

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

## Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

L. S. BARNES, President. CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President. DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c  
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL  
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the  
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### THE PRODUCT OF OUR SCHOOLS

There has been some discussion of the case of Floyd Ramp in the Portland papers. Probably these cases would best be allowed to pass without special notice, since men of his stamp thrive on publicity and criticism. They crave notoriety and this notoriety is responsible for their following. Without it they would probably soon tire of making nuisances of themselves and become to some extent useful citizens.

One correspondent in a Portland paper calls attention to the fact that the Ramp family has lived long in this country and that the young man has had full advantage of the educational system of which we boast so freely. It made of him, the correspondent asserts, the intellectual freak he advertises himself to be, full of half-baked ideas that he has not the intellect to assimilate.

It may be true as stated that Ramp has gone to school but he is not educated. Perhaps he fell under the tutelage of some of those freaks with which it is too much the fashion to load up the faculties of our higher educational institutions. They teach the boys and girls everything but the fundamental idea of their education which is to make real men and women.

The religious and moral side of life is entirely lost sight of in most of our larger universities and colleges and not infrequently instructors sneer at the old-fashioned idea of right living in the sight of God and man. To our mind the smaller denominational colleges of the country are doing most of the really sound educational work of the present time. We never did have much use for the mass of prohibitory and corrective laws that encumber our statute books, with the idea of forcing men and women to live right through fear of legal punishment but we do have an abiding faith in human nature when it is trained in the proper course at the proper time of life.

Young men and young women are being turned out of the schools knowing too much about the things they ought to shun and too little about their duty to society and to their Creator. They have not been surrounded by the proper influences at a time their habits of thought and living were being crystallized.

Ramp may be an exaggerated product of our educational system because of some peculiar twist of his intellect or possibly on account of an abnormal craving for notoriety.

### RUSSIA'S AMAZING COURSE

Yesterday the news of Russia's complete withdrawal from the war was confirmed. It in some respects creates an amazing and complex situation without parallel in history.

As the United Press war expert puts it: Without observing any of the usual formalities, one of the biggest nations on earth—represented by Leon Trotsky's Bolshevik government—has just backed off the field and left the Teutonic armies nothing to shoot at.

There has been no formal peace agreement and Trotsky says there won't be any. The central powers are left in the ridiculous position of being at war with Russia with nobody to fight.

Because of its utter lack of precedent, the situation cannot be intelligently discussed until future developments show what it all means. On the surface, however, it would appear that Trotsky has out-manuevered the best strategists the central powers boast.

The kaiser—publicly at least—is disposed to regard Russia's withdrawal as a great German victory. He so stated in a message to Field Marshal Hindenburg.

But the German press, as typified by the Frankfurter Zeitung, holds the opinion "that the central powers must force Trotsky to a definite peace treaty."

The phase most directly affecting the United States and her associates in the war is, of course, embodied in the question "Will Russia's withdrawal release further Austro-German forces for the western front?"

And there is yet time to have a little real winter here in Oregon.

## LADD & BUSH, Bankers

On February 7th we received balance of Liberty Loan Bonds  
Now prepared to make deliveries to those buying them.

### HAYWOOD TURNED LOOSE UPON THE PUBLIC

W. D. Haywood has been released from jail by Federal Judge Landis who reduced his bail to a figure where his I. W. W. followers could raise it. It is reported in the press dispatches that his attorney, before this action was taken, threatened that "something would happen" if Haywood was not freed. This remark of itself should have been sufficient reason for keeping him behind the bars, since if the I. W. W. can openly defy the authorities and get away with it the very foundations of our government are endangered. There will never be a better time to fight it out and test the power of this anarchistic organization. Probably Haywood would still be in jail if any other federal judge but the erratic, socialistic Landis had passed upon his case.

Haywood's career has been one of disturbance and crime. Before he was nationally prominent as an agitator he was known as a lawless, disreputable character in the Rocky mountain region and was driven out of many camps by indignant miners. Then came the murder of Former Governor Steuenburg, of Idaho, of which he was acquitted in spite of convincing evidence, and later his prominence as head of the I. W. W.

Such a man would naturally be chosen to do the disloyal acts that an ordinary traitor would shrink from. With him it would be a purely monetary consideration with no regard for the principles involved, or thought for life and property destroyed.

Haywood may now be counted upon to get busy again with his plotting against the government, outraging every sense of decency and good citizenship.

Offhand, it would appear that such would be the case. But there are good sized, well equipped armies in Russia, such as the Don Cossacks which will not recognize Trotsky's proclamation and which are in favor of continuing the war. Z Z Z

Germany might start a new invasion of Russia. Not only would this meet with resistance from the Cossacks and other anti-Bolsheviki, however, but it probably would stir up the Bolsheviki themselves to renewed resistance.

Sometimes chickens come home to roost quite unexpectedly. That man Adams who had the chairmanship of the republican national committee cinched probably wishes now that he had not bid so strong for German-American support.

Mayor Wm. Hale Thompson seems to have come back to life at the meeting of the republican national committee. We thought he had drifted into everlasting oblivion with the late Bob La Follette and others of his stripe.

Since it is and always has been the proper thing for diplomats to write memoirs we ought to be thankful that President Wilson generally chose literary men to represent us abroad.

Office holding is more attractive than ever since it has become known that an official salary is exempt from war taxation.

Those g. o. p. national committeemen at St. Louis seem to be having a hard time keeping their loyalty on straight.

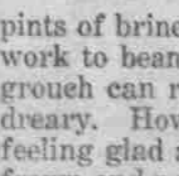
Anyway, brave little Rumania appears to be standing pat.

## Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

### BE CHEERFUL

Don't tell your troubles to a friend; it isn't fair or proper; if you must let your wails ascend, go, spring them on a copper. The cops are paid a princely wage to listen to your railing, to harken while the heathen rage, and fill the air with wailing. But we are not in uniform, we pack no shields or billies; and when you come and beef and storm, you give us all the willies. We have our little troubles, too, as evil fortunes plan them; when they're inclined to make us blue, we do our best to can them. We boost a confidence that's fine, until the welkin rattles; we know that shedding pints of brine won't help us in our battles. And it is easy work to beam, when all the boys are sheery; but one old grouch can raise a scream that makes the prospect dreary. How often, when we start downtown, we're feeling glad and gaudy; on nature's brow there is no frown and nothing's base or shoddy. Then some one joins us in our walk, on joy a cheap infinger, and puts up such a doleful talk, we lose our pep and ginger. He's spoiled a cheerful day for us, a day we'd spend serenely, but for that grim and grisly cuss, who thinks and talks so meanly. If your old jug is full of bile, go, plug it with a stopper; bring us a gay and gorgeous smile, take trouble to a copper.



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## The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

### WHAT SHE REMEMBERED

#### CHAPTER III

If a man forgets everything he wants to forget, a woman remembers everything. Each little word and action, every slight, as well as every caress. The sound of an old song or an old waltz tune will carry her back to the night when she first danced with the man she afterward learned to love; and the scent of some particular flower will bring back the day he asked her to marry him, when she wore the flowers he had brought her—those flowers.

Men let old things go, even sweet old memories. Women hang onto every little happening with a tenacity as foolish as it is strong.

So I, like other women, compared the now with the time past, and in the comparison found unhappiness. To be wrapped in the cloak of memory perpetually is to be clad in discontent. The past is gone and we have only the present. It is like all foolish young things the world over, had this to learn—by experience. I thought of all the things George had said when he was courting me—all the extravagant speeches—and wondered now why he had said them, and if he had meant them, even then. I believe the old monks who tortured themselves by wearing a hair shirt were merciful to themselves compared to the woman who tortures herself by constantly questioning her husband's love— if SHE loves HIM.

So I tortured myself. Every time George left me, I spent the time thinking, and often weeping over, what had been. I was intensely proud of George. His position among business men—most of them older than he—inspired a great respect for his ability.

Often when I offered little evidences of affection, especially if he were read-

ing or busy in any way, he would re-please me—not rudely, but carelessly. To be just, I expect he was often bored when I insisted upon detailing my love for him; and also that I embarrassed him by my show of affection in public.

George seemed to forget that I was young, that I had been accustomed to a certain amount of gaiety. His business his clubs, and his sports took up most of his time.

I begged him, one night, to take me out with him; I felt I should go mad if he left me alone. But he was going to a prize fight, and he informed me curtly:

"It is no place for a woman."

"Then it is no place for you!" I blurted out, not stopping to think.

"When have you become my censor?" he queried sarcastically. "When I want any advice from you, any criticism, I will ask for it," and without so much as a "Good-bye" he left me.

It seems only a little thing as I tell it; but then it loomed large before me. It was of little things that my life was made up, at that time—a kiss, or the lack of it; a kind word, or the omission of it; the thoughtful deed, or the forgetfulness of it.

It seems to me even now that it is so with most, if not all, women. Our lives are made up of trifles. We are so dependent upon love to bring out what is in us. Lacking that, we wither and die—mentally, if not physically.

George figured that if he supplied the roast beef of life I could manage without dessert. But I longed for the sweets, for kisses and caresses.

To tell the truth, I was already beginning to be a little frightened at my future—what it would bring. Then, too, I was lonely. A few of my husband's bachelor friends had called; one or two

women friends. But they were so much older than I was—not in years, perhaps, (although even in that they were five or six years ahead of me) but in their knowledge of the world, of men and things of which they unblushingly talked.

I had a lovely home, beautifully furnished. Naturally I was very proud of it. So one day when a Mrs. Loring called—a handsome woman, though cold looking—and she expressed her admiration, I took her all over the house, showing her my library; even the kitchen, with all the delight of a child showing a doll's house to her playmates. She must have criticized me for doing it, for a day or two afterward George said:

"Was Madge Loring here the other day?"

"A Mrs. Loring called, why?"

"What did you do?"

"Do? Why, nothing! Just talked."

I replied, then. "You mean—Oh, I took her all over the house—showed her everything. She thought it was lovely."

"Well, she may have thought it was lovely, but she didn't say it. I wish you would try to be a little more dignified. It isn't quite the thing to take strangers into your private sleeping rooms and into your kitchen. Please don't do it again."

"But I am so proud of our lovely home, I love to—"

"Please remember my request. Try and be more dignified."

"I'll do anything in the world to please you, George! The trouble is I never know what is going to please you, or what will offend. Perhaps I will learn if you will be patient and love me."

"Perhaps!" he said in a doubtful tone.

### K's Hard to Blow Taps For Your Soldier Pal

By J. W. Pegler

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

With the American Expeditionary Army, France, Jan. 1.—(By Mail).—Sometimes a grown man will burst right out and cry like a kid—even a full-grown, hard-swearing bugler of sixteen.

And it is a fellow reginal control of the bass if a motherly woman puts her arm around a fellow's shoulder and says "there, there, little son" just as his own grey-haired mother would if he were back home in Clarinda, Iowa.

Of course a soldier is supposed never to cry. But suppose you were just sixteen and 4,000 miles from home in the holiday season. And suppose your best pal in the world was another man of sixteen. Well, your pal gets sick with pneumonia during a long march through the blizzards. He gets taken away to the hospital. Next thing you hear is that he failed to rally in the crisis and passed out last night—the fellow you collied with and bunked with ever since you came into the army.

You are the bugler told off to go to the base hospital and blow "taps" over your own bunkie.

There are two young American sur-

ses at the grave-side, standing knee-deep in snow, the wind whipping their reddened capes every which way. They are dabbling at their red eyes with knotted handkerchiefs. They nursed your bunkie those last few days and called him "The Child."

One of them sobs out loud.

Nothing gets on the nerves of a sixteen-year-old man so much as hearing a woman sob.

The chaplain winds up his stereotyped talk and you place the bugle to your lips. You play taps as you never played it before. But the blizzard howls down the clear quivering notes and drowns out the struggling echoes.

We saw the little boy from Clarinda as he came marching back into the hospital grounds—still a soldier, chin up, eyes front, shoulders squared. He drops

ped from the parade and went straight to the office of the head nurse to thank her for the care his best pal had received.

Those kindly blue eyes of hers seemed to melt right through the stern soldier "front" of the 16-year-old soldier. She called him "sonny" which put him at a disadvantage right off.

Exactly what was said in the next 15 minutes is between Sammy and the gray-haired, motherly head-nurse. He came out of her office smiling through his tears of loneliness, a slab of Christmas pudding in one hand and the shiny brass bugle in the other.

The head nurse says its nothing unusual for grown soldier men to cry—even men much older than sixteen.

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