

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

## The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 S. Commercial St. OREGON

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
Daily, by Carrier, per year \$3.00 Per Month .45c  
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.  
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building

The Daily Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone 81 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

### WILHELM'S EXIT.

It is now about two weeks since the kaiser abdicated. As events move in this old world now, that was quite a long time ago; the circumstances which surrounded his going constitute an old story, an oft-told tale as it were. On the other hand we are able now to review this happening of world-wide significance with a degree of complacency and most of us are impelled to the conclusion that Wilhelm made anything but an impressive exit. From anybody who had played so conspicuous a role in the biggest of international dramas we should have expected something more—that is from anybody but Wilhelm.

A really great man should be great even in denouncing greatness. We should expect some noble word; some final proof of courage and manhood; some intelligent application of the fact that his work, whether good or ill, is done, and that the stage must be set for a new drama, with new actors.

There are many historical actors who have set Wilhelm a good example. Napoleon was still Napoleon, even while surrendering his sword and facing St. Helena. To every big man capable of real comprehension there must come, at the end, some such might as that which Tennyson lends to King Arthur:

"The old order changeth, giving place to new;  
"And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
"Lest one good order should corrupt the world."

Even if Wilhelm sincerely believed in German kultur and militarism and kaiserism, he might have come to that—if he had been really big.

Instead, we find this mighty kaiser who had just declared grandiloquently that he "would never desert his sorely tried people," sneaking away like a thief at night, with his money and jewels and stores of food, reading "with a shiver" a final note of advice from the revolutionary leader, Scheidmann, then signing his abdication paper with a trembling hand, and opening his mouth only to snarl sarcastically, "It may be for the good of Germany."

Poor egomaniac, for whom so many millions died! He aspired to be known as "Wilhelm the Great." After all his monstrous crimes, he passes as Wilhelm the petty.

Admiral Von Tirpitz has ducked also. But he may have caught the habit from his favorite type of boats.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

STRENUOUS TIMES.

These be the times that try men's souls; we're always digging up our rolls, and stripping off the bills; as fast as we can earn the coin it has to go for steak and loins, for pantaloons and pills. "The price has risen," is the cry, whenever a fellow goes to buy a hymnbook or a hen; the war has made of trade a botch, and so the prices rise a notch, and they will rise again. These be the times that try men's souls; the doughnuts now are mostly holes, the pies are thin and pale; most things are made of substitutes, and there are wormholes in the fruits for which we blow our kale. A pound of butter costs us now as much as would have bought a cow, in balmy times of peace; and when we buy it some one comes with warning voice and muffled drums, and says, "Conserve the grease." These be the times that try men's souls; we cannot touch, with ten-foot poles, the price of things we need; the stand off at the store is banned, and all the wealth we have on hand is merely chicken feed. And yet, as I pursue my way, I do not see a grouch all day, or hear a plaintive whine; the boys seem glad to stand the gaff, and all the hard luck makes them laugh, instead of bringing brine. You cannot whip a bunch like us; in times of peace we rant and cuss, and paw around like sin; but when we need to wear a yoke we view the blamed thing as a joke, and wear it with a grin.

### CIRCULATION THAT IS GROWING.

The circulation of the Daily Capital Journal during the past week gained a higher average than ever before. The record was as follows:

Monday, November 11 . . . . . 6,228  
Tuesday, November 12 . . . . . 5,100  
Wednesday, November 13 . . . . . 4,995  
Thursday, November 14 . . . . . 4,895  
Friday, November 15 . . . . . 4,910  
Saturday, November 16 . . . . . 5,125

It is interesting to note that the Capital Journal, even without the stimulating effect of big war news, now has an average daily circulation in excess of 5,000 copies, or on the accepted basis of five readers to each subscriber, 25,000 readers—a pretty good-sized family, who take the Capital Journal as their home paper.

The Capital Journal is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and every copy printed is accounted for and made a record of by this duly accredited organization, organized in the interest of the national advertisers of the country, and all other big buyers of space who wish to know exactly what they are paying for.

### NO DULL TIMES ARE NECESSARY.

Considerable apprehension has been expressed lest the cessation of hostilities precipitate a sudden cancelling of government war orders without allowing time for the industries engaged upon them to readjust their business. Much of this fear is unnecessary.

In the first place we are now under armistice merely, with the possibility of renewal of hostilities. Until this danger is past and peace is definitely assured, we must maintain our armies fully equipped and ready for action. This will insure a continuance for some time of war manufactures on a large scale, and afford a breathing space for the making of new plans.

In the second place, Mr. Baruch of the war industries board is authority for the statement that plans have long been under consideration in Washington for assisting industry back to a peace basis. His board, together with the labor department, has already completed plans for bringing our men back in such detachments as may be absorbed into industry without greatly disturbing it.

Government contracts are not to be cancelled wholesale, but gradually, as the need diminishes. At the same time restrictions as to the purchase and sale of supplies will be lifted. Assistance will be given in getting production orders, material and supplies, and if present legislative plans are carried out, there will be extensive financing.

The transition from war work to a peace production basis should be accomplished with small loss and no period of depression, provided military heads will keep in touch with the plans of the government, and there is fair unprejudiced co-operation between these two and between each of them and labor.

### WEAKNESS OF MILITARISM.

Now it appears that 750,000 American soldiers were engaged in the Argonne sector, where the downfall of the German armies was sealed. Over difficult terrain, against the best and freshest troops that Hindenburg could marshal, they drove steadily forward until the powerful defense lines crumbled and the German leaders saw they must meet crushing defeat or surrender—and surrender in name of armistice was their choice. We had always thought that if the Americans sent one million men to the front, in a compact sector, and instructed them to go to Berlin, not enough Germans could be stationed in front of them to stop their progress—and the operations of our three-quarters of a million pretty well establishes this fact. Also it is proved that the professional soldier is no match for the man who fights of his own volition and with an independence of thought and action that is foreign to the accepted standards of the militarists of any country. Many of the Americans who opposed and defeated the picked Prussian veterans in the Argonne were fresh from the training camps. This fact should not be a matter of surprise to Americans who recall what General Jackson's Kentucky riflemen did to Wellington's veterans—the conquerors of Napoleon—at New Orleans. In fact history is filled with similar instances of the defeat of soldier puppets by real men marshaled to defend their homes or a cherished principle of government. And therein lies the weakness of militarism, which pins its faith to standing armies and professional soldiers.

Dear old Liberia—our ally, you know—has had an admirably simple and effective selective plan. Military liability was established as a privilege. Those wearing no clothes were not eligible. As soon as a citizen put on shirt and trousers he was drafted. Thus Liberia shadowed forth a great truth. Clothes do not make the man; but they at least distinguish the soldier.

Yanks is the best name for them. And the way they yanked the diamond-studded crown from the imperial Wilhelm's brow was worth all the war cost, and some to spare.

The war profiteer may be pretty definitely branded as the fellow who hopes to see war prices continue with the country at peace.

## THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

### BRIAN TALKS OF HIS HOPES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS TO MOLLIE

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Things did not work out entirely to Mrs. Clayborne's satisfaction. This was principally due to the fact that Ruth did not lend herself in any way to the schemes her aunt had planned. Of course Mrs. Clayborne had said nothing of them; she was far too shrewd to make a faux pas of that kind. But whenever possible she advanced accepting Mandel's invitation and was tactfully effusive when speaking of him to Ruth.

But Ruth was in love with Brian. Her work done, she was far happier with him than to be at the opera or anywhere else with others. So she managed to evade most of the things Mandel proposed, and to do it in such a way he could not see.

Brian had tried his best to be natural before Ruth's aunt; but always there was a little constraint in their intercourse, a forced pleasantness, that was obvious to both of them—and to Ruth.

"Don't get afraid of Auntie!" she said to Brian, one day. "She won't eat you."

"I'm not afraid of her, but sometimes I feel all the time that she blames me for your going to work; that she disapproves of me as a husband for her niece," putting his feelings into words for the first time in many weeks.

"Nonsense! I don't deny Aunt Louisa felt so at first. You remember her letters. But she's all over it, now that she sees what my work is, how happy I am in doing it; how cozy we are, and how nicely we are getting along. Then, too, dear, Auntie knows that I love you, that we are happy together. I think she never quite knew how much I cared, before." Ruth blushed as she confessed her love for her husband.

She was naturally diffident where her affections were concerned, and not often did she say much.

"Just the same she doesn't like me. It would have pleased her better if you had married a man like Mandel. She's gone daffy about him, by the way she talks."

"It isn't that, Brian," Ruth patiently explained. "It is because he is so kind to me—he makes my work so pleasant. Aunt had an idea that all employers were regular slave drivers, and that employees were terribly overworked and so miserable. She's found out she was wrong. I am so happy that she has, and that when she goes home she will feel differently about us and about my working." Then, "I wish while she is here you would confide over to the shop with her. It seems strange that you never have met my boss, that she finished with a smile."

"I don't know why I should meet him! He'd most likely pounce me—or try to."

"Oh, no he wouldn't, Brian. He isn't that kind. Really he isn't, dear," as she saw disbelief on Brian's face. Then she went on to say, "The nice, quiet corner where I can keep to myself."

"Perhaps—some day I'll drop in," he returned, and Ruth had to be contented. He would make no further concession.

It had been two weeks since Mrs. Clayborne arrived, and she was beginning to talk of going home. While she had not been able to do as she wished about throwing Ruth with Mandel, she was not at all disheartened.

"Time, fate, and propinquity have been known to accomplish wonders," she said to herself. "They are much together, he loves her. He'll not give up easily."

Unfortunately, on the very day that Mrs. Clayborne left for home, Ruth was once more sent out of town on a commission. Brian at once flew to Mollie King for sympathy.

"I've had to be on my good behavior all the time Mrs. Clayborne was with us, then just as I might be comfortable again, off Ruth goes and leaves me alone with Rachel. It isn't fair to a fellow!" he stormed.

"Of course it isn't! Is Ruth going to stay long this time?"

"How do I know? Two days or so, weeks! It's all one to her, so long as she is putting over that decorating business! I tell you, Mollie, it has got to stop! I want a home, my wife's society when I go home, and—I might as well say it—I want children like other men. Honest, Mollie, I don't care a rap for fancy things, for all the fuss about eating and the house. I just want to be comfortable and feel well—like I do with you. And I don't! I can't eat when I think that Ruth is working, that she is away. These decorations and working for that firm mean more to her than I do! I suppose I shouldn't have asked her to marry me until I had gone further in my profession. At least until I had made more money! But I did, and that part can't be helped. But I'd rather have a little three room flat down here in village, with Ruth fussing up my nest in a kitchenette like yours, and a kid die running to meet me, than to live as we do." He laughed a little, then said, "There, I fell better! I've got that out of my system. Now come on, we'll go out to dinner."

That evening Mollie was more gentle, more sympathetic, than ever before. Brian's talk of a home and kid dies had affected her more than he perhaps had either realized or intended.

Tomorrow—Claude Beckly warns Brian about Mandel.

\*\*\*\*\* saw a great column of fire and white smoke shoot up and drift away with the wind.  
\* In little hamlets just behind the German lines, German soldiers were sitting in the sunshine, but no horses, trucks or other means of transportation were visible.  
\* Once we saw six Germans in a village within the American lines, surrounded by a group of doughboys. Possibly they were recently taken prisoners.  
\*\*\*\*\*

**THE BRAVEST BATTLE**  
The bravest battle that was ever fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.  
Nay, not with cannon, or battle-ship,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From the mouths of wonderful men.  
But deep in a well-ed woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;  
But O! these battles they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!  
Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
No banners, to gleam and wave!  
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars,  
She fights in her well-up town—  
Then silent, unseen, goes down!  
O! ye with banners and battle-ship,  
And soldier to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kindest victories fought  
Are fought in these silent ways!  
—Joan Miller.

**FRONT LINE SCENES**  
(Continued from page one)  
miles northward. We saw groups walking about in the open. In one place, in the middle of a soggy, shell shattered field, a card or crap game was going on, while other men were digging a dug out. At another place the line ran thru a little valley. Not a soul was in sight but a small American flag was stuck in the ground to indicate the line we traversed, only a few Germans were visible. These evidently were privates. They were lounging in villages and along the roads, smoking and talking. Almost all of them waved a greeting at us. None carried a gun or equipment of any kind. So far as we could see no artillery or material remained.

**Trucks Busy**  
At one place, several miles in the rear of the German lines, we glimpsed a number of trucks hurrying toward Conflans. Farther back we saw huge fires smudging the sky with columns of black smoke.  
From one place we counted eight fires in the direction of Conflans, while over the region of Pinchville we

From Verdun we climbed to an altitude of 2000 feet. As we made our way back to the hanger we saw dozens of tiny, winding ribbons of road filled with lines of motor trucks carrying up supplies to the dormant war machine.

**JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY**  
Only the "made in Germany" brand of socialism would accept Hindenburg into full fellowship would make him guardian of its destinies.

### How Long Must I Suffer From the Pangs of Rheumatism?

Is there no real relief in sight?  
Doubtless like other sufferers, you have often asked yourself this question, which continues to remain unanswered.  
Science has proven that your Rheumatism is caused by a germ in your blood, and the only way to reach it is by a remedy which eliminates and removes these little pain demons from your blood. This explains why liniments and lotions can do no permanent good, for they cannot possibly reach these germs which infect your blood by the millions.  
S. S. S. has been successfully used for Rheumatism for more than fifty years. Try it to-day, and you will find yourself at last on the right track to get rid of your Rheumatism. You can get valuable advice about the treatment of your individual case by writing to the Chief Medical Adviser, Swift Specific Co., Dept. D, Atlanta, Ga.

### Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy  
A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living.  
Genuine bears signature  
Carter's Little Liver Pills  
Absence of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but Carter's Iron Pills will greatly help most pale-faced people.