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Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

MONDAY EVENING
February 10, 1919

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 S. Commercial St. OREGON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, by Carrier, per year.....$5.00 Per Month.....45c
Daily by Mail, per year.....$3.00 Per Month.....35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES
W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau Of Circulations

SEATTLE REVOLT AND ITS LESSONS.

Following in a copy of the circular generally distributed by the strikers in Seattle:

WHAT RUSSIA DID.

Shipyard Workers—You left the shipyards to enforce your demands for higher wages. Without you your employers are helpless. Without you they cannot make one cent of profit—their whole system of robbery has collapsed.

The shipyards are idle; the toilers have withdrawn even though the owners of the yards are still there. Are your masters building ships? No. Without your labor power it would take all the shipyard employers of Seattle and Tacoma working eight hours a day the next thousand years to turn out one ship. Of what use are they in the shipyards?

It is you and you alone who build the ships; you create all the wealth of society today; you make possible the $75,000 sable coats for millionaire's wives. It is you alone who can build the ships.

They can't build the ships. You can. Why don't you?

There are the shipyards; more ships are urgently needed; you alone can build them. If the masters continue their dog-in-the-manger attitude, not able to build the ships themselves and not allowing the workers to, there is only one thing to do.

Take over the management of the shipyards yourselves; make the shipyards your own; make the jobs your own.; decide the working conditions yourselves decide your wages yourselves

In Russia the masters refused to give their slaves a living wage too. The Russian workers put aside the bosses and their tool, the Russian government, and took over industry in their own interests.

There is only one way out; a nation-wide general strike with its object the overthrow of the present rotten system which produces thousands of millionaires and millions of paupers each year.

The Russians have shown you the way out. What are you going to do about it? You are doomed to wage slavery till you die unless you wake up, realize that you and the boss have nothing in common, that the employing class must be overthrown, and that you, the workers, must take over the control of your jobs, and through them, the control over your lives instead of offering yourselves up to the masters as a sacrifice six days a week, so that they may coin profits out of your sweat and toil.

This document is some of the evidence of the motives back of the Seattle incident. It was not a strike in the ordinary meaning of the word, but rather a revolt against organized society and government. It was as direct a blow against labor unionism as against society and government as it is now organized. Five of the seven leaders of the strike were foreigners, and the man, who is said to have been the real leader, arrived in the United States from Russia only eight months ago.

The revolt---misnamed a strike---was an attempt to Russianize this country, and therefore, had to be suppressed. It should prove valuable as a warninv to all classes of people in this country who desire that law, order and justice should prevail, and that the institutions we have founded on principles of a free democracy shall not be destroyed. It emphasizes the fact that war is not alone an evil of itself, but in its wake follow pestilence, political unrest and a long train of evils.

Admittedly we have in this country the finest experiment in government ever launched in all the history of the world, that is theoretically. The people are the government and their will is supreme. If we have unjust laws, lax enforcement of law, or political corruption, then the individual is to blame and only pays a just penalty when he suffers the consequences. The government may only rise to the standard of the average intelligence and honesty of the average intelligence and honesty of all the people who constitute the government. We have always thought that the remedy for bad laws and dishonest and incompetent enforcement of the laws lies solely in raising the standard of individual citizenship. That if every voter realized his responsibility as a citizen and met it fairly and squarely many of the evils complained of would quickly disappear. Careless voting for men and measures and strict adherence to party allegiance sow seeds which bring forth crops of bad legislation and corrupt official administration. The people of the United States may only prove that democratic rule is a success by making such a government a success through the realization of individual responsibility in the voting booth, and by every act they may be called upon to perform in connection with matters which concern the government of which they are a part.

Labor unionism should not be condemned because of the acts of the radical element within it, but labor unionism should proceed to purge itself of these elements. The right of the great army of workers to organize for mutual benefit and to advance and safeguard their interests should be unquestioned. Wage earners who are well paid and whose standard of living promotes education, intelligence and comfort, should be the nation's greatest asset. That very condition will prevent the founding of a permanent working class in this country, something that at the present time we do not have. The workingman's son of the past generation is the bi gemployer, the political leader of today. The young man who worked for wages a few years ago is paying wages to others today. This is the way it should always be in this country; it should always be a land of equal opportunity, guaranteed largely by free education which gives all young men and women an equal mental equipment for the vocation in life they may wish to follow.

Labor unionism is being tested in the present crisis. Some of the men who are now seeking to lead it were its bitterest opponents of a few months ago. They are anarchists, extreme socialists and bolsheviks who would use the workingman end woman to destroy organized government and society. They preach hatred of the employer when the greatest interest of the wage-earner should be in getting into closer touch with his employer, bringing him to see that their interests are mutual, and that they can do more for him, and be better citizens, if the standard of their living conditions is brought to the highest possible point. The walking delegate and the business agent of the union ought to go. His job depends on stirring up strife and he is always on the job. If strikes are necessary, and we admit they are at times to make some grasping employer see the light, public sentiment ought to be with the workers, and it will be if they ask for what they are rightly entitled to as full and equal citizens of a democracy. But if labor unionism lines up with the foreign agitators it will fall, for no matter what the ultimate destiny of the republic may be, the time is far from distant when any revolution tending toward anarchy and destruction can succeed. The tendency may be in that direction but in a young nation, as yet sparsely populated and possessed of vast undeveloped resources, danger of overthrow of the government is far off.

What we must realize at this time as citizens is that all organized government means to some extent the restriction of personal liberty. It means that burdens in the form of taxes must be imposed, and force employed at times to make its decrees effective. The duty of good citizenship lies always in striving to make those restrictions as few as possible and the burden of taxation equal and as light as is consistent with efficiency in the work the government must carry on.

The wild dream of the anarchist who believes that every individual should be left to govern himself would destroy industrial organization and leave the race in worse condition than the old nomadic tribes, because from the earliest times they maintained some sort of tribal government. The beautiful socialist theory that all men should agree to place themselves on an equality and live in common, with no thought of individual thrift, ambition or desire---a social organization of mutual consent---runs counter to human nature and if tried as an experiment would drift into hopeless anarchy. The very fact that humanity possesses the animal instinct of self preservation, developed easily into selfishness and greed, demands the organization of a government strong enough to restrain those qualities and to protect the weak against encroachments of the strong. An ideal government would be no stronger than that, the next door to anarchy it might be expressed, but history has proved almost conclusively that only strong central governments exist for any great length of time, as the life of nations is reckoned.

The democracy of the United States is as yet an experiment---it is barely one hundred and fifty years old, a youngster among the nations of the world. The sober common sense, the intelligence, the unselfish patriotism of all classes of our people will be required to prove the experiment in popular government a success.

Japan would be more popular if she didn't talk so much about the equality of races.

Pan-Germany having been disposed of everybody is free to pan congress.

The Portland boosters will come before the legislature and state highawy commission asking for the construction of a paved road around Mount Hood. They should be truned down hard. Portland's Columbia highway received 60 or 70 per cent of the $6,000,000 bond issue, and if the legislature votes $10,000,000 in bonds for road work those roads must be built where they will develop the state and be a benefit to the businessman and the farmer. If this money, or any considerable amount of it, is to be put into purely pleasure tour roads like the Mount Hood loop it is the duty of every conscientious legislator to vote against the proposed bond issue.

Salem has a particularly live bunch of strangers within her gates today. The retail merchants of the state are guests of the capital city during the sessions of their annual convention.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

CONFLICTING TESTIMONY.

One story says that Exile Bill sits brooding on a wind-swept hill, all moist with unshed tears; he looks upon the misty sea, and sighs, "Ach Himmel! Woe is me! I wish I had zwei beers!" Another says he's full of pep, he goes to work with active step, and chops down lordly oaks; the peasants hear his ax blows ring, they see him dance and smile and sing, and hear his sprightly jokes. One says through all his days and nights he sits in gloomy state and writes, as though he wrought for pelf; but what he writes no man may guess; if he were asked he might confess he doesn't know himself. We're told he's loony, that he's sane, his ear is troubling him again, he's feeling blithe and gay; he never leaves his room, it seems, and he goes fishing in the streams, and walks twelve miles a day. I can't keep cases worth a cent on this erratic, changeful gent---he's like a weather vane; but little boots it what he does, what hornets in his attic buzz, so that he doesn't reign. Oh, he may write or chop down trees, or manufacture Limburg cheese, or reap or quarry stone; let him indulge in honest sweat, just so he doesn't ever get his clutches on a throne.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

A KISS MEANT MUCH TO A COUNTRY GIRL

CHAPTER III.

My world seemed strangely empty after Neil left. The feeling of disappointment that he had said nothing of caring for me (I did not say "love" even in my thoughts) lingered and in a way distressed me. I had let him kiss me, and a kiss from a man meant more than letter writing, to me. I had waited in the empty little station, whither his aunt and I had gone to see him off, until his train had become a mere speck in the distance. Then I made an excuse not to acompany Mrs. Carter to the store, and wandered away on the road leading beyond the village; the one

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE.

Neil and I had taken the day before—a road guarded by great trees whose deep-green leaves only trembled in the light breeze. I walked on and on until I reached the wood, and the log upon which we had sat. There was the hole in the moss as Neil had left it. There were pieces of a twig which he had broken in his hands while we talked. I stooped and gathered them — I have them still.

I sat on the log dreaming until the sun faded into a soft violet glow behind the horizon, then I walked slowly home, groping among my confused thoughts, trying to puzzle out the meaning of that casual kiss Neil had so lightly pressed upon my cheek.

"You didn't understand, Neil, you didn't understand," I said over and over to myself, scarcely knowing what the reiteration of the words meant; or even the words themselves. Dimly, back in my mind, was the thought that had Neil known I cared, he would either not have kised me, or he would have said more than to ask me to write to him.

A moment I stood still before I went into the house. I shivered a little in the warm night air, but not with cold. Then taking my courage in my hands I went in. I had been afraid mother would ask me where I had been, but beyond giving me an unusually sharp look she said nothing.

"Well, young Forbes is gone," father said when he came in a few minutes afterward. "You'll get more time to help your mother now, Bab," with a sly wink. Father had desperately tried to tease me about Neil.

"She has done enough even with him here," mother bridled.

"He's a fine chap! no wonder Mrs. Carter is proud of him. He's her brother's child. His father died just a little while before he was graduated from college. I met her coming home and she told me. She said you and she had gone to the station to see him off, Bab."

"Yes."

Dinner was ready and so no more was said of Neil. But after I had helped mother with the dishes as usual, I crept off up stairs and sat by my open window, thinking of Neil, dreaming dreams that brought blushes to my cheeks.

I was foolish to think Neil would care for me—a simple little country girl — when he saw so many girls who were more accomplished, so much handsomer and better educated. Yet I knew that I should never be as happy as before he came; never feel just the same again. I had given him my love—unasked. But I had given it just the same. I should probably marry some day, But not for a long, long time. Not until Neil had become less a factor in my life than he then was—rather, in my thoughts. He had practically gone out of my life.

Finally I went to bed and once more cried myself to sleep.

Neil had said he would write. So I constantly made excuses to visit the post office, although father had been in the habit of bringing the mail when he came home to his meals. I never had received a letter from a man. Foolish notes or invitations from thet own boys had occasionally come to me through the mail, but no real letter.

Day after day as no letter came I grew more depressed, more sure that he had already forgotten me, and that I should not hear from him. Then about two weeks after he had gone home, and the very first day I had not gone to the post office, father brought me his letter.

"A letter from New York, Bab," he said, scrutinizing the post mark as he handed it to me, though I very well knew he had done so before reaching home.

My first letter from Neil! I covered and I tucked it under my plate. I would read it when I was alone. And although father teased me, and mother looked toward it anxiously, I kept it unopened until I reached my own room.

My rst letter from Neil! I covered it with kisses, then read it over and over until I knew it by heart.

Tomorrow—Barbara's First Love Letter

A FIRST GLIMPSE AT SPRING CHAPEAUX

Brown satin is foundation for the upper toque's frivolous top of satin roses set in ostrich fancies of a paler shade. There are wheat-like whisks, also, to give an airy effect. Below brown lisiere straw in triangles alternate with beaver colored curled ostrich banding and two extra feather covered triangles hold long whips tipped with burnt goose.

Disturbers On Way To Port For Deportation

Chicago, Feb. 10—Two heavily guarder carloads of foreign disturbers were en route to an Atlantic port today for deportation. The men were largely from coast cities where they have been held for various periods awaiting ocean transportation.

In the party were many Russians and a few enemy aliens. All were alleged to be radicals and trouble makers.

A. D. H. Jackson, head of the Seattle, Wash., office of the immigration department was in charge of the party. His passengers, he said, were permitted to wave red flags and sing foreign songs all they desired.

Immigration officials here were told the men had not been connected officially with the general strige at Seattle. Deportation came at this time only as a coincidence.

ASSIGNED TO CONVOY.

Washington, Feb. 8.—The war department announced the following organizations have been assigned to early convoy:

The 16th, 20th and 266th aero squadrons; signal corps casual company 183; base hospitals numbers 7 and 43; 59th balloon company and 328th bakery company.