

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 128 South Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

G. PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Telephones—Circulation and Business Office, 81; Editorial rooms, 82.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICE

Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

National Advertising Representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Building, New York; W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building, Chicago.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Until November 1, 1919, by carrier, 42 cents a month; by mail, \$3 a year. After November 1, 1919, by carrier, 50 cents a month; by mail \$4 a year.

By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance.

Rippling Rhymes.

THE CHEERFUL GROCER

Grocer Johnson is a peach, and he should be hired to teach optimism to his kind; he's a man of hopeful mind. In the thronging marts of trade optimism seems decayed; nearly ever merchant prince seems to think that life's a quince, and he tells me tales of tares, and of doleful doubts and fears. Every day I hear a pipl from the dealers as they deal, hear a narrative of woes, and of commerce being low, being profitless and dead, and of frightful times ahead. Every day I hear such bunk when I go to spend a plank in the thronging marts of trade, where the hams and spuds are weighed. But in Johnson's moral shop I have heard no doleful yawp. Johnson skips around his store, leaving smoke along the floor, and he murmurs cheerful tunes as he weighs his boneless prunes. Tired of hearing people beef, it's to be a great relief, to encounter, then and now, one less unfurrowed brow, and who chortles as he sells hard boiled eggs and oyster shells. For too many people while in this little grad of mine, putting up a doleful wheeze, when they should be on their knees, thanking Providence all day for the good that comes their way.

Odds and Ends

Los Angeles.—Arthur Arsenault, 13, was too enthusiastic preparing for "better speech week" beginning November 1. He was placed on probation today for stealing a dictionary.

San Francisco.—Moral: Pull down the blinds. Judge Flood personally investigated Geo. Fry's story that why a black away he had seen Mrs. Fry kissed by another man. Result: divorce.

New York.—The packer collegiate institute in herring powder and rouge for rich pupils also decreed their dresses "should begin at their heels and go to within a reasonable distance of their necks."

Milwaukee, Wis.—Albert Willpolt boasted he could whip anybody on the street. No challenge. He said he could whip anybody on the block. No remonstrance. Then he said he could whip any cop on the police force. He'll be back to work in three weeks.

Spokane, Wash.—Don E. Phillips, editor of the Washburn Enterprise, and Dr. A. L. Wiedler, of Washburn, were traveling from Lyons Ferry to Walsburg.

The car's lighting system failed. They borrowed a lantern and took turns sitting on the radiator for the 25 mile trip.

"Got pretty warm at times," they commented.

Spokane, Wash.—A strange plane landed in a Chinese truck garden west of the city.

The neighborhood got quite excited about it.

The Chinese merely dragged out a canvas cover for the ship, snugged it down and went on being vegetables.

ABE MARTIN



The workman that used to vote for a full dinner bucket now carries a silver thermos bottle. It seems like the folks that have the least use for information have the most.

A FORGOTTEN MAXIM

IF YOU want knowledge, you must toil for it, and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through work and not by self indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

These homely truths as expressed by Ruskin seem to be escaping the present generation. Toil is the law of progress as well as of contentment—and there can be no progress without it. It is the law of nature that the muscle not worked atrophies and the brain not used, degenerates, and idleness begets decay.

No worse handicap can befall the young than to be reared in idleness and self-indulgence, to be deprived by unearned wealth of the spur of necessity to toil—and the usual result is a worthless life—valueless alike to the individual and to society.

Genius has been defined as a synonym for hard work. Skill is work translated. Work is the first requisite and little of value can be attained without it. Toil is as essential for health as it is for happiness. Work and thrift constituted the good old American recipe for success, and upon it has been built the greatness of the nation.

Those labor organizations whose main object is to shorten the hours of toil below a reasonable period, and who preach sabotage and practice minimum output on the theory of improving the lot of man, are advocating a fundamental fallacy. Instead of teaching love of labor, in which the individual finds happiness, they teach hatred of toil—which makes for unrest and discontent, which improves no one, and breeds unhappiness. No one can enjoy dishonest toil, where the sole object is to take as little interest in work as possible and no such theory and performance can improve the lot of man.

It is true that the toiler has not always secured his share of the wealth that he helped create, because he was kept ignorant and unintelligent, and did not get a square deal, but the progress of the world has remedied most of these conditions. Free schools and equality before law, opened the door of opportunity to him, and high wages and shorter days have followed. Progress is now largely up to the individual—as it is with everyone in a democracy.

Instead of championing 30-hour work weeks to give leisure for self-indulgence and idleness, instead of sowing the seeds of discord, labor organizations should strive to inculcate love of industry, so that the toiler may find joy in his work, the pursuit of knowledge in his leisure and advocate the practice of thrift that he may profit in the future from his labor of today.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

WEDDED

From that night John Gordon hardly left my side. He made his attentions so conspicuous that the little summer colony where my friend had her cottage was immediately a-buzz with the fact that at last John Gordon was serious.

"I did love him then," I said to my accusing conscience. I think I loved him from the moment that my eyes looked into his of smiling gray. I did not realize then that John's smile seldom reached his mouth—that his lips closed in a thin, cruel line, because for me at that time he brought out the smile that curled the corners of his stern mouth and showed teeth of surprising regularity and beauty.

For the three weeks of my stay at Helen's, John was my shadow. He neglected his business, and spent the entire time with me. I was his business, his recreation—his one objective. He fairly took me off my feet.

There was a personal magnetism and physical attraction about him that I had never known before in any man, in fact, after three years of marriages and with my year-old baby claiming much of my time. If John gave me the slightest attention or smiles at me with the old warmth, I have that same feeling of utter surrender which I experienced the first time I saw him.

Long before the three weeks of my stay were over I had promised to become John Gordon's wife. I fully expected to return to my home and prepare for an autumn wedding, but John would not wait, and blinded by the ardor of such an impetuous lover, we drove to a nearby city one afternoon and were married.

At that time I did not know John's family, his friends, his tastes, his financial condition, nor his business ability. It was only a lucky circumstance that I had married a man who was able to take care of me—I did not ask—I probably would have married him under any circumstances. I was blind—blinded in love.

I went unseeing—unknowing—to my fate, because ever since I could understand what a woman's destiny might be, I had been taught by my mother that love was all—that when my heart throbs answered some man's question, when my hand trembled as he caressed it in his, when my longing lips returned his kiss avidly, then I was to know that he was my man—my husband. There was nothing else, I had been taught, but the end of the fairy tale—"marriage, and they live happy ever after."

One thing I have since learned most thoroughly and that I shall teach to my little daughter, now in her unconscious babyhood. Love and marriage are two very different things—one is a temperamental disturbance, an emotional cataclysm, the other is purely a partnership involving an intimate business association and made possible by the same interests and aims.

No marriage based only on the American idea of romantic love and passion can be successful, and I will give John the credit of being quite as innocent of this knowledge as I was myself. I do not think that two beings were ever happier than John Gordon and I as we drove away from the little church where we had been made husband and wife.

"We have stolen a march on them," chuckled John. "I've always hated the pomp and fussiness of a public wedding. In fact, there seems to be something indecent about it. But think of this. Girl, we can go back—no, we won't go back—we will go into the city tonight and I'll write to your mother and mine and tell them what we have done.

"You have a mother, haven't you?" he asked suddenly.

Then for the first time I realized that I did not know whether John's mother were still living—whether we had brothers or sisters—and I was certain that I had told him nothing about my family. For the three weeks that we had known each other, it had been sufficient for John that I should listen to his words of love—and sufficient for me that he should speak them.

Suddenly my heart stood still.

Who was this man I had married? (Continued tomorrow.)

Portland, Or.—"Did he strike you without provocation?" Attorney Fowens asked his client.

"No, no, no, no," replied J. Shapkin. "He struck me with a pair of pliers."

Advertisement for Celery King. Text: "That's Right; Say I Want Celery King. Get a package tonight. It's cheap and you can brew a lot of tea with one package. Take a cup every other night to regulate your bowels to purify your blood and make you strong so you can withstand an attack of influenza if it happens to come along this winter. It's one great vegetable laxative, and it won't cost you but a few cents to find it out. Children like it, and there is nothing better that you can give them when they are ailing. Adv.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD. Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up. Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sniffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears. 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.

Rooms to Rent. Nowadays no one thinks of tramping the streets till his heels are sore to find a room. The modern method is to turn to the Rooms to Rent Want Ads in this paper. There you will probably find just what you want for nearly everybody with rooms to rent knows that the quickest way to find a roomer is through our Want Ads. But if you shouldn't find just what you're looking for, put a Want Ad of your own in this paper and watch your returns. State clearly what you want. Use Want Ads like these: WANTED—Room with board, in a congenial family by a gentleman, who is employed during the day. Prefer not to go more than half a mile from the business center of the city. References given. ADDRESS: FOR RENT—Large well furnished room, southern exposure, plenty of sunlight, with family of four. Use of bath. Board if desired. Furnace heat. House located within three blocks of street car line. ADDRESS: Our Want Ad columns are a great central market. Remember that to find rooms or roomers Read and Use the Want Ads in. DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

EVERY TIME I WANT HER TO GO OUT, SHE'S TOO TIRED. An Editorial for Women. SEE THAT HE GETS YOU THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER SPECIAL \$53.50 Each New price after Nov. 1, 1919 \$60.00 Order now and save \$6.50 The best and only vibrating motor driven Brush sweeper. Sold on easy terms. WM. GAHLSDORF The Store of Housewares 135 N. Liberty St.

"Internal Baths Did Me A World Of Good" Mrs. I. C. Van Dyke of 817 S. 18th St., Louisville, Ky., writes to the Tyrell Hygienic Institute: "I am still using my 'J. B. L. Cascade' and think it is perfectly wonderful. It has done me a world of good. I would not be without it." The "J. B. L. Cascade" cleanses the lower intestine its entire length and keeps it always free of poisonous waste. Thousands testify that constipation, indigestion, stomach trouble, biliousness, headaches and all the many serious troubles which they cause are absolutely relieved and prevented by this nature treatment. Daniel J. Fry will be glad to show you the "J. B. L. Cascade," explain its simple operation and will give you, free on request, an interesting little book by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrell of New York, a noted specialist on internal bathing for 25 years in that city. Clip this out as a reminder to ask for the booklet at your first opportunity. (Adv.)

KEEP YOUR MONEY IN THE CIRCLE. Marion County. Scott's Blaine, Harney, Wheeler, Wasco, Galloway, Crook, Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, Harney, Wheeler, Wasco, Galloway, Crook, Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, Harney, Wheeler, Wasco, Galloway, Crook, Grant, Lincoln, Sherman.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS. Established 1868. General Banking Business. Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

The ARMCO IRON Advertisement. In this week's Saturday Evening Post is a reminder that ARMCO IRON is used in the construction of Wedgwood GAS RANGES. ARMCO IRON Resists Rust. It really doubles the life of a Gas Range. Buy War Saving Stamps— Elk War Saving Stamp Campaign.

Hear It for Yourself ---the phonograph which amazes all Salem. Are you one of those who believe that no phonograph can match the voice of the living human? An astonishing discovery awaits you—like the thousand Salemites who attended the Ida Gardner recital. Thomas A. Edison gave his famous Tone-Test last Monday night in Grand Opera house. He had Miss Gardner sing in direct comparison with the RE-CREATION of her voice by the New Edison. Music lovers were completely baffled. Their ears were unable to distinguish the RE-CREATED voice from the living. You have never heard any phonograph that approaches the New Edison. It RE-CREATES not only the musical notes, but every elusive quality of tone and color which identify the original artist. The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul" Come in and hear the identical instrument which was used Monday Evening. Make the great discovery for yourself. GEO. C. WILL Salem's EDISON Dealer.