

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 S. Commercial St. OREGON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily, by Carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

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W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building.

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

OUR FLAG ON THE RHINE.

The Rhine is now virtually an American stream. The "Watch on the Rhine" is sung only by American voices, and those who constitute the "watch" are American troops standing "fast and true" as the old song informs them, and in a sense that the author of it never dreamed of.

As a final proof of domination comes word that the American flag now flies on the Rhine, as well as on its banks and over the famous forts that guard it. A fleet of nine river steamers has been taken over by the army of occupation, and every one of them steams up and down the river flying the Stars and Stripes.

There, indeed, is a spectacle for the natives to gaze at. Old Glory in nowise dims the beauty of that lovely stream, but it must be a strange apparition. Most of the Germans thereabouts never saw the Star Spangled Banner before. The sight will do them good. It is a valuable element in their new, involuntary system of education.

It will benefit them exactly in proportion as they recall the time when their government graciously announced its willingness to let the United States send to Europe one liner a week, following a prescribed course and pointed with barber-pole stripes.

EUROPE'S CRISIS.

America is all right. We are comfortable, well-fed, optimistic. But there is a sad contrast in the old world. Hope has brought to many parts of Europe renewed peace of happier times, but actual realization is yet far off. Harold Williams, an American war correspondent, gives an appalling picture of the situation:

"Europe is strewn with cannon, machine guns, bombs and ammunition, all the leaving of a great war, and everyone and none is master of these instruments of destination.

"Frontiers are swaying. Agreements are made and broken. There is scarcely a government from the Rhine eastward that is not desperately beating the air today and liable to be swept away tomorrow.

"Nineteenth-century civilization has broken down. "I do not mean merely that dilapidated trains crawl dimly; that postal communication is hardly better than in Napoleonic times; that famine and pestilence are creeping over Europe; but that there is a collapse of human, moral energy, a revival of the primitive, barbaric instincts, and the fierce endeavor to have one's own little private will by force.

"Little men, often well-meaning and sincere, devise shallow plans for coping with the menacing forces of des-

truction. Through all this seething chaos run evil currents of intrigue after intrigue, monarchial, Bolshevist, financial, imperialistic, clerical, atheist."

And so it goes. The correspondent himself offers no solution. He merely presents the picture, and sums up the situation by saying that the present state of Europe can be portrayed only by "the imagery of Apocalypse," which describes the end of all things.

European civilization is not necessarily doomed, for all that. Sanity and self-control still prevail west of the Rhine. But the major part of Europe is plainly in such state of chaos and helplessness as it has not been since the Middle Ages.

So far, then, as America had a duty to perform for the salvation of Europe, our work is only half done. Perhaps the harder task lies ahead. We have to help Britain, France and Italy to bring order out of that welter.

The action of the officials in closing Salem tight again on account of the influenza epidemic does not seem to be well advised. When other cities have learned that such a course is worse than useless, because it is inconvenient to everybody, we have the lid clamped on tight again, closing schools and all gatherings. Isolation is the only effective way of fighting an epidemic of this kind, and if a rigid quarantine had been enforced from the first the situation would have been different now. Closing up the town is merely an effort to show that the officials are active, and means nothing in the combatting of the epidemic.

King George is certainly becoming democratic. Saturday morning for instance, we are told that he walked into President Wilson's apartments at 10 o'clock and congratulated him on his sixty-second birthday. Think of a real king getting around so early in the morning.

The world do move. The Irish are asking for representation at a peace conference.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

MR. MANDEL PRAISES KENYON ROBERTS.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

When Mr. Mandel came he brought with him flowers for both Ruth and her aunt. His thoughtfulness always appealed to Ruth. And that night, as always, it soothed her wounded feelings to a degree.

Ruth really felt chagrined as well as hurt that Brian had—she thought—consented himself with Mollie King who she had been obliged to be away on business; and now she was doubly hurt and chagrined that she was with him overseas. She knew that she was Mollie's superior in brain and appearance. Yet Brian seemed to prefer Mollie, her company. She had yet to learn that it is the woman, not what she is, that attracts most men.

So, smarting under her feeling of neglect, Mandel's delicate attentions were most acceptable; and helped her to put aside the feeling inspired by Brian's letter—the feeling of chagrin that she could find enjoyment with someone she knew to be her inferior in many ways. Not that Ruth belittled Mollie's attractions, as Mollie possessed. Ruth knew that she (Mollie) was a practical. That she called herself "A Bohemian" could not disguise the fact that she was content to live in a manner that no well-brought-up girl could endure. How Brian could find entertainment with such people, amid their more than unattractive surroundings, when he had an artistic home to enjoy, was beyond Ruth's understanding.

"She's doing something now—nursing soldiers. That would appeal to him," she had said aloud while she dressed herself for the evening. She had acted upon her aunt's suggestion, worn a semi-evening dress of blue, a most becoming affair, in which she looked very girlish and lovely. Mrs. Clayborne had not failed to notice that Mandel could scarcely take his eyes from Ruth, and that once or twice when Mrs. Roberts had spoken, he had failed to hear.

They had a delightful game, then, about eleven o'clock, Rachel called them into the dining room where she had prepared a dainty supper, by Mrs. Clayborne's orders. They grew quiet

gal, especially after Mr. Roberts came in and joined them. He had come home found his wife gone, and called to see if she were with them, and Ruth had insisted that he have supper with them.

He and Mandel got on famously. They talked business a little, apologized to the ladies; they discussed the war, and other things, as men will who see in each other something congenial.

It was long after midnight when the little party broke up. And Ruth willingly acknowledged that she had enjoyed herself immensely.

"We must have company often," Mrs. Clayborne had said. "We will grow stale and uninteresting here by ourselves if we don't," to which Ruth had agreed.

The next morning after again telling her how he had enjoyed her party, Mandel said to Ruth:

"I liked that man, Roberts, so much. He is clever, ambitious sort of a chap. He'll make good some day or I'll miss my guess."

"He is a very hard worker," Ruth returned, thinking of the difference between Kenyon Roberts and Brian. Both in the same profession, one so anxious to succeed—the other so careless of his future.

"A man has to be now-days, if he is to amount to anything," Mandel returned. He had no faintest idea that he was hurting Ruth, or that his praise of her guest of the night before was painful on account of her feeling that Brian had not accomplished what he might, simply because he lacked application.

Mandel wondered at Ruth's lack of interest in what he said about Roberts as she had seemed so friendly the night before. He would have liked to stay longer to her—really what he had already said had been in part designed to give him an excuse to stay near her as long as possible.

She was to go out of town for a couple of days and they had been discussing the details. She was glad to go for almost the first time. Glad for the change in her routine work, and of something to do which would occupy her whole attention, so giving her no time to think of Brian and—Mollie King.

On her way home that night she met Mrs. Curtis.

"I heard that Mollie King has gone overseas as a nurse. I suppose Brian sees her?" she asked Ruth.

"Yes. He wrote me that he saw her often," Ruth returned.

Perhaps Mollie had written Mrs. Curtis. She would not pretend she knew nothing of her renewed intimacy with Brian.

Tomorrow—Mrs. Curtis Expounds Her Views.

LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN (Continued from page three)

they do as Jesus did, that is, pray through the Christ, rather than to Christ. Every good thought of Christian Scientists in their continual prayers must reflect the Christ, Truth, for the Christ is the active idea of the Spirit, which destroys error and in harmony and brings an answer to their prayers.

The reverence which Christian Science bestows upon the ideal Christ, and upon Jesus, the highest human example of the perfect man, is impressive and practical. Christian Science teaches that the Christ is made manifest through improved human thoughts, that those qualities of affection, humility, faithfulness, patience, compassion, temperance, morality, which are stepping stones out of matter into Spirit. Human thoughts must be improved, they must become wise and constructive, and these successive rounds of the ladder must be mounted step by step before complete reality is reached. It is added that the textbooks of Christian Science, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Eddy Baker, mentions Jesus' name 434 separate times, and Christ 205 additional times. Indeed Mrs. Eddy's veneration of Jesus has been most evident to all who have known her, and long ago she established a rule incorporated in the by-laws of the Mother Church that "careless comparison or irreverent reference to Christ Jesus is abnormal in a Christian Scientist, and is prohibited." (Manual, Art. VIII, Sec. 3.) The gentle, patient, compassionate, selfless Saviour will through Christian Science become to posterity a mightier and more practical example, because Christian Science is helping to explain what Jesus meant when he said, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Science and Health, page 25, says, "The divinity of the Christ was made manifest in the humanity of Jesus."

Captain Staffin Of Dallas Arrives In Germany

(Capital Journal Special Service.) Dallas, Or., Dec. 30.—Word has been received in Dallas last week from Captain Conrad Staffin, commander of Company L of this city, stating that he arrived on the German border with a battalion of troops and would enter Germany soon. Captain Staffin stated in the letter that they were at a town just south of the Luxembourg line. Whether he was in command of his old troops is not known, but from the nation gathered in dispatches from the war department it is evident the Dallas soldiers together with the other Oregon troops are near or possibly on German soil by this time.

Influenza Epidemic Now Under Control
The Spanish Influenza epidemic is now under the control of the physicians in Dallas and surrounding country and during the past week no deaths have occurred from the effects of the malady. It is the intention of the health officers to keep the ban on all public gatherings on tight, however, until every case has been released from quarantine and thereby avoid another breaking out of the epidemic.

Former Commercial Club Secretary Seeks New Job

Word comes from the Capital City that Mrs. Winnie Braden, formerly secretary of the Dallas Commercial Club, and the Polk County Fair association, had made an application for the position as manager of the Salem Commercial Club. The election of a manager will probably be taken up after the first of the new year and the Capital City Commercial body will be exceedingly fortunate if they can secure the services of Mrs. Braden. She is perhaps the best posted woman in the state on all matters connected with the running of these bodies and has an exceedingly efficient secretary of the Dallas organization. Her many friends in this city wish her success in securing the position.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orr of Portland are spending the Christmas holidays at the home of their son, Sheriff John W. Orr, and family on Washington street. Glen Holman and Harry Graves, two Dallas boys in the radio service of Uncle Sam's navy, are home for the holidays for a short visit with their parents. They are stationed at Goat Island near San Francisco.

Rev. D. A. MacKenzie, formerly pastor of the Dallas Presbyterian church, was home from Vancouver on Christmas for a short visit with his family. Rev. MacKenzie is a Y. M. C. A. secretary at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Johnson of Seaside are guests at the home of Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Scott.

Harry Byers, a civil engineer working on an extension of the S. P. railroad to the headwaters of the tide near the Silletz agency, spent Christmas with his family in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Piasecki spent Christmas with relatives in the Capital City.

Floyd D. Moore, recently elected as clerk of Polk county, spent Christmas with his parents at Monmouth. Mr. Moore is just recovering from an attack of influenza and pneumonia.

Judge and Mrs. E. C. Kirkpatrick were guests of friends in Salem Wednesday night.

Floyd Ellis, a member of the medical department of the navy at Bremerton, is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Ellis, on Jefferson street.

SILVERTON NEWS
(Capital Journal Special Service.) Silvertown, Or., Dec. 30.—Supt. B. T. Yoel was among those who attended the annual teachers' association at Portland last week.

Harvey Lincoln of Camp Lewis spent Christmas at home.

The J. L. Robinson home was the scene of a happy family reunion on Christmas day. All of the children as well as a number of other relatives were together for the first time in several years.

Mrs. Guy Husband of Portland is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sherlock.

Miss Elma Hutton, Mrs. Mary Osburn and Mrs. Phillip, all daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Tillman Hutton, visited their parents at Silvertown during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Davis spent



BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
The week end at Portland. Mr. Davis left for Bremerton Sunday afternoon. Hiram and Gray Grazier, both in the service of Uncle Sam, were home for the holidays.
Mrs. Delbert Reeves is spending her vacation with her husband's parents Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reeves, of this city.
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Steelhammer were shopping in Salem last Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dahl have returned home from California. Mr. Dahl has received his discharge from the U. S. Army.
Carl Moser, is home from Camp Lewis.

Casualty Corrections About Northwest Men

Washington, Dec. 30.—Cabled casualty corrections:
Wounded severely, previously reported missing in action:
A. Olsen, Puyallup, Wash.
Wounded, degree undetermined, previously reported missing:
Privates—
B. A. Bates, Butte, Mont.
C. P. Blanehard, Eumelaw, Wash.
R. H. Brakenridge, Los Angeles, Cal.
H. Eisner, San Francisco.
D. L. Robbins, Moscow, Idaho.
H. C. Sarff, Everett, Wash.
B. Sabarna, Fort Bragg, Cal.
N. R. Walters, Phoenix, Oregon.
Returned to duty, previously reported missing in action:
Sergeant R. W. White, Tacoma, Wash.
Privates—
J. J. Arnett, Parma, Idaho.
E. T. Hooper, Honcut, Cal.
H. L. Hutchison, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Would Make Provost Marshal General Crowder, General

Washington, Dec. 30.—A movement is afoot today to make Provost Marshal General Crowder a lieutenant general or a full general.
Mixed up with the movement is a considerable amount of national and military politics.
It is claimed that the republicans mainly favor the promotion.
Some democrats allege that the provost marshal general is a man of extreme ambitions and that he has built up a considerable political machine incidental to his work.

Lines Of Communication With Germany Severed

With the American Army of Occupation, Dec. 28.—(Delayed)—The American Third Army has severed all lines of communication between the occupied zone and the remainder of Germany, with the exception of two trunk wires to Berlin. These wires are connected with American headquarters and are used only for official business or such private messages as are approved. The wires were cut at the edge of the Coblenz bridgehead.

TYPHUS CLAIMS WORKER

Vladivostok, Dec. 30.—Grace McBride of the Shanghai chapter of the Red Cross died of typhus at Tiumen on December 23, it was learned here today.

"SYRUP OF FIGS" CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look At Tongue! Remove Poisons From Stomach, Liver And Bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE EPIDEMIC.

The flu is dying out, but let us not despair—we still may have the gout, and falling of the hair. The flu had quite a run, for weeks 'twas all the rage; but now its course is done, it toddles from the stage. I know it's hard to part with such a charming pest; but cheer up, craven heart, don't flutter in my breast! It's vain to weep because one popular disease from public view withdraws, and people cease to sneeze. The soul heroic scorns such weaklings as may droop; we still may have our corns, our measles, mumps and croup. For potions and for pills we still may go in debt; the good old standard ills, thank Pete, are with us yet. There's no excuse for health, no pardon for the blues, since we have such a wealth of ills from which to choose. Cry out no vain alacks, and shed no briny seas, but read your almanacs, and pick some choice disease. Friend after friend departs, and now the flu retires; but why have aching hearts, why twang sepulchral lyres? For there's a balm beneath the star-spangled vault; we still have aching teeth, the rheum described a sault.

LESLIE SALT

flavors all the food evenly
it's a wonderful aid to cooks