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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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ADAM AND THE BOLSHEVIST.

The chief cause of Bolshevism is mental confusion. Mental confusion is worse confounded by hunger. Therefore the first remedy is food. After the Bolshevist has had a few good meals and a few nights sleep without gunfire, perhaps it will be possible to teach him a few fundamental tricks about economics.

The trouble with the Bolshevist and the I. W. W. man and all his kin is that he sees himself hungry and poor and sees the employers of the world well-fed and prosperous. He knows there is something wrong, but he does not go back into history—even the history of the preceding quarter century, to see where the wrong came from.

It was decreed that Adam should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. And when one conceives a world with the first man in it, one sees there was no other way of obtaining the first essentials of food, shelter and clothing than by individual work. Only by working longer hours than was necessary to sustain life from day to day could the first man get ahead.

All wealth was won by men who were willing to work longer than enough to sustain life till tomorrow. When a surplus was obtained so that a man might sit still and plan, the foundation of teamwork, machinery and all modern aids was laid.

If instead of spending his time trying to kill off the men who have more than thirty cents and a toothbrush, the Bolshevist for one year would work one hour more than enough for today, so that next year he might work one hour less, and use the other hour to plan for easier work the year following, soon there would be more than enough toothbrushes and thirty-cent accumulations to go around.

The trouble is, the Russian peasant has been cruelly exploited in the past and never given a chance to learn these things. His blind rage, though stupid, is but natural. A child's tantrum can always be quieted with a warm bath, a good meal and a nap. If the allies can do this for the Russians, they will find them receptive to the teaching of the primary grade. This once mastered, Russia's troubles will be over.

Going to be a great year in Salem and the valley all around us. This little set-back at the beginning is only giving us a chance to get ready for the big drive ahead.

Well, the "Flu" situation is much better, a fact that again vindicates the real Oregon climate.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

COLD WEATHER.

Oh, winter, rude season, I'm glad you are here, though I have much reason for springing a tear; for I am afflicted with various ills, which keep me addicted to powders and pills. They're worse when the weather is cold as yet out; they all ache together, rheumatics and gout; the ringbone and spavin are painful and sore, as I-rub the salve in, and holler for more. Ills transient and chronic I try to forget; for winter's a tonic, the best tonic yet. The wise men inform us in well chosen terms (the knowledge should warm us), it's death to the germs. The microbes so dizzy all turn up their toes, when winter gets busy with health giving snows. If winter is helping the masses of men, I'd blush to be yelping when aching again. If winter is slaying the germs by the ton, you won't hear me saying a harsh word, not one. I'll just sit up nursing my swellings and aches, and leave all the cursing to ignorant jakes. When science assures me that winter is great, confounds and absconds me with words out of date, I feel that rheumatics is merely a dream, and bats fill the attics of patients who scream. We must lean on science, whatever we do; we must have reliance on one thing or two.

For the first time a big war is settled, not by a diplomatic poker game, but by a conference of peoples. It is true old-time secret diplomacy is making a last-ditch stand for secrecy and all that it implies, but President Wilson will no doubt win his contention for the new deal, because the people of all the allied nations are backing him.

It has been said that the peace terms and the program for future international relations will be shaped by four men—Premier Clemenceau, Premier Lloyd-George, Premier Orlando and President Wilson. So it will, as far as appearances go. But every one of those governmental heads holds his place solely by popular choice and derives all his authority and prestige from popular will. Moreover, everyone of them has his ear to the ground as never before to catch the people's voice.

For the people themselves are on the job as never before. We might almost say that there is a special wire running from every one of the millions of American homes and offices, and the British and French and Italian homes and offices, and those of Belgium and Serbia, and other allied countries, to the council hall at Versailles.

It will, in the end, be an "open diplomacy" council. The diplomats will not dare to make it anything else. And let them make one false move—let them disappoint one of the great hopes on which the plain people of the world have set their heart—and there will be a roar that will bring them to their senses.

Brigadier General Flood explains in a letter to the Oregonian how the discharged soldiers are treated; answering criticisms of that paper. This fact makes no impression upon the editor of the Oregonian, however, because of his vindictive opposition to the government. All through the war political organs like the Oregonian carp and criticised and hindered war work, and misrepresented the motives of the men in charge of it. The war was won before other nations said we could even get ready to fight and this fact has not tended to sweeten the disposition of the political editors in the least. It was merely proof that they had been lying about the progress of war work all the time—a habit that by this time is chronic.

Now that the United States has been informed of its vast diamond holdings it is especially timely that a test as to their genuineness be made public. Just drop the diamond in a glass of clear water. If it is a good one it will sparkle. If it doesn't, wear it anyway; the water will never tell.

No wave of legislative economy has ever been strong enough to sweep away the surplus clerks.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

BRIAN ENGAGES HIS OLD OFFICE

CHAPTER CXXI.

That afternoon Ruth and her aunt left Brian for the first time. They had some shopping to do, and he had insisted they both go—that he was well enough to remain alone with Rachel and the baby.

But hardly had they left when he telephoned for a taxi, and with the help of the elevator boy he entered it. He was gone about an hour. His errand had exhausted him, and when Ruth and Mrs. Clayborne returned he was fast asleep on the couch.

That night he said:
"I went down town today."
"What!—you went where?" they asked in chorus.
"I went downtown and engaged my old office. I found it vacant." His voice was expressionless.

"But Brian you aren't fit to work yet and I"—Ruth was about to tell him of the plans she had made; the nice office she intended to fix up for him. But his action hurt her, so she said nothing. That he would go out and engage that old place without saying a word; not even taking her into his confidence. She had no slightest idea that what she herself had that morning told him had precipitated his action. That but for that he would never have done as he had—until he was stronger anyway.

So already, again at cross purposes, they spent the evening almost in silence, Ruth's distress augmented by the fact that her aunt had received a telegram calling her South to attend to some business, and that she was going the next day.

"Everything seems to be going wrong," she said to herself with quivering lips. She had planned so happily to give Brian a nice, bright, comfortable office; and now he had gone and rented that dingy corner he had occupied before he had gone away. It would not help him much in that location, now that he had come home with honors. Men with money didn't engage a lawyer who could not do business in a decent quarters.

But she said nothing of these thoughts to Brian. There was something about his set, stern face that awed her a little—something different and strange. His brooding eyes followed her as she moved about the room, and he made no reply when she said she was going to bed as she must commence getting up earlier if she was not to be late to business.

"You better go too, Brian. Although you can sleep as late as you like. Don't try to have breakfast with me." Since he had been able to get about he had insisted upon breakfasting with Ruth and Mrs. Clayborne. "Good night, dear; your trip down town was too much for you," she kissed him tenderly, and was annoyed that he did not return it with the same ardor he had shown ever since his return.

Her eyes filled as she turned away. Yet even then she in no way took his action as a reflection of anything she had done.

It was hours after that Brian came limping into the room. He dropped his crutch accidentally and awakened her. But she said nothing and he did not speak. Once after he had turned out the light she heard a long-drawn sigh.

"Are you in pain, Brian?"
"No," curtly.
"I thought I heard you sigh."
"Go to sleep. It's nothing."
Ruth tried to sleep but couldn't. What ailed Brian? He had acted so gay, so happy, ever since he came back in spite of his wound. He had been flattered by his friends; the papers had written him up and spoken of his bravery—calling him "A rising young lawyer" and he had appeared happy over all these things, as well as at being

WAS AFRAID TO GO ON TOP OF HOUSE

Painter Was So Weak Could Hardly Walk—Gains 20 Pounds By Taking Tanlac.

"I will cheerfully tell anyone, who is looking for something to 'build them up,' that Tanlac certainly brought me out of the kinks," was the characteristic statement made by John A. Meyers, house painter and decorator of Boardman, Washington, while in Mr. Gottroy's at Spokane, recently.

"I can't say that I suffered any particular pain," he continued. "I just had no appetite and got into a terribly run down condition. I believe I could have gone a week without feeling hungry. What little I did eat was forced down and seemed to do me no good, as I lost weight and strength all the time. I had gotten down to almost skin and bones and was so weak that I was actually afraid to go up on a house to paint. My energy all left me and I had gotten to where I couldn't hold out to do a whole day's work."

"I had read about Tanlac being fine for people in rundown condition, and I saw for myself, for it has put me in shape to where I have already gained twenty pounds. And speaking of appetites, I've got the best one I ever had. Meal times come too slow for me and when they do get around I hardly know when to quit eating. I have gotten my strength and energy back, too, and now I can do as much work as any man my age. I had been losing ground for two or three years and nothing ever hit the spot until I got Tanlac, so it certainly is the medicine for me."

Tanlac is sold in Hubbard by Hubbard Drug Co., in Mt. Angel by Ben Gooch, in Gervais by John Kelly, in Turner by H. P. Cornelius, in Woodburn by Lyman H. Shorren, in Salem by Dr. S. C. Stone, in Silverton by Geo. A. Steelhammer, in Gates by Mrs. J. P. McCurdy, in Stayton by C. A. Beauchamp, in Aurora by Aurora Drug Store.

A two-year-old daughter of Captain T. L. Elliot, formerly of Portland, but now attached to the sanitary corps of the public health service, died in Washington Wednesday after only a few hours' illness.

at home with her and the baby. All day she tried to forget that Brian had been so different. Her work usually would have engrossed her to the exclusion of all else. Surely there was enough to claim her attention. But ever, between her and the reports and plans she studied, came his face, and at times the memory that he had talked of his plans with Mollie King, and had said nothing of them to her, his wife.

At night she hurried home. Her aunt would go at eight o'clock. When she arrived at home and, as usual, went to look after the dinner, Rachel said:
"Yo sholy missed seein' dat soldier man, he?"

"What soldier man?"

"Dat frien' of Massa Brian. He sho'ly one fine man."

"Why didn't your friend stay to dinner, Brian?"

"I didn't ask him."

(Tomorrow—Mollie King, Back From France, Telephone Brian.)

COMPLETE WAR RECORD

1919 World Almanac Bulging With Interesting Facts About the Great War.

On the cover of The World Almanac for 1919 there is the promise in red letters of a "Complete War Record." It is a promise adequately kept. The book represents the chronology, the general history, the cost, the encyclopaedic facts, the industrial crises, the inventions, the every phrase of war and its times. It offers liberally of President Wilson's speeches. Its record of events includes the Presidential trip to Europe. The terms of armistice are given, along with Mr. Wilson's fourteen points suggested for settlement.

No other publication offers so complete and handy a summary of war facts and situations. This feature alone would make The World's newest yearbook a volume of inestimable worth. But it is only a feature—albeit a vitally important one—of a reference book rounded almost to a perfection of utility.

In the issue for this New Year the Almanac more than retains the fulness of its excellence as an up-to-date encyclopaedia. All the customary tables of statistics are presented in trade, industry, finance, education, religion and other world affairs; as usual, the Almanac is a complete hand-book of state, national and local politics; as it was in the beginning, so it is now the last word of authority in sporting records. But old tables have been expanded and new ones added.

Altitudes of mountains, lakes and towns the country over; greatly enlarged schedules of city-to-city distances; a list of zoological gardens of the world; popular votes for president to states from 1856 to 1916; seed-planting dates and a garden-planting map—these are but a few of the big and little additions to the matters set in these generous pages.

The World Almanac is published by The World Almanac Co., New York. Price 50 cents postpaid.

Fraternalities And Clubs In Business Corporation

State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Jan. 20.—The association managers, representing the different men and women's fraternities and clubs of the Oregon Agricultural college, at a recent meeting voted to incorporate under the state laws of Oregon.

The name of the organization will be the Co-operative Managers of the Oregon State Agricultural college. The purpose of the organization shall be to buy supplies of food; such as milk, meat and groceries; to furnish fuel and all other supplies as well as to engage any kind of services needed for their own use.

The duration is not to exceed fifty years. There shall be a membership of twenty six different organizations and a capital stock of twenty five dollars each.

The power shall be vested in a president, vice president, secretary-treasurer and a board of five directors, chosen from the economic department of the college, will assist and advise the board in all matters.

It is hoped in this way to greatly lower the living expenses of all the men and women's fraternities and clubs.

Miss Elsie Brawn, a member of the junior class of O. A. C., has taken a

STOMACH UPSET?

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position in the state house during the period of legislation. She is staying with Miss Dorothea Stenoff, of whom she is a sorority sister. Miss Brawn will continue her work at college as soon as legislative adjourns.

TO EXPOSE ATROCITIES

Berlin, Jan. 18.—Americans who were prisoners in Germany will make affidavits exposing a number of new German atrocities. General Harries stated today. The worst of these occurred when Germans, without provocation, fired upon prisoners playing football, killing and wounding numbers of them.

The last of the American prisoners are now on their way home, General Harries said.

A commission has been appointed to assist in repatriating Russian, Serbian and Rumanian prisoners.

BACK LIKE A BOARD? IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

There's no use suffering from the awful agony of lame back. Don't wait till it "passes off." It only comes back. Find the cause and stop it. Diseased conditions of kidneys are usually indicated by stiff lame backs and other wrenching pains, which are nature's signals for help!

Here's the remedy. When you feel the first twinges of pain or experience any of these symptoms, get busy at once. Go to your druggist and get a box of the pure original GOLD MEDAL Hamlet Oil Capsules, imported fresh every month from the laboratories in Hamlet, Holland. Pleasant and easy to take, they instantly attack the poisonous germs clogging your system and bring quick relief.

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