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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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CLEMENCEAU'S "BALANCE OF POWER."

There is probably less difference between the peace plans of Premier Clemenceau and President Wilson than appears at first glance.

The premier has ventured, in defiance of what seems to be the majority of opinion of the world, to speak in defense of the "balance of power" as a device to preserve international peace. The fact that the present war is generally regarded, in itself, as proof of failure of that plan, does not deter him from continuing to champion it.

But as a matter of fact, what Clemenceau advocates is not a balance of power at all. Anybody who thinks so is misled by words, in disregard of facts. The premier evidently wants an offensive and defensive alliance of the big powers which have won this war—France, Britain, America and Italy. From one point of view, this would merely be a larger and stronger "Entente", replacing the old "Triple Entente" of France, Britain and Russia. Against this group before the war, it will be remembered, there was set the rival group of Germany, Austria and Italy, the "Triple Alliance." These two old groups were so nearly equal in economic and military resources that for many years they seemed to form an approximate "balance."

But if Premier Clemenceau succeeded in organizing the alliance he suggests, where would the "balance" be? Not all the rest of the nations in the world together, even if it were conceivable that they should unite, could stand against the four great victorious powers.

Manifestly, what the French premier advocates is in reality a "League of Nations", no matter by what other name he calls it.

Any League of Nations that is formed for the preservation of peace, of necessity must have the allied powers as its nucleus and main dependence. They must be the "charter members." They must shape the policies of the federation and supply, at least for generations, the military power and moral direction to make its mandates effective.

The only question, then, would be whether other nations should be admitted to the league, now or hereafter. Should it be a close corporation, or open to any power qualifying for membership on the terms laid down by the Big Four?

The United States is opposed to making it a closed corporation. Clemenceau seems to want it so. The two views are certainly not so far apart but that a little good will can bridge them.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

STOLEN OR STRAYED.

We hear of all the famous Huns who put up hay and barley, when Teuts were busy shooting guns, sent forth by Bill and Charley. Old Hindenburg is still alive, though dark disaster viewed he; he boosts himself and seems to thrive—but what's become of Ludy? And Bill himself in Holland sits, and writes an endless letter; four times a day he throws some fits, and murmurs "Donnerwetter!" The future looks to him so bleak he's sick at heart and moody, and scalding tears are on his cheek—but what's become of Ludy? The kronprinz, on a narrow isle surveys the heaving breakers; men never see him sing and smile, or gambol o'er the acres. He's nervous, restless and upset, like some old hen that's broody, although he's in the limelight yet—but what's become of Ludy? Von Tirpitz bobs up now and then, in news from o'er the water, although he isn't sending men to raw, unlicensed slaughter. He saw his navy loop the loops, and in black sorrow stewed he, yet still he paws around and whoops—but what's become of Ludy? And Ludendorff, six months ago, was greater than the greatest, the prophet he of war and woe, the champeen all around hatist. He was the German hope and prop, the military dude he; now all the others whine and yawp, but what's become of Ludy?

A WIFE FOR A PRINCE.

The English newspapers are busy picking a wife for the Crown Prince. It is a hard matter, because the possibilities are so dreadfully limited. Germany, formerly the happy hunting ground of royalty, is now out of the question. Not only would a German marriage be "verboten" for any prince of an allied country, but the harvest of royal brides which Central Europe formerly distributed so generously over the world has been swept away by the wave of democracy.

There are seemingly eligible brides in certain allied and neutral countries, but several of them are impossible, from the British standpoint, because they are Roman Catholics.

In this dilemma the British match-makers are suggesting an unprecedented thing—that the Crown Prince descend below the ranks of royalty and choose a bride from the British nobility. This naturally strikes an American as a sensible thing to do at any time, because it would help to make the royal family English. For generations it has been mostly German. If a nation will have kings, why should not those kings be of the same race as the people they rule?

There is a still more startling innovation suggested by some of the London papers. They propose that the Prince choose an American girl for his future queen. If he should do so, says the London Express, "the enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic would be unbounded, and dramatic possibilities are opened up."

Edward Albert is a fine, clean, likeable young fellow 24 years old. He is going to visit this country before long. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Contracts were let yesterday for nearly a half million dollars worth of road work in Oregon. The road program is of double significance now, in that it provides a great deal of work during the reconstruction period, as well as marking the beginning of a system of permanent hard-surfaced roads which in time will reach into all sections of the state, hastening development and material growth.

Senator LaFollette, representative of the pro-German element of Wisconsin in the United States senate, comes to life again in a speech defending the Russian bolsheviks. Evidently he is preparing to contest with Senator H. Johnson for leadership of that element in this country.

One man has advertised that he wishes to rent a "haunted house" near London. Why advertise? Rent any old house, don't pay any rent, or bills, and the haunting will begin immediately.

"We are interested in the peace of Europe, but in the peace of the world," says Mr. Wilson. That's all right, as long as the piece of the world we are interested in is big enough to lick any piece of Europe.

Enforce the quarantine until it becomes extremely unpopular with those affected and the influenza epidemic will be quickly brought under control. There is no other way.

Anyway, we do not need to worry over the high price of turkeys again until next November.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps

BRIAN, NOW LIUTENANT HACKETT, IS DECEASED FOR BRAVERY.

CHAPTER CXXXI.

Ruth plunged into her work for soldiers' wives and babies with redoubled fervor. She worked at the shop until she was so tired that she slept as soon as she lay down. But each day she watched the list of casualties with growing apprehension; and each night she breathed a prayer of thankfulness that Brian's name was not among them.

The war had begun to affect Ruth deeply. It had affected all her standards, her ideas of life. The things that she and Brian might have disagreed upon a year ago, now seemed of no importance. The important things of life, the strenuous life of the days in which she was now living, smothered all the other things which, until the war—until Brian became a soldier—had seemed of paramount importance.

She used to think, if only Brian would stop being negative—if he would do something big, something positive—that she would be willing to give up all her cherished plans to please him. But he had been so supine. The world was all around him, teeming with opportunities for action, and he let it pass while he either loafed or dreamed—or sulked.

Ruth had wanted Brian to grow into something great, something noble. She had wanted to see him high in his profession, one of the "shining lights." At first she had been whimsically in earnest about it. She then disappointedly anxious that he should redeem himself—her belief in him.

Now she had almost forgotten her dreams of advancement in his profession, in her fear that he would be too brave a soldier. That he would take the unnecessary risks his tempestuous

nature might suggest. The fear she felt was greater than her disappointment had been. And she prayed continually that he might be spared. What if he wasn't great?

Then one day she saw it in the paper. It was all in a paragraph by itself, proudly isolated from the ordinary news of the trenches. Brian's name fairly jumped out at her. At first her heart stood still with dread, and she saw only a jumble of words. Then the words began to fit together. Then she read, and such a glow of pride filled her that she had to talk to someone. As Brian Jr. was the only one near, she addressed her remarks to him:

"They are giving your daddy a decoration for bravery, baby! He went over the top, all right; and, baby, he stayed over and brought somebody back, his captain or something, whom the awful Germans had wounded. Your father is a great hero now, baby. They have told all about him in the paper. He will be a lieutenant now. Aren't you proud, darling? Mother is."

"Whom are you talking to?" Mrs. Clayborne asked, as she came in.

"Whom do you suppose? To Brian Hackett Jr. I was telling him all about Lieutenant Hackett who happens to be his father."

"Lieutenant?"

"Yes—look at this!" and proudly Ruth showed her aunt the paragraph in the paper announcing that Brian had been decorated for bravery, and raised to the rank of First Lieutenant.

For the first time Mrs. Clayborne showed real interest in her niece's husband. She read the short article which told so little, yet so much, over twice, then laid it down.

"You feel very proud?" she said with a smile.

"Indeed I do. But I knew Brian would make good—as a soldier. He is very brave, and quick witted. Perhaps that was what helped him save the wounded officer—his quick action."

"I am very glad he has distinguished himself. The service cross is not lightly won," Mrs. Clayborne said, and then left Ruth once more alone with her baby, and the paper.

"Auntie was pleased, too!" she told

Brian Jr. when again they were by themselves. "She LOOKED pleased, baby, and she doesn't like your dad,—not much."

All that evening Ruth was so happily restless that she could not keep still. So finally she sat down and in a long letter to Brian told him how thankful she was he was safe, and of how inordinately proud she was that he had won the Distinguished Service Cross. "I told baby all about it and he is as anxious to see you and tell you how proud he is of you, as I am. Honest he is—even though he can't talk," she finished whimsically.

And while writing this letter not one thought of Missie King disturbed Ruth.

(Tomorrow—Ruth Receives The Congratulations of Her Friends.)

SOLVING THE DILEMMA.

(Modford Mail Tribune.)
Oregon legislators are much alarmed over the influenza situation at Salem. The Capital City is suffering a return of the dilemma—rather two easy ways, under the ban by the health authorities. The legislators fear the flu, and the people of Salem fear the legislature as a source of infection and talk of placing it under the ban.

There is, however, an easy way out of the dilemma—rather two easy ways. The legislature can meet, rush through the necessary appropriation bills to sustain the essential state institutions, and adjourn—having saved the taxpayers much money and given us the first really popular session, or

The legislators can wear flu masks during the session, giving us a silent session, thereby conserving the energies of its members, now wasted in useless oratory and idle debates, for proper consideration of the various bills whose advocates and opponents would be limited to filing short briefs.

There is no reason why legislators should continually impede progress by spouting oratory, which no one cares for or takes seriously and is not even read by the public, orations which never make or change a vote and are indulged in solely to gratify the vanity of the speaker who imagines he is climbing a ladder, of fame when he is only boring or amusing or killing time for a limited audience of stenographers and lobbyists.

If we must have a legislative session, let us try one muzzled by masks. It will not only be safer for the legislators themselves, but for the public. It will mean better laws and saner expenditures, less political horseplay, less individual grand-standing and shorter sessions. It will be remarkable how quickly bills will be acted upon.

Such a session will go far towards compensating the public for the infliction of influenza. The epidemic will not have been in vain. Again, it will have been proved that there is no great loss without some small gain.

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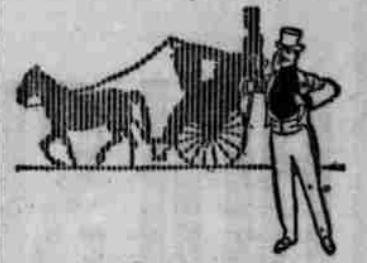
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Monmouth Water Supply Shut Off By Accident

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Monmouth, Jan. 8.—Monmouth has been on short water rations for the past week, which has caused much inconvenience in the various industries, of the town as well as in the homes. The trouble was caused by worn out plunger leathers in the large pump. These were renewed but the supply of water was still inadequate so an expert was sent for and it was decided to put in a new pump. This was installed and everything was in working order by Sunday afternoon. On account of shortage of water the creamery was unable to operate for several days so had a great quantity of cream accumulated but no butter to fill orders. Notices were sent out to normal students stating that school would be postponed another week, tho it is thought that there was sufficient water. Monday morning to operate the heating plant. However as these notices had already gone out it was too late to recall them so the normal school will not open until Jan. 13. This will make the fourth week of vacation. The training school, however, opened Tuesday morning, being no cases of influenza in town.

Bonds amounting to \$56,400 were stolen from O. R. Bothwell at Salt Lake City Saturday.



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are successful because every detail of their fragrant blend is given strictest attention. Smoke them.

Trotsky Made Dictator And So Arrests Lenin

Copenhagen, Jan. 8.—Leon Trotsky, Bolshevik war minister, has been proclaimed dictator and has arrested Nikolai Lenin on a charge of forming a coalition with the mensheviks (radical minority party) according to a Moscow dispatch received today by the Gothenburg Gazette.

Failing to get permission to flaunt a red flag at the funeral of James Cooper, Spokane I. W. W. adorned the neck of the deceased with a red necktie and red carnations were the floral offerings.

To the Readers of the Capital Journal---

A New and Even Greater Story
by the author of Eben Holden

"The Light in the Clearing"

This story, which we are now able to offer to the Daily Capital Journal readers, is pronounced by all critics to be the best that has come from the pen of Mr. Bacheller, who ranks among the greatest and most popular of American novelists.

With simplicity and charm; with sympathy and understanding; with humor and wisdom, Mr. Bacheller has told this story of the "North Country"—the country of his first great success—"Eben Holden." In it he has, unconsciously perhaps, shown us what patriotism means; has displayed for our inspiration true Americanism, and has given us a dramatic picture of the rugged and simple and honest lives of our ancestors.

Around the fortunes of a lovable lad, the story of faith and loyalty revolves. Orphaned and dependent he learns the great lessons of life. On one side stands Uncle Peabody, gentle, wise, patient, humorous, a really great character; on the other, Silas Wright, the only man who ever declined the nomination for President. Between these remarkable personalities, the young hero walks his appointed way, a way not free from dangers, not devoid of strange adventure, yet always the way of truth and honesty. With the light of learning and the guidance of conscience, with friends to counsel, with love to grace the way, the end is the end of all right living—peace and happiness.

As a peace of literature, as an honest picture of a day that is gone, of a life that has passed, "The Light in the Clearing" will give enjoyment and entertainment to the Daily Capital Journal readers.

"The Light in the Clearing" Starts Tomorrow --- Thursday