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Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason.

ANNOUNCEMENT

This year I'll be a candidate for Woodrow Wilson's honored place; my friends keep chasing to my gate, and urging me to make the race.

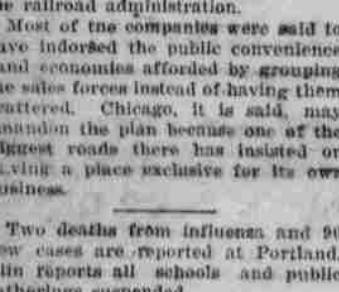
Consolidation Plan to Be Retained by Railroads

Washington, Feb. 12.—Consolidated ticket offices established during federal operation of the railroads will be retained in most large cities when the roads are returned to private control.

Two deaths from influenza and 50 near cases reported at Portland.

Elm reports all schools and public gatherings suspended.

Abe Martin



To Relieve Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness And Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal hearing and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine.

English Language Inadequate

To repeat a thing once said bore us and yet there never was a time when I wanted to find another word to express my love and admiration for John, although he often told me that the English language proved very inadequate when one was in love.

REDFIELD HEADS BANK

New York, Feb. 12.—William C. Redfield, former secretary of commerce, has been elected president of the American-Russian chamber of commerce, it was announced today.

CABINET CHANGES.

APPOINTMENT of John Barton Payne, of Chicago, chairman of the shipping board as Secretary of the Interior to succeed Franklin K. Lane comes as a surprise to the country and as a disappointment to the Pacific Coast, which had hoped that a western man, familiar with local conditions would be chosen.

Cabinet changes are probably for the country's welfare. The cabinet has been composed of mediocrities—only two or three members being regarded as men of more than average ability.

The president has not had the faculty of choosing able administrators as cabinet ministers, though he has been loyal to those selected. His recent appointments are an improvement, and will strengthen the cabinet.

There is still room for improvement in the cabinet, but the announcement that there will be no more cabinet meetings until the president can preside indicates that the executive's health has improved to the point where he will shortly resume the direction of affairs—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

In the meantime an official statement should be issued regarding his illness, which will set at rest alarming stories still in circulation. If the president suffered a slight stroke of paralysis which temporarily impaired the use of his left arm and leg as claimed, the country should be taken into confidence and fully informed, for the policy of concealing the facts is misleading and unfair to the public.

RIDING TO A FALL.

ORGANIZED labor is going into politics to punish and blacklist congressmen and public officials that refuse to accept dictation.

In pursuing this policy, a leaf has been taken from the Anti-Saloon League, which has long practised the same coercion and is still busy issuing ukases to governors and legislatures as well as congress.

Other factions pursue the same tactics. Certain manufacturers seek tariff benefits, farmer organizations demand special favors—and so it goes, a stand and deliver attitude for selfish gain at public expense.

Government is for the benefit of all—not of factions. Patriotism consists in serving the public—not in serving factions. The welfare of all the people is paramount to the welfare of groups or individuals. Democracy means the rule of all, not of classes, and the selfish attitude of classes, bodes no good to the nation's future.

Organized labor is riding to a fall when it attempts to run the nation for its own benefit. America will not tolerate an autocracy of labor any more than it will an autocracy of capital, for it spells the downfall of democracy. In no sense can it be construed as a square deal for the people—the ideal of the republic.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idaho McGlone Gibson

We Go for a Ride
For the next few weeks things went rather smoothly. I did not see Madam Gordon. In fact I had not seen her since she visited me at the hospital.

I was soon able to go riding, and Alice took me often in her electric. John asked me rather differently one day if I would go motoring with him and seemed quite pleased when I accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"I don't know but you would be afraid to go with me, after our accident," he said. "Not at all," I answered. "And don't you think, John, now that I am well enough to go out, I can dispense with the nurse? She has been very sweet to me, but I am really tired of having her here."

"I'm awfully glad to hear you say that, Katherine," said John. "For I shall be much relieved when I can have you all to myself again. Would you like to go up to the Country club?" he asked.

I knew by their way John's eyes rested on me that he thought I was looking particularly well, and he had a pride in showing me off to his friends, but he didn't tell me so.

Not Inordinately Vain
I wonder why when people live together and see each other every day, they do forget to voice the pleasant thoughts they have of one another? I do not think I am inordinately vain, and I know by John's face that when lately, in a study of married life, has I was something complimentary to him, he enjoys it. Someone very said: "In this life of ours the two great essentials are comfort and happiness. We never entirely neglect comfort—even the poorest and even the hardest take some precaution to equip themselves with a measure of the commodity. But with happiness it is different. With happiness the greatest of all needs, we concern ourselves not at all. Happiness is taken for granted. We assume that it will be ours, and as a general result, it falls us—completely."

I do not believe that one can find happiness unless one also finds appreciation. Then why should appreciation after marriage be allowed to wither? I am quite sure that neither men nor women change in themselves and the whole litany of a lover is admiration for the one loved. It is only relations that change, and the intimacies of married life seem to crowd out entirely any sense of admiration and sometimes of consideration.

"For to admire and be admired" is a quotation which made an old song popular because it appealed to that love of approbation in every human being. A man as well as a woman loves flattery, and I am afraid neither man or woman is apt to give it to the one with whom they come in daily contact.

English Language Inadequate
To repeat a thing once said bore us and yet there never was a time when I wanted to find another word to express my love and admiration for John, although he often told me that the English language proved very inadequate when one was in love.

"I learned my bitter lesson as soon as I seems to me now, while looking back that even before John I missed some little things which made me understand that he had completely changed in his feeling toward me. I do not mean to say that he did not love me any more,

but the old story of the man who changes the car until he is out of breath and when he catches it, enters and with a sigh of satisfaction composes himself to read his paper, is pregnant with a great truth.

I don't really think I am too sensitive, too self-centered, too introspective, but I was beginning to think that I hadn't enough to do. John insisted upon keeping every possible task and decision away from me.

I could have spent several enjoyable weeks refurbishing and redecorating our rooms. I could have become really interested in making a budget to cover our personal and household expenses. If John had given me any kind of an allowance, I think that this is one reason there is so much unrest among the married women of the well-to-do middle class. It is a kind of a fetish with a modern business man that his wife shall have nothing to do; when if he knew it work is the greatest blessing in the world. I think it is bigger than love, because work almost consoles you for the loss of love and I have found that love never consoles one for the loss of some kind of occupation.

Did Not Have Time
One reason why our grandmothers and mothers were so much more satisfied than we are, was that they did not have time to think about themselves.

Oh, if John would only treat me as a human being! These were the thoughts that came rushing to me during our silent ride to the Country club.

A number of John's and my friends came to the porch to meet me as I alighted from the car, and Karl Shepard clasped both my hands and kissed me after the other.

"Silly ass!" I heard John mutter. "Tomorrow—A Visit to the Club

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF JOLLY ROBIN By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

JOLLY FEELS BETTER
Jolly Robin awoke at dawn. And he knew at once that the day was going to be a fine one. Though the sun had not yet peeped above the rim of the eastern hills, Jolly Robin was sure that there would be plenty of sunshine a little later.

Now, it had grown quite warm by the time Jolly Robin went to the woods late in the morning to meet

Rabbit told him. "With his head off, he can't do any harm. And with the sun shining so warm I should say that by to-morrow he'll be gone for good. It looks to me as if he might be the last snow man of the winter, for I don't believe there'll be any more snow until next fall."

"Good!" Jolly Robin cried. "I shall come back to the orchard to live, after all, just as I had intended." And he felt so happy that he began to sing.

"I'm glad I brought you here to see the snow giant," he told Jimmy Rabbit, when he had finished his song. "But when may wife and I start to build our summer-house a little later in the spring, I hope you'll say nothing to her about this affair. It might upset her, you know, if she knew that a giant lost his head in the orchard—even if he was made of snow."

"I understand!" said Jimmy Rabbit. "And I won't mention the matter to her. You're afraid she might lose her head, I suppose, if she heard about it."

Having made a joke, Jimmy Rabbit said, "Maybe there is something queer about this case," he said.

Jimmy Rabbit. And the snow had melted away as if by magic. "Summer's coming! Summer's coming!" Jolly came hopping into Jimmy Rabbit came hopping as soon as Jimmy Rabbit came hopping will burst out before we know it."

"Yes—and the cabbages, too, Jimmy Rabbit replied. "I'm glad the white giant in the orchard lost his head," he added, "because there's no telling what he would have done to the cabbages later if he had wandered into the garden. He might have eaten every one of them. And I shouldn't have liked that very well."

Then they started off together to headless stranger who had given Jolly Robin such a fright the day before. Jimmy Rabbit went bounding along with great leaps, while Jolly Robin flew above him and tried not to go too fast for his long-eared friend.

Once in the orchard, Jolly led Jimmy to the spot where he had seen Johnnie Green knock off the giant's head with the snowball.

"Here he is!" Jolly Robin whispered—for he was still somewhat afraid of the giant in spite of his having lost his head. "He doesn't seem as big as he was yesterday. And he has dropped the stick that he carried."

Jimmy Rabbit stopped short in his tracks and stared at the still figure under the apple tree. For a few moments he did not speak.

"That looks to me like snow," he said at last. And he crept up to what was left of the giant and sniffed at him. "It is snow!" he declared.

When he heard that, Jolly Robin flew to a low branch just above the giant.

"I don't understand it," he said. "There's his head on the ground, with the big black eyes. They certainly aren't made of snow."

"No!" Jimmy Rabbit agreed, as he sniffed at the terrible eyes. "They're button-nuts—that's what they are!"

Well, Jolly Robin was so surprised that he all but tumbled off his perch. "There's his hat!" he continued, as he clung to the limb—"that's a real hat. It's not made of snow—or button-nuts, either."

"Yes!" Jimmy Rabbit said. "It's a sure-enough hat. Farmer Green wore it on Sundays for a good many years. I've often seen him starting for the meeting-house over the hill with this very hat on his head."

"Then the giant stole it from him!" Jolly Robin cried in great excitement.

But Jimmy Rabbit thought differently. "It's my opinion—" he said—"it's my opinion that Johnnie Green took this old hat and put it on the giant's head, after he had made him."

"Made him!" Jolly Robin repeated. "You don't mean to say that Johnnie Green could make a giant, do you?"

"Well, he knows how to make a snowman—so I've been told," Jimmy Rabbit replied. "And though I've never seen one before, it's plain that that's what this creature is."

Jolly Robin had listened with growing wonder. Spending his winters in the South, as he did, he had never ever heard of a snow-man.

"Are they dangerous—these snow-men?" he inquired anxiously.

"This one certainly isn't," Jimmy Rabbit told him.

ELIHU ROOTH INVITED TO SET UP AN INTERNATIONAL COURT
London, Feb. 12.—Elihu Rooth has been invited to become a member of the committee to prepare plans for the constitutional of a permanent court of international justice.

The list was announced at today's session of the council of the league of nations.

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