get \$90 a month, clothes, board and lodging. Money expended on this organization is wasted and it is an imposition on the taxpayers to ask them to put up for it.

There are some items in the \$940,000 budget that are meritorious but they will probably be beaten because of the graft represented by other items.

There is a persistent rumor emanating from Berlin that the kaiser has suffered a nervous break down, and is utterly despondent. This may be only a rumor now, but it is a sure forerunner of what will happen soon, if it has not already happened. Hindenburg, Ludendorff and some others are likely to be afflicted the same way, for from present indications the disease is liable to become epidemic in Germany as well as Austria.

Every farmer in the state who can do so should attend the demonstration of the tractors at the state fair next week. It will be an object lesson worth many times its cost. The plowing season will be robbed of all its worries when the tractors are installed on every farm, and the farmer need no longer worry about the weather, for by helping each other just as their lands are in condition, the plowing can be taken care of at the proper season.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### THE FAKERS.

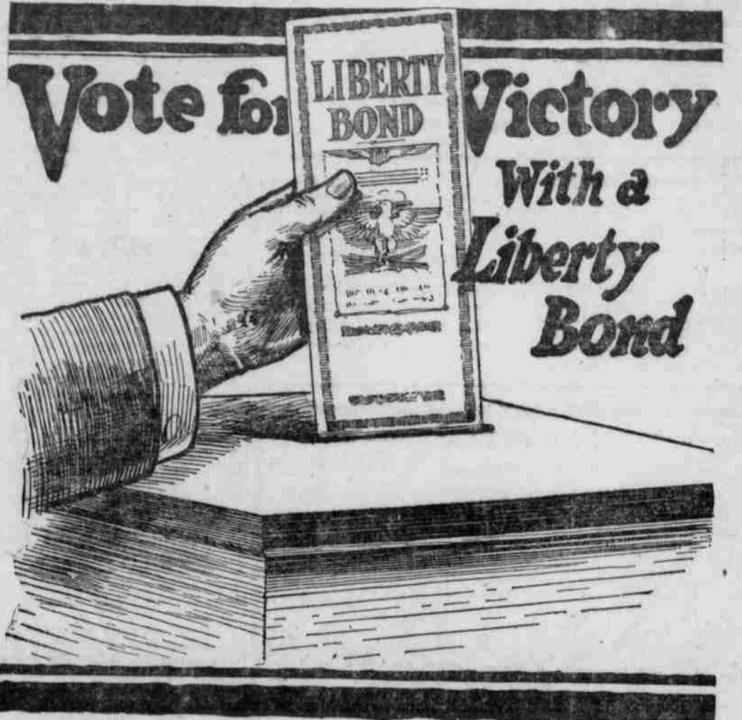
Now doth the busy little Hun delight to pass the bunk, and claim a victory is won, when he is knocked kerplunk! The general whose cumbrous name winds up with burg or dorf, still claims to have a giant's frame, when he is shown a dwarf. When Foch or Haig in battle fail, the fact is not denied; these brave men rise and say, "The tail has traveled with the hide." They want the folks at home to know the truth, and give it flat; if they are beaten by the foe, they let it go at that. But Prussian leaders cannot trust the folks at home, it seems; they feed them up, until they bust, on fakes and hopjoint dreams. How doth the busy little Hun, his whiskers streaked with foam, hand out the piffle by the ton, to feed to folks at home! But when the facts at last leak in, I wonder what they'll say; will they just wear a foolish grin, in their accustomed way? Or will they swell with righteous ire, their spirits sore and hot, and grumble like a house afire, and have some princes shot? "Dumb driven cattle" is their name if they, with patient eyes, forever watch the hocus game, the carnival of lies.

## THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
Ruth met a Mrs. Curtis, the next day when she went out to luncheon. Brian had introduced her one day in the street, and Ruth had never seen her again, so she was, more than a little surprised when Mrs. Curtis asked if she were going to lunch; then proposed that they lunch together.  
"That's a new way of looking at it. But most men hate to have their wives work. And another thing! I have observed that where the wife works where she really earns money, the husband after a while, lets her do just as she pleases. It seems to me it is bad for them in that respect. It sort of has a demoralizing effect on them. And the worst part of it is, it seems to affect all classes of men in the same way, from the washerwoman's husband up."  
"I don't agree with you, Mrs. Curtis, although it is interesting to hear your views. Of course, I never have known women who worked, so I am not qualified to talk upon the subject. But I can't see WHY it should demoralize a man, as you say, to have his wife earn money."  
"I don't know WHY it does, either. But I know that it does, in almost every case. Of course, I am not saying it will in your case. There are always exceptions, you know. Then too, Mr. Hackett is a professional man, and they have more pride in succeeding than any other class, I think. By the way, have you met that old friend of Mr. Hackett's, Mollie King?"  
"Yes, and found her charming."  
"Isn't she? I am not much for that Bohemian crowd, myself, but I always liked Mollie, and Mr. Curtis is so fond of her as I am. I often have her to dinner. I would like you and Mr. Hackett to dine with us some night when she is with us—that is, if you would care to come."  
"I should like very much," Ruth replied honestly. It would give her a chance to see Brian and Mollie King together.  
"How nice. I don't suppose Mr. Hackett will object. Mr. Curtis used to say he thought they would make a match. I never agreed with him. And you see, I was right."  
Ruth saw a near tragedy looming up yet she smiled, swallowed hard once, then said quite calmly.  
"Oh, Brian, Mr. Hackett, has told me all about his old acquaintances, Miss King included. It is quite interesting to listen to his stories. But I presume you had the same experience with Mr. Curtis."  
Mrs. Curtis hadn't. But she had not

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## Salem Bank of Commerce

ing about her husband's secretiveness although she determined to put him through the third degree when she reached home. Receiving no reply, Ruth continued:  
"You say, in my work, I am often sent out of town to look after the decorating of some wonderful old houses. It isn't fair that Mr. Hackett should be alone, feel compelled to dine out of town. So I am glad that he has some one like Miss King to go out with him, and to entertain him when I am away."  
"So you knew and approved. I thought I told Mr. Curtis I bet you knew all about it. Mr. Hackett's dining at the Beavert with Mollie. You have been married too short a time for your husband to deceive you."  
"He wouldn't think of such a thing," Ruth replied, saying things under her breath that would have astonished her companion should she have heard. "We always talk everything over together."  
"How lovely! Wait until I tell Mr. Curtis." Then as they rose from the table, "I'll telephone Mollie, then find an evening both you and she are free, and have you to dinner. So glad I met you."  
"Oh, thank God you told me Brian. Ruth said aloud to herself as with flaming cheeks, she hurried back to the shop. "I will go to that dinner if I have to crawl there!"  
(To be continued)  
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