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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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BETTER PREPARED FOR PEACE.

When the United States congress declared war against Germany, we were strikingly unprepared for war. We had to build our war establishment almost from the ground up. And, on the whole, we did pretty well, as all the world agrees—foreigners, oddly enough, agreeing to it rather more readily than we ourselves. In a period surprisingly short, considering what had to be done, we put ourselves on so sound and effective war basis that we put Germany out of the war business.

Now comes peace, and there rises a chorus of lamentation over our unpreparedness for it. To this Richard Spillane, editor of Commerce and Finance, sensibly replies:

"America is vastly better prepared for peace than it was for war."

This is a fact that the pessimists have overlooked. During the war we have not only developed our industries phenomenally, but we have built up, as part of our war machine, a great, national system of business machinery which can be applied and is now being applied, to the purposes of peace.

Never were American business brains so thoroughly organized, and working in such effective co-operation, as they are today. Consider what the War Industries Board, acting in conjunction with strictly governmental agencies, has accomplished during the war. It can accomplish just as much now in shifting American industry, commerce and finance to a peace basis, with the active help of the government.

"Those who are worrying now about after-the-war conditions," says the expert quoted above, "those who are fearing trouble in weaving back into industry the millions of men we have in the army and navy, losing sleep over fear of wages being reduced, imagining all sorts of disturbances, are as certain to be confounded in their fears as were those who saw disaster in the world-war."

He is very likely right in maintaining that the American people's present problem is one of preparing, not for contraction in business, but for very great expansion in business. There is little danger of over-estimating the prosperity that will soon come to the nation if we confidently make ready for a successful peace as we made ready for a successful war.

There is a great era of prosperity looming just ahead in this country, but first of all must come the re-adjustment from the war basis to a legitimate peace standard. All living costs must come down at least 50 per cent before we can go full steam ahead with business expansion and national development.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

GOOD FOR US.

The rain is falling as I write, the cold November rain; it is a black and cheerless night, and toments on my tin roof fight, and make a noise insane. The rain is pelting, pelting down, I hear it splash and beat; and I'm unwise to wear a frown and rend my spangled dressing gown---this rain will help the wheat. All things unpleasant do us good, so all the sages say; instead of using steaks for food we ought to make a stew of wood, or boil some prairie hay. To teeter in a chair and rock is pleasant, I must say; but all the doctors come and knock and say we ought to go and walk a hundred miles a day. If there is something we despise, that is the stuff we need; we hate to swat the silly flies, but in that task our safety lies, so runs the health board's screed. We all are liable to ills which make us pale and thin; and while we pay the doctors' bills we know there's nothing to their pills unless they taste like sin. Sometimes I think that life's a fake, a rather sorry fng down the door, like water gone to seed; it grieves my jest; my spirit feels a throbbing ache, for everything I ought to take is something I detest. The rain is stream-heart, it makes me sore, and, since it is a beastly bore, I know it's what we need.

THE DAIRY SHORTAGE.

There is plenty of wheat now available. There is plenty of almost everything in this country except dairy products—milk, butter and cheese. These are short all over the world.

One great reason for this is that in the warring countries so many dairy animals were slaughtered, partly because their meat was immediately wanted for food, partly because their pasturage was destroyed by war, and they could only be "Hooverized" by being eaten.

There is a loss of cattle in France of 17 per cent; in Italy of 14 per cent; no loss, it is cheerful to state, in the United Kingdom. But of sheep and goats, on which so much dependence is placed in these countries for food, there is a loss in France of 41 per cent, or nearly half; Italy, 1 per cent; United Kingdom, 10 per cent. The shortage of pigs is more serious. France shows a loss of 49 per cent; Italy 12 1-2 per cent; United Kingdom, 25 per cent. The shortage of horses and mules, which count for the working of farms, in France is 37 1-2 per cent; Italy, 25 per cent.

"It is highly important that the herds be restored as soon as possible," says Dr. Vernon Kellogg of the Food Administration. "This can be done most effectively by larger importations of meat and pork products from America to lessen the slaughtering of native animals."

But the dangers of dairy shortages in ravaged countries are found not in immediate starvation, but in the menace of tuberculosis. The half-fed people need milk, butter and cheese in greater quantities as they begin to do the greater work of reconstruction.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce wants the government to continue building wooden ships at that city, and has induced the governor of the state to wire the president to that effect. At the same time the Oregonian and Telegram print figures compiled by Former Senator Jonathan Bourne for the purpose of showing how the administration is wasting billions on war work. To put it mildly the Portland papers are illogical, or it may be they are just seeking to trick the government into a continuance of the present wasteful ship-building policy in order to have grounds for abusing those in charge of the various war activities when it suits their pleasure to do so. Portland ought to have permanent industrial interests in order to prosper as a city, but it should not beg the government for charity. The wooden ships cost two or three times as much as they should, most of them are unseaworthy when launched, and the government has no use for them now that the emergency of war has passed. Why should they continue to be built at the expense of the nation at large? If Portland wants a ship building industry let her get away from the fake building operations of war and build real boats for service, at prices which the legitimate commerce of the sea will stand. The continuation of Portland's shipbuilding undoubtedly depends, not on the government subsidy, but upon the enterprise and business ability of her capitalists—which, judging the city by its past record, means that it will end when the government pap is withdrawn.

The most important thing for Salem to do now is to build up the membership and influence of the Commercial club, and put the organization on its pre-war efficiency basis. We almost had a flax mill, possibly two of them, located here when the demands of war halted every new enterprise of this character, and now we ought to take up that work where it was dropped. Then there is the development of our fruit interests, growing, canning, evaporating, packing, and the great loganberry juice industry that is making Salem as world-wide famous as Milwaukee once was because of a certain beverage that came from that city. From every standpoint Salem's future is extremely bright if our people are awake to their opportunities, and we ought to have a population of 50,000 before another ten years pass.

You can legally and patriotically buy all the Christmas presents you want to give away, and have the money to pay for. The bans on shopping have been lifted, except that the most important regulation remains. "Do your Christmas shopping early."

Two good items of news today---The government has released the prunes, allowing private buyers to take them. And the proposed 20 per cent war tax on loganberry juice is not likely to be enacted.

After all its a pretty risky thing for the president to leave the country when congress is in session. Even the congressmen realize this fact as their objection to his trip indicates.

Anyway the Germans will be severely punished if we supply them with foodstuffs at the same price Americans are forced to pay.

The official or board that seeks to regulate the price or distribution of food, fuel or other necessities of life is fast becoming a joke.

When German imperialists planted the seeds of anarchy in Russia they never reckoned on the harvest they would reap.

REVELATIONS FROM

(Continued from page one)

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH'S EMPLOYER SENDS HER FLOWERS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

They had reached the apartment at last, Ruth had almost run the last few steps, so anxious was she to rid herself of her unwelcome guest. But even at the door he detained her with a question: "Aren't you going to ask me in?" "No—you will pardon me, but I wish to be alone." She was absolutely careless that she might offend him. He was so distasteful to her, always had been, and now he had made her so uneasy by talking of war—of Brian enlisting because Mollie wanted him to. "Why should she interest herself in Brian to such an extent, unless it were to get him away from me?" The thought came to Ruth that this and this only could be Mollie's reason.

"Don't let yourself get sick over Brian and Mollie," Claude said as he turned to go. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever have been caught," his glance suggested himself as one of the finny tribe, one of the "good fish."

Ruth sighed with relief when she at last gained her apartment and had closed the door. She was not quite sure but that, in spite of his dismissal, Claude Beckly would follow her. "The fool!" she exclaimed as she laid off her hat, and made herself comfortable.

Then she took the paper and religiously read every word connected with the war. Things did look badly, but we were a neutral country. Surely we would not fight. The Germans were too clever to give us any reason sufficient to make us join the Allies. So Ruth thought, and so many others also thought at that time. Yet as she read of the devastation of Belgium, she too found her blood running faster, her heart beating more quickly as she saw the Hun cruelty to innocent men, women and children was unfolded before her.

"It must be exaggerated," she said aloud, shuddering over some particularly atrocious act committed against a child. "No human being could do such things." She had still to realize that the Hun is not human in our interpretation of the term. That from the beginning his inhumanity has been ingrained in him.

"Would Brian go off?" she asked herself the question, and at once she knew the answer. He would go, and she would not want to refuse. But she did not want Mollie King to interfere or to influence him in any way. She had some tea and toast at noon, then yielding to Rachel's entreaties, she lay down. She slept almost immediately and dreamed that Arthur Mandel and Brian went to war, and that Mollie King went with them. That Mandel killed Brian. Just then she woke up to realize that the door bell was ringing furiously. Rachel had gone to market sure her mistress would not be disturbed.

Ruth opened the door and took a large box of flowers from the impatient messenger boy. "I've been ringing for five minutes," he grumbled. "Who could have sent her the flowers?"

She opened the box and a card lay on the top of the tissue paper which covered the delicate roses.

"Rest a day or two if you like. We will get along without you until you are able to return. It was signed in as formal a manner as the note was written yet Ruth blushed as she lifted the roses, and wished her employer would not do so much for her. "Arthur Mandel," she read the name aloud. Then added whimsically, shaking the immense bunch of roses at an imaginary person. "You are too good to me! I wish Brian"—then she stopped as she always did when tempted to wish that Brian was more like her employer in some things.

What should she do with the flowers. Brian was already jealous of Mandel. That it was without cause made no difference; he was unhappy, evident ly over the fact that Mandel was kind to her. The formal note would appear to obviate thought of any sort of intimacy, but Brian was unreasonable. He might not like it if he knew where they came from.

Ruth hesitated a moment. Then with compressed lips she arranged the flowers artistically and laid the card conspicuously on the living room table where Brian would be sure to see it. She would not insult him by even thinking he would accuse her in his thoughts. She did not believe that Brian had for a single moment believed any of the cruel things he had said. He was cross because she had not wired him, and because she had made him feel at fault in not coming home.

Then while she waited for him she forgot the flowers and her employer. Her thoughts again busy with what she had read of war, and what Claude Beckly had said about Mollie urging him to go—if we were compelled to fight.

"Pshaw! It's only a shadow," she said just as Brian came in. (Monday—Brian is convinced America will have to fight.)

WARSHIPS USED AS TRANSPORTS

London, Nov. 29—American warships will be used to transport troops to the United States, it was reported today. It was also reported that Admiral Rodman's squadron will meet President Wilson in the English channel December 9.

guard and other functionaries, and it was obvious to both of us, from the cool politeness and studied detachment with which we were everywhere received, that the verdict already gone against us, and that the Kaiser's satellites, who merely echoed the war lord's opinions, were satisfied that Rupprecht was to be deprived of his command and disgraced. The fact that the Kaiser had made no proper provision for our reception pointed unmistakably in this direction; with the result that we were boycotted or cold-shouldered in every direction.

The effect of this treatment upon the prince was soon made apparent. He assumed a sternness and a hauteur that soon set the gossips of Berlin and everywhere a rumour that he did nothing to do say at rest. "Bavaria," he said to me one night when dining incognito at one of the most fashionable restaurants in Berlin, "Bavaria is a sovereign independent state, and those people will follow their rulers. And if those rulers elect to withdraw from the present conflict—so much the worse for Prussia!"

But though the words traveled far and wide, they succeeded not a whit in cooling the feelings towards us, and, but for the welcome extended to us by two residents of Berlin, we might have been almost strangers in the city, of whose hospitality the Kaiser was wont to boast in almost every speech he made. By a strange irony the first of those residents was none other than the crown prince of Germany himself, who, sent for in hot haste by the Kaiser, after one of his innumerable escapades, was now cooling his heels in Berlin, pending the return of his father.

The Crown Prince in Trouble

Little Willie had welcomed us with the voliferous and almost boisterous geniality that he could assume so well when it suited his purpose.

"We should be friends," he told the Prince Rupprecht, wringing his hands heartily—"close friends. We have the same enemies, and ought to act together. The same people who poison my father's mind against you also, we must take steps to have them removed. Potsdam and the marble palace want a new broom badly. The Kaiser is proving unequal to the strain of war, and he must be made to listen to younger men, who are the more in touch with events. If needs be, he must be compelled. You and I can do it. You have Bavaria behind you, and I all Berlin and half Germany," and he went on in the boastful strain, he so constantly assumes, dilating at length on his hold on the people.

Prince Rupprecht listened to this outburst with the cold and restrained hauteur which he has so often assumed that it has become part of his nature. That he was greatly surprised, I do not suppose. It is, of course, well known that Little Willie and his father have been for months, nay years, at each other's throats, and have not hesitated to use the most venomous weapons against each other. More than once the Kaiser has been actually in danger of losing his throne to the madcap son, who has tried him beyond endurance, but whose popularity, strange and inexplicable as it is, renders him too powerful to be summarily dealt with. For the crown prince has succeeded in convincing huge masses of the German people that the Kaiser, and the "old gang" have robbed them of victory, and that had matters been left in his hands, all would have been well. The Kaiser, on his part, while lunging at wound, is yet afraid to strike at the idol of the people.

An Evil Fate.

To those who know the Hohenzollerns there is nothing new or strange about this. An evil fate has pursued the dynasty ever since the earliest days. Frederick the Great was sentenced to death by his own father, and lived to speak of his nephew and successor with scarce disguised contempt. The Kaiser himself was at variance with his predecessor, Frederick, the Noble, who in his turn had been ruthlessly thrust aside by Bismarck and the king. Down to the darkest dawn of the dynasty from our own day, the house of Hohenzollern has been riven by hatred, intrigues and treachery.

Hence the crown prince's speech caused little surprise, and Prince Rupprecht accepted with avidity an invitation to dine with him that evening, an evening that, as it happened, was destined to be fruitful of remarkable developments, and which I do not think I shall ever cease to remember.

For one thing the contrast between the two men was remarkable. The crown prince was, as is his wont, true-tongued, loud-voiced, and impetuous. Prince Rupprecht was taciturn and sarcastic, listening to the other's glowing periods with a calm scepticism that I speedily detected.

"We young men," little Willie said, "should learn to trust, and know each other and set together. It is true, as I have told you, the Kaiser must be made to adopt more vigorous methods, or to make way for more vigorous men." He drained his glass, and then struck the table with his clenched fist. "It is time we acted," he said. "The people are sick with the sickness of hope deferred. They have been led to expect an early victory, and that cannot be secured for them unless and until the Kaiser listens to reason. We need a more vigorous submarine policy," which he outlined, adding: "Gad! If you and I had control over the German war machine we would have Europe at our feet within six months."

"But as we have not," said Rupprecht, calmly, "what, therefore, do you propose?"

Willie's Plot.

The crown prince sunk his voice to a whisper. "To supplant the Kaiser," he said.

bo said. "Already people are beginning to realize that he and his advisers are effete. Half the army are on my side. Let Buxaria come over to us," and he slapped Rupprecht on the shoulder, "and we shall be masters of the situation and able to dictate terms."

Whatever other details the crown prince had then in his mind concerning this plot against his father, we were not to learn then that evening, for but a moment or so later he was interrupted. Baroness Elsa Baronia Schweinin, one of the many ladies at whom he had set his cap, joined the party, whose Bohemian character became now so obvious as to make the discussion of anything like high politics out of the question. The Baroness was a witty and vivacious companion, who had attracted the crown prince's attention while still a member of the corps de ballet, and though the first bloom of her youth of manner, she possessed a charm of manner, and a natural distinction that obviously impressed both of their royal highnesses. For the moment they forgot the troubles of the German empire and ceased to part the Kaiser's argument. Both laid themselves out to please the Baroness, who, quick-witted and entertaining, was in welcome contrast to the ordinary, heavy, and somewhat uncouth German woman. Fast and freely did the champagne flow, and one mad joke and wild story succeeded another. Every character in German political life was satirized and brought beneath the acid wit of the crown prince, who did not spare either friend or foe in his volent outpouring of scapals.

That was by no means the last I saw of Baroness Elsa Schweinin. For the next few days Rupprecht devoted the whole of his thoughts, time, and energy to the pursuit of the woman, who had cast so strong a spell over his affections that he seemed incapable of shaking off an allegiance that I realized might easily be fatal.

Gone was the recollection of slights he had endured at the hands of the Prussians who had snubbed us so noticeably when we arrived at Berlin.

Gone was his indignation at the Kaiser's rebuke; his letters from the front were unopened; his business as a commander neglected. He lived, thought and worked only for the ex-ballet girl, in whose hands he soon became a puppet.

The Prince and the Ex-Ballet Girl

Rupprecht loaded her with jewels and lavished presents upon her. The passion that had seized him became one of the standing jokes of the cafes of Berlin, whose wits and gossips loved to dilate on this victory over the Bavarian crown prince.

But there was one person in Berlin who certainly did not relish the turn events had taken, and that was the crown prince.

In the first place, "Little Willie" bitterly resented the fact that his old flame had encouraged Rupprecht's advances, because it hurt his vanity.

Secondly, the intimacy between the two was fraught with danger to himself. For the Baroness was a woman of keen political ambitions and unusual intelligence, and there could be no doubt that some of the secrets of the crown prince that she had in her keeping would, if disclosed to his friend, Rupprecht, prove awkward weapons in the hands of the latter.

Hence, "Little Willie" as I soon perceived, set himself to the task of ending a romance that, had it matured, might have introduced some element of softness and humanity into the iron soul of the Bavarian chief. He did this with characteristic subtlety.

Affecting to encourage both Rupprecht and the woman in their liaison, he yet left no stone unturned to intercept them both in the grand plot that he was hatching against his father, the Kaiser. He even promised the Baroness that, should he succeed, a handsome state pension should be hers, while to placate Rupprecht the position of Bavaria in the German scheme of things was to be entirely altered, and, after Prussia, that country, was to become the most important in the whole of the federation.

(To be continued.)

SCOTT'S MILLS ITEMS

(Capital Journal Special Service)

Scott's Mills, Or., Nov. 30—Our school recommenced Monday. The influenza scare being about over. There are some of the pupils out of school on account of having the mumps.

C. A. Phillips was quite sick last week and was taken to Salem for treatment. We have not heard since as to his condition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor made a hurried trip to Newber last Tuesday. Returning in the evening.

Thanksgiving services were held at the Friends church, Rev. Harris gave the message.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Coulson and little son David, motored over from Newberg to take Thanksgiving dinner at the J. E. Coulson home.

Rev. and Mrs. Harris took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Taylor on Thanksgiving day.

End Lamb is home for Thanksgiving from Eugene where she is attending school at the university.

The work at the prune association's packing plant is progressing well. Cars are being packed and sent out from Mt. Angel almost every day.

George Kellog who is attending school at Corvallis is home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Lula Dale has again commenced her school which has been closed for some time on account of the influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brougher had quite a family reunion on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor and Rev. Williams took Thanksgiving dinner at the L. C. Russell home.