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WANT FIGHT TO FINISH.

Now that there is a general belief that Germany may accept our proposition and lay down her arms, it must be confessed that there is a feeling of disappointment. This country did not want to go to war, but the preservation of national honor and the call of civilization menaced, compelled the nation to act. Our people went into the conflict in dead earnest, just as Americans always do when they tackle a hard job, and now they want to finish it right before they quit.

As one of our exchanges remarks, the Americans and their allies have been hoping for a triumphant victory and lasting peace, but they wanted that victory and that peace to come only after allied armies had invaded Germany's borders. They wanted the war carried home to German soil. There is an almost universal feeling that justice will not have been done, no matter how stern the peace terms may be, if Germany has not been invaded and made to experience some of the horrors of war at home; feel to some extent at least the terrors that have tried the souls of the Frenchmen and the Belgians, trampled under the heel of ruthless military invasion.

All signs, however, point to the fact that Germany is going to stop fighting, no matter what the peace terms may be. In fact several German generals and diplomats have already publicly declared that Germany will "throw up her hands" rather than risk a military invasion. If Germany stops fighting the allies, too, will have to stop, and impose such terms as they see fit. War can not be carried on by civilized nations against another nation or group of nations which has ceased all resistance.

But if Germany wants peace at any price one of the terms upon which the United States and the allies should insist should be a military occupation of German and Austrian forts and cities, and allied control of the railroads of the central powers until such time as the Teutonic armies have been entirely disbanded, and every term of the peace treaty carried out in full.

And even at that the allied peoples will feel that Germany is "getting off too easy." There seems to be a very common wish that the Germans would stand by their guns and fight to a finish.

Governor Withycombe will not actively campaign for re-election. He will leave that to his hand-picked state military police, special agents and official appointees. They are paid by the state and can put in full time campaigning for their chief without neglecting any public duties, since the hardest work any of them has to do is to sign the payroll monthly.

There is a revolt in Constantinople against the Young Turks, who are said to be worse even than the old Turks. We had naturally supposed that the Young Turks were preferable to the old guys, because they had not lived so long and thus lacked the opportunity to acquire as much general cussedness as the old stock. Possibly, however, the deduction was wrong.

Many young American soldiers have already been cited for bravery and given decorations. This is as it should be, and while the great majority have not been so honored, it is because their opportunity to show the stuff they are made of has not yet come to them. They will make good whenever and wherever called upon.

The "prominent" educators of the state are all out in favor of the measure establishing more normal schools in the state. The taxpayers might swat the school ring and save money for themselves by again defeating these perennial demands for more state schools.

National defense league officials in California are being prosecuted for misuse of funds. Why is Oregon being overlooked in this respect?

The strategic retreat of the Germans still continues all along the line.

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THEIR EYES BEING OPENED.

The change of sentiment in Germany is shown by the following comment by the Frankfurter Zeitung only a few days ago:

"Evidently if the negotiations cannot be carried out, we shall turn back to arms and in desperate combats defend the German territory, but we must have no illusions in this respect. At the most important time of her history Germany feels the lack of that very energetic military help which, according to ancient beliefs, stands for right. However, terrible this disillusion may be for the German people, brought up among military display, humanity will benefit by it if President Wilson is able to establish a real and true justice."

Here we have an admission of the principal charge made against Germany by the allies: that it is a military autocracy seeking to stamp out popular and representative government throughout the world. And we have a prominent newspaper of the empire stating that the people have been taught that military power stands for right, and in its disillusionment wonders, after all, if the principles for which President Wilson stands are not right.

There are many indications, so well-informed persons say, that the bolsheviki are about to grab Germany. At that the country might be better off than under the rule of the kaiser.

Everybody seems to approve the way President Wilson answered Germany except Teddy Roosevelt, Senator Chamberlain and the editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Only two days left in which to save Salem's honor! Every resource should be mobilized in the final effort to send our liberty loan quota over the top. Do your full duty as an American citizen!

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

WHERE IS HE?

The Germans lose on every front; they make a botch of every stunt, their morale is to pieces shot—where is the good old German gott? The term is Kaiser Bill's, not mine; I do not think it good or fine; it is irreverent, profane, the output of an addled brain; but if there is a German gott, who smiled on all the damage wrought, and would the German crimes allow, where is that good old gott right now? Perhaps he's tired of standing back of such a false and cruel pack, of Prussia's stained, dishonored flag, of Wilhelm's loud and endless brag, in which gott takes a second place if Hohenzollern shows his face. The kaiser's hosts are on the run, they're losing all the ground they won, and "Kamerad" they meekly whine, as they go pelting for the Rhine. How does the pious kaiser feel, as he beholds them drop their steel and strike the hardest kind of trot? Where is his "good old German gott?" that did the trick; and now that every written sheet brings Wilhelm tidings of defeat, he'll doubtless think that phrase is rot, and charge up all the blame to gott. Can any nation hope to win that quotes Jehovah with a grin?

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

ARTHUR MANDEL INVESTIGATES BRIAN'S BUSINESS ADDRESS

CHAPTER IX
Arthur Mandel had not been oblivious that, ever since Ruth's return from the west something had been wrong with her. While her work had been well done every time she was unoccupied for a moment—and he had watched her closely—he had been aware of some inward disturbance.

"She's not happy with him," he said to himself, "him?" of course meaning Brian? "Fool, not to know the meaning of such a woman?" And in consequence he had made things as easy as possible for Ruth.

Her salary was small to him, when considered as a living for a woman brought up as she had been. He had by bits wormed the story of her whole easy, luxurious life from her; the life she lived at her aunt's before she met and married Brian Hackett. While she had never given him any idea that Brian could not take decent care of her, he recalled that as soon as he had raised her salary she had moved. Moved to a better address. That looked as if before they could afford nothing better than the place they had lived. He had the street and number, for when Ruth came to them, she had given it as her home address. So one day he walked past. His fastidious taste was quite shocked at the locality. Curious, he had asked to see an apartment. He had been shown the one formerly occupied by Mr. Hackett, a young lawyer, "so the valuable superintendent told him. He was then still more shocked. The small, dingy, unartistic rooms must have been a constant torture to Ruth. He shuddered as he thought of her in such surroundings.

"No wonder she would rather work for me," he muttered when he reached the street. Then straightaway he wondered if he were paying her enough; if she could gratify her simple desires with what he gave her?

Brian, he eliminated entirely. What

he earned must, at the best, be a negligible quantity. Also he would not have taken his bride to such a poor home. Especially a bride who had been accustomed to luxurious surroundings. Then he smiled grimly as another thought came to his mind.

"The beggar can't have too much for her, when he takes that girl of his to the smartest places in New York to dine," he said aloud as he walked along. Arthur Mandel knew his New York. He knew what the simplest restaurant cost in certain places, the very places he had seen Brian, and he also knew a young lawyer could not afford to patronize them unless he had an independent income—which he was sure Brian Hackett had not.

"I wonder what kind of an office he has. I'll drop in some time when he's out to lunch—if I can find out what time he goes out," he said so loudly a woman turned and, laughing, said to her companion:

"Did you hear that fine-looking man talking to himself? He must be in love."

Arthur Mandel heard, and the rest of his walk he kept his thoughts to himself. But they were all of Ruth, and of Brian's inability to give her what he, Arthur Mandel, thought she should have.

The next morning he deftly brought the conversation around to her lunching place, then point blank put the question:

"Why don't you go down and lunch with your husband, occasionally. There are some very interesting and very good restaurants in his locality. Or doesn't he lunch at the same hour?"

"Yes, between one and two, and I have often thought I would go down and lunch with him. We were talking about it only the other day." Ruth was pleased at her employer's interest. So pleased she told Brian of the little episode as soon as he came home that night.

It had not been really only idle curiosity that actuated Arthur Mandel, when he hunted up Brian's office at

half past one the day he had questioned Ruth. If he found him nicely situated, looking prosperous—his surroundings what they should be, etc—he would wait a while before advancing her salary. But if, as he suspected, he was scraping along on thin ice, spending what he earned on girls instead of on his wife, he would raise it immediately. Ruth must not want for anything she needed because she was tied to a man who did not care for her.

He found Brian out. Asked for his office, and was told he was occupying only desk room in the large office in which he had inquired. The office whose number was given in the telephone book opposite Brian's name.

"So he can only afford desk room. Worse than I thought!" Mr. Mandel said as he hurried back up-town. He had left no name, nor any message. He had simply said he would call again.

He looked at Ruth that afternoon with a different feeling than he had yet acknowledged to himself. A feeling of pride in her, her bravery in going to work to help out that fellow down there who could only afford desk room in some other man's office. That was the way he thought of Brian. "That fellow."

"She's a game little thing," he said, admiringly as he watched her. "Too good, by far, for such a fellow."
(To Be Continued)

SINCE YOU HAVE GONE.

Since you have gone
The day in loneliness is spent;
In every nook and corner
I look in vain.
With longing in my heart
My thoughts revert to you.
I wander here and there,
All is dark and dreary,
Eyes growing restless;
Oh, could I only smile;
You see, I'm lonely
And my heart grows weary.
The days go by;
I strive to live somehow
Going in and out,
Impatient is my lot
As leaves blown by the wind.
Please do not chide too much
When I confess the missing;
If winds may blow some good
But clouds obstruct my sight
Beyond I cannot see.
Your eyes are clear
You see my mood.
Fate may decree that you return,
I'll forward look with yearning,
Watch thru the mist,
Hope for blue sky,
Then tears will smile,
Strive loneliness to overcome.
Yet longing will prevail.
And I am prone
To think of yesterdays
And hope for tomorrows
From dawn to dark
Since you have gone.
H. E. BELL.

Oct. 13, 1918.

All Classes Of Cattle Higher Than Last Week

North Portland, Oct. 16.—250 head of cattle arrived in the cattle division at the North Portland stock yards over night, yesterday 1,300 head. All classes of cattle are, practically a quarter to a half dollar higher than a week ago. The demand is strong and prices are ranging right at the higher quotations. We quote the market as follows: Prime steers 12 to 13; good to choice steers 11 to 12; medium to good steers 10.75 to 11; fair to medium steers 10.25 to 10.75; common to fair steers 9 to 10.

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choice cows and heifers \$8 to \$9; medium to good cows and heifers \$6 to \$7.25; fair to medium cows and heifers \$5 to \$6; canners \$3 to \$4; bulls \$5 to \$7; calves \$9 to 12; stockers and feeders \$8 to \$8.

750 hogs counted in the hog alleys overnight which adds to the already demoralized condition of the market while trading is fairly brisk prices are 15 to 25 cents below yesterdays' market. Quotations are: Prime mixed \$17.75-17.85; medium mixed \$17.35-17.60; rough heavies \$15.75-15.85; pigs \$14.50-15.50; bulk \$17.60-17.75.

350 sheep and lambs arrived overnight, yesterday 2,900 head were on the market. Trading in the sheep division is slow with an indication of weakness. Quotations: Prime lambs \$12-13.50;

fair to medium lambs \$9-11; yearlings \$10-11; wethers \$9-10; ewes \$6.50-8.

A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY

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Gas Coke is considerably lower in price right now than it will be later on in the winter. NOW is the time to order next winter's supply—now you can make a worth-while saving—when you can be sure of delivery. It will pay you well to

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