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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

THE VICTORY BOND ISSUE.

The Victory bond issue should be quickly subscribed for by the public. It used to be that government bond issues were sold through the great Wall street banking houses and the interest-bearing debt of the nation was mainly owed to the very rich people who took the bonds off the hands of the bankers, feeling that while the interest rate was low, the loan was safe because the United States was back of it. And there has been considerable dissatisfaction over the fact that the nation was always paying interest to the millionaires of Wall street and their associates.

But the order has changed. The government now offers its bonds to the people in denominations so low that anybody can buy. Installment payments make it still easier to become a bondholder. The interest rate, too, is materially higher than upon any of the peace-time bond issues, all of which eventually sold above par in the open market.

If Wall street gets the forthcoming Victory bond issue, it will be only because the people refuse to take it. They are given the first chance.

Patriotism and business-sense alike are relied upon to sell these bonds. They are issued to meet the expenses incurred in a war waged for humanity and freedom; a struggle in which our free institutions and the free institutions of every other liberal government were at stake; the triumph of militarism in Europe would have meant the downfall of democracy throughout the world.

Therefore every man and every woman who loves our country and its institutions should be willing to go the limit in assisting to pay the expenses incurred by the successful fight against autocracy.

The fact that this issue bears 4 3/4 per cent, for partially tax exempt notes, convertible into 3 3/4 per cent notes wholly tax exempt, makes the investment a particularly attractive one. No risks are taken by the investor and the net interest return is remunerative. These securities should appeal strongly to every person who has money to invest, or who wishes to save money by putting small amounts away in investments that are safe and bring an assured income.

The Victory loan will not be large—as we view financial matters now—four and a half billions, and it will be the last money called for to meet the expenses of war. It should quickly be subscribed and Marion county must see to it that its allotted quota is quickly taken.

Lenine is now said to be ready to deal with the Allies. But it takes two parties for a deal.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE TUMBRIL.

My car has stood in solemn state since winter came to pass; but now that winter's pulled its freight, and gentle spring is at the gate, it's time to burn some gas. This morning to the barn I stopt, and looked the tumbrel o'er, where it through long long months has slept; and then I sat me down and wept; my tears splashed on the floor. I hoped to swell my meager roll when winter days were done; I said, "In spring a patient soul won't have to blow himself for coal, and so he saves some mon. In winter-time he has no chance to salt away a home; he's always digging from his pants the wherewithal to feed his aunts, and buy the children pone." And now that spring is here, alas, extinguished are hope's fires; my bank account will cut no grass; I'll have to buy up oil and gas, and costly tubes and tires. My bumboat must be overhauled by skilled and gifted gent's; and when they have it fixed and doddled, and with their little bills have called, I won't have twenty cents. For bank accounts all sane men crave, but they are hard to get; we're always planning how we'll save; and when it's time to buy a grave we have to go in debt.

GIVE THEM GOOD BREAD

An expert who has made considerable study of economic questions believes that poor bread is responsible for most social disturbances.

The food of the very poor, among whom crime and unrest breed most freely, consists largely of bread. The poorer they are the more bread they eat and the less of other things. Much of this bread is sour, soggy, indigestible stuff, too sadly suggestive of that ironic scriptural query: "If a man ask for bread, will ye give him a stone?"

Poor food means digestive troubles, and digestive troubles mean irritable tempers. For no man can be at peace with the world whose stomach is at war with him.

It is no unusual thing among the well fed to experience a sleepless night and a following trying, aggravating day because one article of food proved undigestible.

Make this occasional disturbance a daily thing; make it a matter not of one article which can be eliminated from a varied diet, but the sole food of an entire day and for days at a time; make this not an individual case but the rule of millions of cases, and one arrives at a sudden understanding of what poor bread is doing daily to the human and social system.

"Give them good bread", is a slogan not to be laughed at or despised.

Japanese are peeved because the peace conference will not grant them racial equality. That seems to be a matter entirely out of the hands of the peace envoys or any other earthly power.

One good reason why there is no great "army of unemployed" present or prospective in this country is that the immigrant labor supply has been checked for several years.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL REFUSES TO TELL BAR WHERE HE IS GOING

That night Neil came in to dinner, changed his clothes, and went out without speaking, save when I asked him why he was going out.

"Because I choose to," he had said, then deliberately closed the door of his dressing room.

I was too proud to go to him and try to coax him to remain with me; too angry still to feel as hurt as I otherwise should. But after he had gone I would have given anything to have called him back, and questioned him. I would now have another long, lonely evening ahead. Then came a thought—a clever one, I imagined: I would assure myself that Neil was not with Blanche Orton! I would call her up, tell her I was alone and ask her if she didn't want to go over to Lorraine's and have a game of bridge. I couldn't quite make myself ask her to my own home, feeling as I did.

"Mrs. Orton is out," it was a maid who answered.

"When do you expect her in?"

"Not till late. She's gone to a dinner party. Who shall I tell her called up?"

"Never mind, it doesn't make any difference. You don't know where she went, do you?" the maid rushed to my feet at the question, put to a servant.

"No—I didn't hear."

I hung up. Fierce jealousy possessed me. Neil had come home, and gone out dressed for the evening and, because he was angry at me would tell me nothing of his plans. Blanche Orton was also out for the evening, and we were very likely together, having a good time while I was sitting alone (welding my thumbs. It was unbearable. I must do something to stop it. —But what?)

Blanche Orton had not loved her invalid husband—at least no one believed she did. I knew that not many women, brilliant women of her type, attractive, beautiful, rich, went through their lives without finding some man whom they loved. Perhaps she loved Neil, and that was the reason she had nothing to give poor Orton!

I had a sudden, almost uncontrollable desire to make trouble for Blanche Orton. I wanted to fight her with some weapon that would hurt and maim her in her tenderest spot. Nothing seemed then to occur but that. It wasn't Neil—even though he were faithless—whom I wanted to hurt, but her, the woman who had tempted him.

Women are as a rule cruelly hard to ward each other. I was no exception.

I was delighted when the telephone

jangled and Lorraine said that she would run over for a chat. I bathed my swollen eyes, and tried to obviate all traces of the emotion through which I had passed in the last 24 hours. Lorraine was such a keen observer, and so apt to talk, that one had to be very careful what one said, and how one looked when she was around. Yet I liked her immensely.

"What do you think Blanche Orton did tonight?" she asked in her impulsive fashion.

"I am sure I don't know." I had no slightest intention of letting Lorraine know I had telephoned Blanche.

"She has gone out with the funniest looking man. Such a common looking fellow. I drove by her house at just seven o'clock and they came out and got into her car. He looked like a streetcar conductor dressed up for the occasion. I can't see what she finds in such creatures to interest her. Cave men. I should call them. I should imagine from his appearance and from that maid's description that it was the same sort she had at her dinner party that night. Queer taste, to say the least."

Lorraine could not know how relieved I was at her gossip. Mrs. Orton was not with Neil. He had not left the house until half past seven and Lorraine had seen Mrs. Orton go out with some man at seven.

The evening passed quickly and pleasantly after that. And when Neil came in at eleven o'clock, Lorraine was still there, so he took her home.

(Tomorrow—Rah Plans a Social Career for Herself and Her Boy.)

ASK FOR AND GET Horlick's

The Original Malted Milk For Infants and Invalids OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS

Open Forum

WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT THE DEVIL

To the Editor:—Who is this devil and how shall we know him? As a seeker for truth I would like to know who this great devil is that we hear so much about and here and elsewhere. We must know him so we can avoid him. Bill Sunday pictures him out very plain with horns and horns and a great monster, but the writer cannot agree with him, so would like to hear from our Salem ministers and other who are interested.

A TRUTH SEEKER.

The quintette of Willamette university athletes who entered the Columbia meet at Portland Saturday came back with nothing more tangible than the consciousness that they did their best for the honor of their institution. There was some consolation in the fact that Robin Fisher who is some sprinter, took fourth place in the half mile race, which was won by Coleman, a former O. A. C. track captain and holder of the record of the northwest at Willamette, should have no trouble in winning the half mile in track meets which will come later. Dinick and Medler put up some hard scraps in their events, but they were in competition with some of the best men in the northwest.

ATTEMPT TO SECURE D. S. M. FOR COWBOY HERO OF 13TH FAILS

Private Who Risked Life To Catch Hold-Up Men Is Commended.

Tacoma, Wash., April 14.—Private Henry J. James, a Wyoming cowboy, the hero of the 13th division, is not going to wear the distinguished service medal, but he is going to cherish the knowledge for the rest of his life that his heroic action at the time of the Camp Lewis bank robbery in January is officially applauded by the highest officers of the army.

He is deprived of the medal, apparently, only because of the fact that existing laws do not grant it for other than war service. Neither the 13th division nor James ever got beyond the confines of Camp Lewis.

With others of the machine gun company of the 76th infantry, James, 29 years and ten months in the service of Uncle Sam, was stepping out to his barracks for dinner, after the morning's pointing at Greene Park, when riot was swiftly unloosed. Men were running, guns popping.

James Takes Hand.

James was passing the army bank of Greene Park as William Crehan, assistant cashier, who had just thrown a flat "no" in the face of a command to throw up his hands and for his temerity had been fired upon by a pair of bank robbers, rushed in pursuit of the holdup man. Crehan had a gun.

In a flash James, steered in the emergency of frontier life, sensed the situation.

"Let me have that gun," he said to Crehan, and Crehan, recognizing the soldierly efficiency of the man, turned it over.

James whirled in pursuit of the bank robbers.

Scattering currency at every leap, the robbers, two negroes, sped down the main street of the amusement park, halting every few moments to turn and engage the military police in hot and ineffective fire.

Main street in Greene Park at that exact moment was unhealthy for any person still interested in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The firing was heavy and continuous and seemed to come from all sides.

Braves Hail of Bullets.

Into the storm James plunged with but one thought—to get the bank robbers. He had reasoned, and remarked to his companions, that this was a necessary duty.

By a flank movement he came upon the quarry as the bandit pair were emptying their guns in another futile duel with the military police.

"Get 'em up you," he roared, rolling the gun in deadly menace from one to the other. The pair obeyed.

The M. P.'s kept right on coming, the one in the lead kept right on shooting.

"For God's sake," James cried to the man, "don't shoot me, I'm trying to help you."

Apparently the M. P. thought James was one of the robbers. He was retreating and came on pouring lead at the paralytic trio, the bank robbers and their captor. James was up against it. If he fled he would lose his men; if he would likely get hit and it didn't occur to him to reply to the fire.

Shot Through Lungs.

His decision was made for him by a bullet. The sixth from the M. P.'s gun went through his lungs and he fell to the ground, only to struggle back to his feet with his thoughts still on his main duty.

"Keep 'em up," he commanded his prisoners.

Again he fell. He did not rise this time. He was carried to the hospital.

James may ride the range again in around Hot Springs, Wyo., but his broncho bawling days are over. He hung for weeks between life and death in the Camp Lewis base hospital suffering from the effects of his wound and from pleurisy and pneumonia.

He was bound to pull through, however, or that's the kind of a man he is. Some weeks ago the editor or the Tacoma Times called James' exploit to the attention of Senator Poinsett. The latter referred it to the adjutant general of the army, and it was studied and applauded all down the line.

Medal Not Possible.

Today the Times received a letter from the Camp Lewis adjutant saying: "I am directed by the commanding general to transmit to you the following statement from the adjutant general of the army, received at these headquarters this date.

"While the conduct of Private James appears to have been highly commendable, the distinguished service medal cannot legally be awarded to him.

"It is hoped that future legislation may provide a medal which may be awarded in such cases."

So James, while his cowboy shirt will never sport a D. S. M., at least will never unofficially be the hero of the 13th division, scattered though its members now are to the ends of the earth.

In the annual election of officers for the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical association, recently held at Eugene, Ralph Thomas of Willamette, was named as treasurer. Thomas is a prominent member of the sophomore class, coming here from Wenatchee, Wash.

CITY NEWS

DEVELOPING CLASS

in Soul Science and Spiritualism every Tuesday evening 8 p. m. at 343 N. Liberty St. All welcome.

Captain Fred Mangis, drill master of the Cherrians announces a drill for this evening at the city hall at 7:30 o'clock. He says the Cherrians should be proud to belong to such an organization and that if the boys are to go anywhere this summer and make an impression, they must attend those Monday evening drills.

Following a suggestion made at the Commercial club a few days ago, it is probable that photographs will be taken of all of Salem's industries, and all arranged in panel at the Commercial club. When a visitor happens to drop in, by means of these photographs, he is quickly informed as to what is doing. And if he happens to be a farmer it would not require much talk to convince him that he could sell everything he could raise.

The first of the noon day Passion week services under the auspices of the Ministers' association, was held Monday noon, Joseph H. Albert presided and Rev. Dr. Avison gave an inspiring address. Services are to be held each day throughout the week beginning at 12:10 and concluding at 12:45. The management of the Oregon theater has kindly donated the use of the theater for the purpose, and Mrs. Hunt, their organist, has offered to render selections on the pipe organ as a part of the service each day. Dr. Kantner will make the address Tuesday and Prof. Nelson of the high school will preside. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The Salem Auto company, agency for the Chevrolet cars, have found their business expanding to such an extent in this territory that they have decided to open a branch house at Dallas, which will be in charge of C. W. Fox. Two carloads of Chevrolets and several thousand dollars worth of tires and accessories will be placed in a convenient room adjoining the Gale hotel in that city and will be ready for business this week. This company has secured a strong hold upon the automobile business in the valley, partly because of the fact that they are equipped with every one of the thousands of parts of a Chevrolet machine and are ready to rebuild a car on short notice if necessary.

John H. McNary, as manager of the victory liberty campaign for the city, was in conference today with the four colonels, W. M. Hamilton, T. A. Lavelley, John H. Parzar and W. J. Stanley and whipping things into shape for the campaign which is to begin next Monday. While the drive may officially continue for two weeks, it is thought that with the number of hard workers that have enlisted in the cause that Marion county will secure its quota within the week. This quota has not as yet been announced, but will probably be given out by state headquarters this evening. Instead of a rather pessimistic feeling, as noticeable a few weeks ago, there is now confidence that Marion county will be found among the first to announce that its quota has been secured. Late today James was announced to be \$1,257,500.

James Stewart, representative from Wheeler county in the last legislature, spoke today noon at the Commercial luncheon at the Marion hotel, talking for his subject "Good Roads." He said that Marion county could not afford not to vote for good roads as this is one of the main thoroughfares of the state. That if the people wanted to live like Russians, it was up to them to do so, but that he hardly thought the county with the state capital would be backward in lining up with the valley. Lieutenant Compton spoke telling some actual war time experiences. Four weeks ago when the first Monday noon luncheon of the Commercial club was held, there was an attendance of only four. This small attendance has gradually increased from week to week until today the number was 60.

At the meeting of the Marion county District convention of Odd Fellows held last Saturday at Aurora, William Scheurer of Butteville was elected president, R. H. Simeral of Salem secretary, and J. G. Idlings of Woodburn, treasurer. R. G. Henderson of Chemawa was the retiring president. The next semi-annual session will be held at Jefferson in October. Plans are made at the meeting to make the grand lodge meeting to be held in Salem the week beginning May 19, one of the greatest ever held in the state. The first day of the session will be given to the institution of the Patriarchs Militant canon capital No. 11. The second day will be given to the affairs of the grand encampment and the Rebekah assembly. The remainder of the week will occupy the time of the delegates in grand lodge work.

Percy Varney, chief of police, returned today from San Diego where he went on police business. He is loud in his praise of the working of the San Diego police force and how they handle affairs so close to the Mexican border. He also was greatly impressed with the bureau of the police department, one of the finest in the United States. When not attending to his duties there, Chief Varney spent his time trying to keep track of the many airplanes doing their fancy work over the city.

Two boys are missing from the Peoble minded institution. One of the boys, about 18 years old, wore a dark suit and a green cap. His name is Henry Tejas and he came from Astoria. The other boy looks to be about 13 or 14 years old, has a squint in one eye and wore a light suit of clothes. His name is Joe Hinton and he came from Hillsboro.

The Pizer company has taken out a building permit of \$5000 for the erection of a boiler plant in the alley between Trade and Ferry street. This is the second building permit taken out this month.

By order of the county court, L. M. Haines, administrator of the estate of Joseph Haines, is permitted to sell the store on State street to Sam Director and J. Breall of Portland for \$2000. The administrator reported to the county court that it was for the best interests to sell the stock for this figure.

There has been very considerable surprise comment in Salem, both in Willamette university and outside, with regard to the oratorical contest in Eugene, in which Willamette was, entirely shut out. As the facts of the case become better known the result becomes a little exasperating as well as regrettable. It develops that the Albany representative who was awarded the medal did not gain first place in any particular. Miss Shirley, of Willamette, took first place in point of delivery in which she showed very distinctly the excellent training she had received in the department of public speaking under Prof. Crowder Miller. And she had been a carefully trained in composition it would seem that she must have received the honors of the contest. It should be noted that the representative from Pacific university took first place in composition. Among the first four orations there was a difference of only one point, and among these was Willamette, which for the past two years has taken high place in delivery. As it was, Miss Shirley lost out by a fraction of one per cent, and the opinion was expressed by a number of prominent people—among them President Campbell of Oregon, and President Lee of Albany—that she should have been awarded first place.

Russell Patterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Patterson of North Church street, has recently received his discharge from the navy and returned yesterday to Salem. He has been connected with a gas engine school at Bremerton during the past year.

W. E. McCann of the U. S. National bank of Portland arrived in the city Saturday afternoon and was a guest with Warden R. L. Stevens over Sunday.

The state highway commission left today for Portland where they are in conference preliminary to the opening of numerous bids for the construction of highway.

Governor Olcott will preside at the meeting to be held at the armory Tuesday evening to effect a temporary organization of all men who have been in the service. This is to include all men in Marion county, regardless of when or where or in what capacity they served. The organization will be temporary but later it is the intention to effect a permanent organization of men who were in the war and to affiliate with the national body. All soldiers in Marion county are asked to attend the meeting at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening at the armory. It is that that fully 200 men should be entitled to go in as charter members.

Mrs. Mary Shaw, a former resident of Salem, died Sunday morning at Yakima and her funeral services will be held in Salem Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, from the chapel of Webb & Clough. They will be conducted by the Rev. T. S. Anderson of the First Presbyterian church. Burial will be in the City View cemetery. She is survived by two sons, Clarence and Albert Shaw.

Twenty two instruments were filed Saturday in the office of the county recorder. Twelve of these were deeds, indicating that considerable real estate is moving, as Saturday was just an average day's business.

A last call is made by the sewing department of the Red Cross to help in finishing this last quota, in order that the work may be done before the spring work and gardening season comes on. The Red Cross quota to complete the work is 400 dresses. These all come already cut out and there is no fancy sewing to be done. Besides being cut out, they are hemmed top and bottom with a draw string at the top. Now all that the sewing department at the post office asks is that women will call and take to their homes several of these dresses, to be worked on at odd times. Some auxiliaries have done their share, while others haven't. Set with a few volunteers, calling at the post office up stairs to get a few dress each, it is felt that the last and final work to be asked of the women of Salem and vicinity, may be all done and sent on its way within a few weeks.

About a week ago Homer H. Parrish age 19, applied at the county clerk's office for a marriage license. He had come all the way from Ft. Benton, Montana to get married but had failed to bring with him the consent of either one of his parents or his guardian. Nothing daunted by this adverse condition, he sent back to Montana for the necessary affidavit. It arrived Saturday and so they were happily married. The bride was Miss Minnie Elizabeth Sletten, age 19, of Woodburn