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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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THE WORD OF HOPE.

No more hopeful word has been spoken since the signing of the armistice than that of President Wilson to the American troops on Christmas day, when referring to the "chart of peace" that it has been the privilege of America to offer to the world.

"Now the process of settlement has been rendered comparatively simple by the fact that all the nations concerned have accepted the chart, and the application of those principles laid down there will be their application. The world will now know that the nations that fought this war, as well as the soldiers who represented them, are ready to make good—make good not only in the assertion of their own interests, but make good in the establishment of peace upon the permanent foundation of right and justice."

It was a message worthy of the day. Until within a few days, there was ground for fear that the vast war sacrifices had been thrown away—that the world could expect little more than a return to the old, perilous system of rival armament out of which this war grew. But a change has come over the spirit of the men who will determine the policies of the great peace conference.

There are things in the cabled correspondence of the newspaper representatives to indicate that Premier Clemenceau will strike a discordant note, but President Wilson told the American people, through a message to Vice President Marshall, yesterday, that everything was being harmoniously arranged.

The people have given a clear mandate to their governments. And when the men in charge of the governments once become convinced that the thing is practicable it straightway becomes so. A federation of the nations to preserve peace will no doubt be one of the outcomes of the peace conference, and the most important of its decisions.

NOT ALL IN EUROPE.

The plea of a New York East Side school teacher that some of her children were slowly starving to death aroused great consternation. Some of the kindly souls who are always ready to answer such an appeal acted at once. "We will feed the children first and investigate afterward," they said.

The investigation which did follow the feeding was all too easy, facts were so apparent. Prevailing prices are so high that parents cannot afford to buy milk and the staple foods which children need.

In one settlement there were 150 children recover-

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

PEACE TIME TOPICS.

Let's forget the busted kings, for a while; more uplifting, helpful things are in style; let us paint up our abodes, let us boost for better roads, so the mules may haul their loads with a smile. We have talked so long of scraps, and of gore, that our voices and our maps are a bore; let it now be understood we intend to cut some wood, so our credit may be good at the store. Let the kaiser sit and mope, in distress; let the kronprinz hand out dope to the press; I've abandoned words for deeds; I'll supply our daily needs, buy my wife a string of beads and a dress. Let our gifted statesmen frame terms of peace; doubtless they can play the game, slick as grease; it is ours to put up ice, it is ours to earn the price so the children may have rice and roast geese. To the tale of war so long we gave tongue, that the old time chestnut gong should be rung; now the war is done and past, and the guns have ceased to blast, let us hustle till the last dog is hung. Let us scrub, on bended knees, all the floors; let us paint the apple trees, out of doors; let us mend that broken walk, fix the clothesline, wind the clock—we can find an endless stock of such chores.

ing from influenza, but facing death from starvation. In one school room were twenty-three children whose tattered clothing a rag-man would not buy. Most of these little folks had come to school breakfastless.

Of course, this condition was in the East Side of New York City, a spot notorious for its congestion, its ignorance and its poverty, but there are in all the large cities a roll of hungry, underfed little waifs whose pitiful estate would touch the hardest heart. The charitable institutions do all they can, but somehow not all the needy get help.

The adult who is ragged and hungry may have himself to blame; the child never. He is a victim. In these days of awakened hearts and far-reaching kindness these helpless ones in our own country must not be forgotten.

Premier Clemenceau apparently is preparing to enter the peace conference with demands that the allies and America permit France to annex more of German territory than Alsace-Lorraine, and that the power of the allied democracies be used to collect Russia's repudiated debt to France of a billion dollars. There is little likelihood that the peace conference will agree to these demands. French public opinion, however, is not at present in a mood to accept this refusal. An imperialistic sentiment has never been wholly absent from French politics since the Napoleonic days. The present overwhelming victory of the Allies has served to encourage the ambition of those Frenchmen who insist upon France's right of expansion. This is the basic reason why Premier Clemenceau has declared himself in favor of retention of the old principle of the balance of power.

The United States didn't enter the war to win the whole Adriatic for Italy. However, inasmuch as Italy blandly explains that she won it for herself, what are we going to do about it?

Flu and war, like Experience, are "Good teachers", but they keep a dear school.

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THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.
BRIAN IS PLEASED THAT HE HAS A SON.

CHAPTER XXXVI
What Brian had said in his letter about Mollie King made no impression on Ruth at the time. There was a sinister meaning, to her, in the message concerning his chum. It was ominous or seemed so to her, that he should say he had made arrangements for her to know in case he was hurt. Perhaps he had already been wounded, she thought, and the letter was simply to prepare her.

She smiled as she read again his request for chocolate, and then frowned as she re-read the part referring to Mollie King (this time more carefully). Brian surely praised her unstintingly—well, perhaps she deserved it. But down in her heart was the unspoken wish that Brian and Mollie weren't where they could see each other.

He had said he was O. K. and loving her. That part of his letter gave her joy, although she mistrusted his "O. K." But that he said he was loving her, thrilled her and she pressed her lips to the words, as she murmured her love for him.

Then, after a day or two of anxious waiting, came another letter. The reply to the one she had written telling of her boy—his son.

Once more her hands trembled as she opened the envelope in her haste; once more her eyes dimmed as she read; yet this time with happy tears. Brian had written:

"Dear Wife: Scarcely yet do I realize what you have written, although I have read your dear letter half a dozen times. Each time the news it contains seems more wonderful; more sweet. And to think you were alone at a time when you perhaps wanted if you did not need me, more than ever before. I feel choked with gratitude that you came through safely; and that you have the child to comfort you, should anything happen to me."

"Not that there is going to be now. I have to look out for myself so that I may come back to you and our son. How strange it seems, almost hard of belief, that I am father to a kiddie. I must believe myself even better than I ever have considered at all. Alone a dad. You say he looks like me. Poor little chap. When he had so handsome a mother, it is a shame to inflict him with a copy of my phiz. Yet I can't help being a little glad that it is so; and that you will have something to constantly remind you of me. Kiss him for me, not once, but as often as you do for yourself. I shall be sure then that he is getting his share from me."

"I am more glad than I can express, Ruth, dear, that your aunt could be with you. It was very sweet and unselfish of her to go without carrying the anxiety I certainly should have had, if I had known of what was to come to you. To think that, even at the last, you kept up so bravely with such a secret."

Ruth laid the letter in her lap for a moment and her eyes took on a retrospective look. She had NOT been brave; she had NOT been unselfish. Yet after all, it would do no harm to let

Brian think so—it might do good, she thought, as she remembered, with just a touch of bitterness, that Brian had spent that last hour with Mollie King. But she could not long feel bitter with his letter before her—the nearest a love letter he had written since their marriage. The letters she had received when away on her business trips, had never been more than cold little notes, breathing in every line his disapproval. And since he had been overseas, the few he had sent her had been filled with talk of war, the strange country, and Mollie King. Finally, with a little twisted smile, she resumed her reading:

"I shall fight all the better, all the harder, because of him. The sooner the Hunns are downed, the sooner can I come back and make his acquaintance. So you may be sure I shall go gunning for them in earnest—that isn't intended as a joke."

"I told Mollie about the boy, and she was delighted. Really I don't know what I should have done, had I not been able to tell some one—some woman. She asked many questions and wanted to be remembered to you. She teased me a little because I acted so proud and happy. She is still working day and night, and as I wrote you the soldiers adore her."

"Well, I must stop and go to chow. At times it becomes the most important thing we have to do. And by the way, Ruth, while our cooks aren't quite in Rachel's class, we are fed very well indeed. Uncle Sam's men haven't any kinks coming. Good-bye little mother, I wish I might see you tonight and tell you how happy I am, and many other things I don't really care to have a censor read—even if he is a good fellow. Lovingly, Brian."

(To be continued)

Pioneer Polk County Woman Passes Beyond

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Dallas, Or., Jan. 2.—Mrs. Bronson, widow of the late D. O. Bronson, passed away at the home of her cousin, Mrs. H. C. Enkin, on Court street the latter part of last week after a short illness due to a nervous breakdown.

Mrs. Bronson was one of the old residents of Polk county coming here from Knoxville, Ill., with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Dempsey, in about 1862 settling on a farm near the present site of Bicknell. After her marriage to Mr. Bronson in the latter part of the sixties, the deceased moved to a farm in the neighborhood of Lewisville in the western part of Polk county where the couple resided until several years ago when they moved to Dallas. Mrs. Bronson died about three years ago.

The deceased is survived by two daughters, Mrs. H. C. Enkin and Mrs. J. E. Sibley of this city, and three sons, George Bronson of Pledge, Wm. Bronson of Harrisburg, Or., and Charles Bronson of Los Angeles, Calif.

Funeral services over the remains were held Tuesday morning and the body was taken to Lewisville for interment.

New Year Comes Quietly in Dallas.
The advent of the new year was not celebrated to any extent in this city, due to the ban on all gatherings placed by health officer, Dr. B. H. McCallion, on account of the influenza epidemic. The usual ringing of church bells and merry making was dispensed with and but for the blowing of the whistles at the plants of the Willamette Valley

INNOCENT LOOKING TRUNK FIGURES IN BOOTLEGGING CASE

A bootlegging case of rather large proportions loomed up this morning in the sheriff's office, and by noon two of the men implicated had pleaded guilty and were each given a fine of \$50 by Judge Webster. An innocent looking trunk that had been making several trips from the south to Salem also figured in the case.

This morning before justice of the peace D. Webster, search warrants were sworn out against Howard Hulsey, J. T. Cook and Jack McGrath. At the same time warrants were sworn out against Walter D. Gardner, H. N. Dowd, V. L. Tyler and J. E. Maddison, charged with unlawfully having liquor in their possession.

This morning Mr. Dowd and Mr. Maddison appeared before the court with a plea of guilty and were given the \$50 fine each.

The story of the latest attempt at bootlegging in Salem is about as follows:

Are Express Drivers
Mr. Gardner, Mr. Tyler and Mr. Dowd are messengers or express drivers for the express companies here. Mr. Cook is a signal man at the Southern Pacific depot and Howard Hulsey is a baggage man at the depot.

The truck that had been making so many innocent trips back and forth seems to have attracted their attention. Anyhow, when it arrived about Dec. 1, it was taken out to the home of Howard Hulsey and later moved to the home of Mr. Maddison, next one case of liquor or out of the trunk has already been sold for \$100. The money was given to Dowd but it is understood that Maddison, acting as a go-between, only got \$10 for the handling.

It is thought that the trunk originally contained 72 quarts of whiskey but when the sheriff got busy with his search warrants, only 36 quarts were found.

The developments in the case rather indicate that something startling will develop, as the officers claim to know the man that had been receiving the trunk on their periodical visits from the south. And with the owner of the trunk in view there is a suspicion that he could not very well drink the amount of wet goods he has been receiving.

PEACE CAPITAL OF WORLD IS PRESENT SCENE OF CONFUSION

Opposition Element in France Criticise Clemenceau—London Times Optimistic.

By William Philip Stimms
(United Press staff correspondent)
Paris, Jan. 2.—On the eve of the formal conferences, the peace capital of the world, is being swept by a battle between pessimism and optimism.

Warned by Premier Clemenceau that the road to peace probably will not be

Lumber company and the Mountain States Power company no one would have known that 1919 had arrived.

LaCroelle Club Again Open.
The doors of the LaCroelle club in this city have been opened, the members feeling that the influenza epidemic has so far been gotten under control that another breaking out is not to be feared. Physicians also gave assurance to the members that as the room was always rucking with tobacco smoke which is said to be a deadly enemy to the influenza bug, that no chances of anyone taking the malady while enjoying the privileges of the club room was likely.

The club was closed several weeks ago by the members when the influenza was raging in this city and community.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Young and son, Armin, were Dallas visitors the first of the week.

P. A. Pines' proprietor of the De-Hive store, who has been ill with pneumonia the past several days, is again able to be about the house.

Deputy Sheriff T. B. Hooker is again able to be at his work after a week's illness.

Mrs. J. G. VanOrsdal has returned from an extended visit at the home of her son, Alex Van Orsdal at Omaha, Nebraska.

Sheriff John W. Orr was a business visitor in the Grande Ronde country Monday.

C. S. Graves has been a business visitor in Tillamook this week looking after extensive business interests.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Seary of Portland are guests of Dallas relatives this week.

Mr. D. P. Patterson and children are guests at the home of relatives in Hillsboro.

Ed Duan, the popular confectionery man of this city was a business visitor in the Capital City the first of the week.

Hollis Smith visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Simonton at Sevier the first of the week.

"Stumeze" Tablets When Stomach Hurts

Spend Two Bits! Bingo! Stomach Distress Goes—
"That's what they all say Yinal Me! Greats stuff in the world for a bum stomach! No humbug—just what I have been looking for Can eat anything I like now. Made me feel twenty years younger." STUMEZE, the wonder working tablets for out-of-order, sick, sour, belching, upset stomachs, dyspepsia, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, are just fine. Try them and you will say, "Great! Me for STUMEZE and a happy, healthy life!" For sale at all drug stores. 25c.

They Serve Chickens With The Heads On

Private R. G. Williams is one of the boys in France who would rather be in Oregon, now that the trouble is all over. In writing one of his friends here, he expresses himself as follows:

"Have not started home yet but still have hopes. I ever get started, I'm going to be hard to stop because I'm sure raring to get home."

"Had my chicken in a little French restaurant Thanksgiving day, but I could have cooked it better myself. They leave the head on and I never cared much for them served that way. It is anything but pleasant to look at. I live in a tent and sleep on the ground but am dry and doing well. Can't kick and that is saying something in the army. Even the mules kick. I've been told. I saw plenty on the Verdun front that had kicked their last."

TO GROOVE STAVES

A machine has been invented for tonguing and grooving staves for light barrels at a date of from 15,000 to 20,000 pieces a day.

SNOW FLAKES

Toasted Cheese
Here's a dish that Snow Flakes are particularly adapted to. Spread grated cheese on each Snow Flake Soda, toast in a quick oven. The result is an appetizing, satisfying lunch. You should try this.
Don't ask for crackers, say Snow Flakes.
Your grocer can supply you.

Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.

LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS, President American Society for Thrift

On every hand there are evidences that, though the war now is over, it is not the intention of the American people to go back to their former habits of wastefulness.

This is due to the fact that we are gaining an understanding of the true meaning of thrift.

We have found that, contrary to the theory of many before the war, thrift does not mean money hoarding or miserliness or undue selfishness. On the contrary we have learned that it is constructive and uplifting, and, for this reason, we find it advantageous to continue its practices during these days of readjustment and peace.

There are, of course, many who will relax in their frugal practices now that the stern necessities of war have relieved the pressure somewhat. But it appears that the tremendous momentum of thrift, acquired during the last eighteen months of suffering and sacrifice, will be continued.

There seems to be a popular desire for the perpetuation of the thrift plan. The schools rapidly are taking up thrift as a part of their curricula. Business firms are conducting well ordered campaigns to promote economy among their employees, and the agencies of the Government are keeping alive the patriotic appeal for the practices of this virtue.

But satisfactory results could not be obtained were it not for the fact that the popular viewpoint with regard to thrift is now more generally correct.

One can now practice economy without incurring the uncomplimentary suggestion that one is unprogressive, old-fashioned, miserly or avaricious.

In brief, there has been a complete revolution of thought. The war has clarified the public mind, has swept out the cobwebs.

From an economic standpoint, we now have our bearings, our feet are treading solid ground, we are moving forward with clear understanding and fixed purpose.

We have shaken off old-fashioned, less shackles, and from now on progress will be more rapid.

We shall build our lives substantially; there will be less and less ignorance and less and less cause there will be less and less.

Like everything in life we have learned our lesson. We have learned our lesson only after bitter experiences.

It took a great World War to teach its destruction and we to teach thrift. But in this stern school we have learned our lesson well.