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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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DOUGHBOY.

Many civilians have wondered why the American infantrymen are commonly known today as "doughboys", and from the variety of explanations given, it is not at all clear that the soldiers themselves know what it means or find any special fitness for it.

Here are three versions given in the "official manual" of the army:

"1. In olden times, when infantrymen used to clean their white trimmings with pipe clay, if caught in the rain the whitening would run, forming a kind of dough--hence the sobriquet 'dough boy.'

"2. The tramp of infantry marching in mud sounds as if their shoes were being worked and pressed in 'dough.'

"3. From 'adobe' (mud) then 'dobie'--the idea being infantrymen are the soldiers who have to march in the mud; hence the expressions used in the sixties and early seventies in referring to infantrymen as 'dobie crushers', 'dobie makers' and 'mud crushers.'

The reader may take his choice. He may find none of the three convincing.

Somebody insists that this term had its origin in Alaska, having been applied for years to American adventurers in that country. If so, it ought to be simple enough to find out why it ever came into use. Once adopted, it is easy to see how it might be transferred to Americans on a foreign military expedition. But if the origin is correct, why were those Alaskan prospectors called "doughboys"? Future dictionary-makers will want to know. Contemporary lexicographers certainly give no help. The Standard dictionary defines "doughboy" simply as "a boiled dumpling of raised dough." The secret may be hidden in that definition, but who can drag it forth?

Joseph Smith, president of the Mormon church, who died the other day left an estate of \$70,000, which is commented upon by some editors as small. But when you consider that Joseph was supporting five wives and forty-eight or forty-nine children when the public was last informed on this subject some years ago, it must be conceded that he was extremely fortunate not to have died in the poor house.

Uncle Sam looks out for his own. Long before home folks had thought about winter, shipments of leather, fur and woolen clothing were sent by the war department to our soldiers in Siberia. Every Yank is to be provided with a little rabbit skin or its equivalent, to insure him protection against the well-advertised Russian winter.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

FREEDOM'S DAY.

Now Freedom on her mountain height is feeling gay and wearing bells; her hosts have won the biggest fight of which the page of history tells. We've seen the tyrant's scepter drop, the tyrant sinking in despair; our precious boons are still on top, our bulwarks right side up with care. We've heard the hour of justice strike, we've seen right triumph over wrong, so let us, for the love of Mike, be happy as the day is long. I hear men say, "We're face to face with problems that will scar our souls; how shall we teach the Russian race to strive for better, higher goals? The flag of anarchy will fly, we fear us much in every breeze; how can we throw our hats on high, and face conundrums such as these?" I say, "One problem at a time; we'll solve them all, or break a slat; we've stopped the Prussian course of crime, and paralyzed the autocrat. This is the hour of our delight, our cause is gained, the battle's won! And Freedom on her mountain height is shooting fireworks by the ton." And Freedom's eyes are bright as stars as from her mountain she looks down, for in the crimson glare of Mars she won the jewels in her crown. Oh, may her course be calm and sweet in all the fateful years to come! So let us, for the love of Pete, take of the lid and make things hum.

TRUCKS AND FREIGHT CARS.

A transportation expert makes the surprising statement that a big motor truck will haul as much merchandise as a freight car--that "a railroad train of 40 cars will haul no more goods than a caravan of 40 motor trucks."

He explains that an average freight car travels but 20 miles a day, and a motor truck will travel 100 miles in that time. The average capacity of a freight car is 25 tons. Thus a five-ton truck, though carrying only one-fifth of the car's load, travels five times as fast, or makes five 20-mile trips in the same time, and so performs the same service.

There is no question that, given big, strong trucks and good roads, the work of the railroads can be duplicated by these wonderful competitors. We need not expect that gasoline will render steam obsolete, or that rural highways will eliminate railroad lines; but the gas engine will hereafter perform an ever-growing share of the world's heavy work, and we shall not again be left helpless by the break-down of a railroad system.

Mrs. Wilson, it is stated, will, during her stay abroad, wear strictly made-in-America clothes. There probably never was an occasion when any woman might naturally desire that her dress be perfect, and it speaks well for the ability of American dress-makers that so good a judge of clothes should trust them. It is a safe gamble, moreover, that if our peace terms look as well to the allies as our First Lady will look, there will be little opposition to anything we may have to offer.

Portland is trying to organize a state chamber of commerce, in order, no doubt to get something for nothing from the rest of the state. Portland never did anything in an unselfish way to advance the interests of the state, but upon every opportunity has gone out to smaller towns and bribed industries to pack up and move to that city. That Portland now is not acting in good faith in this new movement is a pretty safe bet.

The plan being adopted in Portland and other influenza epidemic centers of quarantining all cases as fast as they develop is no doubt the most sensible measure yet adopted. Less contagious and dangerous diseases have always been strictly isolated by the health authorities.

Says Hindenburg to his army: "The returning warriors will first receive the thanks of the country for more than four years' work in a thousand battles in which they were never beaten." Those Huns will yet kid themselves into thinking they won the war.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps

CLASHING IDEAS.

CHAPTER CXL

Notwithstanding the thought that Brian's cruel speech was only a subterfuge to cover his staying out--a camouflage--Ruth was terribly hurt. Not only his friends to the pretty home she had been to such pains to make artistic and comfortable! She had no friends in New York save the few who had made through him, and practically no acquaintances. Her time was so filled with her duties, if he really meant what he had said, why, she would practically have no society at all--save Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Curtis and her husband, and--Mollie King. She would not even think of Claude Beckley and those of his ilk.

She wished she knew who those two Englishmen were, their business in New York. That Brian was immensely interested she could easily perceive. But she hesitated to say anything more for fear of making him angry, or at least out of humor with her.

The next morning neither Ruth nor Brian talked much. Usually at breakfast they chatted constantly. Once, when Ruth had laughingly spoken of it, Brian had answered:

"No one could help talking after drinking such coffee as Rachel makes, and eating her corn bread," yet he had rather drink dish-water coffee, and eat baker's rolls reheated, than have Ruth work, and she knew it.

Whenever there was an article on the wonderful ways women were coming to the fore in all kinds of work and in many professions, he would throw it down muttering:

"Such rot! That is what is going to spoil the women of this country. Soon they won't want to be even mothers. It kills me all up every time I see such an article."

"One would think you an old man, an old crank," Ruth laughed at him. "Of course women want to be mothers. Their voting, being in business or in the professions, won't change that."

"It won't eh! Well it HAS. Take yourself, YOU don't want children. You have said so."

"Oh, but Brian!" Ruth protested. "I said until we were in a position to care for them, and to educate them as they should be. I think it a sin to bring children into the world and then not care for them properly. One would think, to hear you talk, that I was a heathen, that I didn't love children--when I adore them!"

"I notice you don't adore them as much as you adore your own way." Such arguments had been frequent. Brian Hackett was a very affectionate man. He would have been a very domestic man, had his home life been different. He cared nothing for style and artistic effects really; but he would have loved a couple of healthy, hearty children clambering over him, or running to meet him when he came home. And always Ruth had taken the stand that it was wrong to have children until they could be properly educated and cared for.

After Brian had left, Ruth again commenced to wonder about the two Englishmen he had entertained the night before. She was picking up his clothes (he was terribly untidy) when a card dropped out of his pocket.

"Lieutenant George VanAlstyne."

Another soldier.

Brian had been so engaged with those Canadian officers--and now this Englishman. She searched his pockets hoping to come upon the other man's card. But she found nothing.

Someday, she felt uneasy. Why was Brian so terribly interested in these men? She hoped they wouldn't make him feel that he should go over seas to fight a country with whom his own country was not at war, although, to be sure, the Huns' treatment of Belgium made them the enemy of all Christians! But Brian was so impressionable. He was apt to do almost anything--anything impulsive.

Ruth had been so slow in getting ready for the street because of her soiling, that she had to hurry to avoid being late. But all the way to the office she kept turning over in her mind the fact of his interests, and of his almost jovial manner of talking to her the night before--talking of the

Open Forum

WHAT SENATOR LA FOLLETTE WILL DO

Editor Capital Journal:

So far I have no bills in mind to introduce in the coming session of the legislature. One of the most important things to look after is why this highway commission is not spending any of the six million of bonds in Marion county. Nearly half of the bonds have been sold--and the money spent, and Marion county has not received a cent of it. And we are giving our auto licenses to pay for those bonds. I myself have paid \$40 for auto license since the bonding bill passed, so you see the enormous amount of money that is going out of this country. I would like the commission let a contract for paving the road from Astoria to Salem, but at that time it was found to be illegal. Were any of the contracts let on the Columbia highway illegal? I am told not one. Do you see the point? Another thing I think ought to be looked after is the cost of the roads being built. The road built from Tigard to Newberg, I am told, cost over \$23,000 per mile and the county graded it. Our county paved several miles of road and it only cost a little over \$8000 per mile and the county also had to grade the road. There is something wrong somewhere. I am in favor of looking into this matter.

I am also in favor of cutting out and consolidating a lot of the commissions where they don't impair the efficiency of the state institutions. I am in favor of appropriating to the state institutions an amount sufficient to give them a good upkeep and no more. And I think the expenses of the state penitentiary ought to be looked after better than it has been. Some of the state prisons in other state are self-supporting. See what our costs are--an enormous sum. There is surely some thing wrong.

A. M. LA FOLLETTE.

THE NEWSPAPERS' PART

(Publishers' Auxiliary)

The newspapers of the United States may well be proud of the part they played in bringing the war to a successful conclusion. The glorious story of how American publishers cast aside all politics, buried their animosities and ignored all considerations to get behind the country may never be told. It is immaterial whether it ever is. The newspapers are not seeking praise for a duty well performed; the mere performance is sufficient reward.

It has not been easy at all times for the newspapers to stand by their duty. Haunted on all sides by restrictions, many of them almost submerged by increasing expenses and decreasing revenue, constantly harassed in mind as to which of several courses to follow,

some things he usually approached in an angry or annoyed spirit.

She would try to dismiss it all for the day. But she would certainly talk to Brian when she got home that night.

"Men propose and God disposes."

Mr. Manded was waiting. He immediately asked her to go to Washington. There was to be a wonderful ball in a house he was to redecorate. They wanted the ballroom decorated for dancing. It might mean the loss of the order if they refused. Ruth felt she had no choice in the matter. So she telephoned Brian, and then took the train for Washington.

(Tomorrow--Ruth Returns from Washington)

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert--vigorous and vivacious--a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitude of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pilled, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation.

THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE NEED BITRO-PHOSPHATE

Guaranteed to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force

Weak, thin people--men or women--are nearly always nervous wrecks; thus conclusively proving that thinness, weakness, debility and neurasthenia are almost invariably due to nerve starvation. Feed your nerves and all these symptoms due to nerve starvation will disappear.

Eminent specialists state that the best nerve food is an organic phosphate known among druggists as Bitro-Phosphate, a five grain tablet of which should be taken with each meal. Being a genuine nerve builder and not a stimulant or habit forming drug, Bitro-Phosphate can be safely taken, by the weakest and most delicate sufferer, and the results following its use are often simply astonishing.

Weak, tired people regain strength and vigor; thinness and angularity give way to plumpness and curves; sleep returns to the sleeper; confidence and cheerfulness replace debility and gloom; dull eyes become bright, and pale, sunken cheeks regain the pink glow of health. Bitro-Phosphate, the use of which is inexpensive, also wonderfully promotes the assimilation of food, so much so that many people report marked gains of weight in a few weeks.

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



LIBERTY THEATER STARTING THURSDAY

STUMEZE TABLETS

Stop Stomach Distress

Aid digestion; relieve gas, heartburn, bloating and that awful distress that follows after eating. Help to make good red blood and build up the nervous system. Neutralize stomach acidity. There is no better medicine made for stomach troubles than Stumeze Tablets. At all Drug Stores--25 cents.

Aviator Off on Last Lap of Path Finding Journey

Eugene, Or., Dec. 10--Lieutenant A. F. Hogland, United States army aviator who has been detained in Eugene for two days by unfavorable weather conditions over the mountains between here and Sacramento, is off on the last lap of his pathfinding trip for an aerial mail route between Sacramento and Seattle.

Lieutenant Hogland rose from Conger Field shortly after 9:30 o'clock this morning and after circling about for 39 minutes, headed his plane into the south and waved farewell to the crowd watching him. He expects to make Mother Field in seven hours and will make no stops en route unless forced to. In crossing the mountains he plans to ascend to a height of about 10,000 feet.

HOG SHIPMENT EMBARGO

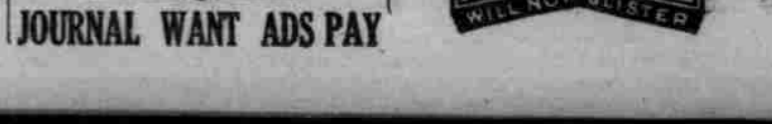
Washington, Dec. 10--The railroad administration today declared a two day embargo on hog shipments to the Union Stockyards in Chicago. The embargo is effective today. Shipments will be received again Thursday.

MUSTEROLE--QUICK RELIEF! NO BLISTER!

It Soothes and Relieves Like a Mustard Plaster Without the Burn or Sting

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. It does all the work of the old-fashioned mustard plaster--does it better and does not blister. You do not have to bother with a cloth. You simply rub it on--and usually the pain is gone!

Many doctors and nurses use Musterole and recommend it to their patients. They will gladly tell you what relief it gives from sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY