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### THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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## WILL PERSHING BE NEXT PRESIDENT?

There is already a movement to elect General Pershing president to succeed Mr. Wilson. It is more than likely this plan will succeed, since the American military leader will be the popular hero, and all peoples, since the beginning of time, have a weakness for hero-worship.

General Pershing might make a splendid president but that fact will have little bearing on the question. He might prove the poorest kind of material for the great executive office of president without very much injury to his chances of election. It is presumed that Pershing is a republican, although army officers do not indicate their political preferences as a rule. Probably he is because his father-in-law, the venerable Senator Warren, of Wyoming was one of the old guard republican leaders of the upper house for years—hand in glove with Senator Aldrich. Army officers used to charge Pershing's rapid promotion in the service to Senator Warren's "pull". But whether Pershing is a republican or democrat, the republicans seem to have lassoed him first, and are likely to make him their standard bearer in 1920. He would run just as strongly on one ticket as the other. In this connection, it will be remembered that General U. S. Grant had always been a democrat until the republicans shrewdly appropriated him and made him their candidate for president. He was a great general and an honest man, but not altogether a successful executive head of the nation. His lack of executive ability, outside the handling of an army, was shown more clearly in his later failure as a businessman.

General W. S. Hancock was another great military figure who was induced to enter politics. He was nominated for president on his war record by the democrats. Having never been a politician or aspired to statesmanship, he looked at some of the perplexing political questions much as an average citizen, endowed with good common sense and judgment. He disposed of the tariff question, the political issue of the time, by branding it as a "local issue." Probably he didn't know what else to say, or more than likely he gave an honest answer that was to be recognized as very near the literal truth a quarter of a century later. Still that remark contributed mainly to his defeat in the election. Now we know that New England wants a protective tariff on things we of the northwest would like to see come in free of duty, and free trade on the raw products that the northwest would like to have protected by a high tariff. Most of us would like to have "free" sugar, but the planters of

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

### EARLY SHOPPING.

"We'll do our Christmas shopping early," said Kaiser Bill to Eitel Fritz; "so when I've made my mustache curly, we'll go up town and blow two bits. It is a time for stern retrenching, we can't spend lavishly, that's sure, while hunger, like a fiend, is wrenching the vitals of our German poor. Some simple gifts—none ostentatious—for friends who have been leal and true; our giving these will see mas gracious as though a lot of marks we blew. A can of ox-tail soup for Ludy, who let the tail go with the hide, will cheer him up, who is now moody, since he saw all his triumphs slide. For Tirpitz, too, soup would be fitting—the kind that's made of navy beans; he spilled our beans and sent hope flitting when he sent forth his submarines. Mock turtle soup we'll give to Hinden, for he's a mockery the dub; we thought him bigger than a linden, and find him smaller than a shrub. Beef soup will do for Kronprinz Freddy, for he will beef where he should fight; we might have won this war, already, had we but kept him out of sight. A can of soup for every fellow, clam chowder is the stuff for Max, for it's a sort of sickly yellow, and tastes a lot like liquid wax. Come, let us go and see the grocer, and buy what soup he has in stock, before the allied guns draw closer and shoot the helmet from my block."

Louisiana were so angry when the tariff was taken off they came nearer voting the republican ticket than they ever did before in their lives.

So we see General Hancock, a life-long military man, came pretty near hitting the nail on the head, when the politician would have camouflaged the issue, as we say since we have tried to incorporate the French language into our own. The moral is that General Pershing might have some practical, sensible ideas on public questions, even though a popular military idol.

As to the general's chances for nomination, well, they couldn't be brighter since both of the leading political parties are extremely short of available presidential timber. Pershing looks like a Godsend to the republican party if he will just stand hitched and allow the nomination to be handed him on the traditional golden platter, and no man yet has side-stepped a perfectly good chance to become president, unless it was Samuel J. Tilden in 1880, and as it was afterward known he realized when it was tendered that his life was ebbing rapidly to the end.

Only one cloud, and even now it is a good deal larger than a man's hand, appears on the political horizon of the Pershing boomers. Colonel Roosevelt may conclude that one military hero at a time is amply sufficient for the grand old party, and if he does—well the country and the republican party are pretty well acquainted with the colonel and his methods by this time.

If it becomes a contest between Roosevelt and Pershing they should take the reasonable and humane precaution of safely screening in the space allotted to spectators when the delegates gather in the arena of the national convention.

## TWENTY TO ONE.

Remembering the contempt German military men used to entertain for Americans as fighting men, we find much satisfaction in what actually happened when it came to a test. With armies battling under similar conditions, the prisoners captured afford a pretty good criterion of the relative merits of the troops. We find, from recent reports, that in round numbers the score stands about as follows:

In her active warfare with Germany our men captured 50,000 Germans while the enemy captured 2,500 Americans.

The ratio, as anyone may see, is twenty to one in favor of the Americans.

It is all the more impressive when you consider that in the main, the Germans captured were seasoned veterans, knowing every rule and trick of the modern war game, while our men who captured them so plentifully were for the most part troops without any previous experience.

We need not conclude that the average American recruit is necessarily twenty times as good a soldier as the average veteran of the German military system. Still the superiority of the American as a fighting man calls for no further comment.

The bolshevik department of the Portland Daily Journal headed "Letters From The People," is once more in full working trim, now that traitors and all brands of agitators appear to think that the war-time laws against sedition will be less sternly enforced. Defense of the red flag of anarchy is a favorite theme of the writers in this department which is presumably supervised by Editor Chapman, who was so active in the defense of the notorious Dr. Marie Equi, lately convicted on many seditious counts. There seems no legal way to suppress the Oregon Journal, but it certainly would redound to the credit of the loyal element in the state if they would see that its circulation did not extend beyond the element which contributes its "letters from the people."

It is time to discharge the food and fuel conservation officials, even if it will necessitate some of them getting real jobs with labor attached in order to earn a living. Here in Oregon the administration of these departments would have been a splendid joke, if it had been less costly and inconvenient to the people who were really intent in their desire to assist in winning the war.

Why keep even twenty-five men at \$90 a month, board and clothes, on state pay as military police? The war is over and in the possibility of any need for armed force to preserve order we have so many varieties of home guards and national guards that even the authorities are muddled as to which is which and who is who.

## THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps

### RUTH AND BRIAN QUARREL.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Ruth had seen Brian's smile and interpreted it rightly. Oh, why had she accepted her employer's offer. It gave Brian reason to object to any questions she might ask. She knew his jealous nature well enough by this time to be aware that he would take full advantage of her action.

Neither said anything until they were inside the apartment. Then Ruth spoke:

"I came home last night, Brian, I wanted to surprise you but—"

"You haven't surprised me a bit!" he interrupted in a tone that cut like

a knife; "I have known for a long time that Mandel was in love with you; in fact I have been warned that he would take you from me. For all I know, he has."

"Oh, Brian!" It was monstrous that he should talk so to her. "I felt sick because I was up all night worrying about you, and he offered to send me home. I let him because I felt so weak and faint."

"Yes."

"That was all! Just 'yes.' Ruth bit her lip until it bled to keep back the angry retort. Then, unable to control herself longer, she asked abruptly:

"Where were you last night, Brian?"

Deliberately Brian took off his coat, and hung it up. Then he looked steadily at her as he replied:

"You have no right to question me. You go away and leave me alone. You ride around in another man's car. You do as you please, so do I. If dinner is ready, suppose we eat. I have an engagement."

Ruth was amazed. Was this man,



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speaking to her like this, her Brian—the man who loved her, and whom she loved? He had put her in the wrong, so making it impossible for her to say anything as long as he took that attitude toward her. So she followed him to the table trembling and aching to have a good cry.

After Rachel left the room she cried again:

"I found the blotter with which you blotted your note—your note to Mollie King!" she had mentioned the name on impulse; but his quick flush, his look of guilt, his muttered oath, showed plainly that she was right in her surmise.

"Well!" He was determined to talk in monosyllables.

"Don't you think that after finding that you owe me some explanation of where you were last night?"

"No, I don't! You are in love with that Mandel and he with you! I owe you nothing! But I do owe Mollie King something and I cannot let her rest under your imputation. She is fair and above-board, even if you—my wife—are not. I was with a bunch of Canadian officers who are going over seas. It was almost morning when we stopped talking and I bunked in with one of

them. If you would deign to telegraph me when you are intending to favor me with your presence, perhaps I would be here to welcome you," the last sneeringly. Then, "You probably telegraphed Mandel."

This time it was Ruth who flushed guiltily. She HAD wired Mandel.

"I thought so," Brian said in a fierce tone. He was trying hard to keep his temper.

"And you weren't with Mollie King last night, in spite of that note?" Ruth asked, her lip quivering.

"Yes, I was with her. We had dinner together, and a jolly little dinner it was too. There are women who appreciate my society, you see, even if you do not. But I left Miss King at nine o'clock and went with the Canucks. I tell you this because of Mollie; not to please you." He arose from the table, put on his hat and left the house. Ruth had tried to speak, tried to call him back, but she could not. Her tears flowed fast as she threw herself onto her bed and sobbed out her misery.

He never had been exactly as he had that night. That sarcasm was new to him, also the bravado with which he confessed to having been with Mollie King. Surely she hadn't deserved to be treated as she had been. She knew he

had been awfully angry when he saw her in Mandel's car; that he had been jealous too. But even that was no excuse for the way he had talked. She had explained that she was ill, and that was the reason Mandel had sent her home.

Then she had flushed when he accused her of wiring Mandel. Although she had not answered him, she was sure Brian was satisfied he had guessed right. Oh, it was all such a nuisance! And now he had gone out again and left her. She wondered if he were with Mollie again. Perhaps he had gone to her for sympathy. He always acted absurd, childishly so, when anything went wrong between them.

Ruth wished she had not come home. That she had remained away the entire time she had planned. Had she done so, Brian would have expected her, and they would both have been saved all this. Then came another thought: If Brian were so careful of Mollie that he would not allow her to be placed in a false light, he must be terribly fond of her. He had humbled his pride to explain where he had been, rather than have Mollie suspected of an indiscretion. (Tomorrow—Brian Refuses to Make Up Although Ruth Begs Him To.)

# THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE NEED BITRO-PHOSPHATE

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SHOULD BE PRESCRIBED BY EVERY DOCTOR AND USED IN EVERY HOSPITAL. Says Editor of "Physician's Who's Who."

Take plain bitro-phosphate is the advice of physicians to thin, delicate, nervous people who lack vim, energy and nerve force, and there seems to be ample proof of the efficacy of this preparation to warrant the recommendation. Moreover, if we judge from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly

and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance. The increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Clinical test made in St. Catherine's Hospital, N. Y. C., showed that two patients gained in weight 22 and 27 pounds, respectively, through the administration of this organic phosphate; both patients claim they have not felt as strong and well for the past twelve years.

This increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear, dull eyes become bright and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

Physicians and hospitals everywhere are now recognizing its merits by its use in ever increasing quantities. Frederick Kalle, M. D., editor of New York Physician's "Who's Who," says: "Bitro-phosphate should be prescribed by every doctor and used in every hos-

pital to increase strength and nerve force and to enrich the blood."

Jos. D. Harrigan, former visiting specialist to North Eastern Dispensary, says: "Let those who are weak, thin, nervous, anemic, or rundown, take a natural, unadulterated substance such as bitro-phosphate and you will soon see some astonishing results in the increase of nerve energy, strength of body and mind and power of endurance."

Bitro-phosphate is made entirely of the organic phosphate compound referred to in the National Standard Dispensary as being an excellent tonic and nerve and a preparation which has recently acquired considerable reputation in the treatment of the neurasthenia. The standard of excellence, beyond question, of its substance is attested by the U. S. Pharmacopoeia test requirements. Bitro-phosphate is therefore not a patent medicine and should not be confused with any of the secret nostrums, so-called tonics or widely advertised "cure-alls."

CAUTION:—Although Bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, owing to its remarkable flesh growing properties it should not be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.