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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THIS YEAR WILL TURN.

With seventy-five-cent butter and seventy-five-cent eggs and other things in proportion, and no war to blame it on, this bids fair to be the winter of our discontent. Last year there was a glow of enthusiasm, even about paying the high prices. Nothing was too hard which would help whip the Prussian kaiser.

This year it is different. The kaiser is a fugitive from justice and Prussian pride is humbled. The Yanks are taking peaceable possession of German soil, and finding that, in spite of whines, there is enough food in Holland to last all winter. There wasn't any Herbert Hoover in Germany to get the people together with a rush of glorious self-sacrifice and co-operation so that the poor could share the necessities with the rich. Nor was there any groundwork of unselfish public opinion upon which a Herbert Hoover could have worked. There was only a universal selfishness by which every fellow with a trifling authority used it to get better food than the fellow with a little less, ranging from the pettiest of petty officials with his pound of bacon up to the cellars full of food of all kinds stored by William Hohenzollern.

People here know that the French and Belgians are still in trouble—that houses are in ashes, cattle killed, farms put out of commission for years to come. But they have become dulled to it.

The war is over. The rebuilding has commenced, and somehow the quickened emotions have lost their edge. This makes it hard to keep on saving. It makes it hard to face seventy-five-cent butter and seventy-five-cent eggs and other things in proportion.

But it is hard only because it is December, and the world faces winter instead of looking forward to the turn of the year.

The ensuing season will be in many ways the hardest one of all. Can Americans face the dull deadness of petty difficulties before the clearing up begins as well as they faced the torture and the urge of war?

THE SOURCE OF HEALTH.

The Chinese pay the doctors to keep them well, a deduction being made from the fee if the patient is ill.

There is much to be said in favor of this idea; or of any idea which sets up the prevention of disease as the desirable proceeding rather than elaborate methods of treatment after the harm is done.

In line with this more-intelligent method of procedure is a suggestion made by Secretary Houston in a recent address. "To promote rural health and sanitation," says the secretary, "an effective sanitary survey should be

made of the country, the sources of such disease as typhoid fever should be eradicated, steps taken to control hookworm and mosquitoes, districts be given the advantage of modern hospitals, nursing and specialized medical practice."

While his remarks were specially intended for regions remote from city advantages, they are none the less worthy of attention in any community.

Effective sanitary surveys are generally too little prosecuted. The removal of the source of any disease or epidemic is the only sane method of combatting it.

We shall never be truly civilized until we learn that preventable disease is synonymous with disgrace, and points unerringly to culpable neglect by the individual, or, in case of epidemic by the authorities having the public health in charge.

THE GERMAN WAR DEBT.

The German war debt is estimated at anywhere from \$30,000,000,000 to \$50,000,000,000, according to the caprice of the estimator. Statisticians are such imaginative fellows, anyhow!

Be that as it may. All possible aggregations of billions look pretty much the same to the American citizen paying an average-sized income tax and trying to save enough over to buy an occasional thrift stamp for the baby.

What the writer started out to say is this: Why should we concern ourselves about the German war debt? They owe it to each other. Let them pay it by cancelling it. Then Germany, free from domestic war obligations, can afford to go ahead and pay the indemnities she owes the allies.

The good, old American name of Jones has been dragged into the mire by a New Yorker, who calls himself Ellis O. Jones, although his name may be as false as the doctrines he preaches. Yesterday he attempted to stage a bolshevik revolt in Central Park, New York, and as a result landed in jail without creating much excitement, red necktie and all. Notwithstanding all this Mooney strike talk, and the seditious letters appearing in the Portland Journal from day to day, backed up by wishy-washy editorials of bolshevik coloring, there is as yet no real danger of anarchy undermining this government. What is needed, however, is a strong-arm method in dealing with the agitators.

The best thing Portland can do with the Ferris and Hough ships is to load them once for the Atlantic coast and let them stay there, then to build some real wood ships such as the Pacific coast used to build long before there ever was a shipping board.—Oregonian.

The Oregonian is talking sense at last. Portland money should get back of a real shipbuilding industry and build real ships, not leaky tubs for war-emergency purposes. But this will not be done and Portland yards will close when the government subsidies are withdrawn.

The telephone company, which has been doing nothing but pleading for higher rates even since we can remember, now seeks to throw the blame for the pending increase on Postmaster Burleson, since the government took the lines over. Of course, this is all subterfuge, simply a contemptible way of shifting responsibility.

The governor fired Murphy as warden of the state penitentiary because he thought the grand jury of Marion county intended denouncing the latter. "Little did he dream that the condemnation was to come his way and the way of his side partner, Joe Keller, remarks the Woodburn Independent.

The returning German soldiers are hailed by their countrymen as "the unconquered troops, whose front has never been pierced." This is good Prussian philosophy according to which an army remains unconquered if it can run fast enough to keep ahead of its pursuers.

Now if congress would only take a vacation while the president is away, peace on earth, good will toward men would reign throughout the world in real earnest for the first time in history.

Head Of University Department Of Music Seeks To Arouse Interest

Professor John R. Sites, musical director of Willamette University, is anxious to arouse special interest among the musically inclined people of Salem. There is an abundance of talent here he finds, and he would like to bring them together and make a music center of the Capital City. To this end he has formed a symphony orchestra which should prove the nucleus for a strong organization, and has in mind a mixed chorus as the next step in this direction.

There will be a meeting at the University chapel next Tuesday night to which all musicians of Salem are invited. This meeting should be productive of good results and be the beginning of a real active interest in musical development here of the highest order.

Real Estate Men To Charge Standard Commission Now

Real estate men will hereafter charge a standard commission for handling city and farm property. This was decided at the meeting held last evening

by the Salem Realty Association. O. W. Niemeyer was elected president, C. H. Grabenhorst, first vice president, J. S. Austin, second vice president, and Thomas A. Roberts secretary and treasurer.

On general sales, it was agreed that the real estate men should charge the same as elsewhere, that of five per cent. On exchanges, the commission agreed on was 2 1/2 per cent and two per cent on loans. On collections of rentals, the charge is to be 10 per cent of first monthly rentals, with a minimum of \$2 and five per cent after wards with a \$1 minimum.

Regular meetings will be held on Monday noons. Fifteen of the leading real estate men of the city are now members and it is hoped that within a few weeks, that every man or business firm handling in any way real estate and rentals will become associated with the Salem Realty Association.

Holiday Cheer Reflected In Down Town Decorations

By Monday evening, Salem will take on a holiday cheer appearance, all due to the meeting last Tuesday evening of the Business Men's League, when merchants of the city gave liberally towards paying the expenses of downtown decorations.

About 25 of the S. A. T. C. boys of

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH SPENDS UNHAPPY HOURS.

CHAPTER CX.

Mollie King going to France as a nurse! Slowly the fact that Brian must be going so that he might be near her impressed itself upon Ruth's mind. If he cared for Mollie like that, what use was it for her to try to fight it, or to argue with him because of her own need?

He had said "Mollie is going—too." That last ominous word chilled her; made her catch her breath, and killed her speech. What use?

The dinner was eaten almost in silence. There was but one thing to talk about; and that neither spoke of again. After dinner Brian took a magazine and Ruth some mending into the dining room. He stretched himself at full length, sprawling comfortably in a huge reading chair Ruth had given him. Her lip curled as she looked. He would leave her because she worked, earned money, yet to the last he would use the comforts she provided. How like him.

Yet there was little bitterness in her thought, despite the curling lip. Brian was so like an overgrown boy instead of a man. A big, spoiled boy. It was always so she thought of him, after he had hurt her. But that Mollie was going too; could it be that while she had been so busy, he and Mollie had been planning to do this thing?

Suddenly she doubted Brian's reason for going—rather planning to go. It was not patriotism, not a desire to fight for a cause which he thought just and right; but a desire to be with Mollie King—to be cut off from all convention with this girl whom he had known so long and whose friends had expected he would marry.

What could she do?

What COULD she do?

As she sat staring a sock of Brian's—a silk one she had given him—she wondered eagerly if she offered to give up her work and remain home, if it would stop him. Then she glanced around the dainty, almost luxurious room, until finally her eyes rested on the sprawling figure in the chair. There would be no hint of luxury if they depended upon what he earned, she knew. Hadn't she tried it when they were first married? Brian was smoking a cigar. She knew by the aroma that it was an expensive one. He had smoked cheap cigarettes then. She heard Rachel moving about the kitchen, clearing away the dinner things and attending to the breakfast for the next morning. Brian loved her delicious coffee her waffles and Johnny cake, hot, and cut into squares. He doted upon her fried chicken, and corn fritters. He never failed to say that she made the best soups that he had ever tasted. He would have to give up all these things and eat what she cooked, drink coffee which he used to like to ditch water. No—it was not to be considered. If he did love her enough to be true when he, through her efforts, was made so comfortable, he would not love her when deprived of all these things.

That men do not love because of extraneous things, Ruth had yet to learn. That it is the appeal of the woman herself that first draws them, and then holds them. Brian finished his story. He yawned then.

"I believe I'll turn in early," he said, "I have a lot to do tomorrow and shall have to be down town early." Ordinarily Ruth would have asked him what it was that he had to do. But she said nothing. He arose, went to the door and called to Rachel: "Have breakfast promptly in the morning, Rachel. I shall be hurried. I guess you better have it fifteen minutes earlier."

"Very well, massa Hackett." "She's a brick!" Brian said when he turned to Ruth, "she never grumbles."

"Of course she doesn't." Again Brian's absolute irresponsibility flashed across Ruth's mind, his insouciance under all circumstances. Also his appreciation and praise of the very things he blamed her for providing.

Was anyone ever so complex? She wanted to talk to him about his plans, but more than even that, did she want to tell him? She felt all at sea. Her thought refused to coalesce.

But when he left her to retire, the sock dropped from her fingers and lay unnoticed in her lap. Over and over she tabulated the reasons Brian had given her for leaving, only to come back to Mollie King as the only one in which she could honestly believe.

Tomorrow—Disrupt, Unbelief, and Jealousy.

Willamette University have been engaged to go out and get the fir trees, 150 in number, and to properly place them along the 17 blocks in the business section of the city. In addition to the trees, there will be about 600 branches and 1,000 yards of cordage used in placing the festoonings. The trees will be placed along the curbing of the downtown section and branches used to adorn electric light posts and fronts of business houses.

The idea of decorating for Christmas cheer was most enthusiastically received by Salem's downtown merchants, 160 contributing. Once before, about five years ago, Salem attempted to decorate downtown but this year will be the first time in its history when the idea of decorating will be artistically carried out.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

Open Forum

REPLY TO MR. LESLIE.

Salem, Ore., Nov. 11, 1918.

Dear Editor:

In "The Case of the Hun and Its Connection," and the accusation that history has been made "so rapidly that few persons have read up on the general history of the times before our own," it is just a little amusing and reminds us of the "kettle calling the pot black."

Let us turn back a few pages of history; not only 50 years or 70, but to the very beginning of Christianity. For nearly the first three hundred years the Christians worshipped for the most part in the catacombs—the subterranean chambers and passages under the city of Rome. Then Constantine the Great brought peace to the church and gave her donations of both money and real estate. This wealth was used as Voltaire himself tells us, by the popes, not in satisfying their own avarice and ambition, but in the most laudable works of charity and religion. "They extended their patrimony," he says, "in ending missionaries to evangelize pagan Europe, in giving hospitality to exiled bishops at Rome and in feeding the poor."

At this time an event occurred which paved the way for the partial jurisdiction which the popes commenced to enjoy over Rome and which they continued to exercise till they obtained full sovereignty in the days of King Pepin of France.

In 327 A. D. the emperor transferred the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople in Turkey. A subsequent emperor appointed a governor, or exarch, to rule Italy, who resided in the city of Ravenna. This new system, as is manifest, did not work well. The emperor of Constantinople referred all matters to his deputy in Ravenna, and the deputy was more anxious to conciliate the emperor than to satisfy the people of Rome.

Thus left to itself, Rome became a tempting prey to the numerous herds of Barbarians of the north that then devastated Italy. The city was first attacked by the Goths under Alaric, then by the Vandals under Genseric and was then threatened by the Huns under Attila. Unable to obtain help from the emperor in Turkey or the governor at Ravenna, the citizens of Rome looked to the popes as their only governors and protectors, and the only salvation in their extremity.

When Attila, "the Scourge of God," approached the city with an army of 500,000 men, Pope Leo the Great went out to meet him unattended by troops. His mild eloquence won the day, saved the city from pillage and the people from destruction. Genseric was also met by the same Pope, and while he was unable to protect Rome from the plunder of the Vandals, he nevertheless saved the lives of the inhabitants.

Such acts as these bound the Roman people more and more strongly to the popes, to whom they looked for protection and help.

In the eighth century, 754, Astolphus, king of the Lombards, invaded Italy, captured some Italian cities and threatened to advance on Rome. Pope Stephen III sent an urgent appeal to Emperor Constantine Copronymus of Constantinople, imploring him to come to the relief of Rome and his Italian provinces. The emperor was indifferent and received the message in coldness and neglect.

In the emergency Stephen crossed the Alps in person and begged King Pepin of France to protect the Italian people in their helplessness. Pepin defeated the invading Lombards and placed the pope at the head of the conquered land. Charlemagne, the successor of Pepin, not only confirmed the grant of his father, but increased the temporal domain of the pope by donating him some additional provinces.

This small piece of territory, scarcely as large as one of our small eastern states, the Roman pontiffs continued to govern from that time till 1870 with the exception of brief usurpation by foreigners at various times.

As the popes were not actuated by a love of gain in possessing temporal dominion, neither had they any desire to enlarge their territory, small as it was. The avarice was almost unbounded. Had they wished then, they could easily have increased their territory; they have always been content with what Providence has placed in their hands. It was too small to provoke the fear and jealousy of foreign powers, yet it is necessary that the pope, as the head and ruler in spiritual matters of approximately 300,000,000 souls should not be hampered by any government or country. The Church is Catholic, or universal, and is spread over the entire known world.

It is true, as the article states, that in 1870 Victor Emmanuel stole this territory—the word is exactly that—and the Roman people voted it away. In the plebiscite, or popular vote, they expressed their desire to be annexed to the Piedmontese government. But this plebiscite was undertaken by the authority and guided by the inspiration of the Italian troops. It is like a man held up by a robber at the point of a revolver, and commanded to hand over his valuables. He dare not resist. So it was with the plebiscite.

But even had it been the sincere desire of the Roman people to be annexed to Italy, they could not give what did not belong to them. The papal territory was granted to the popes in trust, for the use and benefit of the church, i. e., the Catholics of Christendom. The Catholic world therefore and

not a mere handful of Roman people must give its consent before such a transfer can be declared legitimate.

Rome is to Catholic Christendom what Washington is to the United States. As the citizens of Washington have no power, without the concurrence of the United States, to annex their city to Maryland or Virginia, neither can the citizens of Rome hand over the city to the kingdom of Piedmont without the acquiescence of the Catholics dispersed throughout the world.

There are three titles which render the tenure of a prince honest and incontestable—Long possession; 2. Legitimate acquisition and, 3. A just use of the original grant conferred to him. No one can dispute the claim of the papal dynasty to its length of possession. It is probably the oldest in Europe, if not in the world. Second, the pope's civil authority was established not by the sword of conquest nor the violence of usurpation. He did not mount the throne upon the ruins of outworn liberties or violated treaties; but he was called to rule by the unanimous voice of a grateful people. Hence the "Fidel Gibbon" was forced to say: "Their (the popes') temporal dominion is now confirmed by the reverence of a thousand years, and their noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they redeemed from slavery."

Thirdly, What is the use or advantage of temporal power? This is well worth considering, as many have erroneously notions on the subject. It is not the aggrandizement or the enriching of the pope. He is an old man when he ascends the papal chair when human passion and human ambition, if any did exist, are on the wane. His expenses for personal needs are small and he has no wife nor children to enrich with the spoils of office, since he is an unmarried man. Neither is the office hereditary but elective and the Holy Father is succeeded by a pontiff to whom he is bound by no family ties. Therefore his motives are not personal. But the higher interests which he subverts are to vindicate the eternal laws of justice and Christ's religion. Hence the three titles of the pope to the papal states and temporal power are thoroughly vindicated.

In regard to the flattering things the kaiser has said of the pope and Catholics, referred to by the writer of the aforementioned article, was there not German propaganda also in the United States? Yet the United States was not pro-German was it? And the flattering things said by the kaiser and his agents concerning the United States were appraised at their true value. Also, if there was a spy at work for the German cause at the Vatican, is that a proof of "underhand methods" of the pope? Were there not spies at Washington? Does the writer dare to say it proves "underhand methods" of President Wilson?

Truly the article does not merit the notice I have given it, and I should not have paid any attention to it, were it not that many people have erroneous notions on the same question and it affords me an opportunity of presenting some facts, which are Catholic.

J. R. BUCK.

Sergeant Earl Hedrick Sees Much Hard Fighting

Sergeant Earl Hedrick writes his mother on November 11 as follows: Received your loving letter and was very glad to hear from you. I have been upon the line five times already in battles in Alsace, Chateau Thierry, Soissons, Verdun and St. Mihiel. I haven't been wounded and am not going to be. Peace is only a matter of days and we are all as happy as if it were here already. Our casualties have been fairly heavy, but we are winning the most important ground on the entire western front. The Germans have their best troops opposite us, but they will not fight and surrender by companies. The machine gunners stay fairly loyal, tho' mostly because they are chained to their guns. Yes, we had cooties and have them yet, three kinds, American, French, German. Some of the cooties are big old timers and have four years service stripes and wear iron crosses. The best way to get rid of them is to take your shirt off, then run as fast as you can to get away from it and then throw rocks at it, also it is best to have a rifle and lagoret handy in case of a counter attack. It is so fully muddy here and rains all the time. My division the 32nd will probably come home fourth when peace is declared, so you see, dear mother, it will not be long. Must close now and go to message center to work. With love, your son,

EARL.

HIGHLAND PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION HOLDS MEETING.

The Parent-Teachers association of Highland held a very interesting meeting Wednesday, December 11th. Rev. Lee of the Friends church gave an interesting talk.

Mr. Davidson spoke on "Our Loyalty to Our Country."

Arrangements were made to plant Memorial trees in honor of our soldier boys, both living and dead. The association will give a pay entertainment in February the proceeds to go toward paying for a Victrola.

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