

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 S. Commercial St. OREGON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, by Carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building

The Daily Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects 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 21 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

LET GERMANY WORK.

At least there are some slight signs that Germany is coming to her senses. Says a leading newspaper of Berlin:

"What we need is a despot to compel the nation to work. If we are unable to install him, our enemies will send him."

That is the plain, simple, truth. The former kaiser has been at work ever since the armistice, saying nothing and sawing wood--the most useful and profitable undertaking of his whole life. What the German nation needs is to do likewise.

To make the Allies some small recompense for the evil done them, to restore their own country to something of its former prosperity and comfort and to make their own future tolerable and respectable, the Germans must stop whining, stop talking of revenge, stop their internal preparations for war, and go to work patiently and constructively.

Honest work is in itself a cleaning force. Through honest work and discreet silence Germany may in time wipe out the memory of her evil past and renovate her own soul. And it will be much better for her to do it of her own free will, in voluntary penance, than under the compulsion of the nations she wronged.

THE REST PERIOD.

The National Industrial Conference Board reports "rest periods" are really more restful than most people suppose. They say "reducing the number of hours worked per day does not appear so efficacious in avoiding the diminution of working capacity as introducing a 10 or 15 minute pause during the middle of the forenoon."

Of course, this is true within limits. Brief rest periods could not overcome the ill effects of intense effort put forth over an unduly prolonged period. Nor could a

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

FEAR OF EVIL.

Oh, today is bright and sunny, it is happy, to the core; I have fifty cents in money and a standoff at the store. My old auto, with its tank full, chugs along to beat the band; I have reason to be thankful--blessings are on every hand. But I'm thinking of tomorrow as I loaf around today, and I'm warring that sorrow will come snooping down my way. It's the nature of us critters to be gazing out ahead, betting on a dose of bitters, figuring on grief and dread. Oftentimes I sit and wonder why Dame Nature made us so, why we cannot tear asunder from presentiments of woe. We are thinking at the wedding, when Lucretia marries Mike, of the rough and rocky sledding that the bride and groom must strike. And we think, when youths are dancing, with a light fantastic heel, of the time when they'll be prancing to the soup-house for a meal. In our brightest Eldorado, where the tambours gayly thrum, we are thinking of the shadow of the evil days to come. When the joyous music quickens, we can hear the prophet cry, "Eat and drink and raise the dickens, for tomorrow you must die." Always there's the dread of evil to disturb the human soul; in the wheat there is the weevil, in the doughnut there's the hole.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

Commencing June 16th Banking Hours will be from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

15-minute rest period in the forenoon completely compensate for working through an abnormally long day.

On the whole, however, it is true that a brief rest taken in time gives just the necessary strength to relieve the strain of a working day. This is particularly true of monotonous processes. Whether the rest period is used simply for a few minutes of quiet thought, or whether it is spent in exercise, in chatting with fellow-workers, in eating a light lunch of a sandwich, a glass of milk or a piece of milk chocolate, it has its effect in relaxing the strain upon the muscles or eyes. It sends the worker back to his task remarkably refreshed and enables him to finish the day wholesomely tired instead of wholly exhausted.

This is a fact which some wise housekeepers have discovered for themselves and which teachers have used effectively in a two or three-minute relaxation in the school room. Brain workers need it as well as physical laborers. Employees need not fear the introduction of the rest period, for it is not intended as a substitute for a working day of sane length. Employers in general will find it not an upsetter of routine but an actual increaser of speed.

One by one Governor Olcott is weeding out the incompetents and undesirables in the state house, and nearly every change he makes means an improvement in the public service. There will be a new state printer soon and we trust that this means a general clean-up in that department which is a good deal of the time the most expensive and wasteful of any branch of state government, and which has been especially so during the past four years. In truth, if the taxpayers could ever get the facts regarding the waste in state printing through their heads there would be such a protest that the entire institution would be swept out of existence. There is hope, however, that Governor Olcott, who is surprising a good many people by showing the keenest perception of what a good business administration of state affairs should be of any executive we have had for years, will take this matter in hand and stop the incompetency, waste and extravagance which characterize the management of the department.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, of Belgium, will come to the United States next month, and, while we don't think much of kings in general, we could almost forget that Albert wears a crown and admit that he is just as good as a plain American citizen. Just happening to be born to royalty does not seem to have spoiled this all-around good fellow, who stood the test of adversity without losing a particle of his nerve. The people of this nation are going to give this royal couple a mighty warm reception that will help them forget what they went through during four years of the war.

We notice that several of the smaller daily papers in the state announce that they are going to print pictures sent by wire. When we consider the quality of the pictures that adorn their columns occasionally now, we dread to think of the caricatures on art that will be exhibited to the public when these same pictures come in dots and dashes.

The railroad brotherhoods want to run the roads under the Plumb plan, when, as a matter of fact, they are unable to govern themselves. The striking members of these unions in California, Arizona and New Mexico have revolted against the government, and refuse to obey the orders of the brotherhood officials to respect their contracts and return to work.

Wall Street is opposed to the Plumb plan for federal ownership of railroads--and for once Wall Street is right--but it had better lie low and say as little as possible if it wants to defeat the plan.

They're using airplanes in Alabama to locate moonshine stills. Pretty soon the poor moonshiner won't have even a sporting chance.

Hunting A Husband

BY MARY DOUGLAS
REALIZATION

For a week I have been living a strange new life. Each day has been a revelation. I have been trying to think differently. Trying to throw aside the old ideas of life. All except one. And I have been learning to smoke. But yet, I do not like the queer taste on my tongue. Nor the smoke choked in my throat.

I have been happy, too. For I think one man cares for me. So soon! Yet did he not say so that first night? Morelli. He is not to be judged by the standards of other men. He is an artist. This poem was in my box this morning. It was from him. There was a line with it to say he would dine with me tonight.

Here is his poem:
RAGGED SAILOR
I look over the high wall of the garden; the light, The hollyhocks bend their fall heads, But I pass them by. Clustered mignonette wreathes me with faint fragrance, Poppies swirl on slender stems, The larkspur gives out a deep purple glow.

Then I stand still, still As my breathing body will let me-- The flower she loved Small, ragged, blue, Grown in a forgotten clump For her and me!

I am slightly puzzled by it. Is it written to some one he loved before me? Is this his poetical way of telling me? Some how I cannot imagine Morelli with shining shears. They seem so--so useful.

So now I am waiting for Morelli. Dressed in my prettiest. Cheeks pink. My hat shading my eyes. I do not have to think now. I do not have to try to please him. Because--I shall leave it unsaid.

I am home. My cheeks still burn with shame. Morelli and I sat dining together. In a tiny place--by name, "The Rabbit Hole." I do not know what I ate. I was carried away by the look in his eyes.

A girl came into the room. Eyes there she was startling. Black clipped hair, sea-blue eyes under black lashes. A strange, fascinating person.

I saw Morelli's eyes wander to her. I was leaning back in my chair, trying to smoke gracefully. "You will excuse me? But a moment--" Morelli rose. He went to her. In a few minutes he was talking with

much feeling. I could see his dramatic gestures from where I sat.

I waited. The minutes passed. He did not return! Still I waited. At last, shamed, I rose from my table. I had to pass them on my way out. He was immersed in conversation. These words floated to me as I passed: "Like a frail white flower, bending on its stem."

Anger filled me. If I could only do something. I reached my room. His poem lay on the table. I tore it into fragments. I am calmer now. I know that I have been a fool. It has taught me one lesson.

I cannot sleep. Below me I hear someone coughing--coughing. It stops. Then begins again. I wonder who it is? (Monday--The Room Below.)

UNAUTHORIZED STRIKE

(Continued from page one)

engineers, firemen, brakemen and switchmen. We have been informed by representatives of the unions that they are doing their utmost to persuade the men to return to work," Dyer said.

Strike Dying Out

San Francisco, Aug. 28.--Indications were many early today that the spontaneous railroad strike that burst over the San Francisco bay region yesterday was wearing itself out, and that union leaders would gain control of the situation before nightfall.

The situation in southern California--in and around Los Angeles--is still tied up, however.

Train service was resumed across the bay in and out of Oakland last night following a meeting at which trainmen voted to return to work.

At a similar meeting in San Francisco no decision was reached, and the meeting was resumed today.

Clearing of the situation is attributed largely to the unceasing efforts of union leaders to get the men back to work, plus the veiled threat of rail Director Hines that the government would actually operate the trains if the strike did not end at once.

Hines' wired District Director Spruille that "the government is taking the necessary steps to deal with the matter without the lapse of further time, unless this last effort of the chief executives of the organization speedily proves successful."

He referred to a telegram sent by the brotherhood chiefs to their representatives both here and at Los Angeles ordering the men back to work within 24 hours under penalty of suspension.

Federal Manager Scott of the Southern Pacific had posted a statement that none of the men who returned to work would lose seniority rights.

That the strike, because of its spontaneous nature, lacked leadership, was the general opinion.

Incoming transcontinental passenger traffic was diverted to another route but was never interrupted. All freight movements into this territory ceased when an embargo was ordered.

The Overland left for Ogden via Tracy at 6:20 p. m. The Pacific Limited left Oakland earlier. Number 34 left at 10:20 p. m. for Portland. Train number 10 left at 9 p. m. with mail for eastern points.

Because of the temporary revolution in leadership among the strikers, it was impossible yesterday to determine properly the number of men out.

It is now known that only the yardmen struck, and that congestion at the terminals caused the tieup.

Two hundred and forty yardmen in Oakland and 270 in San Francisco forced an embargo on all freight and paralyzed passenger service.

The Western Pacific's passenger service was not interrupted, because it established a temporary passenger station at Oakland. The Western Pacific, however, is devoted mainly to freight now.

Conditions Normal

Sacramento, Cal., Aug. 28.--Conditions on the Sacramento division of the Southern Pacific are normal today, according to Superintendent J. D. Brennan. Trains are arriving and departing on schedule both from the east and west.

The switchmen and yardmen who walked out at 4 p. m. yesterday, took a strike vote and returned to work at 6:45. Between those hours the local yards were tied up.

"Sacramento set the example when the switchmen returned to work here," declared Brennan, "that the men in the bay district are following."

Old Stayton Resident Goes To Final Rest

(Capital Journal Special Service) Stayton, Aug. 27.--The funeral of W. L. Kinsey, who died at his home about five miles east of Stayton on Saturday, the 23d, was held Monday, conducted by Rev. Warren of the Methodist church, and the Elks lodge, of which he was a member. Members of the order from Albany and Salem, besides local brothers, were present. Interment was in the city cemetery. Mr. Kinsey was an old and respected resident of this section, having resided in Mehama for a number of years, where he followed the occupation of blacksmithing, at which work he was very competent. About ten years ago he located on the farm where he passed away. He is survived by his widow and three children. Kearney of California, Mrs. Dean Crawford of Portland and Archie, who resides on a farm adjoining the home place. He was 63 years of age.

Willard Goodmann is here from Tacoma visiting relatives and friends. He expects Mrs. Goodmann in a few days for a short visit and they may conclude to remain here.

The Morphy-Gardner Lumber Co. is preparing to move their saw mill from the Ferr place west of town to the Crabtree place a couple of miles east



WE BAKE CAKES

Made from purest ingredients, baked in our electric ovens by our own sanitary methods.

Rich fillings, and always fresh. If you haven't tried Bake-Rite Bread--DO IT NOW!

BAKE-RITE SANITARY BAKERY
457 State Street.

Job Printing The Quikener Press

PHONE 199

193 N Com'l-over Gale & Co. G. E. Brookins, Proprietor

THE dealer who has an eye to the future is building on solid rock. That explains why so many good dealers handle Firestone Gray Sidewall Tires.

To you it means reliable dealer service in addition to unequaled tire mileage, which takes much of the worry and expense out of car upkeep.

The best tire dealer in your locality is a Firestone dealer. Get acquainted with him.

Firestone TIRES

Most Miles per Dollar

on the Mehama road. M. J. and Everett Crabtree have purchased several thousand feet of timber in the neighborhood of their own place and when the mill is located will commence getting out logs. They are building places to live and their ranch will soon be a busy place. They believe they have enough timber in sight for a two year run of the saw mill.

Titus Archer of Kingston will have a sale Monday, disposing of his stock and household goods, and will soon leave for California, where he will try the climate a while. We predict that he will some day return to Oregon.

Jake Wourms, Jr., has purchased the Joe Zuber farm about two miles east of town, and will occupy it soon.

Dr. J. W. Thomas of Seattle is making his annual visit to his old home, his mother and other relatives.

V. P. Lanefield has increased the size of his store room by taking out a partition and adding the room lately occupied by Geo. A. Smith's real estate office. Mr. Smith now has his office in the Roy building.

Mrs. J. R. Miller is home from her visit at Mikkalo, eastern Oregon. She says crops there were fine, especially fall grain.

Mrs. Maude Hollister of Oakland, Cal., has been visiting old friends in town the past few days. The Hollisters formerly lived in Stayton and still own a number of lots in the north part of town.

Ward H. Ford was over from Black Rock the first of the week and while here purchased the T. C. Crabtree place of about 15 acres in the north west part of town. He has a good position at Black Rock and will probably remain at that place until winter.

Luther Cole has gone to Portland and will probably play ball with the team of that city.

Mrs. Lloyd Brown and children of Portland have been visiting in town this week.

To Improve Your Digestion "For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a year ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them did I find the right treatment. Since taking them my digestion is fine." Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa.

\$\$\$--Keep Them Home--\$\$\$



Get Them From Your Grocer
An improvement over old style corn flakes

says Bobby

POST TOASTIES