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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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KNOWING OUR NEIGHBORS.

To the average citizen of the United States, South America is almost as little known as was all the region south of the equator to the rest of the world, in the days when Columbus sailed west instead of south, because he believed the sea in the latter direction ultimately became boiling hot.

We know that to the south of us lies a continent joined to us by the Monroe Doctrine and a "narrow neck of land called the Isthmus of Panama." But here our knowledge ceases, or becomes a hazy vision of malarial swamps, cloud-capped mountains and poor railroad and sewer facilities.

We have spent much time in the study of European and Asiatic conditions and our relations to them, and much money in travel in those countries. Yet this neighbor so near to us remains a mystery, though within her bounds is scenery unsurpassed for beauty and variety, and she is possessed of a wonderfully romantic history.

Moreover, her people, too commonly lumped as ignorant and half civilized, have given the world authors, musicians, jurists, orators and physicians of high rank.

The recent extension of news service between the United States and South America should go far toward remedying this condition of ignorance and should be of mutual benefit. There is already a comfortable friendship, but great possibilities lie in increased acquaintance.

We shall come to see that South America is no backward little sister toward whom we should exercise a sort of half-shamed tolerance, but a hitherto neglected member of the family, who awaits only interest and fostering care to become the pride of the clan.

A soldier and workingman's soviet organized in Oregon shows how dangerous the teachings of a paper like the Portland Journal may be. It may not be long before bolshevism will cease to be a joke in this country.

Although practically every known experiment in government is being tried in Germany now no one has yet had the nerve to suggest making the former Crown Prince ruler in place of his deposed sire.

The legislators will now proceed to their biennial task of reducing taxes and piling up a surplus in the state treasury. We know this is what they are preparing to do because we have noted the ante-election economy pledges of all the members.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

BRACED UP.

Once more I've had my trousers pressed, once more my shoes are polished bright; I feel quite nifty for I'm dressed as well as any gent in sight. When war was on the people looked with scorn on those who wore good rags; they derved, doggasted and gadzooked, and talked of treason to our flags. And so I wore a seedy coat and pants that wrinkled at the knees, I hoped to get the Prussian goat by wearing mildewed duds like these. I bought cheap gingham at the store, with other patriotic men; the stove-pipe hat my father wore was put in service once again. And when I squinted in the glass, I was a wondrous sight to see, I often wept and said, "Alas! No wonder horses shy at me!" But while I thought I'd whip the Teuts by cutting down the wardrobe bills, I gladly wore my cowhid boots, my gingham, corduroys and twills. But when the armistice was signed, I hustled to the clothing store, and said, "The nations will not mind, if I wear real clothes once more. The shadow's gone from stricken Europe, once more the war worn Belgians grin; so I will buy some decent pants, and wear a shirt that isn't tin." Oh, James, it is a pleasant thing, to wear a white man's clothes again, nor fear the bitter taunt and fling of ultra-patriotic men!

LESS GOLD PRODUCED.

The gold output is falling off. A committee appointed by Secretary Lane to investigate the situation reports that the chief reason for the decrease is the increased cost of production. It cost 70 cents last year to produce a dollar's worth of gold, whereas it cost only 57 cents the year before. Naturally this increase lessens the ardor of gold-producers, although in most other industries 30 per cent profit would be considered a pretty liberal reward.

The committee further declares that the future of gold mining is problematical, that the gold output of the world seems to have passed its zenith and to be destined to a certain decline. In order to counteract this tendency the committee recommends the removal of the government's excess profits tax on gold mines.

Without passing on the merits of this particular remedy, it may be said that a diminution in the world's gold output will not work any great hardship on mankind in general. It is the tremendous production of gold that is primarily responsible for the steady troublesome rise in prices during the last decade.

Regardless of war and other temporary factors, as long as the gold supply increases so disproportionately as it has been doing, and remains the sole standard of values, the prices of other commodities are bound to keep on rising, with continuous unsettlement of values and continual need of re-adjustments.

As long as we have no better standard of value, it would be a blessing if the output were curtailed enough to keep the visible gold supply stationary for a while.

The big packing plant with its attendant stock yards which will be built by three of Salem's most progressive and substantial citizens will prove a great boon to the central Willamette valley. Next to the great fruit interests which are centered in this city, the establishment of a market which will take every head of livestock offered for sale at any time is the most important advance step on the road to permanent prosperity that has yet been taken. It supplies one of our greatest needs. It will foster the raising of hogs and the corn to fatten them on, will employ labor and export large quantities of meat stamped with a Salem brand. The men who are establishing this industry are helping the country around this city to grow and deserve to receive good returns upon the heavy investment they are making.

The Jwaros Indians of Equador want the job of "shrinking" the kaiser's head by their native mummifying process. Their intentions are admirable, but probably unnecessary. The kaiser's head has shrunk considerably already.

Paderewski says the Russian Bolshevik idea is to "kill all users of the toothbrush." That may not be as horrible, though, as it seems. In most Russian communities the fatality is bound to be small.

That there is some good in all things is exemplified in the fact that the influenza epidemic has scared off that time-dishonored legislative lobby.

Whoever supplies the names for the Pullman cars has a cinch compared with the artist who creates the camouflage for the navy.

The man who went up 35,000 feet in an airplane should be put on the committee to investigate the rise in food prices.

Big Bertha is now rusting in a German gun-yard. Sic Transit, gloria gundi!

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH PLANS FOR BRIAN'S HOME-COMING

CHAPTER CXXXV.

Brian was back with his regiment. "Good as new," he had written. Ruth had not again given way to her despondency. And now that he was once more removed from her influence, she forgot Mollie King—almost. She kept up her work among the children of the soldiers, and that, with her work in the shop, a little social disposition because of her aunt, and the care she gave little Brian, kept her every moment filled. Then came talk of the war ending sooner than had been expected. The Germans were being pushed back day after day. While losses on both sides were great, yet those on that of the Allies were small as compared to those of the enemy. The Hun morale, too, was breaking—the most dangerous thing in an army. Eagerly Ruth followed the line that each day advanced farther and farther into the country occupied by the foe. Like others, she figured that if the Allies kept going with no real setbacks, the war must end.

"Brian will soon be back if what the papers says about the war being soon over is true," she said to her aunt one day. "Yes—I think the fighting is nearly over. It will be a long time before all the soldiers will come back. Brian may be one of those to remain on duty over there, even if the war ends. Don't think too much of see-

ing him soon, dear. It would make your disappointment the greater. Then there is still the chance—" "That he never may come back," Ruth interrupted, "I know. Yet somehow I feel, Aunt Louisa, that he will not be wounded again. I feel so sure he will come back to baby and me." "That is the right way to feel—it keeps you from worrying." Ruth longed to question her aunt. To ask her if she was planning to remain with her after Brian returned. But she hesitated to do so, fearing her answer would be that she would go home when he came back. In spite of her love for ease and for pretty things, Ruth had saved a surprising amount while Brian had been away. She still paid the rent of the apartment, but she often said laughingly that it was all she did pay; that her aunt ran the house. Then, too, Mrs. Clayborne was constantly buying clothes for both Ruth and the baby. She delighted in dressing them both. So, aside from her charitable work and the rent, Ruth had saved almost all of her salary. She had bought each issue of Liberty bonds; and had given to the Red Cross. But the greater part of her giving had been to her own pet charity—her war-babies. After this talk with her aunt, she sat down and figured how much she had saved in various ways; and how much she could add to it in the next few months. Brian would have nothing to start with. His salary as a soldier, even as a commissioned officer, would scarcely be more than he needed; surely no more than he would spend, knowing she and the baby were having everything they wanted. She had written much of her aunt's generosity, and had told Brian many times to spend his soldier's pay for comforts. She was surprised to see that, by the time he returned,—even if figured in

months,—how much money she would have at her disposal. She had a plan in her head which was to be a surprise for Brian.

She would fit up an office for him in a good location. To his slender law library, she would add books that he needed. He could start anew, feeling that they had money enough ahead so that his mind could be given to his work, without the worry he had before experienced about money. She had said nothing of this plan to anyone, not even to her aunt. But as the papers reiterated their belief that peace was at hand, she thought more and more of the pleasure it would give Brian.

"He'll have baby to work for, now," she said to herself with a smile. That had he been allowed to work for her he would have been happier, never occurred to her; neither did she think it might have prevented much of her own unhappiness.

Then one day came other news. News which she hurried home to impart to Mrs. Clayborne. She had heard the newshoys calling: "Wuxtra," had bought one, opened it, and glanced at the first page, which contained an account of a big battle, as she walked along.

"Aunt Louisa! where are you! read this!" she thrust the paper into her aunt's hand and then leaned over her shoulder and read with her the news which had so excited her.

Tomorrow—Brian Is Decorated For Bravery Under Fire.

Open Forum

COMBATING INFLUENZA

To the Editor: Many thanks for your timely suggestions in regard to proper method of combating influenza. May I have the privilege of adding a further word of approval thru your esteemed paper.

Our city physician tells me that "modified quarantine" (the quarantine for influenza in Salem) permits well members of a family to have ingress to and egress from their homes, in which one or more persons are ill with influenza, at will, providing they stay out of the room in which sick are being cared for.

This seems to me to be a very futile sort of quarantine. Many individuals are doubtless sick for some time before being isolated; thus exposing an entire family by direct contact. Even after patient is confined to single room, to which only one member of family is allowed admittance, other members of the family are doubtless exposed to the disease quite often during the sickness of the isolated individual. The majority of the sleeping rooms of our homes are connected by a door with a hall or room used by other members of the family, is it not very probable, with the door of the sick room being opened quite often, that the air in hall or adjoining room would become infected.

Are not these exposed people as likely to take sick in the bank, store, mill, market, etc., where they are employed, or on the train as they are in their own home?

In what way does "modified quarantine" protect us?

On personal investigation, I find that the Salem and Deschutes hospitals refuse to receive influenza patients on account of danger of infecting their other patients with influenza. A party, at the Deschutes hospital, tells me that a number of the physicians of the city refuse to take their patients to the hospital if influenza patients are admitted.

If we cannot allow influenza cases in the hospital, that is under the supervision of doctors and trained nurses all the time, without danger of contagion to other occupants of the build-

Catarrh is a Real Enemy and Requires Vigorous Treatment

Do Not Neglect It.

When you use medicated sprays, rhinizers and douches for your Catarrh, you may succeed in untopping the choked-up air passages for the time being, but this annoying condition returns, and you have to do the same thing over and over again. Catarrh has never yet been cured by these local applications. Have you ever experienced any real benefit from such treatment?

Throw these makeshift remedies to the winds, and get on the right treatment. Go to your drug store to-day get a bottle of S. S. S., and commence a treatment that has been praised by sufferers for nearly half a century. S. S. S. gets right at the source of Catarrh, and forces from the blood the germs which cause the disease. You can obtain special medical advice regarding your own case without charge by writing to Medical Director, 22 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE DISPENSARY SERVICE GIVEN UNIVERSITY PEOPLE

University of Oregon, Eugene, Jan. 13.—Free dispensary facilities are now offered students in the University of Oregon. The dispensary has been established in connection with the University infirmary, which, with two graduate nurses in attendance, is equipped to handle the ordinary run of illnesses among the students. The dispensary is open from 1:30 to 2:30 seven afternoons in the week. Students having colds or other symptoms of illness are requested by the administration to go to the dispensary, where they may see a doctor and receive medicine free. Prescriptions are given for any medicines not held in stock at the dispensary.

By order of President Campbell, no student suffering from illness is permitted to remain in any fraternity or sorority house or in any of the University halls of residence. Choice is offered of the infirmary, the hospital down town, or the students' own homes as places to take treatment during illness.

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THE STARS AND STRIPES IN BRUSSELS.—The colors were displayed and greeted with much enthusiasm on the occasion of the entry of the Belgian royal family into the capital of their country. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth are on horseback.