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Oregon Observations

Dallas.—Paul Carpenter, recently engaged as agricultural agent for Polk county, began his work Monday.

Albany.—Ambrose Bowers who has been in the service of the Southern Pacific company for forty years, has been pensioned by the company and placed on the retired list.

Portland.—Forty-one new cases of influenza and two deaths from the disease were reported to the city health bureau Wednesday. There have been 166 deaths from influenza since the outbreak of the epidemic.

Astoria.—Mrs. Kate Brown of Ilwaco, died Monday following an extended illness. She was 79 years old and was a grand daughter of a noted chief of the Chinook Indian tribe.

Pendleton.—The largest funeral ever held on the reservation took place Wednesday when the late Yun Tarkin was buried at the reservation. He was a native of Chicago, while on his way to Washington, D. C., on business for his tribe. He was a famous Chinook Indian and leaves an \$50,000 estate.

Medford.—Mayor Gates Wednesday vetoed a bill passed by the city council Tuesday night with only one dissenting vote, providing for the purchase of property for \$25,000 to open up King street in this city. This is said to be the first time a mayor of Medford has exercised his veto power.

Corvallis.—Ida A. Kidder, the grand old lady of the college library and known familiarly and lovingly to three generations of college students as "Mother Kidder," died Sunday morning at 12:15, her death being caused, by hemorrhage of the brain.

Toledo.—The first change of the national democratic flag was sounded in Toledo Tuesday when A. L. Wagon declared himself a candidate on the democratic ticket for the nomination as delegate from the first congressional district to the democratic national convention.

Cottage Grove.—The presence of mind of nine-year-old Levi Carpenter saved the life of his six-year-old brother Lester, Sunday afternoon. While the three sons of Mrs. Goldie Carpenter were playing on the banks of the Coast fork, Lester fell into the water where it was over his head. Levi waded into the water and pulled his brother to shore.

Portland.—Deposits in the Portland banks declined 13.25 per cent between November 17, 1919, and February 23 according to the statements made in response to the call of the comptroller of the currency and state superintendent of banks. Total deposits of \$144,765,425.43 were shown by the banks at the close of business last Friday as compared with 166,832,405.13 at the date of the preceding call 102 days before.

Financiers say this is a natural condition and one that was foreseen as a part of the deflation from the high tide of the war period.

Hood River.—Lack of suitable cars for moving apples in winter time is the most serious obstacle against the future success of the apple business, according to H. F. Davidson, former president of the North Pacific Fruit distributors.

"The losses sustained at Hood River alone on account of damaged apples shipped during the 1919-1920 cold weather season has been sufficient to empty enough refrigerator cars to move the entire quantity necessary to be shipped during the cold weather," Mr. Davidson asserted.

Abe Malin



"I believe I'll go to the speech on 'Amazement' at Melodon Hall 't'night as I can't sit a little sleep," said Ted Hinkley today. It's better to have loved and lost than try to pick out a pocket with your wife.

RUSSIA

A NEW light upon Russia and Bolshevik rule is thrown by a series of cablegrams to the New York World by Lincoln Eyre, who has just completed a ten weeks' sojourn in Red Russia. Mr. Eyre won fame during the war as a reliable observer and his statements are the first authentic description of life and conditions under the joint rule of Lenine and Trotsky.

Eyre declares that red terror has been bleached to a pale pink by iron law and order everywhere, that the food and fuel problems in cities is acute, that the transportation system has broken down and that disease is rampant throughout Russia. The Bolsheviks freely state their desperate need for help from foreign capitalism, and admit capitalism is growing rapidly in communist circles. The victorious armies have been conscripted as industrial workers and set to work rebuilding and repairing railroads, which, however, are useless with locomotives and rolling stock that must come from other countries.

There is no danger of a Red offensive against Poland or any other country because the nation lacks the industrial strength to support such an undertaking. The overstrained industries and railroads would completely collapse under such an undertaking. Trotsky defines the situation as a race between economic reconstruction and reversion to savagry, and peace is essential for reconstruction. Hence peace and lifting of the blockade are anxiously awaited, upon most any terms.

"Lenine the thinker, and Trotsky the organizer and executive, wield a more absolute power than any czar" says Mr. Eyre. They are described as the only really strong men among the Bolsheviks or anywhere else in Russia. They have, with the bayonet, restored law and order, neither anarchy nor chaos being visible. It is no longer necessary to terrorize opponents into submission. The administration of the unwieldy Soviet bureaucracy, however, reveals many inconsistencies and much incoherence.

Labor has been militarized and is ruled by iron discipline. Armies are turned into labor gangs. Discipline is imposed upon factory workers, who are ruled by tribunals with power of court martial. Everybody must work and work long hours, for the economic rehabilitation of the country. Soviet control has drifted into one man direction and responsibility, with a committee to serve as a board of directors for consultation.

There is abundance of food in the country, but lack of transportation prevents its being brought into the cities. The government is only able to supply only 60 per cent of food required by the cities, the remainder being bought from speculators at fancy prices. Although employees, in collaboration with the central dictatorship fix their own wages, they never earn enough to cover the swiftly climbing cost of living—and with this the case of the protected ruling class, the proletariat, the less favored elements face a ghastly situation.

Peasants however, are rolling in prosperity. They have more food than they can eat and refuse to sell products for money, except that proportion commandeered by the government at a fixed price. In private trading, they take only manufactured articles and clothing in exchange for food. Food speculation is developing a new capitalistic class and the communists confess themselves powerless to prevent it.

It seems that the Russian revolution has produced a military dictatorship with the strong man as dictator—as revolutions always produce: that Soviet rule is being replaced by individual rule; that the laborer is not only conscripted for the army, but for industrial toil, and the serf is still a serf, under a new name; that the dream of communism is vanishing under the actuality of an iron tyranny and Russia as far from real liberty as ever.

Lenine has discovered that the Russians were not fit for self government and is giving them the only kind of government they have ever developed, czarism, under a new name. The ignorant Russians enthused by rainbow promises and fine phrases, have waded through blood and terrorism to exchange masters and enthroned a new ruling class upon the ruins of the old.

It took six years to establish stable government in France, after the revolution. It is only three years since the czar's overthrow. The reign of terror is over, the old regime gone the way of the French nobility. Intervention by foreign nations united Russia in self defense, as it united France and the Red armies have similarly emerged victorious over all foes. The era of reconstruction is dawning and a new Russia is emerging from the chaos of the old, as Bolshevism destroys itself.

The old Russian order is gone forever. The new is in process of creation. The sins of Czarism have been expiated. The dream of communism is already vanishing—as it vanished in France. But there is no reason to doubt but that the new Russia will be better than the old as the new France was better than the empire. Whatever her problems are, only Russians can solve them and there seems no reason why the world should longer withhold assistance.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WAL. MARON

BREVITY

If you desire to make a hit it's well to bear in mind that brevity's the soul of wit, the wisest scheme you'll find. Long winded men are always shunned, they fill our souls with care, although they may possess a fund of knowledge rich and rare. We all detest the dreary chump who tells a rambling tale, so long it reaches from the dump clear to the county jail. We are bored by dizzy birds who know not when to stop, who pile up endless words on words, and other words on top. How comforting the silent gent, who makes a brief retort, who's always said just what he meant, and cut the saying short! The words he pushes through his face are chosen as the best; for brevity's the soul of grace and sense and all the rest. The man who lectures for an hour will make his hearers mad; he'll see the faces turning sour that at the start were glad. Ten minutes are enough, I wot for any speaker's junk; for nearly all we say is rot; the rest is mostly bunk.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

A LETTER FROM IDAH. I'm afraid I would not have made an ass out of myself. I am extremely susceptible to physical contentment and after Helen had gone I spent at least a half-hour of pure delight in swimming about the great salt water pool, which was heated just enough to make it the temperature of the ocean in July. Then, after a cold shower which made my body tingle I came upstairs quite happy. I have always found that when I am well groomed and have put myself into my prettiest frock and donned a charming hat, the battle against discontentment and unhappiness is more than half won. So I hurried into my smartest sport dress and, taking a warm sweater with me, I went to the dining room for toast and coffee. There I found Helen still lingering over her mail. Seating myself, I opened the fat missive that

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF JIMMY RABBIT BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

THE NEW WHEELBARROW There was something that Jimmy Rabbit wanted. He had teased for it for a long time. And at last, after he had almost given up his mind that he wasn't going to get it, one day to his great joy his father brought home



"But I don't want to wheel you," said Frisky. "I hope now, to have a little time for recreation," Mr. Rabbit told him. "It's too bad you have to work so hard," said Jimmy. "Recreation" was a big word. Jimmy supposed that it was some kind of specially hard work. He did not know it meant play. "I'll go down to Farmer Green's garden right away and get a load of his best vegetables!" Jimmy exclaimed.

Down in Farmer Green's garden Jimmy worked busily, loading his new wheelbarrow to the very top. And then he trundled it home again. No prouder youngster was ever seen in Pleasant Valley than Jimmy Rabbit, pushing that little wheelbarrow up the hill. "Let me push it!" Frisky Squirrel begged. But Jimmy Rabbit said that he must not let anybody else play with that wheelbarrow.

"Let me take hold of one handle!" Billy Woodchuck pleaded. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said to Frisky Squirrel. If you weren't my best friend I'd never think of such a thing. And you mustn't expect I'm going to let you do this often—" "Do what?" Frisky asked. "Why, wheel my wheelbarrow!" said Jimmy.

Frisky Squirrel jumped high up in the air, he was so pleased. "Hurrah!" he cried. "May I push it now, before you fill it with vegetables?" "Well—no! It's getting late," said Jimmy. "I'll let you wheel the vegetables home for me. But first, you must gather them."

Frisky Squirrel was more than willing. And he filled the barrow with cabbages and turnips, lettuce and peas, while Jimmy Rabbit looked on and ordered him about. "There!" said Jimmy, when the wheelbarrow was full. "Now we'll go home. And then, to Frisky Squirrel's surprise, Jimmy climbed on top of the load and sat down.

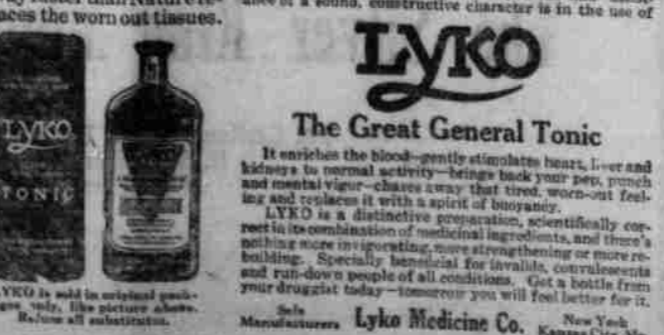
"What's that for?" asked Frisky. "Why, to keep the vegetables from falling out!" Jimmy explained. "You see, you don't know how to wheel a wheelbarrow. You'll be tipping it, first one side and then the other. And we would have to stop every few steps and pick up a trip or a cabbage."

"But I don't want to wheel you!" said Frisky. "You're too heavy!" "Oh, very well, then!" Jimmy answered. "If you don't care to wheel the wheelbarrow it's all the same to me." And he started to jump down from his seat on top of the load. "No, no!" Frisky cried. "Don't get off! I can manage all right! After gathering all those vegetables, he did not want to lose the fun of pushing the wheelbarrow."

"Walk fast, now!" Jimmy said. "We're late already."

Be Young In Body, Mind and Looks Despite Your Years

How often you have wished that you could indulge in the strenuous exercise of out door sports with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth! But the end of the week finds you all in—you are tired, listless and lack the energy to go out for a vigorous walk or a round of the links—or any other exercise that requires much physical exertion. Many a man, even in his middle forties, has a vague feeling that he is "getting old"—and right at a time when he should be at his very best physically. And he is growing old, not in the sense that the years are pressing heavily upon him—but in the sense that his vital forces are wasting away faster than Nature replaces the worn out tissues.



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