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Editor and Publisher

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## The Daily Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the  
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NOW THEY CAN PAY.

A Cornell professor has an ingenious suggestion for enabling the German people to meet their war obligations. He assumes as a matter of course they must pay for all the damage they have done in other countries. But how?

Germany's own war debt amounts to probably half of her national wealth. This fact would seem to preclude the payment of the desired billions to Belgium, France and other wronged nations. But as the professor points out, that debt is almost entirely owed by Germans to Germans. It is a matter of domestic bookkeeping. It does not much affect the actual, material wealth of the country. It might therefore be wiped out by the simple method of repudiation, leaving a clean slate on which to write the post-bellum indebtedness of Germany to her self-made enemies.

This debt, which the peace terms will impose, might be taken care of, the professor thinks, by the following plan: The big fortunes and the landed estates of Germany could be seized by the new government. The money and securities so obtained could be used directly to help pay the indemnities. The estates could be broken up and sold to the people on long-term payments, after the manner of the Irish land distribution, except that in this case the money would go mostly not to the former owners, but to the allied countries.

The idea is submitted to the German people for what it is worth. It seems drastic, but there is at least a measure of poetic justice in it, inasmuch as the big capitalists and junker land-owners were primarily responsible for the war which made Germany liable to these indemnities.

We always thought that the sleeve of the old red flannel undershirt was tied about the throat to cure it. Bu No! One of these young doctors tells us it is to warn other folks to keep away. Ho wonderful are the advances of medical science.

The king business is getting so risky that even so modest and harmless a monarch as King George must be developing a habit of reaching up furtively to feel whether his crown is on straight.

The supply of loganberry juice is likely to fall short before it can be replenished next fall. The delightful Salem beverage is being drunk the world around.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

NO HELP.

In olden times I paid out mon to have my chores and errands done. I paid one man to mow the grass and hoe the growing garden sass; another came to prime the pump and take the tin cans to the dump; I paid a man to wash my car, and dope the kitchen roof with tar. While there were men who worked for hire, I just sat 'round and pawed my lyre, with hands as white as driven snow--no sort of labor did they know. And I had last my appetite, and couldn't get much sleep at night, and I was fat and short of breath and looking for an early death. Then all the fellows went to scrap and shoo the Prussian off the map, and none could come to do a chore or run an errand any more. I was obliged to shake my sloth, and, as a toiler, cut a swath. I milked the cow and groomed the hen, and mowed the lawn, like other men; and when my car was out of whack I lay beneath it, on my back, and tried to remedy the wreck, while slimy grease ran down my neck. I painted fences green and blue, and found a hundred things to do; and now my health is out of sight, and when I go to bed at night my slumber is so calm and deep it shows new curves in balmy sleep, and savants come from miles away to see just how I hit the hay. Three women cook by day and night to cater to my appetite. A lot of old fat boys like me are learning wrinkles two or three.

DULL TIMES NONSENSE!

The authorized statement comes from Washington that France is ready to spend \$10,000,000 in the United States for goods of all kinds, manufactured and in the raw state. French economists and government officials estimate that no less than that will suffice to rebuild the devastated sections of their country, replenish their depleted stocks of all sorts and enable their industries to resume normal production.

That is about twice the amount of our total export trade in these abnormal war years. The needs of France alone would suffice to keep all the factories and workshops in the United States busy for many months to come. And France is only one of many countries that need our goods and insist on having them.

As for domestic markets, their demand, too, will be greater than ever as soon as the readjustment of peace is well started. The Building Age of New York estimated that 700,000 new residences are needed right now in this country. That is only one item in the long list of unprecedented economic needs that must be supplied.

What thinking man can read facts like these, and expect dull times?

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous", but they are nothing compared with the afflictions of the wicked. The plight of the Hohenzollern family is a good example in point.

After all there is nothing like a world-war to stimulate a healthy interest in geography.

## THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps

BRIAN SPENDS THE EVENING  
WITH MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS

CHAPTER XC

More than ever a martyr, did Brian feel as he ate his solitary dinner; more than usual did he blame Ruth for leaving him. Rachel had prepared a delicious dinner, and he ate heartily, but even the food did not cause him to cease "grounding," and he often mumbled to himself between mouthfuls. He had been a fool to feel at all conscience stricken because of Mollie King, when Ruth was spending her time with that man Mandel—that was the way he thought of Ruth's work-filled days—as being spent with Mandel. He wouldn't sit alone all the evening, not if he knew it!

After he had finished his dinner he read the paper for a while, then he crossed the hall and rapped at Robert's door. They were at home and greeted him warmly. They would play a three-handed game of bridge if he liked. He willingly agreed; anything to pass the time.

Brian felt a little ashamed that he had not called before and tried to atone by being as entertaining as possible. And when he put himself out he really was a most agreeable companion. "How nice Mr. Hackett was tonight," Clara Roberts said when he had left them. "I like him ever so much."

"So do I! but somehow he doesn't strike me like a fellow with any great amount of pep. He's too easy-going to be much of a success, I'm afraid."

"Just because you drive yourself to death, dear, you must not be critical of those who don't. You see he has a clever wife who can earn more than most men, while you have a little goose who can only cook and keep house for you."

"That's all I want you to do! And I have a sneaking idea that Hackett wouldn't care if it was all she did. He's a queer fellow in some ways. He's egotistical to an extreme in some things, yet, unlike most egotists, not disagreeably so. I have an idea that he cares very little for money or luxuries. He was one of the Greenwich village set before he married, I understand, and they pride themselves on their disregard of such things."

"But don't you think he is ambi-

## EVERYONE LIKES THIS COLD CURE

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Severe Colds or Grippe  
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Your cold will break and all gripe misery end after taking a dose of "Papa's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses are taken.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't say stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing! Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Papa's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitute.

## PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

tious?"

"Not particularly. I imagine Mrs. Hackett is for him—he said, you know that she was pleased when he took up typing so that he could be independent of office help. They are separated so much that many women would have found fault to have him take his evenings, even for study. She has a very unselfish nature I think."

"I think so too! She is very clever. I like her so much. I only wish I could help you by carrying something."

"You do help me dear. I guess I am not very different from most men when I say I prefer to work a little harder and have you right where you are, and what you are; my little house keeper in my home."

It was fortunate that Brian could not hear this conversation. It was too much like the thoughts surging thru his brain after he returned to his lonely apartment.

"She's a dear!" he muttered, referring to Mrs. Roberts. "He's a lucky dog to have a wife who is satisfied with what he can give her. I'm sure they are comfortable, even if they don't have things artistic," the last word he emphasized bitterly.

It was early and he sat down to read. He was in no mood to go to bed, and had no notion to lie awake another night. He would read until he was sleepy.

He became very much interested in a magazine article he was reading, concerning the war in Europe. For over two years the nations on the other side of the world had been fighting; and from the very first he had been absorbed by the news. He often thought that, had he not been married, he would have volunteered with the Canadians, altho he never had mentioned it even to Ruth.

He had been so engrossed that he started when the insistent shrilling of the telephone warned him that it must have been ringing some time.

"Hello!" he said as he took off the receiver, wondering who could be calling him at eleven o'clock at night. The clock had just struck the hour.

"Hello Brian!" it was Mollie King's gay voice. "Were you asleep? I have been ringing for the longest time."

"No, I was reading!"

"Reading! lend me the book. I'd like to get hold of something that would make me deaf to the telephone. Say, Brian, what's the matter? I expected you for dinner."

"I had some business to attend to—see you tomorrow night."

"Must have been awfully important! I called you three or four times. The servant answered, but I couldn't make anything from her talk. Sure you weren't out with some other girl?"

"Sure, Mollie! you know better than to say such a thing. There's no one but you and—Ruth."

"There'd better not be! I'd be horribly jealous," she laughed, then said good night after cautioning him not to forget to come to her the next night.

(To be continued)

## AMERICAN ARMY

(Continued from page one)

### Troops Receive Ovation.

Michigan troops, which led the way into Luxembourg, received an ovation along every foot of their march. They entered fifteen villages, every one decorated with home made American flags. In German-Lorraine the Americans were welcomed by the inhabitants of French extraction. Those of German descent looked on sullenly. The important town of Arlon, in Belgium, remembering America's food and relief work throughout the war, gave our troops an extraordinarily warm reception. The townspeople stood beside the roads all day, cheering themselves hoarse. It was not uncommon to see doughboys carrying one or two children with chattering French or German girls and boys walking alongside.

The Germans sent some staff officers to army headquarters, to arrange for handing over the material at Longueyon. These consisted of 35 locomotives, and guns and thousands of rifles. The roads near the Luxembourg frontier are lined with surrendered cannon.

### ELECTED TO FRENCH ACADEMY

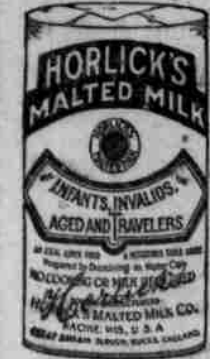
Paris, Nov. 21.—Marshal Foch and Premier Clemenceau were unanimously elected by acclamation to the French academy today. They were invited, instead of being obliged to solicit membership.

## ROLL OF HONOR

(Continued from page nine)

Thomas R. Jordan, Lausling Tenn.  
Emil Jorgenson, Caledonia Minn.  
Cornelius J. Keenan, Riverhead N. Y.  
Jason S. Klingensmith, St. Paul Neb.  
Lewis Larson, New London Minn.

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and After  
The Old Reliable  
Round Package



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John Lemay, Wilmore Ky.  
Omer Martin, Marr O.  
Thomas C. Metcalf, Caruthersville Mo.  
John W. Mills Jr., Gordo Ala.  
Jacob H. Newendyke, Morrison Ill.  
Marcus L. Owensby, Gaffney S. C.  
James J. Paisley, Galveston Tex.  
Payton C. Randolph, Sumatra Mont.  
Herbert S. Reed, W. Tremont Me.  
John J. Russell, Niagara Falls N. Y.  
Samuel Ruster, Nunda Mich.  
Martin Sanders, Richmond Utah.  
Gage G. Sauter, Arnold Neb.  
Fred H. Seaman, Hiawatha Kas.  
Charles F. Sessler, Ackley Ia.  
Mandel Shapiro, Bronx N. Y.  
Samuel Sherman, Bridgeport Conn.  
William R. Smith, N. Industry O.  
Carl H. Snyder, Carthage N. Y.  
Frank S. Sprague, Rochester N. Y.  
William R. Stoglich, Salt Lake Utah.  
Harmie E. Stevens, Camphill Ala.  
Velpo W. Street, Clark Mo.  
Robert E. Swartz, White Pigeon Mich.

William Turnbaugh Jr., Ashland Md.  
Henry Wabutka, Paterson N. J.  
Luther Walling, Viroqua Wis.  
Ibby L. Wansley, Laura Miss.  
Chester H. Webb, Merman Neb.  
Harvey F. Wient, Lankenshim Cal.  
Charles V. Wheat, Camp Crook S. D.  
Homer D. Whipp, Ponoma Cal.  
Russel Wilcox, Warsaw N. Y.  
Leon A. Williams, Ravie Okla.  
Gerald. Yarbrough, Boston Ga.

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### The Liquid Wash

Dan J. Fry.



## What Determines Meat and Live-Stock Prices?

Some stock men still think that Swift & Company—and other big packers—can pay as little for live-stock as they wish.

Some consumers are still led to believe that the packers can charge as much for dressed meat as they wish.

This is not true. These prices are fixed by a law of human nature as old as human nature itself—the law of supply and demand.

When more people want meat than there is meat to be had, the scramble along the line to get it for them sends prices up. When there is more meat than there are people who want it, the scramble all along the line to get rid of it within a few days, while it is still fresh, sends prices down.

When prices of meat go up, Swift & Company not only can pay the producer more, but has to pay him more, or some other packer will.

Similarly, when prices recede all down the line Swift & Company cannot continue to pay the producer the same prices as before, and still remain in the packing business.

All the packer can do is to keep the expense of turning stock into meat at a minimum, so that the consumer can get as much as possible for his money, and the producer as much as possible for his live-stock.

Thanks to its splendid plants, modern methods, branch houses, car routes, fleet of refrigerator cars, experience and organization, Swift & Company is able to pay for live cattle 90 per cent of what it receives for beef and by-products, and to cover expense of production and distribution, as well as its profit (a small fraction of a cent per pound), out of the other 10 per cent.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

