

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 \$5.00 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, missus 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

AMERICAN TEETH.

We have had many tributes of admiration paid to our fighting men in recent months. Most of them have been of military character. Here is one a little out of the ordinary, that probably deserves as high a place in our appreciation as those of a more martial nature. It concerns the homely theme of teeth. Says the London Daily Mail:

"One thing about the American soldiers and sailors must strike English people when they see these gallant fighters, and that is the soundness and general whiteness of their teeth. It is all the more striking in that it is such a contrast to the teeth of the British people.

"From childhood the Yank is taught to take care of his teeth. He has tooth-drill thrice daily and visits his dentist at fixt intervals, say every three or four months. If by any chance a tooth does decay the rot is at once arrested by a filling. The result of all this is that our U. S. cousins, besides adding to their appearance, gain in health by having good, clean teeth, and when war came, very few men were turned down by the military authorities for having decayed teeth. So daily we see them, their faces tanned, smilingly exhibiting perfect sets of teeth. It is a distinctive mark of the American--as distinctive as his uniform or his slang.

"Now take our own case. Daily you see young boys and girls with mouths full of decayed teeth. Bad teeth hinder digestion, and indigestion is the curse of many a man's life. Mothers should see to it that their children use their tooth-brushes daily, after every meal, if possible.

"The U. S. soldiers have set us a splendid example in this matter. They fairly shame the ordinary Tommy by the brilliance of their molars, but they will do so no longer if young English mothers will only wake up to the fact that bad teeth cause bad health, and that doctors' and dentists' bills will be saved by the regular use of the tooth-brush."

We may take just pride in this praise, because there is no doubt whatever that we deserve it. We have probably been born with no better teeth than our British brethren, but our teeth are better simply because we have taken intelligent and laborious care of them.

There is still plenty of room for improvement, however. Any medical examiner will tell you there is a shocking amount of defective-tooth trouble among selective service men. Our dental standards are high, but we are not yet living up to them.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

PEACETIME PRICES.

When doves of peace are soaring round, and eagles quit their yapping, will things cost just as much per pound as when the hosts were scrapping? The prices rise without a break, the snowclad summits striking; no effort does it seem to take to keep the blamed things hiking. The news is flashed across the sea that some one's goat is taken; up goes the price of prunes and tea, and succotash and bacon. A bunch of kings have soaked their crowns, we read in late dispatches; up goes the price of hand-me-downs, and pointer pups and matches. Some heartsick rulers vainly try to smile while taking bitters; up goes the price of whiskers dye, of applejack and fritters. It's easy turning "reasons" loose, most any fake suffices, the punkiest sort of cheap excuse will do for raising prices. When war dogs crawl into their den, convinced that war is cheese, will bringing prices down again, think you, be quite so easy? Will Jinks, the grocer, blithely say, "We've had good news from Sweden, so I can cut the price today, on all the things you're needin'?" Will Grimes, the clothier, say, "It's nice to know that Russia's better, so I will reduce the price of that star-spangled sweater?" Let's hope such things will come to pass, when doves of peace are soaring, and meanwhile, as we dig the brass, cut out the useless roaring.

NOT GIVING THEM FOOD.

In all this discussion about feeding the Germans and Austrians, one fact should be borne in mind. The food we send our enemies is not going to be given them. They are going to pay for it. They are going to pay as much for their flour and pork as we pay, and very likely a good deal more.

This assurance, based on official statements from Washington, should serve to allay the criticism aroused in many quarters by the first announcement that the American people were expected to share their food with their beaten enemies. Nobody in this country is called upon to give a dollar or a meal to any German or Austrian. All we are expected to do is to avoid waste and over-indulgence ourselves, so that there will be enough foodstuffs in the American markets to provide the desired surplus for export.

All Europe is more or less hungry, and therefore, in common with South America and Australia, we are going to send Europe what we can spare. The people of Central Europe will have to buy cargoes in the open market, in competition with other European nations, and pay for them with real money.

THE WAR BOND SHILLING.

In a London street during a war bond campaign, the mayor of Shoreditch was making a strong appeal for funds. While he was talking a messenger from a factory brought him a check amounting to about \$100,000 in our money. He held that up as inspiration for further loans. A poor woman stepped out of the crowd and handed the mayor a shilling.

"It is all I have," she is reported to have said, "but you are welcome to it to feed the guns and help the boys."

It is the old story of the poor woman giving her mite. It occurred to a reader who ran across this story that it held a lesson of pride and courage, as well as of unselfish patriotism. Many persons who possessed a good deal more than a shilling might be foolishly ashamed to present a small contribution when the big one had just been made. But one's best is always worth while, and one's all, no matter how little, is a greater gift than another's tenth or half.

The spruce division of the army is being rapidly demobilized, and it is announced that all the railroads, built at various points along the Oregon coast, and all other equipment will be sold. It is to be hoped that these railroads will not be "junked", since some of them, especially those leading to Yaquina Bay might be made important factors in the development of the coast section. The prospects for such an outcome, however, are not very bright, since the railroad systems of the country are all tied up by government control and thus unable to take over such lines should they desire to acquire them. Possibly large timber owners may see their way clear to buy some of the spruce roads and keep them in operation, but this is not at all certain.

Secretary McAdoo, the strongest man in the president's official family, has resigned and will retire to private life, giving the lie to the oft-repeated calumny, that he was building up a great political machine through railroad employes in order to become a candidate for president. Worn out by his numerous duties since the beginning of the war McAdoo has decided that he is entitled to some rest and to employ his time in the interests of his private business affairs. Those who are familiar with his activities during the war period are willing to accord him this privilege, feeling that he has earned it.

There is again an opportunity to get a boat back on the Portland-Salem run. It should by all means be taken advantage of since it means the recovery of trade along the river lost by Salem since the boats were withdrawn, and will have a salutary effect upon freight rates fixed by the railroads. Salem businessmen ought to be willing to take a small amount of stock in such a transportation line, even without hope of ever receiving dividends, and at that it would prove a good investment.

"I am one of those who believe that without peace we cannot have progress," said Lloyd-George. About 100,000,000 people over here agree with him. That belief wins converts every day even in darkest Central Europe, where the theory prevailed until recently that there is no progress without war.

While you are sympathizing with the soldier boys for all they have gone through reserve a little for the boy who was unable to go "across" because the coming of peace left him stranded in a training camp on this side of the ocean.

Editor Ingalls must be looking hopefully toward the goal that comes with plutocratic retirement. He is advocating the laying out of a golf links at Corvallis.

Pretty soon there won't be any royalty left in the world except in Boston. Ever see the Hub mayor with his mace bearers?

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Still less easy lies the head that has lost its crown.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH PLANS A SURPRISE FOR BRIAN.

That night Mollie and Brian talked of little else than the war. She was as enthusiastic as was he, and expressed the same desire--to be in the thick of things.

"Just think, Brian, of what is going on over there, and we sit here in the old hum-drum way, doing the things we have done all our lives and doing them in the same way we have done them. No wonder we are uninteresting. We have gone to sleep. It will take a great, big jar of some kind, like they are getting in Europe. I'd volunteer to go and dig trenches or scrub hospitals if I were in that mass. It must be glorious to fight when you feel you are fighting for a principle." "That's just the way I feel," Brian answered, looking with admiration at Mollie's shining eyes, and thinking how very pretty she was. "The trouble with your going, Mollie, would be that all the Tommies would fall in love with you, and that would spoil them for fighting; they'd be afraid they'd get hurt and someone else would get you." "Nonsense! don't be a silly," Mollie replied, but Brian's compliment had changed their attitude, and they laughed and chatted as usual, the war and all the glory they might have, if engaged in it, forgotten in their delight in each other's society.

But when Brian returned home and as usual read a little before going to bed, he felt remorseful. He had found a wire from Ruth awaiting him, in which she said she had received his letter, that she had feared he was ill because he had not written sooner, and sent him her love.

"If she'd send herself home and then stay here where she belongs, it would be better for us both," he grumbled, his guilty feeling--because he had spent the entire evening again with Mollie--making him want to throw the blame on someone--so on Ruth.

Brian had fully intended to caution Mollie not to telephone him again at the house. But he had forgotten all about it. They were having too good a time together. But now it once more occurred to him. He was annoyed that he had forgotten to tell her. She might cause him trouble if she should telephone when he was out.

He sat down at Ruth's desk and wrote Mollie a little note:

"Don't call me at the house again, dear. Rachel might not understand, and tell of it, and so make me trouble." Then he went out and mailed it.

He had written "me" then erased it and substituted "us." Could he have seen Mollie's pitying smile when she read it (she had noticed the erasure immediately), and heard her murmured "poor Brian, he's afraid of saying his soul in his own," he would have been astonished at her viewpoint. That note confirmed Mollie's idea, that Ruth was a disreputable, nagging sort of a woman, and that she made Brian's home life almost unbearable.

"There that's fixed!" Brian said as he returned after posting the letter. "I wouldn't have Mollie hurt Ruth's feelings for the world."

Ruth returned sooner than she had expected. Her work had gone splendidly, and she was in high good humor. She had notified Mr. Mandel that she was coming; but would surprise Brian. Her train got in just about dinner time. She would reach home as he was about to sit down. She smiled as she thought how pleased and surprised he would be. He had written her again, a long, chatty letter which had taken all her worry from her, and so had enabled her to put her mind on her work. Really it had been the comfort that letter brought her that had spurred her on to finish her work in record time, working late at night instead of resting.

She jumped lightly from the train and hurried into a taxi. She had not looked about, as she expected no one to meet her. Had she, she might have seen Arthur Mandel watching to see if Brian met her, and putting his own construction upon the fact that he did not.

Of course he had no way of knowing that Ruth was planning a surprise. He never doubted that, having sent him word, she also had wired her husband. He smiled enigmatically as he turned away. But it was a happy, satisfied smile that, to one knowing him, told that he was immensely pleased with something.

When Ruth reached home she could hardly wait for the elevator, so anxious was she to see Brian. He would be so pleased and surprised. She opened the door very quietly with her latch key. The apartment was in darkness. She could look through into the dining room, and there was no light there. Just a thin streak of white under the door that led to the kitchen, was the only sign that there was anyone at home.

"Rachel!" she called going toward the door, throwing on the lights as she passed the switch, "Where's Mr. Brian?"

"Not comin' home, missy Ruth. He told me this mornin. Ole Rachel is sholy glad to see you honey! dat place am dat lonesome when you is away." Tomorrow--Ruth Finds Brian's Message to Mollie.

Open Forum

INFLUENCE OF THE NEWSPAPER.

To the Editor: May I speak through your columns in the expression of a few opinions concerning the modern newspaper? I fear that in the past I, as well as others, have not sufficiently appreciated the value of the newspaper--one of the most powerful of modern inventions.

As an illustration of the development of the publishing business, it has been estimated that if Benjamin Franklin should step up and take charge of the Saturday Evening Post as it is now, bringing his facilities with him, it would take him nineteen years to print a single weekly edition.

There would certainly be a lonesome and dissatisfied lot of people in this country if all the newspapers were dis-

continued a few weeks for some reason. I cannot think of a class of people, nor of individuals of my acquaintance, who do not need the newspaper. There is hardly a person in the country who can read who does not read the newspaper these days and feel that it is almost indispensable.

A few among the religious classes have in times past criticized the newspaper quite severely. However, even they are equipping more and more to realize that the newspaper is an important help in Bible study! How can that be? Because it records the many events which the Bible writers predicted several thousand years ago. Careful Bible students can hardly read a single copy of any newspaper now without reading of happenings which are in direct fulfillment of Bible prophecies.

Those who feel like criticizing the modern newspaper should perhaps realize that they are partly to blame for the publication of so many features which they consider objectionable. There is probably very nothing the average editor desires more than to publish the things which will be interesting and uplifting to the readers of his paper but if his readers demand "blood and thunder" stories, and all the details of every crime, and of every demoralizing occurrence, the editor must not be blamed for much for publishing that class of reading. If more good people would express to editors and publishers their appreciation for the good and uplifting articles which appear in their papers, the editors would doubtless find more room for such articles and less for the other kind.

But on the other hand, we should not lay all the blame on the editors and publishers if we waste our time reading things which are of no value to us. The entire paper was not prepared for our especial benefit; and we are expected to use our own wisdom and judgment in reading only those things which we find helpful to us. It is the aim of the editors and publishers to print such variety of matter in every paper that every reader will find something which more than repays him for the price of the paper and the time spent in reading it.

In this day when "of the making of books there is no end," and when there are more than 24,000 periodicals published in this country, a knowledge of what to read and how to read it is of great value. Let us train ourselves in the choice of reading instead of trying to get the editors to publish only that of which we approve.

Very truly yours,
A READER.

MOUNTAIN VIEW DISTRICT SETS A GOOD STANDARD

Charlie Alexander, chairman of his district in the war fund drive was in Silverton Monday and brought down the money for Mountain View districts quota, and the amount raised was \$150. There are about sixteen families up there in the hills all told and practically all of them are clearing new farms and just getting started. They have shown their 100 per cent Americanism and generous hearts by subscribing liberally for the physical comfort and moral welfare of the boys overseas. --Silverton Tribune.

Thousands of Miles Over Sharp Rocks and Not a Scratch or Cut--

they have run thousands of miles and of Republic Tires for the reason that the Rubber is put through what is called "Prodim Process"---Discovered and used only by the Republic Factory.

Car Owners come to our store every day and say "Look at my Republic Tires, they have run thousands of miles and aver sharp rock roads, that I felt sure would cut them to shreds, but not a scratch or a cut."

We want to show you a sample of the rubber used in Republic Tires.--To protect the fabric, a tough rubber, that will not cut or chip, must cover it--- If your car is not equipped with Republic Tires it should be. Every Republic carries a 5000 mile guarantee. We make Republic adjustments at our store.

Salem Automobile Co.

F. G. DELANO

246 State Street
Phone 97

A. I. EOFF

"Republic Distributors For Marion, Polk and Northeast Part of Linn County"