

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

L. B. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month50c
Daily by mail, per year3.00 Per Month25c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.

Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building
The Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, unless you, or neglect getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone Main 81 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the
Audit Bureau of Circulations

BOYS OVER THERE WOULD FINISH JOB.

A good many Willamette valley boys have had experience in real warfare by this time. They have taken their turn in the trenches and many of them have taken part in the big offensive drives of the allies during the past two months. Not many of them have yet given their lives for their country but a considerable have received wounds, more or less serious, and are in the hospitals of France. They all know the realities of war by this time and are actors in the greatest tragedy ever enacted in the history of the world. Their opinions are worthy of much consideration because they are in intimate touch with the situation.

Almost without exception these boys write home that they want a fight to the finish. Those in the hospitals look forward to the time when they can rejoin their comrades at the front; those in the training camps in the rear have one consuming ambition, and that is to get into action on the battle line.

These boys represent the American people. They are the best we could send in brain and brawn, from the cities, towns and villages, from the farms. They come from every walk of life and rich and poor are marching and fighting side by side, representing the spirit of democracy which conceived our great republic in its founding and has been its inspiration to greatness and power. They were not raised in warlike surroundings, they cherished peace for the blessings it confers upon individual and nation—but they were fit for war, and ready to fight for the honor and integrity of the nation. They have undertaken a job that of necessity had to be done and now that it is under way would finish it right, so that it will not have to be done over at some future time. That is the true American spirit, that has come down from the men and women who came from the four corners of the earth to blaze the way for the civilization that we now enjoy, and which is now invoked to make any sacrifice that may be required that its blessings may still be retained.

The pacifists and the pro-Germans thought there would be trembling and fear and weakness when the casualty lists began to pour in. How little they knew the real American people! For every youth who bathes the soil of France with his heart's blood there will be two ready and anxious to fill the gap in the line that is swinging with steady stride toward the Rhine and the strongholds of autocracy, which lie beyond it.

Prussianism is trembling before the leonine spirit of democracy it has awakened. Its leaders have lost their bluff and bluster and are pleading for the mercy they never recognized before in their blind faith in the power of military force and armaments.

France, England and other allied nations strongly endorse the president's reply to the German peace note. The soldiers in the field, of all nations, express themselves as willing to "leave it to Wilson." Republican politicians in this country, however, have filed a protest, giving notice that peace will not be accepted until National Chairman Hayes and other dignitaries of the party have been fully consulted. Leaders of the g. o. p. want to know where they are going to get off when the dove of peace alights on a war-torn world.

There are some things even worse than war. For example, a crowd of Roseburg men stood around in silent, helpless horror while the sheriff and his deputies emptied 1600 quart bottles of confiscated whiskey into the sewer. Eugene or Albany might have staged the scene with little effort—but Roseburg!

And there are still men in Salem who know they have not done their full duty in the matter of subscribing for liberty loan bonds. That is why the capital city's quota has not been reached.

Spanish influenza may be only another name for a severe epidemic of the grippe. The doctors are always springing something new in order to keep up interest in the profession.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
are receiving subscriptions now
for the
4th LIBERTY BONDS

CARRYING THE WAR INTO GERMANY.

General Pershing has in view the invasion of Germany through Luxemburg, according to J. W. T. Mason, the United Press war expert. His opinion seems to be well founded and all recent moves made by the Americans seem to bear him out. Pershing is gradually widening his front north of Verdun to give line room to launch his drive across the German line and carry the war into the enemy's territory.

With this end in view the Americans have lengthened their operations to the east of the Meuse and by doing so are now able to bring up more troops and to concentrate a greater force against the Germans in the Argonne forest. Up to the present time, the Meuse river has been a consistent menace to General Pershing's right wing, as the Argonne is a danger to his left. The twelve miles of frontage between these barriers has compelled the utmost care in the disposition of the American units and has seriously hampered the tactical operations.

The Germans, on the east bank of the Meuse are now being driven backward for perhaps one-half the depth of the American front north of Verdun. The Meuse, therefore is at least in part, an American possession instead of a German barrier. The continuation of pressure on the east side of the river will greatly assist the American movement to reach the Grand Pre roadway, running through the Argonne massif. More freedom of maneuver will be possible and there will be less need for caution in guarding against a German attack on the American right.

The early evacuation of the Argonne has now become increasingly necessary for the Germans, and it is reported this is now actually under way. It has been forced on the attention of Von Hindenburg by this time that the Americans have a disquieting habit of suddenly rushing forward their objectives with thousands of prisoners before the enemy has completed his pondering about a voluntary retirement. General Pershing is making such dispositions of his forces as to suggest the possibility of just such a lurch into the Grand Pre road. If that occurs while the Germans still cling to the southern part of the Argonne, none of them will ever get away.

Those bold adventurers who risk death and prison in transporting contraband liquor through southern Oregon should be compelled to turn their activities in other directions at his time. They might be utilized in a good many ways in the war zone at a risk of personal injury no greater than they are taking now in order to supply Portland with tanglefoot juice.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

IN DAYS TO COME.

I wonder what we'll talk about, when peace is here once more; can we discuss our aches and gout, as in the days of yore? Of course the war will be discussed for long years, three or nine; but some day 'twill grow stale and must take in its gory sign. And when war talk has had its day, and has become a crime, can we thrash out the price of hay, as in the olden time? Can you sit down with torpid friend, your back against a wall, and talk, for long, long hours on end, about a game of ball? And will you ever, do you think, wear out your trusty throat denouncing some long winded gink who'd like to have your vote? I wonder what will be our theme when war's been dead so long, it seems much like an evil dream that made a night go wrong. It's hard to think of grownup gents in all the years to come, discussing picayunes or cents, or pups or chewing gum. But doubtless in a little while we'll sing the same old tune; the same old themes will be in style—for we forget so soon! And you will spend a lot of time discussing gnats and fleas; and I will write a noble rhyme about the grocer's cheese.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER LIV.

Ruth hurried home as soon as noon came. Crawford gave her a light luncheon, then gratefully went home for the day.
Oh, how good it seemed to be home for a whole afternoon! Ruth went from room to room, doing little things here and there; moving the furniture around; fussing just as every woman loves to fuss—if she doesn't have to do it too often.
Wouldn't Brian be surprised when he came home, to find that she had had half a day off? Perhaps she better telephone him. He might come home real early. Then they could dress and make a party of it. Go to some nice place for dinner; and to a play afterwards.
She waited until about half past four, then she called the office where he had dinner out, for I gave Crawford the day desk room. The stenographer answered.
"Put Mr. Hackett on the wire, please. This is his wife."
"Mr. Hackett isn't in. He went out to his luncheon and hasn't returned. I'll tell him if he comes in; but he isn't likely to come back today," the girl volunteered.
Ruth tried to be sensible. Brian had probably gone out on a matter of business. But in spite of herself she pictured of him lunching with Mollie King, then—but he wouldn't spend an entire afternoon away from the office with her—she was getting silly, allowing herself to be so jealous of that King girl.
It was long after six when Brian came in.
"I telephoned you, dear. The girl said you hadn't been back since noon. I had an afternoon off and thought we could not go to dinner, and go to a play. Shall we? We'll have to get dinner out, for I gave Crawford the day desk room."
Ruth noticed Brian flushed when she

away; then he would use his own money. Brian had made such a point that the money they each brought in was to be considered a family affair, that gradually Brian's attitude toward using anything she earned had changed. Of course she was right. If she insisted upon being an equal partner, why, he couldn't object. Yet he had a sense of shame when he accepted money she had earned—more so when he knew he had spent it making another woman have a good time.
"I wish I had known where you were lunching today. I might have joined you," Ruth said as they rode down town on the bus.
Brian shivered at his narrow escape. And changed the subject.
When they arrived at the roof garden and found a table, where they could see all that went on, and hear the music, yet not to be too near, Brian, as usual recovered his good nature.
"This is bully! I wish we might come here often," he remarked just as Ruth eyed Claude Beckly coming toward them.
"Don't ask him to sit down," she whispered.
"For heaven's sake, Hackett, do you spend ALL your time eating! Not an hour ago I saw you munching away with Mollie King at the Brevett. Keep close tabs on that man, Mrs. Hackett, he'll be watching!" then, seeing some other people he knew, he added: "See you before you go! ta ta!"
(To be continued.)

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS BACK FROM WAR ZONE.

An Atlantic Port, Oct. 10.—Declaring that there are 7700 German propagandists, working in Bern, Switzerland, in the interests of peace and rehabilitation industrial Germany at the close of the war, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the Plymouth church not take Mollie out unless Ruth were in Brooklyn, N. Y., today detailed some

of his experiences while in Switzerland and at the front. He arrived today.
Dr. Hillis declared the peace propaganda are assisted by a son of the former chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, a nephew of Prince Bismark, Philip Scheidmann and Dr. Von Kuehlmann, the recent head of the German government. These men, he said, make their headquarters at the Hotel Bellevue Palace in Bern, where allied agents also make their headquarters. All, he said, are well known to each other. The billiard room in the hotel, Dr. Hillis said, is open to the Germans from 1 to 3 each afternoon and to the allied agents from 3 to 5 to avoid trouble.

AMERICAN FEDERATION STANDS BY PRESIDENT.

Washington, Oct. 13.—American labor is behind President Wilson in his efforts to parry the peace offensive of the enemy.
This was the message issued today by the American Federation of Labor. A message, signed by Acting President John R. Alpine, of the Federation, said:

"The American Federation of Labor believes that the recent peace overtures emanating from the imperial German government are in keeping with all other proposals of a similar nature, previously submitted. The voice of the American labor movement tells us to ignore these peace overtures and to batter away at the enemy line, until the road is cleared to Berlin and a peace then effected that will last for all time and rid the world of the evils that have beseged it for over four years. The workers of the country refuse to be deluded by what we believe to be this last attempt to deceive. We want peace but we want such a peace that will insure freedom and democracy for all the world for all time to come. There can be no peace except such a peace as has been enunciated by the president of our country."

WRIGLEYS

For Victory Buy Liberty Bonds

We will win this war—
Nothing else really matters until we do!



The Flavor Lasts