

CHARLES H. FISHER  
Editor and Publisher

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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## The Daily Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

### A "RICH" PRESIDENT.

With considerable surprise the public hears that Theodore Roosevelt was probably the richest president since George Washington. He was certainly not very rich judged by present-day standards. He left an estate of about \$500,000. There are many thousands of Americans worth more than that.

The fact is that nearly all our presidents have been poor. The financial difficulties of McKinley are well remembered. Taft never ranked better than moderately well-to-do. Wilson only had the savings of a college professor's salary as his life-time accumulation of property when elected. Roosevelt might have been no better off than any of these, despite his earnings from his writings, if it had not been for his inheritance. He has done little more than pass on the property received from his father. Presidents are seldom able to save much from their salaries, and doubtless find it all the harder to get along after they leave the executive office because of the liberal expenditures they have been accustomed to.

It is natural and right to take much satisfaction in modest circumstances of our presidents. It proves democracy. It demonstrates, better than any other fact could, the opportunity of any American boy to rise to any position he is fitted for. But it does not necessarily follow that, having chosen poor men for presidents, we should condemn them to continued poverty.

Poverty may be respectable; but as Grover Cleveland found, it is difficult and embarrassing when one has held so great an office and is expected to maintain comparative dignity and ease after his retirement. This fact, raises the old, old question again of what to do with our ex-presidents, although we seldom have more than one at a time with us, presidential honors apparently not being conducive to longevity. Perhaps some day we shall retire them on liberal pensions, just as most of the foreign countries do with their former presidents and premiers. As it is now, our ex-presidents as a rule are forlorn characters and if they attempt to enter business are more than likely to make the lamentable failure Grant did.

### THE FIFTH WORLD POWER.

The establishment of a Big Five instead of a Big Four at the peace conference, with Japan as the fifth member of the major league, is somewhat unexpected.

It has been generally assumed that Britain, France, America and Italy would decide the main problems of the conference according to their own ideas, with Japan en-

titled to full consideration but not to an equal voice. The four powers evidently intended such a policy. Possibly Japan objected and demanded equal recognition. Possibly the four allies voluntarily changed their minds. At any rate, Japan is to have five members in the conference, the same as the others, and is thus formally admitted as one of the five great powers whose will is to determine the future of the world.

It goes without saying that there is probably good reason for this move. It will hardly be argued even by Japan herself that she has earned the distinction by playing a part in the war equal to that of Britain, France, America and Italy. But there are other important considerations.

Doubtless it is Japan's potentiality rather than her performance that is considered. She has a unique and powerful place in the Orient. Together with Great Britain, she is in position to determine the future of the great Asiatic continent, with its teeming millions. Thus for what she is capable of doing for the furtherance of civilization and the establishment of world peace, Japan is welcomed to enjoy full fellowship of the Big Brothers of Humanity.

There is no reasonable excuse for continuing to hold up the business, industrial and social life of Salem on account of the influenza. Closing the town has no effect upon the progress of the epidemic one way or the other, it simply puts people in a bad frame of mind and causes inconvenience and frequently financial loss to everybody but the doctors and undertakers. The influenza situation is not bad here now and it may continue to improve. Doctors admit they know very little about it, but expect a third "wave" of the epidemic, the one we are passing through being the second. We had best go about our business and occupations in the usual way and endeavor to isolate all cases of the "flu" as strictly as possible. Nearly all authorities agree that this plan seems the most effective weapon against the spread of the epidemic.

The Bolshevik sentiment even in this country is strong. Like influenza and other pestilences it follows in the train of war, and would disrupt society and destroy organized government. In our state legislature its representatives like Smith, of Multnomah, are active in their assaults upon the safe-guards of law and order, and worst of all many of the politicians who make up the membership of the legislature lack the backbone to stand for good government, frightened by threats of losing the votes of a few agitators.

The United States has naturalized all foreigners serving in our forces. First naturalize, then nationalize. They have made good soldiers, the next is to teach them to be good citizens. There is room in this country for nothing else.

Out of our 4,000,000 men drafted or ready for immediate call only 1200 were unwilling to serve. There are many reasons for hoping that all wars are over, but fear is not one of them.

Secretary Lane says that forty different plans for a league of nations have been presented to the peace conference. Surely out of all those they ought to find one that is workable.

**THE WIFE**  
By Jane Phelps  
RUTH CONFIDES IN HER EMPLOYER.  
CHAPTER CXLIV.  
Ruth realized, for the first time, that nothing counted save Brian. Money, beauty of surroundings, ease and luxury, meant nothing compared to the desire to possess him entirely; his love as he had given it when they first came to New York and lived in the little flat up the three flights of stairs, and she did her own work; when he used to come running up three steps at a time whistling, and catch her in his arms and wait about the little living room or kitchen.  
She forgot her hatred of drudgery in her desire. She forgot also her love of her work. Her heart ached with the longing for his love, and the old-time hearty expression of it.  
But she also owed something to Mandel. She knew she was almost indispensable, now, under the after-the-war business conditions. She would say nothing to Brian—not until she had talked with Mandel. But before she slept, that night, Ruth had decided upon a course that only a short time before she would have deemed impossible.  
"Strangely, after making her decision, she slept more soundly than she had in months. Once or twice during the night she woke and raised herself on her elbow, trying, in the darkness, to distinguish the features of "her soldier" as he lay sleeping in the bed so close to her own. Then dropping back to sleep at once.  
"I shall go down town today," Brian said abruptly at breakfast. "I've loafed long enough. My leg is pretty nearly all right, and I can't afford to stay idle any longer," he waited a minute then added, "living on you."  
"Oh, Brian, don't talk that way."  
"It's true. Except paying the rent I haven't done one thing toward run-

### AN ODE TO THE "FLU."

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,  
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is farred,  
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,  
And you're doggone sure that you're going to die,  
But you're skeered you won't and afraid you will,  
Just drag to bed and have your chill,  
And pray the Lord to see you through,  
For you've got the flu, boy, you've got the flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes flat,  
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat,  
And life is a long and dismal curse,  
And your food oil tastes like a hard-boiled hen,  
When your attic aches and your head's a buzz,  
And nothing is as it ever was,  
Here are my sad regrets to you,  
You've got the flu, boy, you've got the flu.

What is it like, this Spanish flu?  
Ask me, brother, for I've been through.  
It is by Misery out of Despair,  
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,  
It thins your blood and frays your bones  
And fills your craw with moans and groans,  
And sometimes, maybe, you'll get well—  
Some call it the flu, but I call it hell.  
LARRY BRUMFIELD,  
Marshfield, Or.

### PRINTERS FORCE PAPERS TO QUIT

(Editor and Publisher)  
Rather than meet the demands of Alton Typographical Union, No. 306, for an increase in wages of \$1 a day, the two newspapers of Alton, Ill.—the Evening Telegraph and the Daily Times—have suspended publication. The increase was to have been effective January 1.  
Wages were increased January, 1918, and again voluntarily in July. The proposed scale was \$5 a day, and a contract for eight years was asked.

smiled as she said it, "but I love him. Ask me, brother, for I've been through. It is by Misery out of Despair, it pulls your teeth and curls your hair, it thins your blood and frays your bones, and fills your craw with moans and groans, and sometimes, maybe, you'll get well—Some call it the flu, but I call it hell. LARRY BRUMFIELD, Marshfield, Or.

Mandel asked many questions, all of which Ruth answered frankly. Then he said:  
"Go at once, Mrs. Hackett. You never will know what your being here has meant to me. I want still to be your friend. And—if he will let me, your husband's friend also." He then told Ruth of something he had in mind, which sent her home fairly walking on air.

### Chehalis And Newaukum Valleys Raging Torrents

Chehalis, Wash., Jan. 23.—The Chehalis and Newaukum valleys are raging torrents this morning, and old timers say the present high water equals the record established in 1888. The water is still rising.  
Rail communication is open to Portland but there is none to Tacoma and Seattle.  
Streetcar traffic here is tied up. The rural mail carriers are unable to cover their routes.  
The damage to roads and bridges in the county amounts to thousands of dollars. Thirty feet of pavement on the Pacific highway, five miles east of Chehalis, and a small bridge were washed out. Bridges and culverts have been washed away in all parts of the country. The total damage cannot be estimated for several days.

### Martha Washington And LaLorraine Due Soon

Washington, Jan. 23.—Thirty officers and 1981 men including companies E, F, G, H, I, K, L and M, supply company medical detachment and headquarters Second and Third battalions of the 330th infantry, are aboard the transport Martha Washington, Brest for Newport News, due January 28.  
The transport LaLorraine, Bordeaux for New York, is due January 31 with the following organizations of the 8th division to be discharged at Camp Dodge:  
Battery F, 339th field artillery; detachment of 339th field artillery; medical detachment of same organization.

### Legislators Would Have Raise In Their Salaries

Salaries of Oregon's representatives and senators will be increased from \$3 to \$5 per day, providing a house joint resolution introduced today by Representatives Lewis and Hare is passed. The resolution provides for a legislative session of not to exceed 60 actual working days, as against 40 days under the present law, and a salary of not to exceed \$300. The duration of extra sessions would also be limited to a period of not to exceed 20 days, under the terms of the resolution, with the same pay for the legislators as provided for regular sessions.

Progress on the municipal railroad from Klamath Falls to Dairy, 20 miles is being made under increasingly favorable circumstances.  
California's gold production for 1918 was \$17,207,000, her nearest competitor being Colorado, whose production approximated \$12,853,500.  
Wheat raisers of Grande Ronde valley are jubilant over the protracted rains that have set in over a wide area of the Blue Mountain region.

### 80 YEARS OLD—ATTRIBUTES HEALTH TO INTERNAL BATHS

Mr. D. C. Newcomb, 704 N. 4th ave., Atchison, Kan., writes Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute of New York as follows: "My next birthday is July 13th—80 years old. Have used Tyrrell's 'J. B. L. Cascade' for more than 20 years. Best and only remedy that brings relief without the use of drugs. My experience proved that it always relieves. No danger from it. My ailments were principally Uric Acid, Biliousness, Constipation, etc."  
This is by no means an exceptional letter for Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute to receive, as there are now over half a million Americans using Dr. Tyrrell's "J. B. L. Cascade" with like results. By the scientific use of nature's cleanser—warm water—it eliminates all poisonous waste from the lower intestine and gives Nature a chance to work unhampered.  
You will be astonished at the difference in your feelings the morning after an internal bath.  
The "J. B. L. Cascade" will be shown and explained to you by Daniel J. Fry, wholesale druggist and mfg. pharmacist, Salem, Oregon, who will also give you free on request an interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, "Why Man of Today is Only 50 per cent Efficient."  
Get this booklet and know just why Internal Bathing is so effective in the promotion of better health.

### Well Known Banker Of The Dalles Dies Of Flu

The Dalles, Or., Jan. 23.—Max A. Vogt, president of the First National Bank, one of the best known bankers in the Pacific Northwest, died here this morning after a short illness with influenza.

### SUCCUMBS TO HIGH COSTS.

(Editor and Publisher)  
The Brantford (Ont.) Courier has ceased to be published. It was founded under its present name in 1839, but claims 1833 as the date of birth. The publishers say:  
"The step decided upon has been reached as the result of the greatly increased cost of everything which goes to the output of a paper, the constantly increasing levies rendering an inadequate return on capital invested."

Lieutenant James McCullough, attached to the army's aerial gunnery school near San Diego, shot and killed a small whale with the machine gun of his airplane off Imperial Beach.  
Captain George R. Wilbur, who represented Hood River and Wasco counties in the twenty-ninth session of the legislature, has been discharged from the army and has returned to Hood River.

## A Thousand - Yous

When you pick up your morning or afternoon newspaper and glance over the advertising you quite unconsciously multiply yourself a thousand times.

In half or three-quarters of an hour you can, metaphorically speaking, visit every progressive store in town. You virtually poke your head into every department of every department store. You run into the florist's, the confectioner's, the oculist's, the leading groceries, banks theatres, all the various places that supply the things that make this the twentieth century and life worth the living. Here is a greater choice in clothing, food, furniture, books pictures, musical instruments, travel, entertainment, opportunities for investment, the service of public utility corporations than any monarch of old could command.

It would easily take a thousand yous, traveling hard all day, to find out for yourself what the advertisements tell you in a few minutes morning or evening.

They deserve your attention. They deserve your confidence. Without them, without the progressive spirit of the merchants and manufacturers who back them, the great abundance of things you now enjoy would be a memory—or something still to be realized. Without advertising the prices you would have to pay for many of the necessities you now buy for a few pennies would make a dollar look like a snow ball on the kitchen range.

Read the advertisements. Read them for your own information and advantage. Read them to encourage the advertisers who are making these better things possible

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

### DIRT ROADS.

The highway running east and west is but a sad and sorry jest. In drouthy seasons it will do; then motor cars along it choo, and loaded teams climb up its hills, and dislocate no poles or thills. And this is why I sometimes say the government should do away with rain and moisture of that stamp, so that the road may not get damp. For when the water drips and pelts, that doggone highway simply melts, like sugar in a cup of tea, and there's no thoroughfare to see. Some drowning mules we may behold, and autos from the culverts rolled and swearing men who ply the jaw and say there ought to be a law. We've blown in millions more or less to make that road a big success. We've graded and we've plowed and dragged, we've engineered and cussed and bragged, we've foundered horses by the herd, to make the highway less absurd. And when the weather's good and dry it pleases the aesthetic eye; it's scraped and manicured so nice we think it's surely worth the price; we bow along its dusty miles, our faces wreathed in beaming smiles. Then Pluvius uncorks his trough, it rains, and all the stuff is off. I wonder if we'll ever rise, unswerving purpose in our eyes, and build the kind of roads that last through vernal rain and wintry blast?