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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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IS IT A REAL GUARANTEE?

The latest dispatches from Berlin are to the effect that General Ludendorff has resigned, and the emperor has accepted his resignation. That he was the brains of the German armies is generally conceded although Hindenburg has posed in that capacity. This is looked upon as a necessary preliminary to further peace negotiations, and may be such. However, it remains to be seen whether the allies will consider the present German government as anything other than a piece of very thin camouflage. While Dr. Solf speaking for the new government insists it is supreme, there is absolutely nothing to prove this. There has been no meeting of the German people to adopt a government, and the present so-called government is the creature of those in authority, the reichstag and the kaiser, yet it is evident the kaiser is still supreme. It is to him General Ludendorff tenders his resignation, and by him that it is accepted. This shows he is still the head of the government and that it is subject to his will. Should the terms finally offered by the allies, if they are offered, prove too drastic to suit the kaiser is there anything to prevent him resuming his full powers, and dictating the course Germany shall take?

It is noted, too, that in allowing General Ludendorff to resign that the kaiser takes pains to pay him honor by ordering that the old regiment formerly commanded by Ludendorff shall bear his name. It may be the present make-shift government in Germany has some standing with the German people but it is certainly not of their creation. It was formed under and by direction of the kaiser, and must have a more substantial foundation before the allies are justified in dealing with it. It must be known that the kaiser is powerless to set aside any agreement before any should be made with the dummy government now representing—or claiming to—the German people.

"THE PERFECTED HEN"

The Oregons, the pen of biddies entered in the egg-laying contest at Storrs, Connecticut, by Professor Dryden of O. A. C., has broken all records and carried off the honors in competition with 5,000 of the best laying strains in the United States. In fifty weeks their record is 2,278 for the average or 2,278 eggs for the ten hens in that time. The record before that was held by a pen belonging to Obed C. Knight with 2,265 eggs in fifty two weeks. The Oregons have a lead of 13 eggs with two working weeks to go yet. The pen is now 171 eggs ahead of the second pen in the contest. There is no one field of endeavor along food producing lines that has shown such progress as that of poultry and especially of the production of eggs, as the last decade has shown. Under the old plan of raising just chickens, the average yield per hen was small. But a few years ago the estimate was placed at from sixty to eighty eggs to the hen. Professor Dryden's hens have produced more than three times this. True, he has not yet brought the standard of his hens up to that of the biddy that laid an egg every day and two on Sundays, but he has increased the output from an average of three eggs in two weeks to two eggs in three days. Yearly, more and more attention is being paid to poultry and it is preeminently right that this is so. For one thing the poultry offers the one speedy remedy for meat shortage, for the supply can be increased indefinitely in six or eight months, while to build up any other meat production, even that of the prolific porker, is a matter of years.

Speaking of partisanship we believe it is absolutely true that not an appointment made by Governor Withycombe to any place—even care-taker of the lawn or barn—has been filled with a democrat. If the Oregonian and a lot of pin-headed politicians are correct in their criticism of the president for wanting a democratic congress elected, then Withycombe, the republican governor of this state, is trying to make out that only the republicans of this state are patriotic. No others are appointed to any position, and in fact any recommended for appointment are turned down instantly when it becomes known they are democrats.

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OUT OF SCHOOL LESSONS.

In a certain eastern city where the serpent flu raised its head, the question of closing the school, as a preventive measure, was discussed. Whereupon a school official gravely announced that he doubted the necessity of closing the schools, except in case of the absence of 10 per cent of the pupils. This statement, being given to the press, went broadcast through the city and with what result? Was there an absence of ten percent? Can a duck swim?

Judging from the vacant seats the next day, the Germans still have something to learn about evacuation. The children cannot be blamed, they took a natural advantage of the stupidity of their elders. For the man himself, the blunder was two-fold. First the failure properly to estimate the wit of the children for whose welfare he was responsible, and second the failure to recognize the value of the closed school as a means of education.

Putting children out into the light and air as a preventive of infection gives them the best idea in the world of the value of these two great germ-killers.

Children dismissed from school because disease breeds faster, and is more easily spread in crowds, are learning one of the most valuable lessons in safeguarding the public health.

No wonder President Wilson wants a congress in harmony with his administration policies! While he has been forcing the common enemy and has prosecuted a war that has brought the Central Empires almost to their knees in less time than it was generally supposed by the world that it would take to organize for war, republican senators, like Poindexter, Lodge, Sherman, Smoot and Penrose have been seeking to discredit his acts and undermine his influence with the allied nations. Republican newspapers of the Oregonian stripe which do not think the country is worth saving unless it is ruled by republicans, and semi-lunatics like Roosevelt, have encouraged these senators in their campaign of vilification and abuse of the president and obstruction of the prosecution of the war. The president has, accordingly, appealed to the people openly (just as he always does), and has asked them to stand by him in the elections and send men to congress who will aid in the work of winning the war and meeting honestly and fairly the problems of reconstruction to follow the conclusion of peace. They will do it, too.

American guns are firing twenty-five miles on the Meuse line, so Correspondent Ferguson says in his special cable dispatches to the Capital Journal today. They are bigger caliber than the boche guns which fired on Paris, so we can well understand why the Germans are not anxious to have the Yankees get any nearer their borders. We may not know how to make war, are the "kids" among the allies, but just the same we already have the biggest cannon, strongest airplanes and most effective machine guns ever employed in war. By the second anniversary of our entrance into the war—if it continues—America will have the largest effective fighting force on the western front. His military advisers and also Teddy Roosevelt and Senators Chamberlain, Lodge and Poindexter all told the kaiser that Secretaries Baker and Daniels couldn't do it—but they have.

Every resident of Salem, who has business or property interests here, should take out a membership in the Commercial club and take an interest in making it an effective instrument in the advancement of all the natural interests of the city. It is doing good work now and is the center of all our civic and war time activities, but it can do much more and become a stronger and much better organization in every respect if all those interested in the city's welfare will help. The present campaign for members presents a splendid opportunity for those who have hitherto been identified with the Commercial club to come in and do their part toward making a bigger and better capital city.

Governor Withycombe has won fame as a state executive, anyway, and should have a permanent place in history. His administration has spent more money and created more deficiencies than any other since Oregon was admitted to the union. He has also made a record in the management of the state prison, the soldiers home and flax growing experiment, that the advocates of the governor's re-election are very loath to discuss.

Henry McGinn says he "now knows President Wilson is a narrow minded and biased partisan." This, coming from Henry, calls to mind the old story about the pot calling the kettle a black-face. Everyone who knows Henry is aware that his views are so concentrated that he can look through a keyhole with both eyes at once and never disarrange the focus for either.

Undoubtedly whatever the terms of an armistice may be it is certain to include the withdrawal of all German troops from Russia and Rumania. It should also provide that Trotsky and Lenine be forbidden to leave Russian territory. The Russian people should have some say as to what is to be done with the betrayers of their nation.

Texas is short of quinine and so is Mexico. This handicaps the doctors in dealing with the influenza, and in consequence it is spreading rapidly throughout Mexico. At Saltillo 30,000 cases are reported in a population of 70,000.

The Wife

By JANE PHELPS

BRIAN, TEMPTED, SPENDS THE EVENING WITH MOLLIE KING.

By Jane Phelps.
CHAPTER LXX.

Life is habit. Nothing more or less. Brian Hackett had formed the habit of considering himself of paramount importance. His pleasure, his comfort, his entertainment. So that when he vowed to behave himself and sit at home, he felt as if he were a martyr like those of old. That there was no one to appreciate his sacrifice, to tell him how good he was, took all the zest from the action.

He wanted to be patted on the back, not figuratively, but literally. He wanted to hear the "well done" he felt he deserved. So, although he went home to the delicious dinner Ruth had ordered and Rachel prepared for him, it was ashes in his mouth. *As he had finished he smoked a cigar. That too did not taste right. Perhaps because Ruth had not lighted it for him.*

Then he tried to read. "Trash!" he muttered, as he turned the leaves of a late magazine. "How people expect a fellow to spend his time reading such stuff, I can't imagine."

Finally he decided he would take a walk. That his steps led to the drive, and that a Washington Square bus happened that moment to pass him, was simply a coincidence.

It would kill the time to ride down and back. Of course he would not get off the bus. It was a beautiful night and it would be hard to secure a seat.

Someway the cigar tasted all right now, and he puffed away contentedly. When the bus stopped at the end of the route, without any conscious object in view, almost without volition, he got down with the rest of the people.

"I wonder if Mollie is at home?" he said to himself, looking in the direction of her studio. Of course, had he intended to see her, he would have called from the house and found out if she were at home. But no such thought had come to him. But now that he was so near it would be a pity not to run in and see her for just a few minutes.

"Hello, Brian! Mollie herself opened the door. 'Missus away again?' she asked with a comical look and accent.

"Yes, went this afternoon. Up state somewhere. Why?"

"Oh, when the cat's away the mouse will play. And look up another mouse to play with him."

"Don't fool yourself," Brian replied smiling at her nonsense. "I only came out for a ride. I am going right back. But if I thought if you were in, you might feel hurt if I were so near and didn't come in."

"You are pleased to be facetious tonight."

"I follow in your lead, fair lady."

So they chaffed and laughed with, and at, each other, Brian enjoying himself hugely. Once or twice during the long, short to him, hours he spent in the studio, he thought regretfully of Ruth. She was a good girl and he was hardly fair. Especially when he kissed Mollie. But who could help it? She looked so provokingly pretty with her big checked apron on, washing up the dishes she had made in preparing a Welsh rabbit for him.

He somehow wished Ruth would wear a checked apron and cook things for him at midnight. It would be terribly jolly. Then he straightway forgot that Ruth existed, while Mollie entertained him with the gossip of the village and her own plans for the coming fall and winter.

It was after one o'clock when he rose to go.

"I shall have no shred of reputation left if you stay so late," she had said to him. "But it is good to have you."

"And it is good to come."

Brian really meant it. Mollie had given him just the adulation for which his soul hungered. When he described his lonely dinner with only old Rachel in the house she nodded with him as if he had no dinner at all instead of a delicious one. Who a he told of the lonely home to which he was doomed to go, she patted him and told him it was a shame that a domestic man should have married a woman who cared nothing for a home.

So that when Brian again mounted the bus he was in a terrific mood. The time had flown, he had been entertained, fussed over, praised and consoled. What more could man ask? Arrived at home, he found Ruth's telegram.

"If it wasn't so late I'd send her an answer," he yawned deeply. "I'll do it in the morning." Then went to bed to dream of Mollie in a checked apron making rabbits which evorted all over the table, and which he vainly tried to catch. While, in a hotel, Ruth tossed and tumbled, sleepless, wondering if he had received her wire and if he had spent the evening at home, or with Mollie King.

Tomorrow—Brian and Mollie Are Unconscious That They Are Watched.

Berger And Associates Are Out On Bonds

Milwaukee Wis. Oct. 29.—Victor L. Berger, socialist and five other Wisconsin party leaders, under indictment by the federal grand jury on charge of violations of the espionage law were today at liberty following posting of bonds with Judge F. A. Geiger, United States district court. Berger furnished \$10,000 bond and the others \$5,000. Their trial will probably be held during November.

"I wish it was possible for everyone who suffers from constipation to know about Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is pleasant to the taste, does not gripe, and the result is sure." (From a letter to Dr. Caldwell written by Mr. R. A. Laney, Alexandria, La.)

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Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

ON THE RUN.

The Bulgars, slow and stately, consider haste a crime; and so it jars them greatly, the way they're making time. There's horror on their faces, there's anguish in their souls; they hit the higher places, in search of hiding holes. To men who look on hurry as being tinhorn goods, it brings a lot of worry to hustle to the woods. I seem to hear them yapping in dire distress of mind, I hear their coat tails flapping, and see the smoke behind. The Turks are lazy critters, they loathe all exercise; they are such shirks and quitters they will not swat the flies. They like to sit 'round joshing, in some nice shady spot, the while their wives take washing, that garlic may be bought. But, like the Bulgars, lately, they're bulging for the brush, and oh, it jolts them greatly, this mad, unseemly rush! No more the foe they're facing—they're tired of that, I guess; they're loping and they're pacing like Dexter or Maud S. The words they use are tinting the air around them blue, as they go sprinting, sprinting, the mountain passes through. Why doesn't Wilhelm chide them for such indecent haste, denounce them and deride them, for showing such poor taste? He has no heart for preaching to Turks or horse marines; his Huns are also leaching the world what sprinting means.


With the British in possession of Aleppo they are getting very near the back door of Constantinople. It is high time the Turk began throwing up his hands and shouting the Turkish equivalent for "kamerad", if there is such an equivalent.

News comes from Switzerland that "Austria's reply to President Wilson's note is ready." This may be considered a sort of voice from the tombs—a national corpse still speaking.

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