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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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FINANCING FARMERS.

In 1917 our government organized twelve farm loan banks, the object being to furnish farmers with capital to equip and run their farms on a basis broad enough to meet the need of increased production.

Heretofore the farmer has been as a rule hampered by the lack of ready money in sums large enough to free him from immediate financial worry and permit him to think of dollars as something to be spent instead of something to be hoarded.

The farmers throughout the country were quick to take advantage of these farm loan banks. The record of production in the last year is eloquent testimony to the wisdom of every move made to aid the food producer in his task of feeding millions.

Reports covering the time since the banks were inaugurated show loans amounting to \$137,378,000, with only \$86,000 in accounts outstanding and overdue. The delinquency occurs almost without exception in the regions where crops have failed.

Some of the banks report a surplus. Two are about to begin payments on the stock subscribed by the government to finance the banks originally. There is every prospect of great growth in this branch of banking business next year.

THE COTTON MONOPOLY.

Disinterested citizens who have observed the course of the cotton market throughout the war view with mixed emotions the attempt of cotton-growing states to force the already high price of this year's crop still higher by monopolistic methods. Eight governors have joined in an appeal to producers of their states not to sell a pound of cotton under 35 cents a pound.

A good deal of water has flowed under the bridge, and a good deal of cotton through the gin, since the fall of 1914. Still, quite a few million Americans outside the cotton belt remember well enough the desperate appeal of cotton-growers at that time to "buy a bale" at 10 cents a pound. A great many people of those millions did that very thing, too, from a sense of sympathy for an afflicted region.

These millions can hardly be expected to relish the present attitude of the cotton belt. They naturally ask whether cotton-growers have any better right than the wheat growers to hold up the customer.

They are frankly puzzled by the fervor those southern gentlemen put into their campaign. There is the advisory

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

POOR ME.

Soon I shall hear the soldiers tell of mighty deeds they've done; how they have dared the shot and shell, and how before them Prussians fell--and I have bagged not one! I soon shall see the hero here, with port and front of Mars, the man who knew no craven fear when prodded with a lance or spear--and I can show no scars! The man who sailed the vasty deep will tell strange tales to me; and I shall feel so dad-blamed cheap I'm likely to break down and weep--I have not crossed the sea! The airmen soon will with us tread, their voices will resound; they'll tell of triumphs overhead, and I'll be filled with grief and dread--I've never left the ground! Oh, weary days are coming soon, for men too fat to fight; a melancholy lay they'll croon as they sit out beneath the moon and weep through half the night. What if I bought a green thrift stamp and did without cigars? The man from battlefield and camp will on me turn a scornful lamp, and show his honored scars. What if I lived on graham bread, and cut out pie and cake? The man who piled up ricks of dead, and lost an arm, a leg or head, will say my boasts are a fake. I've done my best; alas, alack, that it should be so small; for when the boys have journeyed back I know I'll want to hunt a crack, in which a gent may crawl.

marketing board of the cotton states, for instance, which adjures its followers: "Hold your nerve! Act as your sons did in France! Tell the pirates they shall not pass!" The consuming public naturally inquires: "Who are the pirates?"

The national Council of Defense is making a campaign for early Christmas shopping. When one realizes the dangers incurred by being caught in one of those eleventh-hour holiday buying rushes, it seems perfectly within the province of the council of defense to take the matter up and besides there is no other excuse for the existence of the aforesaid council.

Of course, Joe Keller is right, and all grand jurors and investigators and everybody else wrong. The world is evidently in a great conspiracy against Joe, but that distinguished social welfare worker has no need to worry so long as the governor stands pat.

The former kaiser is making the usual tourist discovery that "It's a small world." Only, it isn't meeting friends abroad that forces the truth on him. It's the sad fact that wherever he goes, he is sure to find enemies reaching out eager hands to draw him back for punishment.

Someone remarks that the results of the peace conference bid fair to be White and Blissful. The awfulness of a war producing puns like that is indescribable.

The American Red Cross is making good again. It announces that the pending membership campaign will close its drive for funds on account of the war.

Somebody has gone and invented a new automatic egg-boiler. What's the use, with eggs at present prices? What people want at this time is an automatic egg-layer.

The grand jury might also do the public a real service by investigating the activities of the state military police and the state council of defense.

The Berlin political situation is about as clear as the Russian military situation.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH LEARNS THAT MANDEL LOVES HER.

Ruth held her breath. Oh, why had such a thing happened? Mr. Mandel had been so good to her, and through her he would lose this wealthy customer. Perhaps, too, he would think it partly her fault that this man had acted as he had--that she had in some way encouraged his advances.

With an unpleasant sneer on his face the customer had replied to Mandel's threat to throw him out if he did not go at once:

"You wish to keep everything for yourself, I suppose. I must congratulate you upon your taste," then before Mandel, who had turned purple with anger could reply, he turned and walked swiftly out.

"Come in here," Mandel said to Ruth, as he opened the door of his private office.

He pushed an easy chair toward her, and she sank wearily into it, her eyes filling.

"I am so sorry--I--"

"Please do not explain," Mandel interrupted. "I saw and heard enough to know that no blame could possibly attach to you."

"But--I have lost you a good customer."

"Never mind that! I would not have had this happen for all the customers in New York. You are more to me, Ruth--than any customer--more than anyone in the world. You know that--"

OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain--the article does not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says: "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in over-coming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcels post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention the Salem Capital Journal. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

I have not been able to hide it from you. And when I saw that man offer you insult, it was almost more than I could stand. You are not offended with me, too, are you, Ruth? Ruth had covered her face with her hands. "A good man's love never hurt any woman, even though it cannot be returned."

His voice had trembled a little at the last. He feared he had been precipitate, even though he had waited so long to tell her of his love. But he was sure Brian cared nothing for Ruth; that he was unfaithful, and that Ruth was unhappy. Her eyes which so often of late had shown traces of tears, signs of which she was unconscious, had added to his feeling that in time he would win her for his own.

"Oh--please," she begged, lifting her face to him, and letting him see the pleading in her eyes.

"Forgive me," he was contrite in a moment. "But you will understand how upset I was when I saw your distress and you will forgive me. Here, drink this, you are trembling like a leaf," and opening a small celloret in the corner, he gave her a glass of wine.

Ruth drained it eagerly. Desperately she longed to recover her poise, to show this man that he, too, had offended her by speaking as he had, and yet, in a way, she was so grateful to him that she was not really angry.

"I think I will go--if you think I can be spared," she said haltingly.

"You mean--to--leave--me--because I--"

She nodded.

"Ruth, Mrs. Hackett, won't you accept my apology, and let things be as if I never had spoken? I promise I shall not offend again."

Ruth was of course unconscious of the mental reservation he had made that he would say nothing more while she remained with Brian. He really believed this a matter of a short time; and he was a very patient man.

"I should love to stay if--"

"You may trust me. Now I am going out to talk to Lamonte. Stay here until you have fully recovered."

And without a backward look Mandel passed out, leaving Ruth sitting alone.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she mused. Ruth had sensed the desire, the love in Mandel's voice, and it had distressed her. Not entirely because she had no right to listen, but because she had hurt this man who had been so good to her. Hurt him because he loved her.

Her mind flew to Brian. What would he think if he knew of the morning's happenings? He would surely say she had been to blame, if for no other reason than because she had gone to work against his wishes. She must not tell him. It would be the first thing she ever had kept from him, the first secret between them.

For an hour Ruth remained quietly in Mandel's private office. The door opened and the office boy came in with a large tray which he placed upon the desk before her; and then again she was alone. She lifted the napkin and a delicious luncheon, dainty and appetizing, was revealed. Her eyes filled again at this mark of thoughtfulness, and half an hour later when she thanked Mandel for it, she told him with a tremulous laugh that she had watered it with her tears before she could eat, and all because of his kindness.

Then she went back to her desk. But all that afternoon she carried thoughts of Mandel in her heart, kind thoughts almost obliterated what the other man had said and done, and in a meas-

ure winning her to look upon what her employer had said to her in a different spirit from the one she had been in while he talked.

No, she would not tell Brian, she decided, on her way home.

THE MILLIONAIRE K. P.

Here I am in the kitchen, Peeling a bucket of spuds; Wearing a dirty apron To cover my blue serge duds; A hundred thousand in the bank "Society man," that's me, But because I was late at roll call They gave me a week's K. P.

Sitting here in the kitchen With slop all over my jenns, Picking rocks and splinters Out of a barrel of beans. My thoughts have gone a wondering Of what I used to be, Before I missed the last post car And they gave me a week's K. P.

Many the nights I've squandered, Doing the Bar Room stunts, Gosh what a sissy I was, What a hopeless, helpless runt, But I was there with the girls, boys, They called me the Ladies' Man-- What would they say if they saw me now Scrubbing a greasy pan!

The mess sergeant is a slaver, He gives a man no rest; The first cook is a villain But I hate the second the best. Yes, boys, I enlisted To march away to the wars, But they got me here in the kitchen Doing the company's chores.

A week policing the kitchen, Watching the biscuits brown, Me, who used to order Two thousand men around. I wonder what those two thousand would say If they could see me now, Washing a hundred dishes Ready for six o'clockchow!

Three months ago in the green-house I held Anita's hand, Told her I had enlisted To fight for my native land. She leaned her head on my shoulder Said she'd be proud of me She'd be proud all right if she saw me now Doing a week's K. P.

Dumping the slop in the hog can, Scrubbing the kitchen floor, Scraping the slimy muck pans, Till my hands are bleeding and sore; Fixing the hash for supper, Putting ice in the tea. Archibald Perciville Knutt, Society man, that's me, ONE OF THEM.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN, IT'S YOUNG

If you want to live in the kind of a town

Like the kind of a town you like, You needn't pack your clothes in a grip And start on a long, long hike. You'll only find what you've left behind For there's nothing that's really new,

KIDNEYS WEAKENING? LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim of incurable disease.

Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haartem Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain.

This well known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1936 the government of the Netherlands granted a

special charter authorizing its preparation and sale.

The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haartem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders.

Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haartem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

CARTER GLASS TO BE (Continued from page one)

It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town, It isn't the town, it's you! Real towns are not made by men afraid. Let somebody else get ahead. When every one works and nobody shirks You can raise a town from the dead. And if, while you make your personal stake, Your neighbors can make one, too, Your town will be what you want to see. It isn't the town--it's you!

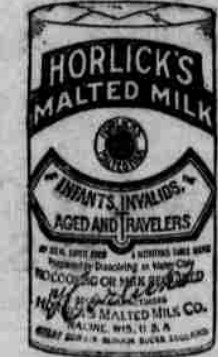
HAMMOND LUMBER

(Continued from page one)

Lumber Co., being dissatisfied with the pretended hearing, filed with the commission a petition for a re-hearing and that this petition was denied Nov. 19, 1918.

The Hammond Lumber Co. avers that the public service commission acted without warrant of law and exceeded its authority and power. The Hammond people also deny that the Columbia & Nehalem railroad is of but a temporary nature. Having no other recourse, the company appeals to the circuit court for relief.

The DIET
During
and After
The Old Reliable
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Ask for and get **Horlick's The Original** Thus Avoiding Imitations

AS THE OLD SAYING GOES

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Were it not that we contracted our canned goods in most instances direct from the canners months ago, there would be no December canned goods sale at the Roth Grocery Co.

Today Canned Goods Are Sky High

BUY NOW AND SAVE FROM 20 TO 25 PER CENT

	Per Doz.
Onarga Sweet Corn	\$2.30
Standard Corn	\$2.00
Solid Pack Tomatoes, 2 1-2	\$2.30
Tomatoe in Puree, 2 1-2	\$2.00
Ideal Peas, No. 4 Sifting	\$2.25
Del Monte Peas	\$2.75
Lilly of The Valley Peas	\$3.50
Tender Melting Peas	\$3.00
Little Jewel Peas	\$3.50
Tender Cut Beans	\$2.85
Small Refugee Beans	\$3.50
Del Monte Pineapple, 2 1-2	\$3.50
Del Monte Asparagus tips	\$3.50
P. S. Asparagus tips	\$4.00
Del Monte Asparagus	\$4.00
Oak Brand Asparagus	\$3.50

SPLENDID GOOD BUYS	
52 1-2 lb. Jacket Caro Syrup, almost 5 gallons	\$4.75
Refiner's Syrup \$1.00 a gallon. This syrup is cheap at \$1.50. Bring your pails. This syrup is pure cane.	
Caro Syrup, 10 lb. pails	\$1.00
California Japan Rice, 2 lbs for	25c
No. 1 Navy Beans pound	10c
No. 1 Lady Washington Beans, lb	10c
No. 1 Best Oregon Walnuts, lb	35c
No. 1 best soft shell almonds, lb	35c

FISHER'S BLEND FLOUR
At \$3.15. Is the best buy for the money. The flour of quality.

ROTH'S GEM COFFEE
None better sold, 3 lbs, for \$1.00

Roth Grocery Company