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

## GERMANS RACE FOR THE RHINE.

The Germans are engaged in a great race at this time, according to war military correspondents. Their army commanders are trying to reach the German defense line with their forces as near intact as possible before the panic-stricken civilians of the empire force the kaiser to an unconditional surrender.

Everything seems to indicate the correctness of this view.

The German armies are being very skillfully handled, but every day men equal to perhaps two divisions are lost in killed, wounded or prisoners. Foch hammers at the retreating lines and aims blow after blow at vulnerable points as the line weakens. Since the middle of July there has been no rest for the German soldier; retreat shortens the lines but always there are fewer soldiers to hold the new position and the allied pursuit never halts.

Bulgaria has surrendered, Turkey may be forced into submission at any time by the allies, and Austria-Hungary is rapidly disintegrating. Threatened invasion from the "iron gate of the Danube," now imminent, would complete the ruin of Emperor Karl's distracted nation.

Germany is isolated. By next spring enemies will be hammering at her defenses on both east and west fronts. Suddenly her people have awakened from dreams of conquest and world domination to realize that the wreck of their country, its homes and industries is close at hand, unless peace comes to stay spoliation. That is why the commanders race for home, where strong defenses may hold the allied armies for a time at least, while the leaders may play the politics of diplomacy in hope of securing something better than unconditional surrender.

But the militarists will lose. Germany must soon surrender.

Portland papers are telling of the meeting there of the state military police, who are quartered at the best hotels, at the taxpayers' expense. Some special instructions, it seems, are to be issued to the governor's political body-guard. Probably they will be told by Joe Keller how to put in the time during the next two weeks most effectively in rounding up votes for Withycombe, who, so he says, is too busy to do any personal campaigning. Naturally it is up to the "boys" who hold the good jobs to see that the governor is elected.

Judge J. U. Campbell, of Oregon City, is no doubt the best equipped republican candidate for supreme judge in the field. He has always been a lawyer, not a politician, and his present position on the circuit bench is the reward of industry and good legal ability. Judge Campbell is a self-made man, who has the confidence of the people of his judicial district and is respected by the members of the bar who practice before him. His election to the place filled by the appointment of the governor's campaign manager, Conrad Olson, would place a man on the bench who is especially well-fitted for the honor.

The voters of Oregon will be acting wisely if they swat most of the initiative bills on the ballot good and hard. There are Jackson's delinquent tax and legal notice spite bills, the new normal school graft and some other bills that ought to be laid to rest for all time. In fact the voter who marks a plain "no" on all the measures on the ballot need not lose any sleep for fear he might have made a mistake in regard to some particular measure. When in doubt let well enough alone and vote "no," is a good rule.

The German nation is said to be turning against the military leaders, not for starting the war, but because they are about to lose it. If that is the true sentiment, we are inclined to sympathize more with the militarists than the yellow rabble who would desert them in defeat.

The six billion loan went over the top in spite of Spanish influenza and German peace rumors.

**LADD & BUSH, Bankers**  
are receiving subscriptions now  
for the

**4th LIBERTY BONDS**

## THE MAN AND HIS TOWN.

Any city or town is exactly what the people who live in it make it. Cities do not grow up—they are built by the enterprise and energy of their inhabitants. A town is no better or worse in any respect than its average citizen. The best thing in a town is its broadest-minded, most progressive citizen; and the most damnable thing in a town is the man who damns his own town.

Nearly every town has its home-detractor who thinks it smart to call it a "jay" town. Of course, if a man's town is not sporty enough for him he ought to move; whether that would help him or not, it would the town.

It is not the sports or the sportiness that makes a town. Most towns are made by the "jays" who attend strictly to the Christian-like attitude of their military commanders "Gay White Way," was a jay, and is yet. Come to think of it and examine the list, it will be seen that every man in art, science, literature, production and commerce in all America today either is or has been a jay.

It is a safe rule that the jay who runs his own business gets further along and is worth far more to any town than the sport who tries to run other people's business.

A town is seldom the result of virgin natural conditions. At any rate it was man who saw the natural advantages. Many a good town has been practically made by one man. But he was a booster, not a knocker.

The first process in the improvement of any town is to convert or get rid of the people who are knocking it.

Sometimes when we think of what will happen after the war our desire for peace weakens materially. For instance all the swivel-tongued political cranks will come out of their involuntary retirement and spring their issues on a helpless world. Even the tariff question may be revived again.

The Prussian junkers only recently declared they were going to hold Belgium and northern France to trade on when the peace conference opened. Since that time, however, General Foch has given them to understand that they will not have any delegates at the peace conference.

The Prussian peace propaganda might call attention to the Christian-like attitude of their military commander who are allowing Marshal Foch to beat them unmercifully without striking back.

China is becoming a civilized government very rapidly. Her total loans floated during this year up to date total \$72,605,000.

Next comes the hustle for the consolidated war activities drive. Life seems to have become just one drive after another.

Hindenburg and Ludendorff may have designs on Xenophon's retreat record.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### WAR CRITICS.

War critics write their daily screeds, reviewing all the mighty deeds which change the nature of the map, o'er there where all the armies scrap. The allied armies chase the Teuts until the latter split their boots, make prisoners of countless Huns, and capture 40,000 guns. "Let us beware," the critics say, "of getting too almighty gay. 'Tis true we've made a killing now—that, even Wilhelm must allow—but when arrives tomorrow's dawn, the ground we've gained may all be gone. Expect the worst, that is the plan that's followed by the prudent man." These critics are the cautious boys; when I would make a joyful noise, and shoot off fireworks, tons and tons, because we've spoiled a lot of Huns," they say, "That is no way to act; you ought to show more sense and tact. You ought to shake your head and sigh, when optimists go whooping by, and tell them how we'll have to tread the weary road that lies ahead. Instead of which, you old fat clown, you take your brush and paint the town. It is a time to weep and wail, and ride gay people on a rail. Just wait until the news is bad, and then cavort around, my lad. Then you may whoop and make things whiz, and fill yourself with bottled fizz."

## THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

RUTH HOPES KENYON ROBERTS WILL INFLUENCE BRYAN FOR HIS GOOD.

CHAPTER LXIII  
Ruth laughed at Brian. The idea that she should imagine Rachel would want to go back, when she had grieved for her, Ruth, ever since she was married.  
"Just wait, Brian Hackett, until Rachel cooks chicken and corn fritters for you, and until you eat some of her

## BELLANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

would do it. So he told Brian. He was always out very early in the morning and seldom left his office until after six.

"When I don't have any business to attend to, I read up on law. I find a lot of Blackstone of which I am ignorant. And nowadays it is more necessary than ever to keep one's wits sharpened, at least it seems that way to me."

Ruth was delighted when he talked that way to Brian. Much as she loved him, she knew his faults; and indolence was one of them. If his pride could be awakened he might overcome it. She did all she could, said all she dared to say—he was sensitive to criticism—so she hoped their friendship with the Roberts would help her in making Brian see the necessity for exercising his powers if he would succeed.

"What's going to be, will be," was one of his favorite quotations, or, "If luck is coming my way, it will come anyway," was another. Yet Brian was naturally cleverer, possessed a keener, more analytical mind than did Kenyon Roberts. Application was all he needed.

Mrs. Roberts and Ruth found many things in which they were interested in common. Often they spent Saturday afternoon together at the museum or in some shops that carried goods interesting to them both: old tapestries, jades, etc. Ruth never worked on Saturday afternoons. Not at any time of year. When away, she usually quitted herself, but Mr. Mandel had told her from the first that she need not return to the shop on Saturday. That afternoon her luncheon, she was free. So, when Clara Roberts would meet her, they would lunch together, then spent the afternoon at a matinee, or, as it was said, in visiting places which interested them.

Ruth had not seen Mollie King since the night she had her and Claude Beckly to dinner. Brian had been home early, they had been very happy. Rachel had arrived, and Brian was ready to agree that she could "cook all around Crawford".

Ruth had not been required to go out of town for some time. She was glad that it was so, as Brian was not apt to say so much about her work. In fact, for days at a time, neither of them mentioned it or her salary.

Mr. Mandel watched Ruth closely. He saw her happier, and was puzzled.

"I wonder if that fellow is waking up and treating her as she should?" he said to himself, vaguely hoping that he wasn't. "Pretty late in the day," he added.

They had been very busy at the shop. Large and important orders kept them working very hard, each at his or her allotted task. But Arthur Mandel never was too busy to watch Ruth Hackett, covertly, of course.

One day he asked her to remain a moment, as she passed him on her way out.

"You look tired," he said, placing a chair for her.

"I am a little."

"You have done splendid work lately. Splendid! Your salary will be fifty dollars a week hereafter."

"Oh, thank you!" it was so nice to have her salary raised without asking for it. "There were not many employers, like Mr. Mandel," Ruth thought as she thanked him.

"You have earned it." Ruth knew she was worth fifty dollars a week, yet she could not but feel grateful because Arthur Mandel also had realized her worth. It was nice to be appreciated.

As she walked slowly home, she recalled how Brian gulped when she was raised before. Would he do so again? Had she better tell him? She decided that it was best to tell him at once. She knew his jealous nature and if she didn't tell him—hoping to save his feelings—and he found it out, he might feel she had something to hide; some reason for not wanting him to know. He would never dream that it was to save his feelings; to keep him from feeling that she earned more than she did. That never would occur to him as a reason for not telling him of his raise.

(To-morrow—Ruth Is Much Happier Now That Rachel Is With Her.)

## Only 30 Per Cent of Voters Cast Vote At May Primaries

Those who have not registered at the city hall for the coming election will be obliged to bring along two property holders to swear in their vote should they decide to exercise their rights as a citizen November 5th. At 5 o'clock Saturday evening, the registration booth of the city hall was closed.

Judging from the interest taken in the primary election, last May, the average citizen of Salem cares but little who handles the city's affairs. With a registration of 7,051 for the city, at the May primaries votes were cast by only 2,077, although in many respects, the primaries were just as important as the last election.

In ward 1, with 851 registered, at the primaries only 242 voters took the trouble to go to the city hall and express a preference.

Ward 2, with its 1201 voters had its affairs, decided by 421 voters who thought it worth while to have a say as to the city business.

Ward 3 managed to get out 30 per cent of its registered voters for the primaries. The books show that the ward is entitled to 523 votes, but at

## Coughs and Sneezes Spread Diseases



**As Dangerous as Poison Gas Shells**  
**SPREAD OF SPANISH INFLUENZA**  
**MENACES OUR WAR PRODUCTION**  
**U. S. Public Health Service Begins National-wide Health Campaign.**

Washington, D. C.—In order to limit the spread of Spanish influenza and keep it from making still further inroads on the nation's war production the U. S. Public Health Service under authority of the resolution just passed by Congress appropriating \$1,000,000 to combat the disease has inaugurated a nation-wide campaign of public health education in co-operation with state and local health officers to teach the people of this country how to safeguard their health, keep themselves physically fit and so help maintain the high standard of war production attained within the last few months.

Secretary McAdoo, under whose direction the work of the U. S. Public Health Service is carried on, is taking an active interest in the health campaign. Despite the tremendous demands on his time because of the Fourth Liberty Loan and the work of the Railroad Administration, he has personally asked the help of the nation's newspapers in putting this important educational work before the people.

In response to a request for definite advice concerning Spanish influenza, Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the U. S. Public Health Service has authorized the following statement:

The disease now spreading over this country is highly catching and may invade your community and attack you and your family unless you are very careful.

Influenza is a crowd disease. Therefore keep out of crowds as much as possible.

Influenza probably spreads mostly by inhaling some of the tiny droplets of germ-laden mucus sprayed into the air when ignorant or careless persons sneeze or cough without using a handkerchief. Therefore cover up each cough and sneeze.

Influenza is probably spread also by the filthy habit of spitting on sidewalks, street cars and other public places. Therefore do not spit on the floor or sidewalk.

Influenza is probably spread also by the use of common drinking cups and the use of common towels in public places. Therefore wash the common drinking cup and the roller towel in public places.

If you feel sick and believe you have "Spanish" influenza, go to bed and send for the doctor. This is important. Don't get up too soon, your heart feels as tired as your legs and needs rest.

In all health matters follow your doctor's advice, and obey the regulations of your local and state health officers.

All that has been said above about "Spanish" influenza is true also of colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and tuberculosis. Do your part to keep them away.

That he'd be back, so not to mind;  
The cause was just and God was kind.  
And told me not to dare to cry,  
And kissed me both upon good-by,  
And went out to the gate and then  
Kissed both his hands and waved  
again,  
My brother did.

We watched them all the livelong day,  
The soldier boys that went away.  
A-tramping down the dusty street,  
All khaki-clad, from head to feet,  
Their smiles so brave, their heads so high,  
A-marching by, a-marching by.  
And there, were flags—we had one, too,  
With just one single star of blue,  
I waved mine hard and hollered loud,  
He looked the best in all the crowd,  
My brother did.

Our service star ain't blue no more,  
The way it used to be before;  
They've put a gold one in its place.  
Sometimes I think my mother's face  
Is getting thin and that her eyes  
Are tired like—and awful wise,  
Like she knows something she won't  
tell

To no one—even me—oh, well!  
I ain't a goin' to worry none,  
Like she has, since my brother's gone.  
He said for us to never mind,  
The cause was just, and God was kind,  
And he'll be comin' back, I know,  
Because, you see, he told us so—  
My brother did.

**CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS**  
Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hacking, sniffling, blowing, headache, dizziness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.  
Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.  
It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty, catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.