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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THE MIRACLE.

Norah, in Isben's "Doll's House" discovered that "it is hard waiting for a miracle." That is exactly the state in which the world finds itself today.

Waiting for a miracle is hard. It tries men's souls, and it tries them all the more because so many practical work-a-day problems cannot be solved until the miracle is accomplished. But it is to be remembered after all that it is the miracle for which we are waiting--the adjustment of the affairs of this old world so that hereafter it can roll around from season to season without having all its splendid progress checked by war.

To accomplish a miracle is of necessity slow work. It means taking the every-day, common thing that everybody is familiar with and making it an entirely new and unfamiliar thing. It takes courage to make a miracle, for anyone who tries to do an unfamiliar thing with the old tools is always under suspicion as to his complete sanity.

Above all, it takes patience to wait for a miracle. The finer the thing hoped for, the more patience is required. And it is no common or garden miracle which is being undertaken over in France, but a regular old Burbank's finest, which is to flourish equally well in the Tropics or in the Frozen North, and which is to make brothers of everybody.

This miracle stuff always has a little preliminary hocus-pocus stuff which mystifies, but the result is perfectly plain and simple. So if all the preliminaries of the peace conference are not published daily for our longing eyes, it is no cause for worry. Rather we should praise Allah that we are spared much boredom, and remember that after all the miracle is the thing, and that it will be accomplished, not in defiance of, or in opposition to, the wishes of the plain people, but to their satisfaction.

So let us wait for our miracle with confidence and patience. And if everybody does, why that will be a miracle, too.

There is no reason in he world why the business life of Salem shouldn't be allowed to move along in its accustomed channels now. Closing up never did any good in the first place but has cost the community tens of thousands of dollars. The quarantine alone is the only reasonable weapon with which to fight the influenza epidemic, and experiments have recently been made which indicate that it may spread even in spite of that. However, the encouraging feature of the situation is that the epidemic seems less virulent than at the beginning and is very likely to grow lighter with a smaller percentage of mortality.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

PUTTING IT OFF.

If things were always done just in the nick of time, we all would have more fun, there'd be less grief and crime. "When comes tomorrow's dawn," I hear the voter talk, "I'll sprinkle ashes on that dad-blamed icy walk. I know you fret and chafe, because I put it off; I know it isn't safe for any guy or toff. But I am tired tonight, I have no strength or pep, my headache is a fright, I will not stir a step. I labored in the mart, throughout the long sad day, and I've a broken heart and whiskers turning gray. My hours of toil are through, and here I sit and rock; I am too tired to strew cheap ashes on the walk." Meanwhile some worthy gent goes toiling up the street; on urgent errand bent, he wields his trenchant feet. He strikes the glary walk where ashes are not strewn, then falls around a block beneath the wintry moon. His tuckers and his bibs are spoiled, that once were fine; he's caved in all his ribs, and spoiled a useful spine. And when he's borne away upon a cellar door, I hear that voter say, the while he walks the floor, "Ah, me, and eke ah, you! My soul is stained with crime! Why did I fail to strew the ashes there in time?" His tears are all in vain, struck is the hour of fate; he would be safe and sane, when it is just too late!

THE INVENTOR'S CHANCE.

Anyone who has a bright idea for some new labor-saving device or a mechanical appliance making for greater human enjoyment or comfort or convenience, should get busy right away perfecting his invention. A Boston attorney reviewing the recent report of the United States commissioner of patents, says that never in all history has there been a more propitious era for the inventor.

In Europe, particularly, where reconstruction aids are so great and urgent, anything that will help save labor and cost, that will tend to increase and facilitate production, is bound to find a warm reception. In this country, too, the ice is broken for the use of all kinds of machinery at home, in the office and in the factory. People turn early to the handy device that lightens the day's task and leaves them a little more time and a little more energy for planning future days and enjoying recreational hours.

It is to be hoped, however, that would-be inventors will not be encouraged by this announcement to put on the market a greater percentage of time-wasting, space-cluttering and utterly useless appliances, than are already there for the innocent victim to purchase, carry home and never use.

The industries of the Pacific Northwest have hard sledding in the matter of legislation and freight rates. It is a constant fight for life. This is shown in the attempt to write the fruit juice tax into the war revenue bill after once having stricken it out. It would mean death to the loganberry industry because it could not bear the added burden, especially at a time when its markets are not fully and permanently established. Freight rates are another constant menace to our lumber and fruit industries and hamper our growth and development at every stage. What the remedy for this condition is we are frank to say we do not know, but its cause is apparent. The country east of the Mississippi river and south of Mason and Dixon's line is all that congress and the big business interests consider. A majority of the people, in public and private life, know little about the Northwest and care less. Our pleas for justice fall generally on deaf ears, and even our land legislation is framed by representatives of states that have had no public land within their boundaries for fifty years or more. This was indicated by the popularity in the East of the Gifford Pinchot idea of making virtually one big forest reserve of the Northwest for the benefit of future generations. Perhaps we may in time overcome this handicap and be recognized as a part of the United States but it will take perseverance and mighty hard work to accomplish it.

What to do with our shipyard workers when they return might be taken up by the legislature. Jobs with no labor attached and the pay anything they see fit to ask is what these men are accustomed to. They will be out of place in peace time and as it seems to be the recognized province of the state to take care of everybody it should not overlook the shipyard worker.

If the legislature could put through a consolidation program that would not abolish any jobs, but possibly create a few new ones, it would go through without a hitch.

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

RUTH REVIEWS HER LIFE WITH BRIAN.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Ruth tossed uneasily all night long. But when morning broke she had come to no decision regarding Mollie King, how to prevent her coming to Brian. Instantly she realized that Mollie felt free to come to him because of their experience overseas, and also because she could come as nurse--in a sense.

Brian had seemed so happy to know she was back. It could mean but one thing; that he was still interested in her, if not in love. So Ruth thought, and so was miserable.

"Oh, dear, the world's all wrong!" she sighed as she tried to put Mollie from her mind and failed. That she might be wrong, and the world right, never seemed to occur to her. What she did was for the comfort of all. Why couldn't Brian see it?

At breakfast he was still in a happy mood, while Ruth was, if anything, growing hourly more miserable. Neither was it entirely due to thoughts of Mollie King. In some way, she was beginning to feel that she must be in the wrong. That she had not been able to hold him--make him happy--proved it.

Yet in what had she failed? Surely she had done all any wife could do and more. She had been true and faithful; she had worked to make them comfortable--so she pretended to herself; she had never cared for anyone but Brian; and now he--she--was neither of them happy.

It was harder to leave him with that expectant look on his face, than it had been the day before when he had almost sulked. Yet, even so, it again was not entirely because of Mollie King; it was the feeling that she, his wife, had in some way failed him. Failed the man, the soldier whose fearlessness had brought him recognition.

Had she failed him? And in what way?

There was in Ruth a vein of sentiment, a love of romance, which she had suppressed. There had been, too, a lack of sympathetic understanding, es-

less clashing, so much useless unhappiness, had they each really tried to see things as the other saw them.

All that morning at the shop Ruth was distraught, her mind with Brian, instead of on her work. She had left him "primping," as he called it, getting ready for Mollie's promised visit.

Slowly she walked home to have luncheon with her husband. She passed several soldiers, some of them bearing marks of the battles through which they had passed, a leg or an arm missing. But every one had a clear straightforward look in their eyes, the look Brian had when he first came home--a look so different from the one he had when he told her he would not invite Major Williams to dinner--because of her, her work. She recalled how bitter was his tone when he said that "over there, those fellows thought him a man." She also recalled (although it had not impressed her at the time) the convulsive way his hand had closed over his cross.

Poor Brian. Why wouldn't he be sensible?

Then as she neared home there rushed over her a desire to give up everything and to be him all that he wanted her to be. To win this soldier-husband back!

Not one thought of Mollie King came to her as she walked along. Not one feeling of resentment against Brian. She only grasped the one vital thing: Brian was her husband, she his wife; yet she was losing him again. That was the way she felt about it. She had lost him before he went away. When he came back to her and she had nursed him, she felt he was hers once more. Now she had that terrible feeling again that he had gone from her.

She rushed into the room where she sat, and, throwing her arms about him she said:

"You do love me, don't you Brian? Tell me you love me better than anyone on earth." Then she burst into a flood of tears which frightened him. He drew her head upon his breast, over the cross, and with loving words he quieted her, assuring her of his love.

"Mollie didn't come," he told her after a time. "She telephoned it was impossible. She is still under orders, you know."

Tomorrow--Ruth confides in Her Employer.

Again Plan To Attack Fruit Juice Products

Washington, Jan. 22.--Oregon fruit growers are not satisfied with the tentative agreement of the senate and house conferees on the revenue bill to place a tax of 10 per cent on the gross sales of all fruit and berry juices, although it is a reduction of 30 per cent of the tax fixed in the bill as passed by the house. Representative Hawley therefore conferred with Senators McNary, Jones of Washington, and Smoot, presenting the contention of Oregon growers that such a tax will destroy a very important industry. The senators agreed with him that there should be a further reduction of the tax, in pursuance of which Senator McNary will appear before the conferees tomorrow.

Secretary of Interior Lane sent a letter to Senator McNary today disapproving the latter's bill authorizing the secretary of war to acquire arid, swampy and logged-off lands with a view to providing homes as well as employment for returned soldiers, war workers and Red Cross workers.

Secretary Lane objects to having any land development work transferred from the interior department to the war department and says that the purpose sought by the McNary bill will be served by other legislation now pending before congress.

The people of Umatilla county are going to vote on a \$500,000 road bond issue in March.

KIDNEYS WEAKENING? BETTER LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease.

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ment of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its sale. The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders.

Do not delay. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Take them as directed, and if you are not satisfied with results your druggist will gladly refund your money. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on the box and accept no other. In sealed boxes, three sizes.

The Masonic Temple and other property were destroyed at Sioux City, Ia., Sunday, with an estimated loss of \$1,000,000.

Five thousand sailors were called out to combat the flames that destroyed the naval training station at Pelham Bay, N. Y., Sunday.

According to a late ruling, 400 Japanese who enlisted in the United States army may apply for and obtain citizenship in the United States.

Several thousand citizens joined 1000 soldiers in a riot at Des Moines, Iowa, Sunday, when a traffic officer arrested a soldier for disorderly conduct.



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