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Rippling Rhymes.
 By WALT MASON

BETTER DAYS.

A better time is coming—I am quite sure of this—when you will see me thumping my tyre in perfect bliss; the Rods, who claim attention, will be too scarce to mention, the serpent of dissimulation will be too weak to hiss. We all are growing wiser with every passing day the evidence grows plainer that pipe dreams fade away; and soon we'll stand and wonder why in the name of thunder we tried to tear asunder the things that ought to stay. You'll see us backward gazing and viewing, with a tear, our antics most amazing, in one unwholy year, when we were all demented, distraught and disoriented, and every day invented new kinds of doubt and fear. And, on the heights of reason we'll mutter, "Can it be, that through one godless season no dome from bats was free? O, can it be we ranted, and clamored to have planted in this fair land enchanted, fake kinds of liberty?" Stars, show us how the waking dawn will and hushes dreams, but now the morn is breaking, and sunlight on us streams; and as the morn advances we'll come forth, from our trances, while yet our eagle prances and fills the air with sermons.

CITY FREE OF "FLU" SAYS HEALTH OFFICER

No cases of "flu" have been found in Salem during the winter, according to reports of county and city health officers. Dr. R. E. Pomeroy, city health officer, reports that there has been absolutely nothing to indicate that there might be another outbreak of the epidemic.
 In order to further safeguard against an epidemic in this city, the public is asked to cooperate with health authorities by giving attention to any suspected appearance of bad colds or influenza. By consulting a physician or exercising proper care, much of the danger can be averted.

SUPERVISION OF S.P. LINES TO BE DIVIDED

Portland, Or., Jan. 24.—Segregation of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon from the jurisdiction of J. P. O'Brien, Federal manager of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation system and of the Southern Pacific north of Ashland was ordered Friday in a telegram from R. M. Ashton of Chicago, regional director of the United States railroad administration.
 The change will be effective February 1, one month ahead of the date of the relinquishment of the railways from Federal control, and the Federal manager of the Southern Pacific lines south of Ashland will take over the present jurisdiction of Federal Manager O'Brien. It is understood that the purpose of this action is to give an opportunity to the Southern Pacific to complete its organization before the actual date of transition from Federal to corporate control.

RUN SOLDIERS IMPRISONED

Lille, Jan. 24.—Seven more German soldiers, among them a captain, who are accused of thefts and pillage during their occupation of this city, have arrived here and are incarcerated in the fortress.

Abe Martin

HOW MANY?
 What's become of the travlers...
 I revealed in the flowers and for the moment neither the donor nor the man who should have been the donor, were of any particular importance to me.
 And yet I know now that it was one of the first little rifts in the life—the rift that has widened and widened until now the lute is broken and the music is still.
 If men could only understand that there is always another man just around the corner, always another man to say in words or by implication the neglected wife: "The man you married does not appreciate you. I know your worth!" A speaking glove, a lingering handclasp, has told this to many a woman and the rift has widened beyond repair.
 It is human nature—not only woman's nature, but man's nature—to be flattered by the attentions of others. If a man could only recognize the fact that the marriage ceremony does not change the character of a woman, that the attention which

HOOVER ON ANY TICKET.

LAST September the Capital Journal suggested Herbert Hoover for president as the best qualified man in America for the position. Since then the Saturday Evening Post, the New York World and many newspapers in all parts of the United States have declared for Hoover. The Capital Journal so far as known, was the first to urge Mr. Hoover, regardless of political affiliations, and will support Hoover, regardless of party, because he alone measures up to the job.

Hoover's nomination would not be acceptable to the politicians of either party, but as the New York World declares:

"The partisan objections to Mr. Hoover are arguments in his favor. The American people are tired of professional politicians and disgusted with party politics. The old party lines have broken down so far as the rank and file of voters are concerned, and in respect to principles both parties are bankrupt. Although the spirit of partisanship has rarely been more bitter or more brutal, and never since secession has it been more injurious to the welfare of the country, the battle of those warring politicians is a fictitious conflict."

If Hoover is named by either party, it will be because popular demand forces his nomination, smashing the "artificial barriers of a disgraced and discredited partisanship." The senate has given the country an object lesson of the beauties of partisanship in its consideration of the peace treaty—and we do not want to handicap the future of the nation by continuing a regime that places politics above patriotism. As the World declares:

"In point of ability, in point of experience, in point of capacity to deal comprehensively with the new problems of reconstruction, Mr. Hoover towers above all the candidates who have been brought into the contest. There are no arguments against him except arguments that are spawned out of the stagnant waters of professional politics. For itself, the World does not care whether Mr. Hoover calls himself a democrat or a republican or a progressive or an independent."

TAIL WAGGING THE DOG.

A "LARGE group of influential republican senators" have served an ultimatum, upon Senator Lodge against proposed compromise or reservations that will secure passage of the peace treaty, threatening future solidarity of the republican party. "Bitter-enders" threaten to bolt the party if the treaty is ratified.

Here we have an example of the tail wagging the dog. The small coterie of rule or ruin partisans whose efforts to block the treaty have so far been successful, threaten to bolt the party, and destroy republican unity in the senate unless they are permitted to dictate the party policy.

The republican majority has the choice of complying with the demands of the people for ratifying the treaty by compromise with democrats and ignoring the malcontents, and losing their support in party matters, or of ignoring popular desires and retaining a partisan majority. It has the choice of placing the nation's welfare above partisanship or of continuing to place politics above patriotism.

In as much as the republican majority has not accomplished anything constructive, but has devoted all of its energies to playing politics and blocking the ratification of peace, to retain its solidarity, the party as well as the country and the world will be gainers if the obstructionists leave the party. There might be a chance of something besides deadlocks. Something of national benefit might be accomplished.

The republican majority should ignore the bluffs of Borah, Johnson, Sherman and other objectors, and go ahead with their compromise on reservations. There is no danger of these senators affiliating with the democrats or any other party, and if they organize one of their own, so much the better. The time has come for progress to replace reaction and patriotism supplant partisanship.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
 by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

IF MEN ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

As John left me my mind reverted again to the flowers, and I smiled a little at the new illustration of John's inconsistency in money matters. He could be the most generous man I had ever known in some things, and he had often shown me that he was the most miserly in others.

In this case, however, I did not care much. My room was redolent with the fragrance of my favorite flower, and they gave me just as much pleasure, much to my surprise as though John had been thoughtful enough to give them to me.

I think perhaps that this was the first time in our married life that I had compared John's all too apparent neglect with the flattering solicitude of another man, without a feeling of hurt that my husband was not the one to remember me.

This time there was a little feeling of triumph and pleasure at the thought that I was still attractive to other men. I was glad to know that Karl Sheparth thought of me. I put out my hand and caressed one of the great clusters of violets that lay on my pillow. I drew it close and buried my face in its dewy, odoriferous depths.

Revels In Flowers.
 I revealed in the flowers and for the moment neither the donor nor the man who should have been the donor, were of any particular importance to me.

And yet I know now that it was one of the first little rifts in the life—the rift that has widened and widened until now the lute is broken and the music is still.

If men could only understand that there is always another man just around the corner, always another man to say in words or by implication the neglected wife: "The man you married does not appreciate you. I know your worth!" A speaking glove, a lingering handclasp, has told this to many a woman and the rift has widened beyond repair.

It is human nature—not only woman's nature, but man's nature—to be flattered by the attentions of others. If a man could only recognize the fact that the marriage ceremony does not change the character of a woman, that the attention which

made him so pleasing in her eyes still not only desired, but still necessary to her happiness, the divorce court would be a deserted place.

Devotee To The Fates.
 As I lay there, idly thinking over the episodes of the day, it seemed to me that had John been so ill as I had been, and if I had felt that as he said of me, I had received him back from the dead, I would offer oblations of smiles, of flowers, of gifts, of prayers and then have considered myself still a debtor to the benign fates.

The nurse came to prepare me for the night, and as she took the cluster of violets from my pillow I became suddenly sick of it all. "Take all these flowers into the charity ward," I exclaimed impatiently.

"But—" she began to expostulate. "Their fragrance stifles me," I said, "and my sister will be sure to bring more tomorrow."

"Yes," answered the nurse, "Mrs. Sinclair wished to send you flowers while you were still delirious, but both Mr. Gordon and his mother seemed to think it a waste of money. They said you would not appreciate them then."

I looked up quickly into the nurse's face. I wondered if she really intended to tell me what her words implied. She looked perfectly innocent, and I said to myself it was my own recalcitrant heart that was beating out its pain.

I tried to take myself to task for being so sensitive. I told myself it was because I was physically weak and that I put so much stress on the little thoughtless speech and actions that make up the sum and substance of all unhappiness.

Nurse Grows Curious.
 "What are you doing?" asked the nurse curiously as she saw my lips move.

"I'm quoting a little poem I have known and loved. It runs like this:—"
 "Darling, he said, 'I never meant to hurt you,' and his eyes were wet. 'I would not hurt you for the world; Am I to blame if I forget?'"

"Forget my foolish tears!" she cried. "Forgive! I knew that it was not because you meant to hurt me, sweet! I knew it was that you forget."

"But all the same deep within



CUFFY FRIGHTENS HIS MOTHER

When Cuffy Bear reached home, after his adventure with the bees, he found that his father and mother and his sister Silkie were just sitting down to their evening meal. Cuffy didn't speak to them as he came into the room where they were. He felt too miserable to say a word, with his face aching and burning, and with his teeth chattering in his jaws. So he just stumbled inside the room and tried to make himself as small as he could, so he wouldn't be noticed.

Cuffy's parents and his little sister all looked at the little bear who had come into their house without even a knock. And his father said, in a cross voice:

"Go away, little bear. Where are your manners?"

Cuffy didn't know what to make of that. He didn't know what his father meant. So he just stood there and stared.

"What do you want?" his father asked him. "Whose little bear are you? And whatever is the matter with your face?"

Actually, Cuffy's own father didn't know him. And neither did his mother or his sister. You see, Cuffy's face was so swollen from the bees' stings that his face did not look like a little

knock. And his father said, in a cross voice:

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"What do you want?" his father asked him. "Whose little bear are you? And whatever is the matter with your face?"

Actually, Cuffy's own father didn't know him. And neither did his mother or his sister. You see, Cuffy's face was so swollen from the bees' stings that his face did not look like a little

bear's face at all. His nose, instead of being smooth and pointed, was one great lump. And he hadn't a sign of an eye—just two slits.

"What's the matter with you?" Mr. Bear asked again. "Are you ill? Have you the black measles?"

At that, Mrs. Bear rose hastily from the table and snatched Silkie up from her high-chair and took her right out of the room. The thought of black measles frightened Mrs. Bear. You know, they are ever so much worse than plain measles. And she was afraid Silkie would catch them.

Well, poor Cuffy felt more miserable than ever. He saw that his own family didn't know him. And he wondered what was going to become of him. Then, when his father told him very sternly to leave his house at once, Cuffy began to cry.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he sobbed. "It's me—it's only me!" he cried. "That very morning, at breakfast, his father had told him to say "It is I," instead of "It is me." But Cuffy forgot all about that, now.

"What! Are you my Cuffy?" his father exclaimed. For he knew Cuffy at last. You see, the bees hadn't stung Cuffy's voice. And in no time at all Cuffy was tucked into his little bed and his mother was gently licking his poor, aching face with her tongue. Among bears that is thought to be the very best thing to do for bee-stings.

After a while Cuffy stopped crying. And it was not long before he had fallen asleep.

But it was two days before Cuffy Bear felt really himself again. And then his father went off into the forest with him and Cuffy led the way to the bee-tree; for Mr. Bear knew enough about bees so that he could take their honey away from them without getting stung badly. He didn't mind just a few stings, you know.

Well—what do you think happened? When they came to the tree Mr. Bear took just one look at the nest into which Cuffy had thrust his paw. And then he began to laugh, though he was somewhat disappointed, as you will see.

"Those aren't bees!" he told Cuffy. "That's a hornet's nest! * * * We'd get no honey there."

Rankled this thought, and rankles yet,
 When love is at its best, one loves,
 So much that he can not forget.
 Tomorrow—"The Soul, Too, Must Be Fed."

Open Forum

ARE WE A NATION OF HYPOCRITES?

To the Editor: A close observer of press dispatches during recent months may well ask the question. A short summary of facts, according to our dailies, will illustrate my point.

Secretary Baker, once a pacifist society leader, now endorses what we once chose to call "the Prussian system," or universal military training. President Wilson, whom in a speech just before the war, said "We are bringing up our sons for something better than to be soldiers," is silent on the proposed military bill so far as we can learn from the news sources. Enlisting the support of the masses in the late war on the slogan that it was being fought "to forever crush militarism," we stand against when we see the youth of our high school marching up and down our streets with guns on their backs in truly military style, the very thing which our leading citizens both local and national condemned so vigorously during the war, and which we were told was the cause of Germany's woe and final downfall, yet in a month—so it seems—we have it in our midst, either openly championed by these same leading citizens, or else bowing their heads in silent assent. The self styled guardians of our American institutions, the would be saviors of our liberties, free speech, etc., have now before them a bill, which if passed will (quoting the editor of the New York World) make it a felony to read or print the Declaration of Independence.

We see duly elected representatives of the people denied their constitutional right of representation, not because they are criminals, but because their political aims differ from those of some of our guardians of American liberties. We see a three million dollar campaign being waged against the high cost of living, and after six months there is hardly a day that press dispatches do not carry items of some necessity of life in a mad scramble to reach the top—if there is any top, with hardly anything reduced. We read one week that a merchant in Portland has been arrested for profiteering on sugar at 13c a pound, and the next week we are paying 18c without even an apology from the profiteers who are perhaps making millions where the criminal's grocer made but a few cents.

Truly the people need representative, not so much of any political faith, as men who hold the welfare of the masses above that of special privilege, who hold the right of the whole people to free speech, free press, etc., above the atrocious sedition bills emanating from Wall Street.

We need, not so much a new constitution or a new Declaration of Independence, as we need men who dare to stand for the principle that we have been taught to believe those historic documents contain.

When will people awake to the fact that they will never be represented by men who extend to them the hand of fellowship—till after election—then grasp the slimy hand of politics to be led whersoever the crooked path may lead, politics, the essence of which is, and always has been, graft, greed, hypocrisy and deception.

Yours for a better world,
 —E. B. Daugherty.

CZECHS AND AUSTRIA FORM NEW ALLIANCE

Budapest, Jan. 24.—Czecho-Slovakia and the Austrian republic have formed an alliance against Hungary, according to a news agency report published here. It is said the agreement reached by Chancellor Renner at Prague provides that Austria shall undertake no measures looking to an increase in her military establishment without consulting them to Czecho-Slovakia for approval and that in the event of war between the Czechs and Hungary, Austria shall supply munitions and material only to the former.

In addition, it is said, Czecho-Slovakia has agreed to furnish troops to aid Austria in securing German soldiers of western Hungary.

Frank F. Lischke of Milwaukee has filed application with the state engineer to appropriate 3760 second feet of water from the Deschutes river for power development in a series of plants at Metolius, Prineas, Coleman, Meen, White Horse rapids and Pelton in Sherman, Wasco and Jefferson counties.

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