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Rippling Rhymes.

IN THE DEPTHS

The future looks gloomy; my eyes have grown rheumy, from viewing with pain and alarm; I size up the morrow as loaded with sorrow, it hasn't a grace or a charm. Oh, double demerol is more a condition than theory in all I behold; our butlers are shaking, palladiums breaking—what wonder my trills are cold? For I'm feeling rummy with cramps in my tummy, from eating too largely of pie; the pains of the colic inside of me frolle, and gladly I'd curl up and die. So sadly I'm viewing the future and chewing a rag in a desolate way; and no one who means me, who pines and hears me, should care seven cents what I say. My message prophetic would be less pathetic if I had an apoplexy; but gloom is the master of my forecast; who asked up his pie and his cake. The prophets of evil who spelt about weevil when they should be talking of wheat, would doubtless be cheery if they were not weary of pain in their stomachs or feet. The way we are feeling thus governs our spelling, our outlook, and all that we do; a meek can't be sunny, for marbles or money, when he is tied up with the flu.

Odds and Ends

New York.—The police want James Baker and a dozen families want homes. Baker, apartment house janitor, is alleged to have rented the flats in the building already occupied and collected \$700.

New York.—Police captain, sergeant and a fireman in hospital. John Foley and son in law in jail. They resisted interference in a perfectly private fight.

New York.—German opera is so far "in Dutch" a recital was appointed for the German Opera company here.

Los Angeles.—There's a woman in this city who wants a husband, a whole dollar's worth. She sent a dollar to Mayor Snyder asking him to get her a spouse with it.

SPIRITS WILL TREAD BOARD AT THE GRAND

Occult science and the orient are always associated together, and if there is a country where the learned men have really found the means of communication with those who have passed "beyond the bourne," it is probably in India, since the demonstrations made there are sufficiently mystifying it is said, to leave the seer undecided as to whether or not there can be "anything in spiritualism" that there is something in spiritualism. Dr. Eddy who has recently returned from India, says that he will demonstrate beyond the point of contradiction at a seance in the Grand Sunday night. Among the features which it is said he proposes to give is that of summoning forms. He says the forms will appear and disappear at his will, upon the stage which will be well lighted, at the command of the medium the forms disappear, but appear again in the audience. Other experiments include, plate writing, floating tables and chairs, supernatural vision, etc.

Abe Martin



There's no excuse for Dan Cupid mislead a girl's heart these days. One thing about prohibition—when a fellow's pleasant we know it's natural.

DUE TO PARTISANSHIP.

TORN between a decent respect for the opinions of its readers and an indecent political partisanship, the Portland Oregonian continues to make a ludicrous spectacle of itself in its treatment of the peace treaty and league of nations.

Endorsing the president and the league before the senate reactionaries attempted to make opposition a party matter, the Oregonian has alternately blown hot and cold, its news columns full of propaganda assailing the league and its editorialists trying to support both the league and the league opponents.

Now that partisanship and prejudice similar to its own have killed the treaty for this session and endangered it for the next, the Oregonian has no word of condemnation for Lodge, who succeeded in carrying out his announced intention of blocking the treaty, but places all the blame upon the president because of his objection to the nullification of the treaty.

The president's letter, which the Oregonian holds defeated compromise, read as follows:

I should hesitate to offer counsel in any detail, but I assume that the Senators only desire my judgment upon the all-important question of the final vote on the resolution containing the many reservations of Senator Lodge. On that I cannot hesitate, for in my opinion the resolution in that form does not provide for ratification, but rather for the nullification of the treaty. I sincerely hope that the friends and supporters of the treaty will vote against the Lodge resolution of ratification.

I understand that the door will then probably be open for a genuine resolution of ratification.

But Senator Lodge refused compromise and in revenge for the senate's refusal to pass his own reservations, succeeded by the votes of those "mild reservationists" who had voted down his own nullifications, in rejecting compromise and in killing the treaty.

Lodge's attitude was reflected in his statement boasting of the result, issued after adjournment:

"The president may withdraw the treaty when the senate reconvenes, and, of course, he can then re-submit it in the next session. But the treaty is dead in the senate, and they killed it, as I told them they would, if they voted against it."

Only by a compromise can the treaty be passed. Partisanship is too strong to either pass the original treaty or the Lodge nullification. If there isn't statesmanship enough in the senate to effect a compromise, a humiliated nation must confess its failure.

If the Oregonian was sincere in its support of the league, it would not favor the Lodge nullification—but who expects a party organ to be sincere? That is one reason why the party organ is becoming a thing of the past. People are tired of guff, weary of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of political partisanship.

SILVER THE PRECIOUS METAL.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN evidently finds vindication and cause for thanksgiving in the high price of silver. He has wired the New York papers as follows.

Press despatches report bullion value of gold dollar 5 cents less than bullion value of silver dollar. Are the New York financiers living up to their claims of honesty that they made so vociferously in 1892? Or are they juggling their debts in a cheap gold dollar?

Mr. Bryan has waited for a long time to see silver restored to its former value—which he advocated accomplishing by arbitrary legislative enactment, but the law of supply and demand has forced up the price of silver by relatively lowering the price of gold.

Most of the gold of the world came to the United States during the war, forcing the use of silver in other nations—and the ensuing demand exceeded the supply. There is even talk in Europe of restoring the bimetallic standard—though now the silver miners would oppose it.

With the cheap gold dollar only buying half a dollar's worth of groceries or other supplies, it is no surprise to find it buying only fifty cents worth of silver.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

WITH THE HELP OF HENRIETTE

At Henriette's sympathy I broke down and cried for it hurt me immensely to think that just now, when I felt utterly grief-stricken, it was the sympathy of Henriette only that I received.

Of course I had not been long in my mother-in-law's house without coming to realize that Henriette was a most superior woman. She was much older than I and I knew she had been Madam Gordon's maid since before my husband was born. After today I felt I should love Madam Gordon's maid better than I could ever love Madam Gordon.

It was fortunate that I had only a little time in which to indulge in tears and that the arranging of my trip took my mind in some measure from my great sorrow.

I was wandering aimlessly about the room, doing the little needlework things when I was recalled to myself by Henriette's voice.

"Will Mr. Gordon come after you?" "I do not know," I answered. "Mr. Gordon does not yet know of my father's illness. When I called him on the phone his secretary told me that he was engaged in an important conference and did not wish to be disturbed."

Henriette pursed her lips peculiarly, but said nothing, as she began to pack a trunk. I wondered for a moment if I had not been heavy for a moment upon speaking with John under the circumstances. I decided, however, that I could not have told my sad news to any one but John himself, and I knew that only battle, murder or fire would drag John to the telephone when he was in an "important conference."

"I don't think I had better take a trunk, Henriette. I said when I came to myself enough to know what she was doing. 'Just pack a big bag and my dressing-case. Please call a taxi for a quarter to six.'"

As I hastily bathed by swollen face, I realized for the first time that possibly I did not have enough money for my journey. I had not been able to find courage enough since our marriage to ask John for money, and he had said nothing about an allowance, which I was sure he meant to give me.

Henriette saw me looking in my purse and as I counted my money she must have noticed how little I had for she offered:

"I hope you will let me give you what money you need. Mrs. Gordon, Madam Gordon paid me today and I have not yet been to the bank."

"Thank you so much, Henriette, I think fifteen dollars will do with what I have," I answered, relieved. "I cannot tell you how fine I think it is for you to offer it to me. I shall always be grateful."

"Oh, Mrs. Gordon, I am sure you would do it for me under the same circumstances, and just because you are rich and I am a working woman, does not change the fact that we both may love and must suffer, does it?"

"No, Henriette, and neither will I make me forget that in my hour of trouble, when otherwise I should be quite alone, you have been to me a sympathetic friend," I answered, the grateful tears this time coming to my eyes.

As though to change my thought, Henriette said briskly: "You have only just time enough to get your train, Mrs. Gordon. I telephoned for the taxi while you were bathing your face and it will be here at any moment now."

As in confirmation of her words we heard the taxi drive up, and calling the house man to take down my baggage, Henriette followed me to the porte cochere.

"Tell Mr. Gordon, Henriette, that I could not wait for a later train as my mother is all alone. I have left the telegram I received on my dressing table."

"I'll tell him, Mrs. Gordon," she said crisply, and in spite of my grief I almost smiled at the grim expression of her face. I knew that Henriette had

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If, out of every one hundred people in civilized lands, seventy-five were minus one hand, one foot, one eye or one ear, everyone would marvel.

Yet it is a fact that today seventy-five people in every hundred are defective in what is undoubtedly our most precious gift—the faculty of sight.

There are only twenty-five people in every hundred who have perfect sight. The remainder are—or should be—wearing glasses in order to correct the deficiencies of their vision.

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known my husband since he was born and she probably would be perfectly respectful in breaking my news to him, but I was sure that she would do it in a no-wise conciliatory manner.

As the taxi turned the corner it almost collided with a limousine and, looking up, I saw Madam Gordon and Bessie Moreland who was evidently coming to the house for dinner. For a moment my grief turned to bitterness, even though I knew that both John and his mother were perfectly unconscious of the sorrow that had come to me.

"I wonder if John will feel called upon to entertain Miss Moreland this evening even though his wife is speeding to her dying father?" was the uninvited thought which came to my mind.

I dismissed the idea immediately, and felt rather ashamed for I was sure that when John knew why I had called him he would be full of loving contention and would follow me as soon as possible.

Entering the train, I tried to tell myself again that I should have told John at once that my father was dying, but I had a horror of imparting such news through an employee. It was too personal, too tragic! Had I said it over the wire, I should have burst into tears. As it was, I was sobbing out my grief alone.

(Continued tomorrow)

Do You Know

Do you know the young fellow who works for \$25 a week and who is wearing a new winter suit that cost \$85?

Do you know the wage earner who loafs because he is afraid if he does too much he'll work himself out of a job?

Do you know the housewife who is ashamed to be seen with a market basket on her arm or to carry home a brown paper bundle?

Do you know the manufacturer who, when the price of raw materials and overhead goes up five per cent and the cost of labor advances an equal amount, adds 25 per cent to the price of his goods?

Do you know the factory girl working for \$18 a week who, is buying and wearing a \$350 fur coat?

Do you know the man who lets a fresh clerk steer him into buying a \$15 hat for fear he'll seem "cheap" when he can buy a satisfactory one for \$7?

Do you know the investor who has traded his Liberty Bonds for a promise of a hundred per cent profit in a stock company, backed by a dishonest promoter?

Do you know the married couple who do not think enough of their children to buy War Savings Stamps for them and to teach them to save?

Do you know the shopper who says "Wrap it up" instead of "How much?"

Do you know the person who lets the desire of the moment destroy the results of days and weeks of thrift and saving?

Do you know the man who thinks it is not necessary to save?

Do you know the man who says that the government savings securities, Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates are too slow or too small or too old fashioned for his investments?

Banish Catarrh.

Breathe Hyomei for Two Minutes and Relieved Stuffed up Head

If you want to get relief from catarrh, cold in the head or from an irritating cough in the shortest time breathe Hyomei.

It should clean out your head and open up your nose in two minutes and allow you to breathe freely.

Hyomei often ends a cold in one day, and brings quick relief from sniffles, hard crusts in the nose, hacking, spitting and catarrhal mucus.

Hyomei is made chiefly from a soothing, healing antiseptic oil, that comes from the eucalyptus forests of inland Australia where catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, tonsillitis, influenza, pneumonia and consumption were never known to exist.

Hyomei is pleasant and easy to breathe. Just pour a few drops into the hard rubber inhaler, use as directed and relief is almost certain.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including inhaler and one bottle of Hyomei, costs but little at Daniel J. Fry's and drugists everywhere. If you already own an inhaler you can get an extra bottle of Hyomei at drugists. (Adv)

If you do, you know pretty well what is the matter with the United States.

Buy W. S. S.

PETROGRAD SHORT OF FOOD.
Washington, Nov. 25.—The food shortage in Petrograd now has become so acute that food is only distributed upon prescriptions of physicians, according to unofficial advices to the state department from Helsinki.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE tablets. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a cold in one day. 30c Adv

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Dangerous to Use Treatment for Only Temporary Relief.

There is a more serious stage of Catarrh than the annoyance caused by the stopped-up air passages, and other distasteful features. The real danger comes from the tendency of the disease to continue its course downward until the lungs become affected, and then dreads consumption is on your path. Your own experience has taught you that the disease cannot be cured by sprays, inhalers, atomizers, jellies and other local applications.

S. S. S. has proven a most satisfactory remedy for Catarrh because it goes direct to its source, and removes the germs of the disease from the blood. Get a bottle today, begin the only logical treatment that gives real results. For free medical advice write Medical Director, 47 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

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Take Camels at any angle—they surely supply cigarette contentment beyond anything you ever experienced. They're a cigarette revelation! You do not miss coupons, premiums or gifts. You'll prefer Camels quality!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a distinctive paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

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In our mechanical and experimental rooms was created a method for electrically toasting our Rolled Oats which gives them a rich, rare and superior flavor.

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