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POLITICS AND WAR MANAGEMENT

The Oregonian has suddenly discovered that Senator Chamberlain is a great man; that he is worthy to be placed in the same class and named in the same breath with Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root.

This discovery came to the Oregonian only after years of sneering and scoffing at the senator and his pretensions to statesmanship, and it may be regarded as significant that it followed closely on the news that Chamberlain had openly attacked the national administration in a champagne banquet speech where the loudest applause came from Teddy and Elihu. The natural inference, therefore, is that the editor of the Oregonian being a little better partisan than a patriot is glad to encourage Senator Chamberlain, or anybody else, to vilify and abuse a democratic president and his advisers.

This latest incident and the peculiar national characteristic it exemplifies, amount to little after all and is merely the American way of playing politics. It can be harmful only in the event that the German rulers take it seriously, which they are apt to do because they never seem to be able to properly interpret the American disposition. They may think we are hopelessly torn by political dissension, that our army is a joke and our public officials a lot of blithering idiots just as the Oregonian and Senator Chamberlain are saying. The kaiser and his serious-minded advisers may not realize that an American political row is the biggest farce in the world and may be encouraged to fight longer and harder in the hope of ultimate victory. Were it not for this fact the impotent mouthings of the Oregonian and other republican newspapers and sundry g. o. p. politicians, because they are on the outside looking in, would only provide pleasing diversion from the serious work and thoughts of war.

Roosevelt wants to be the central figure in this greatest world's drama, and pats his intimate friend Chamberlain on the back and encourages him to go ahead with his scheme for a "war cabinet"—with possibly Roosevelt and Chamberlain as the central figures, and all the republican politicians applaud the scheme for taking the control of the war out of the hands of the democratic administration. Hence Chamberlain for the time being—as long as he can be of service—is a great man in the eyes of the Oregonian and many other intensely bitter republican newspaper organs. These editors, however, are doomed to disappointment because it is not customary for national administrations in crises like this to slip down from the places of power and turn the reins of government over to the other fellows. During the Spanish-American war for example (since most of us remember that one) the democrats who were able to get even army commissions were as scarce as hen's teeth. There was a great deal of criticism but the McKinley administration pursued the even tenor of its way while the contractors supplied the boys with "embalmed beef," obsolete black gun-powder and ancient fowling pieces, and sickness and death swept through their unsanitary, miasmatic camps. The Oregonian, as we distinctly recall, was not in favor of a non-partisan war cabinet at that time.

Frankly speaking, the republican politicians and newspapers are proving very poor sports in carrying criticism of the government to the point that it gives comfort to the enemy. Partisanship is permissible but it should be subordinated to patriotism. It is tough luck, of course, that the grand old party happened to be out of power when the big thing happened—but isn't the government, with its free institutions and broad democracy worth more than the welfare of any political party? The republican who thinks so will keep his mouth shut and follow implicitly the leadership of an American president until the kaiser is done for. The real patriot is putting the soft pedal on his political prejudices—and a great majority of the people of all parties, is patriotic.

Also it is pertinent at this time to note the fact that the democratic senators who are backing Chamberlain in his fight against President Wilson are the men the Oregonian has flayed as members of the pro-German party—

Hartwick, Gore, Hitchcock and Reed. "Politics makes strange bedfellows" some one has said, and it does seem strange to see the editor of the Oregonian bunking with that crowd.

SHOULD BE MADE COMPULSORY

Food Administrator Hoover will soon call on Americans to still further reduce their consumption of flour. Word reached California yesterday that Hoover was preparing to make another call on us, and that this is necessary because the allies have already used up all our surplus wheat of the 1917 crop and that it will require one-third of what has been kept for home use to keep them going until after the 1918 harvest is available. It is not a great sacrifice to cut out one-third of our bread rations, but then it is the small sacrifices it seems that are the hardest to make. However Americans will respond willingly, and the few who do not must be made to. In this, as in the selection of our soldiers, it must be made compulsory and at the same time universal. The willing person must not be made to deprive himself and his of a double portion to keep the slacker from making any sacrifice at all.

Roosevelt has gone to Washington for the avowed purpose of making war on the administration. He is obsessed with the idea that he is the only person in America capable of managing affairs. His action will work a greater injury to the cause of America and the allies than anything that could happen. This not because he is a great man or a leading one, but because he has been president of the United States and his words inimical to the government will carry great weight with the kaiser. If he carries out his intended program he will have earned the right to wear about all the decorations the kaiser can dig up. A comparison of his methods with those of the only other living ex-president, Taft, illustrates the difference between the self-seeking politician who would fatten on the country's misfortunes and the true patriot who places his country above self; and the triumph of democracy for the world above a place in the limelight.

An alien Bulgarian who is affiliated with the I. W. W. and is at present held in jail at Moscow, Idaho, is to have his punishment made to fit his offense. As he is not satisfied with this country he is to be sent home to Bulgaria. We being at peace with that country permits this being done. It is a hint that should be acted on after the war and all those active against America should be returned to the countries they love better. A law should be placed on the statute books now providing for this, so that those weary of America will know that when the war is over they will not have to stay in it. Some things are valued most because we know we cannot have them, and liberty is one of these.

If congress wants to stir up trouble for itself its actions yesterday are moves in the right direction. This is no time for quarrelling over politics. Winning the war is what we are all after now, and a political row will cause the voters to say "A plague on both your houses," and see to it that an entirely new lot are sent to Washington at the next election. It might be a good plan to fire all the old political war horses who have been in the harness so long they think the country belongs to them.

From the way the governor hesitates about taking the plunge into the political pool it is evident he does not think "the water is fine." He is apparently wading in slowly so as to get accustomed to it "by degrees" like a lodge goat.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

A WINTER DAY

It is a bitter, roaring day, the wind comes whooping down the hill; the skies are of a leaden gray, and I would give ten cents for May, with azure sky and babbling rill. The winds each moment colder grow, that through my whiskers blow apace; and there are symptoms now of snow; my cord-wood pile is getting low; such weather is a rank disgrace. It's sad to see the furnace eat the costly coal, and call for more, then shed around some sickly heat, not strong enough to melt the sleet that's drifted underneath the door. It's sad to shovel in the coal, and know that each expensive lump, diminishes your hard-earned roll, and puts you deeper in the hole, and brings you nearer to the dump. My scanty wages I have earned by labors fierce, that made me yell; it's hard to see such money burned, to see one's savings hourly turned to ashes, which one cannot sell. An ash-pile's all I have to show for long weeks in the clanging mart; for endless journeys to and fro, for weary trips in rain and snow, and things that rend the human heart. The day wears on to evening, each minute brings an added jar; I sit as gloomy as a king, the while the girls waltz round and sing, "Brighten the corner where you are."

Margaret Garrett's
Husband
By JANE FEELES

ELSIE'S DINNER PARTY.

CHAPTER CXVII.
I said I never before had seen the look in Bob's eyes which came to them when he heard Miss Keating's voice. I had seen it, or one very like it ONCE before—when Donald was born.
I felt as if I were choking, and so had turned to John as a relief, although it left them alone.
"You are exquisite tonight, Mrs. Garrett," he said as we shook hands.
"Am I not? I have a new dressmaker, you see!" I replied with a laugh. All the time trying not to turn around to watch Bob and Miss Keating. If you never have been placed in a position where you were wild to see and know what was going on behind you, yet compelled yourself to turn, you can have no idea of how hard it is.
"It isn't all the dressmaker, although I give her credit for turning out a masterpiece," he continued. "But you wear it so well, and it is so becoming."
"So Bob said. There you have flattered me long enough. Tell me all about Miss Keating. She is talking to Bob. What an exquisite voice she has!"
"Her voice is only one of her charms. She is one of the most, if not the most wonderful woman I ever have met."
At each word of praise my conviction that in some way this woman was to hurt me increased. I now turned and she and Bob were talking in animated fashion, she gestulating, using her hands in a peculiar fashion which fascinated me.
"She is—somehow—different, isn't she?" I asked John.
"You have hit it exactly. She is very different. That is one of her charms." Just then dinner was announced. I was surprised and pleased that Mr. Lansing, who had consented to be an eleven-thirty hour guest was to take me in. He was interesting, he would talk to me and perhaps I would forget the uncanny feeling of disaster I felt.
Bob took Miss Keating in. I had somehow known all the time that he would. They sat where I could not see them; but often Bob's laugh would ring out in boyish fashion, showing he was at least interested.
The dinner was perfect. Like everything Elsie attempted. But I scarcely knew what I was eating, although I tried to be attentive when Mr. Lansing talked. A very quiet man on the other side of me, a famous somebody whom Elsie had placed on her right.
But he might as well have been the veryst nobody for all the interest I felt in him; and it was only my duty to Elsie as hostess, my fixed determination not to give Bob cause for complaint that kept me from bursting into tears. Every time Bob laughed it was like a knife thrust. Once when the table was quiet, I heard her soft flute-like voice. It would be impossible even after all this time to explain how it affected me. I felt numb and cold, yet when Mr. Lansing spoke I forced myself to listen, and to answer.
It was with a sigh of relief that I saw Elsie give the signal to rise from the table. The long dinner had seemed interminable to me although judging by the hilarity, none of the others shared my opinion.
The rugs had been taken up and the floors cleared for dancing. As he had done once before, at Henry Creedmore's breakfast, Bob danced first with some one else. Then it had been Sam Wells.

A political fight just now in congress is the worst thing that can possibly happen us. The story of our quarrel will be carried to Germany and there greatly distorted. It will be made to appear that we are not united in our purpose of carrying on the war, and this will encourage the German people to make still greater sacrifices. It will still further encourage them in the hope and belief they can eventually win. Every politician who now stirs up strife and disputes in congress is shooting thousands of our boys with German bullets, and the life of one American soldier is worth more than the whole bunch that indulges in political strife at this stage of the game.

Just as a matter of record and not in the way of bragging over the snowbound east, the daisies are in bloom on the lawns, the pussy willows have hung out their tassels, the alders are getting into leaf, geraniums and many other plants are flaunting their blooms in defiance of the almanac, and have done so all winter. More than that the hum of the lawn mower is heard on all sides and the tender greens help to Hooverize. Lilacs are swelling their buds almost to bursting and if Spring herself is not at hand she has strung us with a realistic lot of camouflage.

A lady in Portland is demonstrating many ways of cooking fish, so as to make them attractive to the palate. No doubt her heart is in the right place, but what the consumer most needs just now is some information of various ways in which the fish can be secured without paying three times their value.

Senator Chamberlain has locked horns with the president over the bill to create a war cabinet, a measure which the president vigorously opposes. This is probably one of those cases where Wilson will not "let George do it."

Evidently Hon. T. T. Geer never intends running for office again. In Sunday's Oregonian he had a two column article denouncing dogs and suggesting that the propagation of the species be stopped.

Clean-up Prices on SHOES

In accordance with our policy of starting the year with new, clean stocks, we will sell our stock of high grade Men's Shoes at special prices the next 10 days. With leather prices "out of sight" this sale should have an added appeal to economical buyers.

Many of these Shoes are still at "old prices" and with the clean up sale discounts the selling prices are in many cases actually below wholesale prices of today.

Investigate this sale. It means money to you.

For 10 Days Only—All Shoes Less 20%.

\$4.00 Shoes—Clean Up Price \$3.19 Pair
\$4.50 Shoes—Clean Up Price \$3.59 Pair
\$5.00 Shoes—Clean Up Price \$3.98 Pair
\$5.50 Shoes—Clean Up Price \$4.39 Pair
\$6.00 Shoes—Clean Up Price \$4.79 Pair
\$7.00 Shoes—Clean Up Price \$5.59 Pair

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And He Did

I'LL WEAR MY NEW GOWN WITH THE BUSTLE TONIGHT. I WANT MY HUSBAND TO SEE IT!



do things up brown," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "And she always has interesting people."

Tomorrow—Personality—Plus!

The Daily Novelette

THE HELPING HAND.

(By author of: "Augusta Wind or She Opened Her Mouth"; "Hy Jinks! Carrying One"; "His Main Support or The Lion-Head Case"; "The Plunderings of the Pfaffenlofer Family"; "His First Vacation or Please Omit Flowers"; "The Terrible Turtle Soup"; "Perry's Predicament or The Back Rent"; "By the Light of the Flivver's Moon"; "The Burning Question or Is the Fire Out?"; "The Cheezits"; "A Close Shave or Barber's Orders"; "Excuse Him, He's Dead"; "No Tip or When the Waiter Waited"; and a couple of others.)

It was late in November, and the day was dull and dreary. It was toward dusk.

Two people sat apart in their almost empty, cold attic.

They were staring straight ahead in the hopeless, hopeless state of misery known only to those in extreme poverty.

Pale, gaunt and hollow-eyed, they sat, neither daring to speak to the other, for he had just come home after a fruitless search for work. One night in many. Suddenly, a light footstep was heard outside the door, which afterwards opened.

A beautiful face peered in, after which came the rest of her. The lovely girl laid down a package upon the covetous table. She looked at the two poverty-stricken beings, with pity in her eyes—divine pity.

She spoke: "We heard you were in trouble so I have brought you these things," and she opened the package.

After casting about one glance upon the piano scarf, three hand-painted menu cards, a bottle of Gough's Gough Drops and a box of double-pointed tooth-picks, the two unfortunate beings continued to gaze stonily ahead.