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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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PATRIOTISM WILL RULE CONGRESS.

The Medford Mail Tribune is right in its contention that all interests and factions opposed to the government vote against the administration in times like these. For instance, we do not have to go outside of Oregon to find precincts of pro-German tendency voting solidly republican, now, just as they did for Hughes for president two years ago. This is not because they love the republican party, but because the democrats are in control and thus represent the government. If the republicans were in power all these malcontents and elements of discontent would vote democratic. The Mail Tribune sizes up the situation pretty well when it says of the failure of the country to respond to the president's appeal and elect a congress of his own party will not materially change the course of events. Nearly all of the republicans made campaigns upon pledges to support the president. By the time the new congress comes into power, the war will have been over and peace established. Even should the reactionaries try to organize an opposition to block the president's policies, they will not succeed, for the majority of republicans place patriotism ahead of party. No one for a moment questions their absolute sincerity in this respect. This talk about a patriotic issue in the campaign was political camouflage. The democrats only had the best of the argument in that the rejection of his party candidates might be regarded abroad as a repudiation of the president's war policies.

One of the determining features of the election was the German vote, which except in New York and Milwaukee, where it supported pro-German socialists pledged to peace at any price, voted solidly for the republican ticket. This was the case in every section where there is a considerable German vote. It accounts for republican success in Missouri, Illinois, Nebraska and other states. It accounts for the re-election of Norris, who has opposed every war measure.

Political revolutions, however, are not undesirable things in this country. We believe the republican party stayed too long in power after the civil war and following the Spanish-American conflict. It might be a good thing to have a republican national administration two years hence. These changes weaken political machines and foster independent voting. Long-continued power by one party is dangerous even in a republic.

The election, with its mudslinging and abuse, cannot however minimize the president's great part in the war—the contribution of moral leadership, which has played as important a role as the military and naval exertions of the allies. It has been hailed with delight by our allies, has created a unity of purpose that made them irresistible and has destroyed the power of the enemy by aiding materially in demoralizing morale and in unhorsing autocracy.

President Wilson has committed America and the allies to principles of justice and our ability to stand success will be proven by our adherence to these principles at the peace conference. It is for this reason that the president must be supported, and probably will be supported by the new congress—despite continued opposition by the reactionary politicians and beneficiaries of privilege.

GERMANY SEETHES WITH REVOLUTION.

The lid is off in Germany.

The bolshevik movement started by German militarists to wreck the Russian empire, spread next to Austria-Hungary and now bids fair to sweep over Germany itself.

It will be remembered that Ambassador Gerard in his articles on Germany and the German people contended that the kaiser's subjects would never revolt. Mr. Ger-

ard moved in diplomatic and the higher social circles because of the position he held. He saw the German people from the same viewpoint that the ruling class regarded them.

A splendid series of articles was written for the Saturday Evening Post, by Mr. Roth, who was of German extraction himself, and who had been stationed for years in an important manufacturing city of Germany representing the United States. He left that country with Gerard when we entered the war, and his articles were published about the time that Gerard gave the world the story of his experiences as ambassador at Berlin.

This man Roth knew all classes of the German people, mixed with them and they talked freely to him. His articles impressed the reader with the fact that he was well-posted on the subject he was treating.

The writer contended that revolt was sure to come to Germany; that the people at home were talking it even at that early date and that women spread the propaganda to the soldiers home on furloughs. The longer the revolt was delayed the worse it would be from all standpoints, he declared, and predicted that the Russian revolution might seem a tame affair compared to what was due to happen in the kaiser's empire.

This prediction seems to be coming true. Germany is aflame in all quarters and only a speedy peace may forestall chaos and anarchy.

It is likely that some of the wiser German rulers foresaw the impending danger when they began their efforts to end the war. It would not be surprising, however, if action came too late.

STICK TO YOUR JOB.

There is sound sense in the statement that is being widely printed in a series of industrial and patriotic advertisements.

"Things look good over on the west front. The Hun is falling back, snarling and killing as he goes—but he is falling back. This is splendid news. But let's not fool ourselves.

"It's a long way yet to Unter den Linden. The way will be spotted with the bodies of brave young Americans—wet with the blood of those we love best.

"They know the price that will still have to be paid. We must go with them in prayer, in spirit, in material aid.

"Pray to the just God of Battles who never yet has forsaken righteousness in arms—but work as you pray, give as you pray and sacrifice as you pray. For the moment the tide of battle sets toward us, so work hard to keep it from ebbing.

"Victory is not yet certain. Work steadily to clinch it. Victory will come all ywith doing and giving. And God help America if we falter!

"STICK TO YOUR JOB!"

We may not have to go to Berlin—it doesn't look that way now unless it is to hold the city and keep order while permanent peace is being arranged.

But it is the American way to finish a job and keep at it until it is thoroughly finished.

That means that we should contribute to the United War Work activities and the Red Cross, and buy bonds and thrift stamps, as long as the government says these things are necessary. In course of time the word will come from official sources that the war is really over and that we may return to our accustomed habits of times of peace and national security.

In the meantime the civilian in any capacity has no more right to loaf on the job than the soldier.

The noise and enthusiasm of the celebration in Salem, and throughout the country, broke all records. This is not a demonstrative community. It is quiet and conservative. But the lid was off Thursday night as never before in its history. It indicated the strain under which the country has been laboring as the demands of war have grown with its progress. Millions of homes have members in the service, some have made the supreme sacrifice and capacious hospitals are filled with the sick and wounded. While we have but a touch of war compared to the European countries, it has made a marked impression upon every community, and the restriction of personal rights, so unusual in the country, has been felt by all classes. The influenza epidemic, too, following in the wake of war, has filled the nation with death and sorrow. So when the tension was released by the magic word "peace", the nation was beside itself with joy, a feeling of relief and new found freedom that was indescribable. And even if the news was a little premature the celebration brought a better feeling and stronger faith in the future that have caused most people to overlook the fact that it was all a mistake.

The various war boards expect to keep right on after the armistice is signed, but their tenure of control will probably be short. American people will relax the moment they feel the emergency is passed and food conservation, defense leagues and all such organizations will find the public paying much attention to them.

The envoys may not have anything to surrender if they wait until Monday. The allies are pushing forward, Maubeuge has fallen, and the fires of revolt are menacing Hindenburg's army from the rear.

About the only grievance we have against the republican party for the way they voted in the recent election is that they re-elected Fall of New Mexico to the senate.

HIS MOTHER OVER HERE.
By Edmund Vance Cooke.

It isn't alone that I give my boy,
Him I have builded from sorrow and joy,
My boy who has just turned man,
But I send away what he was each day,
Since ever his life began.

The boy who yesterday, stooping above,
Cared my lips with a newer love,
And although my eyes were dim,
I knew that his heart had found its part
And I blest that love—for him.

I am giving the youth who tossed his hat
In the face of the world, who flouted it flat,
As he bared his arm, untried,
To win a place in the world's hard race,
With a laugh for the game beside.

I am giving the lad who never could be half so bad as I thought him good,
And if ever his heart was sore,
If he rambled wild, he was mine—my child—
And I only loved him more.

I am giving the boy who went to school
And if ever he irked at the rigid rule,
Or his lessons were amiss,
'Twas a very small chap snuggled into my lap
For the comfort of a mother's kiss.

I am giving my boy who went to play
And who hurtled back any hour of the day,
Like a wild wolf scenting wool,
And I sat by his side, with a motherly pride
And filled his hallowness full!

I am giving the child of my every mood,
Who sweetened my sleep, who savored my food,
Who brightened the morning light,
And I fretted away such hours of the day
As he lingered out of my sight.

I am giving the boy in his trousersed pride,
When first his little legs tucked inside
That garment of youthful joy,
And I laughed to see his ticklesome glee
To become a two-legged boy!

I am giving my child in his pinafores
As he rambled and rummaged the whole in-doors,
In silent mischief planned,
Or clung to my skirt to kiss the hurt,
Of his little pink tender hand.

I am giving him sick, I am giving him well,
Through sweets of heaven and fears of hell,
And along with all the rest,
The new warm hand, as I lay abed
And it nestled against my breast.

Men give but a man for the Kaiser's crimes,
But a mother gives ten thousand times.
The boy whom she sends away,
For tender and small or sturdy and tall,
He is born to her every day.

The Wife

By JANE PHELPS

BRIAN REMAINS OUT JUST AS LATE AS BEFORE.

CHAPTER LXXX.
Brian tip-toed into the room, and a very audible sigh of relief escaped him as he saw Ruth asleep—as he supposed. He had not meant to be so late; he had meant to come directly home when his lesson was finished, about half past eight. But some of the old crowd had dropped into Mollie's little studio, and they had sat smoking and talking until late.

Really, he felt terribly conscience-stricken. If only he could get to bed without waking Ruth, perhaps he could say he didn't know the time he got in if she asked him in the morning. He was ashamed to think he had been so thoughtless.

"She's a dear girl!" he whispered to himself as he quietly placed one shoe on the floor, then the other, instead of kicking them off with the racket he usually made. "I ought to be ashamed. I am!" he added with a rather sheepish grin, as he crawled into bed, staying on the very edge so fearful was he of waking her.

They were both lay wide awake, each trying to convince the other they were asleep, and each guiltily awake. Fortunately neither was aware of the ludicrous situation; and when finally they slept it was in blissful ignorance that either had lain awake.

"What time did you get in, Brian?" Ruth asked in the morning.
"I didn't look at the clock," he said. "You were fast asleep, so I crawled in without disturbing you."
"You must have been later than you expected to be. You recall you promised to be home by nine, or a little after, if you didn't come home to dinner. I didn't go to bed until after nine, and I—"

Ruth had been about to say that she had been very tired, and had had a big dinner with her employer and it had made her very sleepy. She had no faint-

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason
THE WAR LORD.

The war lord had his little day, he flashed his gleaming saber; "he is," the nations used to say, "a most imposing neighbor. He's talked of wounds and death and scars, until our heart-strings tingled; he certainly looks much like Mars, with Vulcan intermingled. He poses as the ancient Hun, Attila, bold and haughty; of course he means it all in fun—he's merely rather dotty." In times of peace the nations grinned at Wilhelm and his posing; his war lord stuff was so much wind, no solemn threat disclosing. And while the nations grinned and smirked, and thought themselves in clover, the kaiser and his cohorts worked o' tput hetir war graft over. They put it over good and strong, they caught the nations napping; as centuries, the years seem long, since Bill began the scrapping. It's easy now for us to say, "We've learned our lesson fully, and ne'er again can royal jay spring stuff so wild and wooly." Alas, but we forget so soon, as graveward we go roaming! Is any corn that hurts at noon remembered in the gloaming? We'll have long years of peace again—we're at that era's portal; if any war lord's strutting then, will we just wink and chortle

The United War Activities drive may be one of the last of its character during the war and deserves support. The soldiers will need their ministrations for some months to come. The Red Cross, too, will probably require additional funds to complete their work.

One of the surest signs that the war is over is the effort Mexico is making to get back on the front page of the newspapers. A new revolution is said to be smoldering there.

est idea of nagging him, or of letting him know that she was aware of the time he came in. But if he were going to take this tone with her she would tell him nothing. Her lip quivered when she remembered how she had striven not to find fault even when she knew she had cause.
It had been twelve o'clock when he came in, yet he had resented her simple question in such a manner as to freeze the confidence on her lips. What had he been doing, where had he been, that he was so quick to blame her, so impatient?
She said nothing more, but dressed, and while at breakfast tried to appear as usual although her thoughts never left the question of his whereabouts until twelve o'clock the night before. She knew he never remained in his office after six, also that no school kept open till midnight. After his lesson he had gone somewhere; and it was a place about which he did not want her to question him.
Brian seemed to forget that he had replied impatiently to Ruth, and in his usual egotistical way was telling of a new client he had secured, whom he thought was going to be a "good one," as he expressed it, because he was supposedly wealthy.
"That's fine!" Ruth replied, encouraging him as was her habit. But had Brian not been so wrapped up in himself as to not notice the shade in her voice, he would have seen that the encouragement was not so hearty, nor so spontaneous as usual.
"Yes, I hope through him to meet others like him," the reply was rather pompously given, and Ruth smiled in a sad sort of way at what she had at ways considered his boyishness; but which she occasionally feared would not overcome—only occasionally, however.
"Don't mind about the money, dear, just at first. Try to do what they give you to do better than any one else could do it. We can live easily with what we both earn" (as always she had put him on an equal plane as regarded earning capacity) and it will give you all the time you need to do good work. Take pains with what he gives you to do. Don't hurry it," she knew that he was apt to rush a piece of work if he either needed or thought he needed the money.
"I guess I know how to manage my own business," Brian retorted, yet not unkindly. "I can work as fast as anyone and do it well too. You see, Ruth, you think that because you earn a few dollars you know it all. After you have been working longer you won't think yourself so wise."
Brian had meant no slur, he had even smiled as he spoke. But Ruth was hurt. "Earn a few dollars," he had said in his careless, patronizing way! She earned twice what he did, yet he took such a tone with her. Her business amour propre was offended. She never allowed herself to brag; even scarcely mentioned the fact, save casually, when she had accomplished a piece of work for which the firm gave her unstinted praise. She never even hinted that she was "wise" and that she "knew it all."
Tomorrow—Mrs. Clayborne at last decides to visit Ruth.

SINCE YOUR RETURN
Sequel to "Since You Have Gone," by request.
Since your return
The days again are glowing,
All nature is exalted,
Gleams gladness and content;
I, no longer look in vain,
The air is full of fragrance sweet
As happy days go by.
No more dull and dreary;
Sublime hope fills the heart,
Gathers grace from all
That live and move.
All is light and cheery.
Since your return
The clouds show silver lines,
Belmy winds now fan the brow;
Kind affection brings life blessing,
Make us content to watch and love.
The morning star its mission teads,
It onward leads the rising sun.
We walk on hill and mountain side
And view the temples of our God.
Time swiftly flies when joy returns,
Hours are but minutes—sun a flash—
Till 'gain comes happy eve-time.

New Books Received

At Public Library

"The Fighting Fleets" five months of active service with the American destroyers and their allies in the war

Professor Camillo Schneider, a Harvard scientist, is under arrest at Boston, charged with violation of the trading with the enemy act.

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