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Editor and Publisher

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the
Audit Bureau of Circulations.

LENINE FORESEES THE END

Apparently the so called, Bolshevik government is about to collapse. Lenine, seeing the certainty of his fall is already preparing to save his hide, and get to some safe place before the storm breaks and he is lost in it. He, with Trotsky, played a deep game for the kaiser, and after doing all they could for their master were turned down by him for not having done enough. Their efforts were all right as far as they went, but they did not go to the extent of turning Russia bound and gagged over to Prussia, and so the kaiser refused to ratify the peace they had worked so hard to bring about, because that peace was not made strictly after the German pattern. Lenine and Trotsky made the mistake of believing the kaiser meant what he said about peace without annexation or indemnity, and worked to that end. When they had worked the ignorant Russian peasant up to accepting this plan, they found that what the kaiser really meant was no annexation for any party to the war except Germany and no indemnity unless it was paid to the kaiser as a reward for bringing war upon the world. The result is that their plans having miscarried they have failed to please their master, and on top of it have lost favor with the people they had for some months so fully hoodwinked. Trotsky has concluded to stay, so he says, but once the real trouble starts the chances are he will join Lenine and both will be found seeking an asylum in Germany. The Petrograd garrison has taken the stand that the minority shall submit to the majority in matters pertaining to the action of the troops. Another thing showing the end of the Bolshevik regime is at hand, is that the committee of the people's commissary, appointed to deal with the soldiers and handle local affairs of the Bolsheviks are preparing a proclamation surrendering all their power to the constituent assembly. This means they see chaos is coming if they undertake to hang on, and so are going to get out while the getting out is fairly good.

THE IMPIOUS KAISER

The kaiser speaking to his troops on the western front last Friday made a grandiloquent speech praising their heroic efforts, and among other things he told them: "The German people have in the Lord of Creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom it can absolutely rely. Without Him all would have been in vain." It might be thought presumptuous to make suggestions to the kaiser's "ally," but attention is called to the fact that with the kaiser the most solemn treaty is but "a scrap of paper," and he cannot even be trusted as an ally, for it is evident, and has been for some time, that should the kaiser succeed he will have no allies for he will absorb them just as he will the balance of the world if they help him get it. It is not at all likely he can ever absorb any, even the smallest portion of heaven, but it is a safe bet he would break a treaty with the Lord just as quickly as with a mortal provided he could ever make one.

We would suggest to those thinking of entering the race for the governorship that they might do better to tackle the board of regents of the Oregon Agricultural College. The salary is nearly double that of the governor and the voting contingent is not so large. Besides there is no limit to the salary if the board should feel like paying it. On top of this it is possible there will be a nice new mansion on the campus rent free. Politicians are overlooking a soft snap.

There must be some acutely expert artists in the tabulating of the degrees of vice who close the doors of Seattle and open those of Portland. Vice may not be flaunted so openly in Portland as in the Sound metropolis, but it is there just the same, and in just as large quantities. In addition it may be stated that the vice covered up is the most dangerous kind, and that that flaunts itself in the robes of virtue is the most deadly of all.

THE KEEN NOSED SLEUTH

Peter Drautzberg is a special deputy of the United States secret service. He is a sleuth of remarkable penetration and keen insight into things which anyone except either a horn or naturalized fool would fail to discover. The city of Chicago undertook to make Christmas day a little brighter for the poor within her borders, and to do so sent many of them a little basket of foodstuffs calculated to give the family something out of the usual for their dinners.

Here is where the sleuth, Drautzberg, showed his fine talents. He discovered the city had provided with each basket a small roast of beef, something most of the poor it was seeking to aid seldom saw and still more seldom tasted. This profoundly wise official knew that Christmas, falling on Tuesday was meatless day, and probably for the first time in his life discovered "a crime." Fortunately he like most government sleuths did not make the discovery until it was too late to prevent most of the baskets being distributed. Naturally it would be inferred that for a treat of this kind to people who from necessity observe nearly every day as a meatless one, would not be considered a violation of law, but with these wise ones who gag at a gnat and swallow a camel, this was a heinous offense. One cannot help sometimes regretting the foolkiller was not born twins.

Fifteen hundred killed, 4,000 seriously injured, 20,000 homeless and property loss amounting to \$50,000,000 was the estimate Monday of destruction and damage caused by the explosion of the munition ship Mont Blanc, December 6, which wrecked and burned two and a half square miles in the north end of Halifax. This is the statement sent out from the wrecked city on Monday. It is perhaps approximately correct except as to one detail and that is the cause. While the deaths and damage were caused directly by the explosion the real cause of the disaster was the criminal carelessness of someone who permitted tanks of gasoline or benzine to be carried on the deck of a ship loaded with explosives. It was evidently some official with a strong pull, for no attempt has been made either to discover the guilty person or to bring him on the carpet.

It is sincerely hoped that General Allenby, commander of the British expedition in Mesopotamia, who is on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho will not meet the same treatment as the traveler mentioned in sacred history who traveled the same road, and that he will not need the services of a good Samaritan to get him to shelter and where he can be taken care of.

According to the Oregonian "twenty-five years ago" column, Portland was having a fine time with slush as it states: "The predicted chinook arrived on schedule time and for four hours it has steadily thawed the 26-inch snow mantle that awaited its advent."

The fellow in Oregon who swears off next Tuesday should be able to stay on the water wagon. Booze, even of the bootleg variety is said to be remarkably scarce and also unusually costly. A fair quality is said to cost \$5 a quart and the real old simon pure stuff double that.

Thirteen may be an unlucky number, but when it comes to Thirteen millions and each of them a member of the Red Cross, it is different.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

I've done my stunt as Santa Claus; with horse-hair whiskers or my jaws, I ran the Christmas tree; and all the Christmas gifts in sight were reminiscent of the fight that's on across the sea. My little girl, Evangeline, drew down a large tin submarine, and never raised a bawl; she said this instrument of crimes was more in keeping with the times than any sawdust doll. The baby drew a cartridge case, and happy smiles lit up his face, where I expected tears; Aunt Sarah got a flashing blade, and said for that she'd prayed and prayed for many weary years. One kid received a bright tin lance, and one a steed that couldn't prance, because its legs were oak; and there were soldiers made of zinc, lieutenants blue and colonels pink, and other warlike folk. There was no sign of peace on earth, oh, not a bogus nickel's worth upon that Christmas tree; my grandsire drew an aeroplane, and said a gift more safe and sane he surely ne'er did see. And e'en the candy stuff was wrought in shape of cannonball and shot, and bomb and hand grenade; and as I ply my creaking pen I wonder if good will to men must permanently fade.

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Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PRELIS
BOB REMAINS IN TOWN.

CHAPTER XXIII
The afternoon wore slowly away, so slowly that I thought night would never come. Night that would bring Bob back to me! I couldn't believe he meant, that he knew what he was saying when he talked to me.

Yes I recalled the seriousness with which he had spoken; the regret which tinged all he said; his hollow eyes and pale face, I realized that there might possibly be more in it than I thought. But that he meant it all was absolutely beyond my comprehension.

Della had cared for the children the entire day. What little housework she had done had been done while they slept. They both took naps after lunch, and so gave her the opportunity. I couldn't have endured Donald's chattering and George's fretfulness. He was cutting teeth and consequently was not as good natured as usual.

About six o'clock the telephone rang. I answered to find Bob calling me. "I shall not be at home tonight, Margaret," he said in a strained voice. At least it sounded strained to me.

"You mean you will not be home to dinner?" I asked, my own voice sounding unnatural.

"No, I mean that I shall not come home at all tonight. I think it better that I remain at the club. It will give you more time to think things over; to decide what is in your opinion—best for us to do."

"You don't still expect me to believe you were in your right mind when you talked to me last night?" I asked trembling so I could scarcely stand.

"I meant all I said, Margaret. I wanted to say a good deal more; I would like to have been able to make it easier for you; but it was impossible for me to do so. You understand without appearing brutal."

"But Bob—"

"I'll be at home tomorrow night!" he made answer, and then before I could object I heard the click of the receiver.

I immediately called the office, but his stenographer informed me that Mr. Garrett had been gone about an hour. He evidently had telephoned me from the club; but when I called him there he said he had not been in that afternoon. There was nothing I could do further, so I gave up the attempt to reach him; and with the tears streaming from my eyes I groped my way into my room and threw myself on the bed.

I refused the dinner Della brought me. It was not an untruth when I told her that food never choked me. The girl seemed to comprehend that something unusual had happened; something which meant more to me than the matters over which I had wept in the past. She again offered to put the children to bed as it was Nellie's day out.

Suddenly it came over me that I could not hear it alone. I must talk to some one or I should go mad. But who? Mother was out of the question. In the first place she had always taken Bob's part; and in the second if she believed Bob was in earnest it would almost break her heart that I, her only child, couldn't hold my husband—even the I loved him.

Then Elsie occurred to me. She would tell me what to do. I wiped my eyes and went to the telephone. Fortunately she was at home.

"Can you come out?" I asked. "It is very important, Elsie, or I wouldn't ask it."

The Daily Novelette

AS YE CHEW.

(By the author of: "A Dark Mystery or The Blackberry Pie"; "The Doo-decker Deal"; "Nero, or The Burying of a Bone"; "The Greek Papyrus or The Pilfered Parchment"; "High Life in New York or The Steep-Jack's Job"; "The Secret of the Sphinx or He Never Smiles"; "A Walk in the Dark or The Stubbed Toe"; "The Peddler's Poodle"; "A Pair of Jacks or Elope Without a Cent"; "The Silent Sentinel or The Lion of Stone"; "The Saturday Night Errand or The Foaming Growler"; "More or Less" and others)

It was a nice day in the garden of Eden. Gentle violets and rough cactus lilies, blooming side by side, mingled their fragrances, and a little white mouse and a leopard gambled together on the shady walks. (See Alexander Peet's "Before the Eviction.")

"Adam," said Eve, "what do you think I've made for supper?"

"Another apple wallop?" said Adam hopefully. (See Ambrose Snee's "Prehistoric Cookery.")

"No, biscuits, Wampus root biscuits. They look light as a feather."

"I'll try anything once," said Adam (See Marie Ham's "Origin of Certain Modern Expressions.")

They ate supper under the stitzer trees. Adam took a bite out of one of the biscuits.

"Ain't they supposed to go down?" he asked, still chewing patiently, five minutes later.

Eve, though disappointed, had a bright idea.

"No," she fibbed, "you're just meant to chew 'em."

And thus chanced the first chewing gum.

OPEN FORUM

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY.
To the Editor:

My subject is as dry as popcorn, but I would like to hold the attention of your readers, because, I have something of importance to tell. I understand that Judge Bushey is requested to put in the budget the amount of salary \$4,400 a year to appoint a county agriculturist to go around and tell the farmers how to work, and that Judge Bushey will not do it without the farmers' consent. The farmers should not consent. Their taxes are too great now. They should tell the would-be agriculturist to hoe his own corn. If I went around to tell Marion county farmers how to farm it would take a long time. If the Journal prints this letter it will be read instantly by its 16,000 readers. On the same principle if every newspaper will print each day free gratis a short sketch on agriculture it will reach more people, and bring better results. Our leading papers could help fill their columns this way. It would give variety, just a little farm news is spicy—too much is an overdose. The farmers have time to read short articles and they can talk about it to their neighbors, and think of it when they are bringing home the cows. An agriculturist would be as slow about getting around as the seven year itch. The newspapers should give us advanced ideas. We know how to plow, and sow. The papers should guard us against overproduction. They should not allow the buyer to set our market price. We know how to produce. All we need is protection, and how about the Canada tariff, that is rapidly spreading in Marion county. Why don't they send the consulars to grab it out, or use dynamite.

ELIA M. PINNEY.

And He Did



A WORD OF APPRECIATION

To the Editors of Oregon: Portland, December 25—Never have I witnessed anything like the publicity that has been given by the newspapers of Oregon to the Red Cross membership campaign. They have been generous of their space. They have taken a keen interest in all local phases of the campaign and in addition have featured the purposes of the Red Cross and have set forth its achievements.

At state headquarters we have a vast mass of clippings—boxes full of them—all from Oregon newspapers. It has been a physical impossibility to go over all of them as yet. Also it has been impossible to make that individual acknowledgment which each editor deserves for the special cooperation he gave. Some of these individual acknowledgments have been made and before the end of the year we hope to get all the clippings filed and classified so that at least a word of appreciation may be sent to each newspaper.

The people of Oregon are intensely patriotic. The press of Oregon, by its editorials and news matter, has helped this patriotism express itself practically. Every undertaking sanctioned by national authorities has been supported by the Oregon press. This publicity has encouraged thousands of campaign workers in the Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other drives and has helped educate public opinion to the point where subscriptions are offered in a fine spirit of cooperation.

To the press is due much of the credit of the matchless record Oregon has made in contributing men, money and materials to our country for the prosecution of our great war.

C. C. CHAPMAN,
Oregon Campaign Chairman.
HENRY E. REED,
Oregon Campaign Manager.

LODGE ELECTIONS.
Valley Lodge I. O. O. F. has elected the following officers for the coming term: Edwin Bangham, noble grand; C. E. Hankle, vice grand; B. D. Good, secretary; C. W. Irvine, treasurer. Beulah officers elected are: Mabel Stevens, noble grand; Mrs. Fred Howard, vice grand; Clara Graves, secretary; Ella Hart, treasurer.

Eastern Star officers elected are: Mary Fluke, worthy matron; W. G. Grant, worthy patron; Carrie Clark, associate matron; Arletha Butler, secretary; Nellie Dammann, conductress; Jessie Hewett, associate conductress—Independent Monitor.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



CAMILLE CLIFFORD, FAMOUS GIRL IS NOW WIFE OF CAPT. EVANS—The latest photograph of the beautiful Camille Clifford, whose acting and beauty won fame for her on the stages of both England and the United States. Then she was known as the "Golden Girl." She is now the wife of Capt. J. M. G. Evans, M. G., having lost her first husband, the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce through the war.

On and after Wednesday, December 26, 1917, our State Street door and our After-Hour Wicket, No. 5. will be closed at four o'clock.

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