

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 .25c
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY.

Russia is in the throes of a reign of terror. Thousands of persons are being murdered in cold blood and men and women fight with dogs for the carcasses of horses that have died of starvation in the streets of Petrograd. That is the outcome of a peaceful socialistic revolution, where there was to be no force employed and no restrictions upon liberty; where every member of society was to be free and equal in all respects.

The result is anarchy and murder. Nobody is compelled to work to produce food or clothing because socialism argues that it is tyranny to compel one to do what he has no inclination to do, and consequently there is nothing to eat and no clothes to wear. There are some who no doubt would go ahead and produce crops, but they will not do so because the mob of idlers would appropriate and confiscate the fruits of their toil. Therefore industry stands still and starving people fight like wild animals for the offal of the streets, while the brutal and criminal classes seize the reigns of government and murder, sack, pillage and indulge their sensual lust at the expense of a helpless misguided people.

That is the socialism that we allow advocated in this country by the same unprincipled or ignorant class of agitators that has prostrated Russia. It is the kind of socialism that has seized the reigns of government in Germany and in turn is rapidly giving place to anarchy because no socialistic government can endure more than a few months at most, because of lack of restraint and enforcement of salutary laws. Organized government naturally means restraint of personal liberty and the imposition of certain necessary burdens in the shape of taxation, no one but a socialist denies that fact. Good government means as little restraint as possible to enforce order and protect property and the imposition of equal taxation made to cover the lowest cost compatible with efficient administration of public affairs.

In the United States socialism and anarchy are advocated by two principal factions, which was true in Russia and Germany before the revolts there, a lot of educated dreamers whose brains were not capable of digesting and properly applying what they studied in colleges, and their ignorant followers who are led off by their beautiful pictures of an Utopian existence under socialistic or anarchistic conditions. Anarchists include also many professional criminals who are frankly and avowedly against all law and order and believe that might alone should rule and that a man should be allowed to possess whatever he can take and hold. These latter now control Russia and probably will have the upper hand

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THANKSGIVING

Be thankful! For we've lived to see the dawn of world-wide liberty. The tyrant sees his throne upset--or 'twill be soon, already yet--and fettered nations break the chain they long have worn in tears and pain. The tyrant who kicked up the row that he might wear upon his brow the laurels of a conqueror, has got his stomach full of war. Be thankful that the tyrant's hopes have gone a-slipping down the slopes, be thankful that the tyrant's schemes proved, in the washing hopjoint dreams. Be thankful that the Prussian sword, like Jonah, has gone overboard; no longer can the Prussian frown make any people knuckle down. The bully of the world is licked, the bosom of his pants well kicked. Be thankful that our boys arose, just panting to get at the foes, and showed the world how we can fight when we defend eternal right. Be thankful that you've had a chance to help our dauntless lads in France, and that you still may give and give, that war activities may live. The Red Cross Roll Call soon will come, and you should lay aside a sum, composed of cartwheels and of seeds, to help the cause that helps our lads. It's good such causes to advance--be thankful that you have the chance.

in Germany within six months, unless allied troops are used to maintain order.

The lesson of recent events in Europe should sink deep into the American mind. Agitators of any kind against organized government and society should not be allowed longer to sow the seeds here from which Europe is reaping a harvest of death and misery.

SPOILING THE CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"No Christmas card of any description is allowed in the box," said the Red Cross worker to the woman turning in a Christmas box for a "friendless soldier."

"I am so sorry," this woman said. "That card conveys such a wholesome, friendly spirit without anything personal or sloppily sentimental, that I thought it would cheer up a friendless soldier considerably. But I suppose you have some good reason for this regulation."

The reason was explained. Last year cards were permitted. But such silly, slushy cards were sent, such sentimental notes written, that a good deal of trouble was caused. In some cases people who had disgraced themselves and insulted the friendless soldiers by sending gushing notes and cards received replies in kind. Then they were indignant and complained to the Red Cross authorities against the soldiers. Probably most of the offending parties were foolish young girls whose more foolish parents didn't pay any attention to the way the daughter's romantic patriotism expressed itself. But older women who should have known better were guilty, too. People so lacking in judgment and good taste, not to say decency, need to have their patriotic efforts sternly supervised. Otherwise they hinder right-minded persons in the wholesome, friendly acts they undertake.

According to figures compiled by the census bureau influenza is more deadly than war! That is the verdict of the bureau of census, after an investigation of the ravages of the recent epidemic. Compilation of official reports shows that deaths in America properly chargeable to the Spanish influenza epidemic are more than equal to the casualties among the American troops in the world conflict. The total loss of life throughout the country is not known, but official figures for 46 large cities show 78,000 persons were victims of the disease during the period from September 8 to November 9. Basing their calculations on an unofficial estimate of 200,000 casualties of all kinds in the American expeditionary forces, the census bureau officials believe that the number of deaths from all causes will not exceed 50,000. The influenza toll in the entire country, therefore, it is pointed out, far exceeds the human sacrifices exacted by enemy guns. The census bureau statement shows the greatest mortality due to the epidemic in proportion to population--7.4 per 1000--occurred in Philadelphia, and the next greatest--6.7 per 1000--was reported in Baltimore.

The upbuilding of Salem through the location of factories here and the development of the country tributary to the city should become again the leading thought of our people, now that the war is over. To this end the Commercial club must be made stronger and more effective in every way and the membership campaign, so often interrupted by more pressing matters in connection with war work, should be taken up again and pushed to a successful conclusion. Many important business concerns at the present time hold no memberships in the club, due probably more to oversight than anything else.

The Twelfth Federal Reserve District subscribed \$459,000,000 to the Fourth Liberty loan, or 114.2 per cent of the quota of \$402,000,000 according to official figures just announced by the Federal Reserve Bank. This district ranks seventh in the United States. Alaska leads in percentage of subscriptions in the district, as compared to quota with 156 per cent, Arizona is second with 148 per cent and the state of Washington third with 120 per cent. Northern and southern California subscriptions have not yet been segregated but will be announced soon.

Every time we read of a new monument unveiled to a French, Italian or Belgian hero we wonder why they don't spend the money for food if Europe is so hungry and let the monuments wait until some time in the future. Some time the good-natured Americans may take a notion to stop putting up money for the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other organizations on the plea of feeding and rehabilitating Europe.

Warden Murphy's statement would indicate that affairs at the penitentiary are in such condition that the next legislature should place the management of the institution in the hands of a responsible board. The people of Oregon are very tired of the inefficiency that marks the control of the penitentiary, soldiers' home and flax experiment. They want a change and want it badly.

A socialistic paper rejoices in the fact that Lenine and Trotsky only receive \$50.00 a month salary from the Russians. Even admitting that these men are not on the German payroll, the kind of government they are giving Russia would be enormously expensive no matter how low its cost.

The boats ought to go back on the river. They will bring business to this city, keep freight rates within reasonable limits in the future and prove a convenience to a very considerable number of people living along the river.

If President Wilson had not decided to go to France probably the papers now censuring his action would be criticising him for staying at home when the peace of the world was at stake.

In spite of what is happening to the despots of Europe, Joe Keller's crown still seems to be on straight and his scepter as potent as ever.

Henry Ford is about to begin the publication of a newspaper. He is probably seeking a means of absorbing the profits of his automobile plant.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH FINDS BRIAN'S MESSAGE TO MOLLIE

CHAPTER XXIII.

Tears filled Ruth's eyes as she threw her arms around her old mammy.

"I was going to surprise him, mammy! I thought he would be so pleased." "Don't go far to surprise him no time, honey. He ain't comin' home much when you's away. He sholy ain't!"

Ruth wanted to ask mammy about the number of evenings Brian had spent out while she was away, but bit her lip to keep the questions back. Not even to old mammy, who had known and loved her all her life, would she express curiosity about her husband, or seem to pry into his actions.

"Go take yo things off, honey. I'll git yo some dinner in a jiffy."

Ruth did as Rachel told her. But she could not very little of the tempting dinner Rachel brought her. She was so disappointed that she could scarcely keep the tears back; yet Brian might come in at any moment and he must not find her crying.

Her dinner finished, she could set her self at nothing, although she tried to read. But her thoughts were constantly straying, always Brian-ward.

"I'll write Aunt Louisa!" she said aloud, and moved over to her desk. Idly she fingered the blotter, then her attention was arrested by the heavy lines blotted upon it. She smiled as she thought: "Brian has been using my desk to write--perhaps he wrote me again last night."

Brian's wish use of ink had always rather amused Ruth. His bold chirography with the heavy shaded lines was unmistakable. Now she looked closely at the blotter. At first she only made out a word here and there--"dear" and "Rachel" and "trouble"

"He was writing me," Ruth said aloud. "I wish I had telegraphed him. Perhaps he was so lonely he went to the theatre or a movie."

Again she bent over the blotter. This time more carefully. Without much trouble, she finally had the entire note Brian had written Mollie before her. That is, enough of it to know it was not for her.

"Dun't call--house again, dear. Rachel--understand--tell--make trouble." The missing words made Brian's meaning different altogether from what he had intended to convey to Mollie. He had said "Rachel might NOT understand" but the "not" was unpronounced. "Who could this note be intended for?" Ruth asked herself, the answer already in her mind: "Mollie King."

But what was it that Rachel would understand, and make trouble about. And he had called her "dear"--had warned her not to call the house because of this fear that old mammy might understand something he didn't want her--Ruth to know. Of course she would be apt to repeat to Ruth anything she thought her young mistress should know, of what went on while she was away.

"What can I do?" Ruth moaned, resting her head on her hand while slow tears dropped upon the blotter which had told her so much. "What shall I do? Oh, Brian, I love you so, and you care--for her."

Ruth really considered what she had read, proof that Brian was doing something of which she would disapprove--that would make trouble between them if she knew. What could it be, save that he was fond of someone else--Mollie, probably? Ruth never had objected to anything else he did; never once found fault with him. And only once had she spoken of his intimacy with Mollie.

"Oh, Brian!" laying her head down on her folded arms, she sobbed until Rachel, hearing, came in to comfort her.

"Don't cry, honey! he'll be home soon, he sholy will."

"I can't help it, Rachel. I am so disappointed. I wanted to surprise and please him. And"--she broke out afresh.

"That honey! Ye remember what ole Rachel tells yo, Don't sprike folks Tain't do ting to lo, honey."

"I never shall again," Ruth returned. "I am going to take a bath and go to bed. You go to bed, Rachel. I won't cry any more."

Rachel drew the bath for Ruth, made her bed ready, then went to her own room muttering things which, could Brian have heard, he would have found anything but complimentary. In fact she called down all sorts of punishments on his head for making "missy Ruth" cry.

Ruth was tired with her journey and the excitement caused by giving way to her emotion. She dropped off to sleep about midnight. But when the clock struck four it awakened her. She lighted the light to be sure she had heard right. Yes, it was four o'clock, and Brian had not yet come in.

In agony, she said the sentence she had found on the blotter over and over.

Then again weeping bitterly, she arose and sat in a chair by the window to watch for his coming.

(Tomorrow--Brian Remains Out All Night. Ruth Is Anxious)

THE KINGS KICK IN.

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL
(Written for the United Press.)
The kings now plod their weary way To where the daisies bloom, For every dog must have his day, And then his night of doom.

The kings are quite as out-of-date As Julius Caesar's pants, Yet, as he quits the stage of state, Each monarch loudly rants.

The royal boobs have danced all night, The pipper seeks his pay, Now that the East is growing light With Promise of The Day.

Nick Romanoff has paid his bill And gently stopped aside; Franz Josef danced right well until He very dandy died.

The late lamented Constantine Held tightly to his crown Until a kick beneath his spine The royal house brought down.

The canny, queer, unsaved Chinese Bow down no more to kings, And oke the doughty Portuguese Have out their leading-strings.

Bye-Bye King Karl and Kaiser Bill, The devil take you off, And may you never rest until You join Nick Romanoff!

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Lula Helen Ponz died Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1918, at her home in Oregon City, of influenza at the age of 24 years and 13 days. She was born at Haines, Or., Oct. 31, 1894.

Funeral services were held Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30 o'clock from J. M. Bingo's undertaking parlors at Stayton, the Rev. Warren of the M. E. church at Stayton officiating. Pall bearers were: Charles L. Martin, Will Myers, R. M. Fason and W. K. Winslow.

Interment was in the Stayton cemetery by the side of her aunt, Mrs. Gregory.

Besides her husband, Antoine Ponz, a daughter, Billie aged three, and an infant son, Jesse, 39 hours old, at the time of her death, she is survived by her father, L. F. Crist of Eastern Oregon; her mother, Mrs. O. W. Brown of this place; two brothers, Fred and Louie Crist, four sisters, Mrs. Bertha Guffy of Sublet, Wyo.; Mrs. Anna Groutage also of Sublet, Wyo.; Pauline and Eva Crist of this place, and a half-sister and brother, June and Perry Brown--Aumsville Record.

DOCTOR SAID "KEEP ON TAKING TANLAC"

Mrs. Bieal Gains 20 Pounds-- Wants Others To Be Helped.

"I have not only gained twenty pounds since I began taking Tanlac, but it has done me so much good that my doctor after seeing the improvement this medicine brought, advised me to keep on taking it," declared Mrs. Mary Bieal, of 512 Dayton Ave., Seattle, a few days ago.

"I feel so grateful for Tanlac, I don't know what to say," continued Mrs. Bieal. "For three years I suffered such agony with my stomach, that I wasn't able to do a thing around the house. In fact, I was hardly able to get around at all. I completely lost my appetite, and what I did force down caused me so much pain, I could hardly stand it. Of course this got my nerves in a terrible condition, and I hardly knew what it was to sleep at night, I'd just roll and toss until morning."

"At last I got so bad off that I was taken to the hospital, and had an operation performed. I was there for five weeks, and when I finally got back home, I was a perfect wreck. I was so weak I couldn't move around the house at all and had to stay right in bed and my husband had to leave his work and wait on me. I had the best attention I could get but nothing seemed to give me any strength and although I tried and tried to get up and move around, it was no use. I was too weak; I just couldn't do it. Everbody insisted that I go back to the hospital, but I said, 'No,' I had been through so much I just couldn't bear the thought of going back there again."

"Then I decided to try Tanlac, as I had heard so much about it and its honest truth this medicine did more for me than I ever thought anything could do. I have taken six bottles now, and my stomach is in splendid condition. I have a fine appetite and can eat anything I want and never suffer the least bit afterwards."

"Tanlac certainly has built me up wonderfully, just think, before I took it, I didn't have strength enough to set my own table, and now I can do every bit of my house work, even the washing, if necessary, and I sleep like a child and wake up in the mornings feeling refreshed and full of life. I've gained twenty pounds and look so well that my doctor told me to keep right on taking Tanlac, and you may be sure I'm going to do it. I'm glad for everyone to know what Tanlac has done for me and hope the story of my case will help other sufferers to get the same relief."

Tanlac is sold in Stubbard by Stubbard Drug Co., in Mt. Angel by Joe Goeh, in Gervais by John Kelly, in Turner by H. P. Cornelius, in Woodburn by Lyman H. Shores, in Salem by Dr. S. C. Stone, in Silverton by Geo. A. Steelhammer, in Gates by Mrs. J. P. McCurdy and in Stayton by C. A. Beauchamp, in Aurora by Aurora Drug Store. (Adv.)

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Battle Creek Sanatorium

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