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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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MOVING THE CAPITAL TO PORTLAND.

Here are the state capital departments either in Portland now, or in process of removal there. Fish and game, state highway commission, insurance commissioner, industrial accident commission and commissioner of labor. Of course the dairy and food commission and probably some other state departments have always been in Portland.

We know that we will be accused of "Salem hog" tendencies if we protest against the virtual removal of the capital to Portland, but we want to go on record as opposing the move fully as much as on account of Southern Oregon and Eastern Oregon as of Salem and the Willamette valley.

Portland is too large for the good of the state now. It attracts virtually all the capital and all the industries coming to Oregon, and has so fixed railroad freight rates that few industries can exist outside of that city. Now it is being planned to move the state capital piecemeal to Portland and thus make its dominance in state politics and state legislation more complete than it is at the present time. We think the representatives of the counties outside of Portland ought to unite against this scheme.

Another thing ought to be thought of when Portland reaches out and grabs an industry or an institution from one of her smaller neighbors. The state at large cannot prosper and develop unless it has prosperous, growing small cities. The Willamette valley, for instance, might become a highly developed garden spot if Salem, Albany and Eugene grow into live, prosperous cities, affording markets for the products of the valley about them. Portland, also, would prosper more in the long run from the tribute paid by larger surrounding towns than it does now. It is starving to death at the present time because it is overgrown and has done nothing to develop the territory upon which it must rely for support.

Because everything in the state commercially and politically should not be centered in the one big city, the Capital Journal makes its protest against the proposed removal of the various departments of the state government to Portland.

Portland very generously does not want any of the road money—all the streets and roads of Multnomah county being paved. All the biggest city in the state asks is that all the permanent roads built in the future shall connect up with her pavements. Of the first six million dollars of state road money spent 80 per cent of it was spent with this end in view, the most of it on the Columbia river highway, east and west of Portland.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

LIFE IS EXPENSIVE.

My week of honest toil is done, subsided is my smoke; I draw down quite a bunch of mon--- and yet I'm always broke. My friends remark, "With what you earn existence should be sweet; you should have heaps of coin to burn, and live in Easy street." But, oh, the fierce and frightful cost of everything that's made. My bank account looks like a frost, when all my bills are paid. The dentist plugs my hollow tooth, nor heeds my shrieks and groans, and when he's done he says, "In sooth, my charge is twenty bones." The surgeon amputates my limb, and feeds me pills of nux, and says, his manner stern and grim, "Dig up a hundred bucks." Mechanics, men of wondrous skill, repair my buzz-buzz cart; and when they bring along their bill I have a broken heart. I spend some coin at every turn, no charge is ever small; it makes no odds how much I earn, I have to blow it all. Last night I met a millionaire, grown rich on oil and steel; he wished to ride, but lacked the fare, and borrowed half a wheel. The soul repines, the spirit droops, existence comes so high; will prices ever loop the loops? Will profiteering die?

NO TIME TO BE A BEAR.

A temporary period of financial stringency seems to threaten the country at large. It should not be serious nor should it last long. It can, if you will help, be almost entirely averted.

Fundamentally, business conditions are sound. The world's demands are enormous, the world's surplus entirely inadequate. As soon as producers can get to work effectively upon producing things to supply these great demands, business will boom.

There are two inter-related difficulties in the way. One is what is so glibly called "the transition from a war-time to a peace-time basis." It takes a little time for manufacturers to get orders in, to alter machinery or arrangements, back again from producing airplanes to producing pianos, for instance. And there is a certain doubt as to which is going to sell better in the immediate future, anyhow, airplanes or pianos.

In war industries the production has to stop entirely, the other to be organized all over again. There is the same hesitation as to how the future will shape itself.

The other difficulty is "purely psychological." It is excess caution, amounting to fear. If fear grips the consumer, his fear is passed along to the producer. He fears to go ahead making. He fears to employ labor. Then labor, naturally, cannot buy things, and there you are—hard times for everybody.

To avoid this let everyone take courage. Let him buy what he needs this week without waiting in the cautious state which breeds hard times.

Don't wait to buy your dozen eggs today, lest the price drop tomorrow. Be thankful you've got today's price, and buy, moderately, what you need. Don't wait to buy linoleum for the kitchen floor till next month or next season, because you are afraid money may be tight and you'll need the price for something else. Don't wait to buy decent spring clothing, or the office desk you need.

If you are a manufacturer go as far as you dare in the way of new business.

Holding off is the surest way to make hard times. Keeping up your normal gait, with cheerfulness in your heart and speech, is the surest way to keep things good.

This is no advice toward extravagance or waste. They, too, often injure business and everything else, including your own soul.

Don't buy silly things you don't need. But do buy reasonable things which you do need, in your usual comfortable, reasonable way. Talk good business, talk the swiftness of readjustment, talk sense and courage.

This is no time to be an ostrich or a bear.

THE ECONOMIC BLUDGEON.

It is expected that any league of nations "with teeth in it" will have an international army and navy at its disposal for police purposes. It is not likely, however, that the league will often have to resort to force to compel obedience to its mandates. For most purposes economic pressure will suffice.

The tentative federation already is in existence, the allied powers that will organize and control the league, have already in their hands the bulk of the world's raw materials essential for industry or war.

Suppose, now, that Germany should undertake to prepare for another great war. She must get copper and cotton in great quantities from America. She must get iron ore from Sweden and France. She must get tin from the Dutch East Indies, rubber from Brazil, hides from Argentina, wool from Australia, lead from Spain.

The League of Nations, with its eye on all these resources, aware of shipments and their destination, can easily discover the menace and shut off supplies. The preliminary preparations for such control have already been made.

"Well, now you're independent," says England to Ireland, "What are you going to do about it?" And for once the Sinn Fein is at a loss, for words.

The government finds it unnecessary to order the suspending of shipbuilding in the Puget Sound yards. The strikers have attended to that little matter.

The Germans used to laugh at Americans as "woman-worshippers". And now they have gone and enfranchised their women before we have.

Before the present session ends all that are movable in the way of state offices will be transferred to Portland, according to present indications.

The state official who doesn't ask to have his salary raised and his office transferred to Portland is becoming something of a curiosity.

Soldiers And Officers Awarded Medals Of Honor

Washington, Feb. 5.—The congressional medal of honor—the country's highest war decoration—has been granted to 17 enlisted men and two officers. All performed acts of "gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action."

The list follows:
Sergeant Marcellus H. Chiles (dead), 35th infantry.
First Lieutenant James C. Doster, 118th infantry.
Private Jesse N. Funk, 34th infantry.

by.
Sergeant Harold I. Johnston, 356th infantry.
Privates—
Frank Gaffner, 108th infantry.
Charles D. Barger, 354th infantry.
Sergeant Wilbur E. Colyer (dead), First engineers.
Corporal Thomas O'Dhea (dead) 107th infantry.
Sergeant Basimetroyitch (dead), 11th infantry.
Sergeant Allan Luis Eggers, 107th infantry.
Sergeant John Orliland Latham, 127th infantry.
Sergeant Reider Walker, 105th ma-

chine gun battalion.
Private David H. Hilton, 118th infantry.
Sergeant Gary Evans Foster, 118th infantry.
Sergeant Philip C. Katz, 364th infantry.
Corporal John C. Villepique, 118th infantry.
Private Calvin John Ward, 117th infantry.
Private Archie A. Peck, 307th infantry.
Corporal James D. Herolt (dead), 118 infantry.

Corporal James D. Herolt has been awarded the distinguished service cross and if a medal of honor is approved the cross will be recalled and a medal of honor presented to his next of kin.

If the medal of honor is approved for Private Robert I. Blackwell (dead), 113 infantry, the adjutant general shall make presentation to next of kin.

Another group of awards was announced this afternoon and follows:
Lieutenant Colonel Emery J. Pike (deceased); division machine gun officer, 82nd division.
Lieutenant George S. Bobb, 360th infantry.

Captain Edward C. Allworth, 60th infantry.
First Lieutenant Harold A. Furlong, 355th infantry.

Private John J. Kelly, 78th company, 60th regiment, marines.
Corporal Harold W. Roberts (deceased), company A, 344th battalion tank corps.

Sergeant W. A. Swelson (deceased), company M, 312th infantry.
Second Lieutenant J. Hunter Wickorsham (deceased), 353rd infantry.

Lieutenant Samuel Woodfill, 60th infantry.
Private Nels Wold, (deceased), 138th infantry.

Sergeant Lloyd M. Fibert, 354th infantry.
Major Oscar Muller (deceased), 361st infantry.

Captain George H. Mallon, 132nd infantry.
Sergeant Sydney G. Gampertz, 132nd infantry.

Private Clinton K. Shack, 124th machine gun battalion.
Private Berger Loman, 132nd infantry.

Sergeant Willie Sandlin, 132nd infantry.
Private John Pruitt (deceased), 78th company, 8th regiment marines.

All of the above named men are from middle and the far west.

COUGHS AND COLDS QUICKLY RELIEVED

Dr. King's New Discovery used since Grant was President Get a bottle today

It did it for your grandma, for your father. For fifty years this well-known cough and cold remedy has kept an evergrowing army of friends, young and old.

For half a century druggists everywhere have sold it. Put a bottle in your medicine cabinet. You may need it in a hurry. Sold by druggists everywhere. 60c and \$1.20.

BOWELS ACTING PROPERLY?

They ought to, for constipation makes the body retain waste matters and impurities that undermine the health and play havoc with the entire system. Dr. King's New Life Pills are reliable and mild in action. All druggists, 25c.

PORTUGUESE IN BLOCKADE.

Madrid, Feb. 5.—The Portuguese government has proclaimed a blockade of all ports between Aveiro and Comina, a dispatch from Lisbon reported today. Foreign ships now in these ports will be permitted to sail. It was also reported that no ships will be allowed to sail from Oporto—controlled by the monarchists—through fear of interference by republican warships, concentrated off that city.

An official dispatch from Lisbon dated yesterday reported new republican victories. It was announced that republican troops had taken Covilha and Castelo Branco and that royalists, withdrawing from Espinho, had taken up positions on the heights of Estoril.

QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets
That is the joyful cry of thousands since Dr. Edwards' discovered Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, olive-oil tablets. Dr. Edwards, a practicing physician for 17 years and calomel's old-time enemy, discovered the formula for Olive Tablets while treating patients for chronic constipation and torpid livers.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, soothing vegetable laxative.
No gripping is the "keynote" of these little sugar-coated, olive-oil tablets. They cleanse the bowels and liver to act normally. They never force them to unnatural action.
If you have a "dark brown mouth" now and then—a bad breath—a dull, tired feeling—sick headache—torpid liver and are constipated, you'll find quick, sure and only pleasant results from one or two little Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at bedtime. Thousands take one or two every night just to keep right. Try them. 25c and 50c per box. All druggists.

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ASK FOR The Original Horlicks Malted
Nourishing Digestible No Cooking
For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder. The Original Food-Drink For All Ages. OTHERS are IMITATIONS

THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

MRS. CLAYBORNE PLANS TO HELP RUTH'S "WAR BABIES."

CHAPTER CLV.
That everything has compensation, Brian and Ruth were fast learning. Even their own misunderstandings made them more lenient of the misunderstandings of others, and their sorrow more pitiful.

They spent happy, busy days together, waiting until the doctor gave Brian permission to take up his work again. Then when it was necessary to wait a little longer: "Only a week," the physician had urged, they took a flying trip south to see Mrs. Clayborne, who sent them a check to cover their expenses.

Ruth was delighted to go. Not alone because it was home to her, and that it would be a pleasure to see once more her girlhood friends, but because the invitation meant that Mrs. Clayborne had at last forgiven her for marrying Brian, and that she had come to believe in him. Then, too, Ruth was anxious to show her baby boy to all her friends, and to the old servants who would be so delighted with "ill marse," as they were sure to call him.

Brian grew rapidly strong and when they returned at the end of ten days he no longer carried his arm in a sling, and his face had the ruddy hue of health.

The servants had been wonderfully pleased with the baby. "Missy Ruth's boy," they were so proud of the soldier she had brought with her, that Ruth threatened to be jealous, declaring they thought more of him than of her.

"It's the uniform, Ruth," Brian told her when she laughingly complained, yet was so pleased she could not avoid showing it. "They like the frills."

"And I love what's inside the frills—if that is what you call a uniform." "That is a thing I never shall understand. How you ever come to love me in the first place, and why in spite of my stubbornness you have kept right on caring for me."

"There isn't any understanding love I think, Brian; we either love or we don't. That's all there is to it. And if we really love we love in spite of faults, unhappiness, sorrow, everything and anything."

"I guess you are right, Ruth. You seem nearly always to be. You should have been the lawyer, not I. Really you could argue a man into doing almost anything. I think you better take a law course and become one of the firm."

"And so go to business regularly again!" Ruth teased, although she knew Brian was joking.

"God forbid," he returned so solemnly that she burst out laughing.

"Silly, silly boy. I am just as pleased to stay at home as you are to save me, now that you haven't taken by work entirely away." Ruth laughingly kissed him. Then, "How nice it is to be together, Brian. I am sure I never shall feel like complaining again, no matter what happens."

"Neither shall I! When I think of how much we have to be grateful for, Ruth, I feel like saying: 'Thank God.' We have our health, I was not permanently injured, we have our boy, and if trying will make it so, we shall be able to live comfortably. When I think of some of the poor devils who have returned minus legs and arms, some of them blind, I cannot fail to be grateful. I was willing to give—even to the supreme sacrifice, but!"

"I am so happy it was not required!" Ruth broke in, her eyes misting at the thought. Brian's tone had been full of thankfulness. It seemed that all pettiness had vanished from him because of what he had gone thru—because of his experiences overseas. He had seen death in many forms and had been often so close to it himself that it had bred in him a seriousness never before observable—a sort of solemnity, when he talked of the war, that made him seem infinitely older and wiser.

At times Ruth felt that she had a new husband, that the old Brian had left her forever. Then there would flash out the old, careless, care-free spirit and she would recognize the boyish fellow she had married; and be glad that it was so. For while she loved the more quiet, more responsible man who had returned to her, she also loved the irresponsible boy who, if he couldn't do as he wanted to—couldn't have others agree with him, would do nothing.

A letter came from Mrs. Clayborne: "As I promised, I shall be with you the last of the month. I shall remain only a little while, for I have planned to take more war widows whose babies never have seen their fathers, down home with me. In fact, as many as the old plantation can accommodate. It will give me an interest in life aside from doing only what I selfishly love to do—being with you. So have yourself in readiness to help me find the most deserving of your proteges to take back with me."

Tomorrow—The end of the old and the beginning of the new life.

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Here is your opportunity to insure against unemployment, stress in spelling, pronunciation and poor choice of words. Know the meaning of puzzling war terms. Increase your efficiency, which results in power and success.

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Open Forum

VICTOR HUGO'S PROPHECY

In 1880 Victor Hugo, who was then in Paris, wrote the following remarkable words, which appeared in French newspapers at that time and excited considerable comment. It was then thought likely that his vision would in any way be realized, at least, for a long time to come, as it was then not so many years after the Franco-Prussian war. In his usual masterful style he wrote:

"Then France will suddenly arouse herself. She will become formidable. She will regain Alsace-Lorraine. Is it enough? No! No! She will capture—listen—Trevies, Mainz, Cologne, Coblenz. And ye shall hear France cry: The clock strikes my hour. Germany, hear me! Am I your enemy? No. I am thy sister. I have taken all from thee, I return all to thee upon one condition: that we shall no longer be a divided people; that we shall be one united family, one republic. I will denounce my fortresses, thou thine—my vendetta is brotherhood. No more frontier. The Rhine, mine and thine.

"We shall be the liberty of Europe. And now let us clasp hands, for we have rendered each a reciprocated service. Thou has freed me from my superior. I will free thee from thine."

"DAIRY TRUST" REPLIES.

Silverton, Or., Feb. 1, 1919.
To the Editor:

In response to the article by the "Housekeeper" in Open Forum Jan. 29, the undersigned wishes to give a few figures to prove that the price of butterfat has only advanced about 40 per cent in taking an average of the last three years and the three years previous. The last three years we received an average of 43 cents a pound and three years previous 30 cents which would make an advance of about 40 per cent.

Now in comparing 40 per cent advancement in the price of butter with wheat about 100 per cent, oats about 150 per cent and mutton over 100 per cent, you will find that butter advanced much less than most of the other things.

HENRY JAQUET,
One of the Dairy Trust,
Silverton, Oregon.

NEURALGIC PAINS

Give Way to Soothing Hamlin's Wizard Oil

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a safe and effective treatment for headache and neuralgia. Rubbed in where the pain is, it acts as a tonic to the tortured nerves and almost invariably brings quick relief.

Its healing, antiseptic qualities can always be relied upon to prevent infection, or other serious results, from sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, bites and stings. Just as good, too, for sore feet, stiff neck, frost bites, cold sores and cancer sores.

Get it from druggists for 30 cents. If not satisfied return the bottle and get your money back. Ever constipated or have sick headache? Just try Wizard Liver Whips, pleasant little pink pills, 30 cents. Guaranteed.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY