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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THE UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN.

The end of the war is in sight because the armistice has been signed. There is little doubt that all its terms will be complied with. But the end of the problems surrounding the welfare of our soldiers at home and abroad is not so close at hand. The signing of the armistice should not mark the end of all our patriotic endeavors and sacrifices and our interest in the boys whose valor and courage have made possible the coming of permanent world peace.

Seven great welfare agencies are included in this campaign for funds. They are the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the National Catholic War Council, the War Camp Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association and the Salvation Army. Each is performing a distinctive and useful service.

It should not be necessary today to describe the activities of these various organizations. Their work has been reviewed again and again in many publications, and every man or woman with friends and relatives in the service must have heard a good deal at first hand of the generous and noble work of one or more of them.

The fund asked for in this campaign is \$170,000,000. The drive will cover the period from Nov. 11 to Nov. 18.

Dr. John R. Mott, who is director-general of the campaign, gives one big reason for continuing the service rendered by these groups of workers. "The period of demobilization should not be allowed to become one of demoralization."

Until the boys are all home again and established in the lines of work they may choose, some such work as that done by these organizations will continue to be necessary. Thinking, responsible people should be glad of the privilege of backing up with their money the agencies performing that work.

THE OPEN GATE.

The downfall of Turkey which opens the way to the Black sea involves the internationalizing of Constantinople should appeal especially to the imagination of the American people, since it was the occupation of all this region by the Turks some 500 years ago which led to the voyages of Columbus and the discovering of our country.

The narrow passage-way to the East over which Constantinople stands guard has always been a sort of touch stone of greed, because of the wealth lying just beyond and the comparative ease with which it can be defended.

When the Turk first gained possession of it he slammed the door in the face of the civilized world and kept it shut until compelled by force and lured by bargaining to open it. Germany had long had her eye on the control of that part of the world. This war gave her the chance she wanted, and she joined with the Turks in attempting the same old game of monopoly. But Turkey and Germany have learned that the earth was not made exclusively for them.

Even before the kaiser abdicated, while the debris of the shattered structure of world-domination he had reared was falling about his head, the mine-sweepers were clearing the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Following close behind them were the battleships of the allied fleets bound for the Black sea.

Germany surrendered. The great "gateway" of the "East" round which wars have raged for generations will never again be closed by greedy hands. Constantinople the watch-dog by the portal, has changed hands; from now on it is only thieving barbarism and bloody oppressor who shall not pass.

Here are a few pertinent facts about General Ferdinand Foch, marshal of France and commander in chief of the allied armies: Ferdinand Foch was 67 years old October 2. He was born in Tarbes, a little town in Southern France, near the Spanish border. He has been a soldier all his life. He fought the Germans when a boy in the war of 1870. He served as a subaltern as did Joffre. After the war he began to win notice. At 26 he was an artillery captain. Later he became professor of tactics in the "French West Point"—the Ecole de Guerre. After five years' teaching he returned to regimental work. He had reached the rank of brigadier general when Clemenceau made him director of the Ecole de Guerre. From this

post he went to command the Thirteenth division, then the Eighth corps, at Brouges and then the Twentieth corps at Nancy, where he was stationed when the war broke out. Foch's strategy won the first battle of the Marne, saving Paris and preventing the envelopment and destruction of the French army. He commanded at the first battle of Ypres that saved Calais. He had under him British, French and Belgian troops. He led the Anglo-French army that rushed into Italy to stop the Teuton rush across the Venetian plains. He was commander in chief of the French forces in the battle of the Somme which swept the Germans over the ground they won back in the March offensive. His achievements as supreme commander of the allied forces are too well known to call for review, suffice it to say that within a fortnight after his appointment the affairs of the allies began to improve, and the war was brought to a close fully a year earlier than most experts supposed it could be victoriously finished. General Foch will live in history as one of the half-dozen greatest generals the world has produced.

When the thirty day limit of the armistice shall have expired there is no doubt that the country will turn rapidly toward a permanent peace footing. The troops in the camps and thousands of government employees will be sent back to civil life as rapidly as possible, and various government boards now controlling the business of the country will find their occupation gone. While the troops now in Europe and Asia will no doubt remain there for some time and be returned home gradually they will constitute a standing army for the time being, more than anything else. The nation will no longer be in a state of war when the terms of the armistice are complied with, although it may require months longer to frame a permanent treaty of peace which will make over the map of the old world.

In today's dispatches the former German crown prince has been killed twice and positively located alive at three different places. It's a pretty safe bet, however, that little Willie took good care to select a safe hiding place as soon as things began to look squally for the Hohenzollerns.

Chile has seized all the German ships interned in her ports, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and other outraged neutrals are plucking up courage to claim their rights. Everybody's taking a whack at Germany now. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

Webster defines "armistice" as "a brief cessation of arms by convention." Sorry to contradict you, Noah, but this one old man Foch fixed up isn't anything like that at all.

We don't wonder that the kaiser hesitated so long over abdicating. Think how any fellow would feel with a name like Bill Hohenzollern hitched to him.

Just to make assurance doubly sure General Foch made the terms a little tighter than the allied council had framed them. Foch knows the Prussian pretty well.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE HOUSEWORK PROBLEM.

Each day I meet some doleful dame who drags along her weary frame, and says, "It beats the band! This doing housework makes me tired; there are no damsels to be hired in all this war-struck land. I used to bask in gilded ease; but now I have to shell the peas, and dust the blooming chairs, and mop the ceilings and the floors, and manure the walls and doors, and sweep the cellar stairs. And if by chance I get a maid I lie awake, I'm afraid that she will up and quit; but then it's no use to repine, we have to smile and fall in line, and try to do our bit." We must admire the stately dames who pass up all the idle games that used to take their time, and toil around the kitchen stove, and season pumpkin with a clove to make a pie sublime. They're digging up the household lore they used to know in days of yore, ere riches came their way; they're shedding silks and diamond rings, in gingham gowns they're doing things, the things that surely pay. The more they work around the shack the less they'll think of going back to idle, trifling ways; they'll want to sew and bake and boil, and keep in touch with useful toil the balance of their days.

THE WIFE

By JANE PHELPS

MRS. CLAYBORNE ARRIVES; RUTH AND BRIAN MEET HER.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

The next day Ruth was visibly happy

and excited.

"Something's happened! that Foch

husband of hers has been promising

something or doing something to make

her happy," Arthur Mandel said to

himself.

He was soon to know.

Mr. Mandel, I am going to ask a fa-

vor," Ruth said during a lull in the

morning's business.

"It is granted," he smiled at her.

"Wait until you know what it is,"

she returned. Her voice carried a joy-

ous lilt. "I want to remain at home all

day Saturday, please, unless you need

me for something important."

"No indeed! but may I ask what it

is that is going to happen on Satur-

day? You look so happy. No one has

left you a great fortune, have they, so

making you leave me altogether?"

"Oh, no! my aunt, Mrs. Clayborne,

who mothered me always, is coming."

Then, impelled by the interest in his

eyes, fixed upon her, she added: "You

know she wouldn't come because I dis-

pleased her by taking a position. She

is a little old-fashioned in her ideas

of what is proper for a woman to do

and while she has written me regularly,

she has refused to visit me because of

my work."

"No wonder you want Saturday."

"Don't you want Monday, as well?"

"No thank you. She may as well

get accustomed to the idea of having a

working woman for a niece. But I

thought it would be rather lonely if I

left her tomorrow, as she does not get

in until seven o'clock tonight."

"How would this do for a quickly

conceived plan? You work only morn-

ings while she is here. Then you can

lunch and shop and matinee together."

"That would be lovely! but—do you

think you can spare me? She said in

her letter she would only remain a few

days. "Very well. It is also granted."

"If Aunt Louisa will—she may re-

fuse, may I bring her into the shop,

some day, and let her see that my work

isn't—degrading?" she had paused for

a word, and they both smiled when she

found one.

"I shall be delighted! and if she

doesn't quite disapprove of the place,

and so be prejudiced against the pro-

prietor, perhaps you will allow me the

pleasure of showing my respect by tak-

ing you both to lunch."

"That is being altogether too kind,"

Ruth objected, but her eyes shone. It

would be delightful for her aunt to be

entertained even for one meal by a man

who knew so well how to do things."

"It will be kind to me," he return-

ed. "But we must not think too much

about it! Your aunt may refuse to

have anything to do with me or mine."

"She would not if she knew you."

The words were spoken without

thought, and Ruth blushed violently

as she realized that perhaps Mandel

would think they meant more than she

had intended. But with his usual sang-

froid, he bowed and replied:

"I hope she will be persuaded."

Ruth was delighted with the plan he

had outlined for her. Her aunt never

had been an early riser. Rachel would

take her breakfast to her room long

after she and Brian had left the house.

Then her aunt would slowly dress—as

was her custom—and amuse herself by

reading, or taking a short walk until

luncheon time. Then, too, she would

have Rachel with her, and though Ruth

knew the old negress would be ques-

tioned, she really had no fear she would

tell anything that would hurt her.

Dinner was postponed that night un-

til seven-thirty. Brian came home at

the usual time and "tilted up" as he

called it.

"When a man's wife's relatives visit

him, it's up to him to put his best foot

forward," he laughingly remarked as

he commenced to shave.

"You're a dear to think of it!"

Ruth replied.

Just then the bell rang and some

flowers were delivered to Rachel.

"Oh, Brian! how thoughtful!" Ruth

exclaimed delighted, she had opened

the box and then ran to kiss him.

"Be careful there!" he grumbled.

"You'll make me cut myself."

The little apartment had quite a

festive air as they left for the train. The

very best linen and dishes had been

used to make the table attractive; and

the deep crimson dahlias gave just the

touch the dining room always needed—

always "responded to," as Ruth ex-

pressed it.

The train was on time, and Mrs.

Clayborne was pleased to be very lov-

ingly toward Ruth; very gracious to

Brian. Ruth consequently bubbled over

with enthusiasm.

"Here we are!" she said to her

aunt as the cab stopped at the door.

"I do hope you will love my home."

Tomorrow—Mrs. Clayborne graciously

Accepts Mr. Mandel's invitation.

A recuperative diet in influenza.

Horlick's Malted Milk, very digestible.



The Wizard of Ma's

Into the doughnut kettle, or the frying pan, or into the mixing bowl as shortening for fluffy cakes or flaky pie crust—these are a few of the many uses you can make of the same contents of a can of Kream Krisp. For after using Kream Krisp for frying, you only have to strain it to make it as good as new for another frying—or for shortening.

Once over the fire Kream Krisp heats quickly. Now put into it some fish croquettes—almost instantly it forms on them a crisp, brown crust. This crust formation not only means economy in the use of Kream Krisp in that it does not soak up the fat, but it makes the croquettes more palatable—wholesome—and easily digested.

Now in the same kettle you can fry doughnuts or potatoes. No matter how varied the frying in which Kream Krisp is used, it does not absorb flavors or taint foods.

Buy a can of Kream Krisp today and try it in your favorite recipes.

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