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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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AFTER WAR--RECONSTRUCTION.

Through all the difficult period of the war, the American people have shown themselves able voluntarily to shoulder burdens and carry them to the end, which in other countries could with difficulty have been carried by government orders.

We saved food for our soldiers, for our allies, for the homeless and stricken in Europe. Not only did we save food in our home kitchens, but we raised it in our home gardens. We did the hard work of shipping and distributing it where it was needed.

Through our representatives we voted for the draft, for the fair and equitable taking of our boys for the fighting. We raised untold amounts of money in bonds and stamps, in taxes. These and many other things we have done right joyfully, for the winning of the war, for the promulgation of our principles throughout the world.

With the ending of the war none of these needs are over or will be for many years. We must now feed not only our allies, but our former enemies. Our boys must be kept abroad for police duty, for showing the nations how to reconstruct their shattered buildings and their shattered lives.

If peace were followed by any riotous indulgence in eating, in drinking, in buying, in wasting, it would be the greatest disgrace in the world. There is more need than ever for conservation of every possible resource, for production of every possible product.

And it is not only broken buildings, broken individual lives, that are here to be rebuilt, nor only in the war-torn countries.

A new world awaits construction at our hands. Nothing is the same, will ever be the same, as before the war.

With difficulty did we make the adjustments of our lives necessary for the waging of the conflict. Now we are confronted with the necessity for making adjustments even more sweeping and far more lasting. The longing of the poet for "shattering this sorry scheme of things entire" has been almost gratified. The opportunity for "remodeling it nearer to the heart's desire" is at hand.

The ideal of liberty for all peoples is about to be realized. The greater one of making practical the spirit of universal brotherhood comes next in order.

The making of the new world awaits us. Not hastily shall we begin to labor upon its rearing, but soberly with vision, with determination, with patience and with faith.

The Commercial club should be made a still greater factor in the upbuilding of Salem.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

TURKEY TIME.

Thanksgiving Day is drawing nigh, we plan the bill of fare, discuss the juicy pumpkin pie, the turkey rich and rare. We have such cause for gratitude, for patriotic pride, we contemplate some oysters stewed, or, peradventure, fried. The season bids us shake off gloom, let mirth and music flow; while in the Potsdam dining room the kaiser's eating crew. The weary war will soon be done, its fires will cease to burn, and from their conquest of the Hun our soldiers will return; and waiting mothers will embrace the sons they've missed so long; and sweethearts meeting, face to face, will sing love's old sweet song. We'll celebrate the war lord's doom with all the curves we know, while in the Potsdam dining room the kaiser's eating crew. The kaiser's eating crew, my boys, and so is Eitel Fritz, and Kronprinz Friedrich makes a noise like one who's throwing fits; there is no turkey on the board, a crow is all that's there; the kaiser carves it with his sword, and damns the bill of fare. The crow is but a scrawny dwarf, the sickliest of things; and Hindenburg and Ludendorff will get the legs and wings. Oh, let our faces be a bloom, let Bill have all the woe, as he sits in his dining room, and wrestles with his crow.

It was a dark hour for Russia when her army, trusting to Prussian promises, disbanded, and her traitorous representatives signed the infamous treaty of Brest Litovsk. In that hour, the allies, through President Wilson informed the Russian people that they would not be forsaken--that the allies still held Russia's interests as their own, despite her seeming treachery.

It was also a dark hour for Rumania, when, left helpless by the Russian desertion and battered by an overwhelming German army, she yielded to the inevitable and surrendered through the treaty of Bucharest. The allies pledged themselves to redeem her.

The time of redemption came. The allies have the abrogation of those wicked treaties and the liberation of Russia and Rumania as indispensable conditions of the German armistice. Russia and Rumania win along with the rest of us through Foch's victories on the western front. It is a triumph of honor, a vindication of truth and loyalty. The allies in success as in failure, prove themselves keepers of their word.

THE DISAPPEARING WALNUT.

For years before the war walnut trees were fast disappearing from our forests and woodlots. We used little of the beautiful and useful wood ourselves, but large quantities were exported to Germany. We had an idea that it was needed for pianos and fine cabinet work. Where it really went was for making rifles with which to kill our allies and ourselves.

We should be wiser hereafter. There are some kinds of foreign trade that we should be better off without.

And for every food tree cut down, six, in the manner of the boy scouts, should be planted.

We haven't much sympathy with the effort being made to make the cost of living higher instead of lower, now that the war is over. The standard now is too high, and the proposed increase in telegraph and telephone tolls is unjust and uncalled for, following as it does a constant raise in railroad freight rates. Government ownership of these utilities will prove very unpopular with the masses if we are getting a fair indication of what it is going to cost to operate them.

The Albers Bros. are advertising their "made by Germans" goods quite extensively for the first time, since the president of the concern has been indicted for disloyalty. The American that chooses to eat that brand of flour deserves to choke to death.

Salem ought to pin her faith to fruit and flax. In the one product we've got the biggest business in the northwest and the other ought to be developed into a real industry.

The old fight between the eastern and western representatives in congress has broken out in the republican party again. Looks like the old progressive split might be re-enacted.

Emperor Karl is said to have cried like a child when forced to sign the abdication papers. More evidence of the yellow streak that is so common to so-called royalty.

Trouble looms darkly for the new German republic. For instance, the kaiser threatens to come back, which is about the worst thing that could happen to any country.

Thanksgiving this year should have especial significance.

The most authentic report concerning the Clown Quince is that he is still running.

Make Salem grow by developing the resources of the country in its trade area. The war is over.

The Salem Commercial club requires more members to make it the success that it should be.

Victor Berger and his Milwaukee Huns are still belligerent.

Turner Paper Eulogizes Senator LaFollette

(Turner Tribune.)
Out of the most notable events of the election held in Marion county on the 5th day of November, was the special and sincere tribute of the voters of Marion county to Senator LaFollette.
Without an organization of any kind behind him, the citizens of our county selected him as senator purely on his merits, and the good work which he has heretofore done for the taxpayers, and the intense interest he has manifested for good government.
It is the first time in the political history of this county where the people have taken matters in their own hands, risen above party restrictions, and rewarded one of those who, regardless of the whip, and lash of the bosses in politics, has asserted his manhood and independence and stood by the overburdened taxpayers. The triumph of Senator LaFollette is a brilliant example to some of our office-holders who have no regard for the taxpaying public. The voters, in their majesty and

might, have said to those who would manipulate the politics of this county--stand back, and do not trespass on sacred ground. A true and tried servant of the people should not be relegated to the scrap-heap at this time, when the citizens of our county and state need fearless and courageous legislators.
The vote behind Senator LaFollette constituted the bone and sinew of our voting population. The tax-payers and those who depend upon public office for a livelihood were against him. The friends of good government stood by him loyally. If it were not for the support of the solid element in our community, he would have been defeated. Senator LaFollette is truly a man of the people. Filled with pride, energy and ambition to serve them, he has at all times been a true representative. His regard for just laws has impelled him to plead the cause of the public under all circumstances.
Review the political history of Senator LaFollette, consider his public acts, think of his private character; then you can realize fully what the voters of Marion county did in rewarding him. Temperate, self-restrained, eager to perform his public and private duties hon-

THE WIFE.

By Jane Phelps.

CLAUDE BECKLY WARNS BRIAN ABOUT MANDEL.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Brian felt rather conscience stricken as he rode home a-top of the bus. He really had not meant to say so much to Mollie. But, as he had said, it was in his system. He had felt better for a few moments because of "getting it out", but now he felt a bit ashamed. He had not been quite loyal to Ruth; and Ruth was his wife. His wife because she loved him, and because he had begged her to marry him.
"She should stay home," he muttered to ease his troublesome conscience. "If she did, I would not do any such fool things," but he was still far from comfortable. What would Mollie think of his confession? He never had said as much to Ruth. Something had held him back. But he had longed for just a little home and children. At least he had persuaded himself that he did--which amounted to the same thing--the while he was immensely comfortable because of Ruth's salary, which enabled him to use what he earned almost as he would had he been single. He now always had money in his pockets; he was never embarrassed, as he had been when they were first married and had

struggled so to make ends meet on his small income, neither of them knowing how.

"I'll stay away from Mollie this time," he said aloud as he looked at Ruth's picture on the bureau as he prepared for bed. Then: "No, I won't either! What's the use lying to myself? A fellow's got to do something besides sitting home and sucking his thumbs," but he could not go to sleep as quickly as usual. And he flushed in the dark as he once more recalled the confession he had made to Mollie.

Mollie had really been totally deceived by Brian. Not intentionally, had he conveyed the impression that he was tired of Ruth; that he was unhappy with her. But Mollie had gained the impression that he WAS desperately miserable; that he did not love Ruth, and that he did care for her. Why else should he talk to her as he did? Why seek her society so frequently? And he told her all the little, intimate things a man scarcely confides unless he cares.

Could Brian have known the impression he had conveyed, he would have felt more guilty than he did. But to him Mollie was sort of a safety valve. She was such a good fellow, so sympathetic and nice to a fellow when he was down in the dumps, and a fellow really needed someone to unload his troubles on once in a while. Then, Mollie always had such a good time, and she was pretty, too. One never felt ashamed of her, even if she didn't have the style and wear the handsome clothes that Ruth did. It was rather fun, too, to make the Village fellows jealous, especially Claude Beckly who would like to monopolize Mollie. He had it in for Claude, anyway. He had been pretty fresh to call another man's wife by her first name without her permission. "Damn fresh," he said to himself whenever he thought of the night Beckly called her Ruth without even an apology for doing so.

Beckly had more than once baited in, when Brian and Mollie were dining. It had annoyed Brian, annoyed him terribly. He didn't take Mollie or any other girl out to dinner to talk to some other man, but because he himself wanted to be entertained. He might as well stay at home and talk to Rachel. He only went out because he was lonely, but not lonely for Beckly's foolishness.

"You are all right at times, Claude," he said once in desperation, "but when I am with Mollie I wish you'd stay away."

"Why should I?" imperturbably queried Beckly. "Your wife would not object to having three in your party instead of two. I must look after her interests. She's made a hit with me."

Brian was too disgusted to say more. Mollie had looked on amused, saying nothing. But after Beckly left them, she remarked to Brian:

"Claude may be right, Brian. As long as you are married and living with your wife, it may be better for us to have someone else with us. It would be too bad to have our little innocent dinners make trouble for you."

"Nonsense! I am studying typewriting. If we choose to eat together occasionally it is no one's business. I won't have Beckly butting in all the time."

"You are really doing wonders with your typewriting, Brian. You don't need me any longer. Practice is now what you need, not anything I can do for you."

He really had been most enthusiastic, and had very quickly learned all that was necessary. Now he had only to develop speed.

Mollie had scarcely finished speaking when Beckly came back. He helped himself to a cigarette, then said:

"I've been going to tell you for some time, Brian, that you had better let Mollie alone and take care of that handsome wife of yours. That swell boss of hers will cut you out, if you don't," then with a wink at Mollie, he again left them alone.

This had happened at a dinner in the Village the very night after Brian had made one of his always-broken resolves to stay away from Mollie while Ruth was away.

(Tomorrow--Brian Determines to See Mandel.)

He will still be recognized as the champion of the peoples' rights and a man who has never betrayed the confidence placed in him.

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"RAIN ON YOUR OLD TIN HAT."
By Lt. J. H. Wickersham.

(Written at the battle front in France by Lt. Wickersham and sent to his mother, Mrs. W. E. Daffon. Lt. Wickersham was killed in action Sept. 14, 1918.)

The mist hangs low and quiet on a rugged line of hills,
There's a whispering of wind across the flat;
You'd be feeling kind of lonesome if it wasn't for one thing--
The patter of the raindrops on your old tin hat.

An' you just can't help help a figurin'--
-a-figurin' there alone--
About this war and here's stuff and that,
And you wonder if they haven't sort of got things mixed up.
While the rain keeps up a patter on your old tin hat.

When you step off with the outfit to do your little bit,
You're simply doing what you're supposed to do--
And you don't take time to figure what you gain or what you lose,
It's the spirit of the game that brings you thru.

But back at home she's waiting, writing cheerful little notes,
And every night she offers up a prayer
And just keeps on a hoping that her soldier boy is safe--
The mother of the boy who's over there.

And, fellows, she's the hero of this great big ugly war.
And her prayer is on that wind across the flat;
And don't you reckon maybe it's her tears, and not the rain,
That's keeping up the patter on your old tin hat.

Only One Corn Peeler, "Gets-It"

Stop Corn Pains; See Corn Peel Off.
It is just when a corn hurts that you want to feel surest about getting rid of it. Why take chances of keeping the corn and having the pain grow worse? You'll use "Gets-It"



The Only Peels-Off Way Is "Gets-It"

anyhow, sooner or later; might as well use it sooner. Then you are absolutely sure that the corn will loosen from your toe so that you can peel the whole thing off painlessly with your fingers in one complete piece--just like peeling a banana. It takes a second or two to apply "Gets-It". There's no fussing or putting. Corn-pains will vanish--that'll keep you sweet while the "Gets-It" does the rest. Nothing new for corns has been discovered since "Gets-It" was born. Follow the judgment of the millions; use "Gets-It" and be sure to be corn and pain free! You'll say its magic.

"Gets-It", the guaranteed, money-back corn remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'f'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold in Salem and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by J. G. Perry, D. J. Fry.

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Nights of Sleep vs. Nights of Agony Verdict Favors D. D. D.

It is foolish to lie awake all the long night through with that intolerable itching caused by Eczema and await the coming of the day. D. D. D. Prescription is made for you if you are a sufferer. It will cool that hot, inflamed and itching skin, you will be able to rest at night, awake in the morning refreshed and fit to go to work. We know it will do all these things, as we have testimonials from many suffering people. Try a bottle right away on your neighbors. Try a bottle, and you will not regret it. Come in today, and see the Standard Skin Remedy.

D. D. D. For 15 Years the Standard Skin Remedy
Dan J. Fry.

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