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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

GETTING READY FOR THE FOREIGN TRADE.

Said a speaker at the American Manufacturing Export Association, in New York City:

"We shall have millions of tons of shipping after the war, and an army of workers, augmented on their return by the millions of soldiers. There are innumerable factories whose war activities must be turned into the manufacture of articles for use in times of peace. There will be billions of dollars due us, and cash to spare."

"Our home markets will be unable to absorb our available capital, the products of our soil and the output of our factories. Our ships must carry cargoes or be sold to our competitors. The prosperity of the country will depend upon the extent and magnitude of our trade."

This is a pretty good presentation of the situation. Our foreign trade may not be so all-important as professional exporters imagine it; our domestic requirements after the war will probably be greater than these specialists expect; and yet there is no doubt that the need and the opportunities of export trade are going to be very great.

It is high time to begin preparing in earnest for the vast commerce that our new merchant marine may be expected to carry if our businessmen prove equal to the situation. We need a more general recognition of the possibilities of our foreign trade and a more general knowledge of the processes by which we may win foreign markets. Our young men need a more thorough commercial education, with instruction in foreign languages and the racial characteristics and trade customs of other nations. They should get it in school and college, and special facilities should be provided them by banking houses and manufacturing and commercial institutions, with the active help of the government.

Some congressmen can never be pleased. When Wilson was staying at home and sticking close to the job they denounced him as a dictator, and now they are just as much displeased because he is going to go to Europe and let them run things to suit themselves next winter.

The editor of the Oregonian writes from Europe that he is imbibing freely of the famed Scotch hospitality. That's kind of rubbing it in on the poor fellows who have never had the opportunity to leave the state of Oregon since it voted dry.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE ILL WIND.

The influenza went its way, and slew its legions every day, as dire a thing as war, and while they winced beneath the rods, men clamored to their divers gods, "What did you send it for? What is the use of a disease that makes men cough and whoop and sneeze until they break their necks? What profits it to spring an ill that fills the pesthouse on the hill with ghastly human wrecks?" Sometimes we cannot see the plan behind the rod that chastens man, and so we idly kick; why shouldn't life be endless bliss, why should we suffer that and this, and why be sore and sick? The influenza came along just when our statesmen, going strong, were primed for the campaign; they had their speeches learned by heart, and they'd turn out, with graceful art, their doctrines safe and sane. Windjammers here, windjammers there, were suffering to paw the air, and make the welkin reel; the voters, shuddering with dread, looked on the carnival ahead, of argument and spiel. Then came the flu, and crowds were banned; all public meetings in the land had the verboten sign; the candidates could only take the speeches they were primed to make, and put them down in brine. Yet people cry, "What is the use of pestilence that cooks our goose, and puts us on the blink?" They have not learned to analyze, they have not learned to use their eyes, they have not learned to think.

SCRIPTURE AND THE HUNS.

If the German people really believe that they are being treated with undeserved harshness, we recommend to them the prayerful reading of the messages given in older days by the Deity whom the Germans have delighted in calling the "Good old German God." We recommend particularly the first chapter of Proverbs, including the verses:

"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;

"But ye have set at naught my counsel, and would none of my reproof;

"I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;

"When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish come upon you;

"For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord;

"They would none of my counsel; they despised all of my reproof;

"Therefore shall they eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

If the Germans are God's chosen people of modern times, as they have often boasted, let them stand their punishment for national sins, as the ancient Hebrews did.

It will be good for them spiritually. The highest, purest conception of the Deity ever attained by the Jews was the product of their captivity and tribulations in Babylon.

The former crown prince is to be interned on an island which has six thousand other residents. Just what these poor people have done to merit such punishment has not been made public up to the present time.

And now they might demobilize a lot of these useless, though possibly ornamental, war bureaus, which are wasting so much print paper and encumbering the mails with reports of their senseless activities.

There will now be strikes and rumors of strikes—and every time a strike occurs the misguided union workmen will in due time return to their jobs at lower wages than they are getting now.

Is the state council of defense still paying \$300 monthly salaries and expecting the taxpayers of the state to foot the bill?

Marshal Foch is evidently taking the armistice terms seriously and the Germans already realize that the "scrap of paper" idea has gone into cold storage for good.

"The freedom of the seas" demanded by Germany has been realized. The submarines have been put out of business for ever.

Possibly Germany is hungry because of the food ships she sunk.

How long will the new penitentiary warden last?

Murphy has gone, but Keller stays.

The submarine menace is definitely passed.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

BRIAN ENTHUSES OVER THE WAR.

CHAPTER XCI.

Brian hung up the receiver, his mind in a peculiar condition. He was flattered that Mollie had missed him; yet a bit worried that she had called him. Suppose Ruth had been at home. He must warn Mollie not to call him at the house, Rachel, too, might answer and think it strange that a woman had called him. She was devoted to Ruth and probably told her all that happened in her absence.

"Mollie's a dear!" he said to himself as he often had said before. "She makes a fellow so darn comfortable." Perhaps Brian was not so different from many other men, in that he admired a woman who made him comfortable. Most men are very sensitive to that sort of woman, and Brian was a very ordinary sort of man in most things—Ruth's belief to the contrary.

Brian's view of Mandel had not tended to make him happy. That prosperous, well-grounded man whom the lackeys treated with such subservience, was just the sort of man Ruth had been accustomed to all her life, and whom her aunt would have chosen as her husband and who would have chosen as her husband.

The thought made Brian blush because of what it implied of his idea of Ruth. He knew she loved him, that she was good and true. Yet he had insulted her by thinking that, because of Mandel's money, his personal attractiveness, she would perhaps prefer him to spending her life with a poor lawyer.

That he had all the chance anyone else had, he did not believe. Midas had not spilled gold in his lap; neither had he been favored by the gods with the luck that comes to some men. So he figured that the very men he envied, worked two hours to his one—that they neither spent their time in foolish grumblings against fate, or wasted it in other ways, he would not have conceded. It was just his luck not to get along like some fellows did.

Ruth's picture stared at him from his chiffonier as he prepared for bed. She looked so frankly into his eyes. There was such a sweet smile on her lips, that he raised it and pressed a kiss upon the glass.

"She's sweet", he said as he tugged at his necktie. "I wish she liked to stay home."

Had he known that Ruth was lying awake, her eyes wet with tears because she had not heard from him, he might have felt a shade more guilty than he did. But he had put off writing—albeit he had thought of it—until he had something to tell her. That was the excuse he made to himself. But had he been truthful he would have said that he felt so ashamed that he had spent the entire evening before with Mollie, without a thought of Ruth, that he had not been able to write all that day. Brian was a temperamental soul. He did things when he felt in the mood, or he did them not at all. But before he slept he assured himself that he would write Ruth in the morning, for if he spent the evening with Mollie he would be late, and not feel like writing.

While sipping his coffee the next morning he read the paper with more than his usual interest. That war was getting mighty interesting. It had begun to look as if it would last indefinitely. How he would like to get into the game! His blood tingled at the thought. What an experience!

"If I wasn't married, I'd join the Canucks", he said aloud after reading of a particularly brilliant charge by the Canadian forces. "But no such luck for me." He neglected his breakfast so that Rachel was worried and asked:

"My little daughter and myself both use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and find it invaluable as a remedy for constipation. I would not be without it." (From a letter to Dr. Caldwell written by Mrs. Will H. Thompson, Ripley, Ohio.)

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Judge Griffin Asks New Trial For Mooney

Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 21.—Governor Stephens today received from Franklin A. Griffin, trial judge in the Thomas J. Mooney case, a long letter appealing to the chief executive to grant a conditional pardon to Mooney. Such action by the governor would be tantamount to ordering a new trial.

In his letter Judge Griffin reviewed the entire case at length, outlining the testimony of the prosecution's chief witnesses.

The testimony of Frank C. Oxman, the prosecution's chief witness, was characterized by the judge as "the tripping point in the Mooney case."

Disclosure of an attempt by Oxman to secure false testimony through letters written to Edward Bigall and his mother at Grayville, Ill., led Judge Griffin to believe that Mooney should have a new trial.

Strikes Are In Prospect. San Francisco, Nov. 21.—Labor on the Pacific Coast is seething today with strike talk which may assume serious proportions.

Practically every union before December 1 will vote on the proposed general strike as a protest against the execution of Thomas Mooney, scheduled to be hanged December 13. Some labor leaders declared that "not a wheel will turn" throughout the country if the state of California takes Mooney's life.

Further complications were presented by the dispute of shipyard workers over the Macy wage scale agreement, which the men declare has not been fulfilled by the employers. One union already has voted to strike December 8 unless some satisfactory settlement is forthcoming.

Wilhelm Changes Banks. Amsterdam, Nov. 22.—Two hundred bags of gold and silver & German coins, each weighing a hundred pounds, have arrived in Holland for the former Kaiser, it was reported here today.

The bags were brought across the frontier in sealed wagons. They are believed to have been deposited in a small bank in southern Holland.

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