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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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FACTS AND WORDS.

America will be sown from now on with literature denying German outrages in the war. In fact, warning has already been issued from Washington that societies are being formed for the extension of such propaganda.

It was inevitable that Germans as well as the pro-German element in this country should take this course in the hope of influencing public opinion favorably.

We have, unfortunately for Germany, too great a cloud of reliable witnesses against her. Brand Whitlock, for example, and the various representatives of the Red Cross in France and Belgium, while of authentic testimony there are volumes.

Germany can neither palliate nor deny her bloody crimes. The best that she can hope is that the half will not be told.

There should be no weakening in any respect of the just horror with which she is regarded. The conclusion of an armistice or peace cannot alter the facts, and should in no way influence the cool judgment of the world against which Germany has so grievously sinned, and to which she must make what recompense she can.

CIRCULATION RECORD OF WEEK.

The circulation of the Daily Capital Journal during the past week has broken every record made in the past by this or any other Salem newspaper. Even barring the figure set on Thursday when several special issues were printed, the regular circulation of the Daily Capital Journal has averaged above 5,000 copies daily. On Saturday, November 2, the 5,000 mark was passed, the number of copies distributed being 5,020, but last Saturday and issue of 5,215 was insufficient to supply the demand. Here are the week's figures:

Monday, November 4	4,910
Tuesday, November 5	5,000
Wednesday, November 6	5,020
Thursday, November 7	7,585
Friday, November 8	4,903
Saturday, November 9	5,215

The Capital Journal is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and its circulation figures are attested by the auditors of that organized association.

We hope no serious number of fatalities will follow the celebration of the signing of the armistice which began shortly after midnight. According to the Oregonian and Telegram the casualties of the celebration of the "fake" report were "heavy", and of course those papers will no doubt advise all the people to remain quietly indoors at this time and receive the news over the telephone.

The American flag may not continue to wave over the conquered lands of Europe but the principles it stands for are deeply rooted and will grow and flourish to the betterment of all peoples and all governments across the ocean that separates the old world from the new.

Max Harden, Friederich Ebert and other socialist leaders have finally discovered that the kaiser has proved himself useless. After a while some of these wise Germans will discover the world is round.

Dispatches say moving pictures were taken of the German peace envoys. It is safe to say, however, that Kaiser Bill immigrated into Holland so fast that the camera man was unable to catch him.

What's the use of working, anyway!

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
are receiving subscriptions now
for the

4th LIBERTY BONDS

A PROPHECY.

For I dip't into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of purple sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the southwind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder storm,
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

—ALFRED TENNYSON, 1886.

Keep on with the Red Cross work until the officials say it's time to stop. Remember what the boys have gone through to make this day possible.

People in Europe in the habit of looking under their beds before retiring should not be surprised to discover a king or kaiser in hiding there.

The league of nations will be a class "A" organization from the jump, judging from the way democracy is sweeping over the world.

They might have taken their pants, too, and sent them across the Rhine in empty sauerkraut barrels.

The women of America today are not worrying much about whether they have the right to vote or not.

The clown prince might get a good paying job from some enterprising American vaudeville manager.

The Yankees gave them their last good licking only forty minutes before the armistice was signed.

They've stopped the draft. Foch closed the German front door. That's where the draft came from.

Latest cablegrams from Holland state that the kaiser's mustache is dropping at both ends.

The only time we will feel happier than we are today is when the boys come marching home.

Probably some of the German people do not yet realize how much better off they will be.

What's the matter with taking in that Oregon-O. A. C. football game next Saturday?

Good way to celebrate would be to subscribe to the United War Activities campaign.

In a few days more the press correspondents may find leisure to resurrect Villa.

And in the end the misguided German people must pay the bills of militarism.

Kaiser Bill, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Mackensen were merely four-flushers.

The junk dealers of Europe are being overstocked with crowns and coronets.

The czar has the advantage of the kaiser now. His earthly troubles are over.

Emperor Karl might have meant well but his family connections were bad.

"The girl I left behind me" is entitled to the place of honor in the parade.

In a few days the Yanks will find out if the fishing is good in the Rhine.

Cheer, and the world cheers with you! The kaiser doesn't count!

"The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."

The Hohenzollern line has gone the way of the Hindenburg line.

Seems hardly natural yet to speak of the "former" kaiser.

May take a third celebration to get it all out of our systems.

It doesn't take long to make a good soldier of a good citizen.

Everybody's happy—with the possible exception of Teddy!

You couldn't beat this for a real "Mother's Day."

The kaiser seems to have got in Dutch for sure.

The watch on the Rhine stopped at 5 a. m.

Hats off. The flag goes by!

JUST YANKS

They walk through barracks as if they were rain;
They rush through the rivers pell-mell,
And the terrified Huns drop their jaws and their guns
At the sound of that wild-western yell.
In vain the machine guns spit hatred and death,
They keep coming up on the hop;
They have learned how to fight an offensive all right,
But neglected to learn how to stop
Like so many wildcats just out of the woods,
They fall on the enemy's flank—
The savage and terrible
Wholly unaccountable,
Fierce, do-and-dare-able
Yanks!

They haven't been disciplined seventeen years,
They often forget to salute;
They're a little bit rough in the tactical stuff,
But they certainly know how to shoot.
And many a German who thought they were soft
And never could count in the war,
In the combat and strife of a hellish life
Will not take a hand any more.
While others are rushing like mad to the rear
In advance of the oncoming ranks
Of the scowling and glowering,
Hun-overpowering,
Kaiser-devouring
Yanks!

They're gentle as lambs if you let them alone,
But their fury is dreadful to hear
When a Gotha slides by half a mile in the sky
And a Hospital's bombed in the rear.
And it riles them clean through when a treacherous foe
Walks out with a smile of good cheer
And observes "Kamerad" while a camouflaged squad
Cuts loose with a gun in the rear.
It is then that they go through Von Hindenburg's lines
Like a squadron of armor-clad tanks,
With purpose unassailable,
With vengeance unslakable,
They're simply irreplaceable
Yanks!

—J. J. MONTAGUE.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

STORIED PLACES.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and watch, with cheerful eye, the hurried Turks burn up the land, as they go whizzing by. Through storied scenes they wildly rush their coattails flapping wide, they're scratching for the underbrush, where they may hope to hide. By cool Siloam's shady rill the Turk, in deep distress, is wondering how Kaiser Bill got him in such a mess. Could I but stand where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er, I'd see the Turk vamoose for good from Jordan's sacred shore. The rose that blooms beneath the hill must shortly fade away, and so the Turk, with lust to kill must perish and decay. Too long, too long he's hung around, a blemish on this sphere; hark, from the tombs a doleful sound tells that his end is near. The Turk still trots on weary limbs, and leaves much dust behind; and, as we read, forgotten hymns, unbidden, come to mind. The hillsides and the towns and streams knew One, long, long ago, who has inspired the hopes and dreams that all good Christians know. It is the soil of hallowed works, and it is good to see such moral lepers as the Turks chased out of Galilee. Oh, may they be forever banned, forever and a day, from Canaan's fair and happy land, where their possessions lay.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

MRS. CLAYBORNE AT LAST DECIDES TO VISIT RUTH.

By Jane Phelps.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

All day Ruth thought of Brian's unappreciative remarks at the breakfast table. Often her eyes, filled as she recalled the almost sneering tone in which he had belittled her work, and called her a "know-it-all sort of person. Then, too, she had constantly in her mind that question:

Where had he spent the time after his lesson? Was it with Mollie King? And if it was, why didn't he tell her frankly? She never nagged, never scolded him, regardless of what he had said. Perhaps if she would scold once in a while, talk to him about his duty to her—the duty he owed his wife—he might do differently. But no sooner had the thought arisen, than it was dismissed. Brian would not be criticized. She must find some other way. But there was one thing she might do—propose to meet him after his lesson and have a little supper at some gay, inexpensive place. It would do them both good to go out, in that way, twice a week. Perhaps things were bettering a bit monotonous for Brian.

It came to Ruth that somewhere she had read that "A man will stand anything as long as he isn't bored." Was the reason he sought Mollie King? Mollie was bright, she was witty. Ruth acknowledged that in repartee she could not hold her own with the Greenwich Village girl. And then Mollie was so much more worldly-wise. She knew her New York, and so many people whom

Brian found interesting. Yes, perhaps that was the trouble. Brian was bored. She must now find the solution. An antidote for Mollie King.

She did her work in an abstracted manner which caused Arthur Mandel to glance often in her direction. "Has her husband found fault with her for going to dinner with me?" he asked himself, and felt guilty, wondering if it were so and if he had caused her pain. He wished she would tell him. He couldn't fix his mind on his business, while she looked so worried and anxious.

"Aren't you feeling well, Mrs. Hackett?" he finally could keep silent no longer. "I am sure you over-tired yourself yesterday."
"No, indeed, I did not! And I feel perfectly well. I am trying to solve a puzzling question, and probably that made me look as if I were tired."
"Is it about the business, may I ask?"

"Yes—it is business," she answered, salving her conscience by saying to herself that: "It WAS her business to keep her husband's love."
"Please do not look so anxious over it. If anything troubles you to that extent, take it to LaMonte or bring it to me."

"It's not so bad as that," she replied, wondering what Mandel would think, if he knew what it was over which she was worrying.
After this conversation, Ruth palled her wandering thoughts back into line. She was a business woman. She must learn not to let anything, even Brian, to occupy her mind during the hours belonging to the firm. So for the rest of the day she was her natural busy, in-

MY PALS AND I.

A Vicker's machine gun, and a revolver I trust
Are my pals thru the day, when Fritzie's shells bust;
I fondle them with care, like a mother her babe,
While the sizzle of shells make 'one feel he's in Hades.

There's my gas mask too, neat without I couldn't do;
For when he's putting over gas, the mouthpiece I can chew.
It keeps a fellow from cussing, tho his thoughts are far from pure;
But with this trusty pal of mine, I'd be out of luck I'm sure.

Now those are my pals; the best friends I've got,
While I'm up at the front, showing Fritzie What's what.
I'd rather go hungry than lose any of the three,
Which hardly expresses their true worth to me.
—Written by Pte Leonard Hamilton, from Somewhere in France.

JUST AMERICAN.

Just today we chanced to meet—
Down upon the crowded street;
And I wondered whence he came,
What was once his nation's name.

So I asked him, "Tell me true,
Are you Pole or Russian Jew,
English, Scotch, Italian, Russian,
Belgian, Spanish, Swiss, Moravian,
Dutch or Greek or Scandinavian?"

Then he raised his head on high,
As he gave me this reply:
"What I was is naught to me,
In this land of Liberty.
In my soul as man to man,
I am just American."
—Author Unknown.

interested self; and Arthur Mandel smiled to think he had made such a mistake, and could not help a throb of pleasure at the thought of the earnest, personal way in which she had regarded some business matter of his.

When Ruth reached home, she found a letter from her aunt, Mrs. Clayborne. She had made up her mind to make her niece a short visit, and the letter announced she would arrive the following day.

"She's come around, at last!" Ruth told old Rachel. "I knew she would forgive me. She's so sensible about everything else."
"Don't be too sure, honey, she's forgiving you." She's comin' to see how you're livin' and of you're happy. I know her, I do."

"Now Mammy Rachel, don't you try to spoil my happiness. I am so glad she is coming. I haven't anyone else to visit me, you know. I never had many folks."
"You got old Rachel, ain't you? An' yo' husband?" she added, but in a different voice.

"Yes, and what should I do without you," she hugged the woman who had been so much to her always; and ignored the part of her speech referring to Brian. She knew only too well that her mammy's sharp eyes had detected her occasional unhappiness; and that she resented it. "But we mustn't talk; we must have everything lovely for her. I am so glad tomorrow is Friday. She won't get in until seven o'clock, as we can meet her, both of us—meaning Brian—and I will ask Mr. Mandel to let me off all day Saturday. Oh, Rachel, I so long to see her!"

When Brian came in, a moment later, he was astonished to see Ruth writing Rachel around the dining room, both of them laughing gaily.
"Here you two dancing Dervishes. Stop that racket and tell me what's up!" he exclaimed.
Tomorrow—Ruth Plans for Her Aunt's Entertainment.

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