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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

THROWING AWAY THE VICTORY.

According to a statistical report, the entire cost of the world war, direct and indirect, has been about \$200,000,000,000.

That is the amount which civilization has invested in the business of licking Germany and dislodging Prussianism. It is the amount which the United States, Belgium, France, Italy and many other liberty-loving nations have paid in order that they may hereafter live their own life, in their own way, safe from hostile attack, and freed from the previous burdens of defensive armament.

Germany and her confederates have been put down. But this is only half the task. The peace conference at Paris is busy with the other half. It is necessary to realize the benefits which that tremendous expenditure has paid for.

In other words, the peace delegates are trying to get, for us and our allies, the worth of our \$200,000,000,000. So far, they seem to be making an excellent job of it. But it is the hardest job ever tackled by any set of men—far harder than creating the original American federation or American constitution. They need all the help, all the constructive suggestions, and particularly all the encouragement and moral support, that every man and woman in America can give them.

And yet a lot of men in the United States senate and elsewhere are doing their worst, by sneers and obstructive efforts, to block the work of the peace conference and prevent humanity from getting its two hundred billion dollars worth of security and peace.

The park commission should not carry out its idea of removing the maple trees which border Willson park. These trees are old and are very dear to the pioneer residents of the city who have seen them grow along with the Capital City, adding to its beauty and attractiveness with each succeeding year. And Willson park, the civic center of Salem, is one of the beauty spots of the United States, and as such it should not be rendered less attractive because the maple trees may add a little expense to its upkeep, which the park commission is said to be anxious to eliminate.

If Abraham Lincoln were alive today he would undoubtedly stand for safe and sane government, true to the ideals of American democracy. He would be the strongest opponent to the Russianizing of the United States.

It may be necessary to hold a next session of the legislature in order to get all the salary increase bills through.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

BLUE LANGUAGE.

The war has made us more profane, which gives my gentle soul a pain. In olden times we used to swear when sick or burdened down with care; if in the darkness we arose, and on the door jamb broke a nose, we'd spring some red-hot parts of speech which made the weary welkin screech. But when no stern occasion called for language that would scorch and scald, our speech was soothing and refined, the output of the placid mind. But now we cuss the whole day long, and no one seems to think it wrong. The stories in our public prints are full of words of lurid tints, an e'en the pastors shock the pews, the sort of adjectives they use. Profanity was always coarse; and now it's losing all its force, when it is springing in constant flow—it lacks the pep of long ago. In war it may have been all right, this damning everything in sight, for we were racked by dread and doubt, and cusswords seemed to help us out. But now that peace is come again, let's be polite and godly men, and quit this foolish, stupid stunt of pushing swear words to the front.

HOW TO LOWER PRICES.

There is no panacea for high prices. There are so many causes contributing to them that no single remedy can be more than partially successful. But if there is one thing, which, more than any other, is bound to effect a cure, it is the old home-made remedy, thrift.

By thrift you can lessen the consumption of goods, making the existing supply more nearly equal the demand. That lowers prices. By thrift you enable yourself to pay your debts, and your creditor to pay his debts, and so on indefinitely. That helps to deflate credit—it puts the commodity more nearly on a cash basis—and that lowers prices.

Thrift is the word. And with a majority of people, thrift stamps are the way.

The local morning paper takes the position—and only seldom does it take a positive stand—that the returning soldiers are justified in becoming Bolsheviks if they were not paid regularly while in service. We must say that a standard of patriotism and citizenship as low as that defended by the morning paper is responsible for the prevalence of bolshevism. It is a disgustingly mercenary standard, and if generally accepted would quickly cause the fall of any government that existed. We regret to see any reputable newspaper take such a stand.

It's pretty hard to tell just what all this paving fight in the legislature means, but somehow we are inclined to place our wagers on the paving combine having got what they want, whatever it may be, when the smoke of battle clears away. The combine has the advantage of thorough organization and of knowing precisely what it wants, while the opposition is pretty much up in the air.

You won't waste your time by any means if you go down to the armory and take a look at the automobile show. It is Salem's first attempt in this direction but it is a splendid exhibition just the same, and shows that the Capital City is fast becoming a very important automobile center.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

THE TONE OF NEIL'S LETTERS MORE LOVING

CHAPTER V

Neil sent the books and the picture. He answered my letter almost at once, which made me very happy that I had not allowed my pride to make me wait as long as he did before writing. The books I not only read, but studied. When he wrote of them I was thus able to discuss them intelligently with him. They were mostly light reading, but by well known authors. The picture I placed on my bureau. I begged mother to buy me a frame for it. She bought me a very pretty one, better than she could afford, yet it seemed but a poor setting for Neil's handsome face.

We now wrote regularly. As the fall ran into winter, and the wind again whistled thru the brown stalks of the shrubs and the naked tree branches, I longed more for these expressions of friendship from Neil. Altho I neglected none of my duties, helped mother, joined in all the little affairs at the church, and at the homes of my young friends, my heart was not in any of them. Neil was constantly in my thoughts.

At Christmas, he sent me a set of O. Henry. He was a great admirer of that writer, and had said in one of his letters that he wanted me also to become familiar with his works. I was surprised and delighted, but when in addition I received a wonderful box of American beauty roses I was so happy I cried.

"Looks pretty serious to me," father said, as I arranged the flowers. I recall now what a time I had finding holders for them. I couldn't bear to cut the stems, as mother suggested, so I placed them in the big water pitchers we used in the bedrooms. The only receptacles in the house deep enough to hold them.

One, a beautiful half opened bud, I carried up stairs and pressed it between the leaves of my bible. That I would keep always.

As winter waned and the spring winds blew softly and warily over my

checks, Neil's letters grew a little more affectionate. Now he often said something about other girls, comparing them to me, always in my favor. Once he said:

"There is no one like you, Bab. No one a fellow feels so brave, so true, so good. The more I see of these New York girls the more I think of you, dear, and your girlish ways. Keep all your ideals, Bab. The world is pretty hard and sordid at times. We all need something to cling to."

He often wrote somewhat in this vein. Then at times he would ask me to excuse a short letter, saying that the market had gone all to pieces, and he was terribly busy. I had no slightest idea what he meant. That he was busy, was all I grasped. Or he would tell me the market was scooting upward so fast no one could catch it.

I asked father what he meant, but he hadn't any more idea than I had. He answered:

"It is sort of banking business, I guess."

But as a rule Neil wrote nice, long, satisfactory letters. And in reply I also told him of everything I thought would interest him. I too allowed myself a little more freedom as in went on, and several times I had signed them "with love" as I had longed to do at first.

Then one day in early spring when the leaves and buds were pushing them selves into a warm sunlit world I almost fainted from sheer joy. Neil was coming!

I went about the house singing in my heart the refrain: "Neil is coming! Neil is coming!" It seemed to me that the soft winds whispered it; that the birds caroled it. Nothing else could possibly engage my attention, save the one wonderful fact that Neil ("my Neil") I called him blushing) was coming.

It was the last of May when he arrived. The village never had been prettier, the flowers and shrubs never bloomed more bravely. I had been sewing for weeks, so that I too might appear brave attired. I don't know that I have mentioned my one accom-

plishment; but I was "a wizard with a needle," so mother and the girls said. And I put all my ingenuity to work so that I might look attractive to Neil. The materials I had to work with were the simplest, but they were all I had been accustomed to wear, and I had not even wished for anything better. (Tomorrow—Neil tells Barbara, of his love.)

Two Monmouth Boys Tell How They Spent Christmas

(Capital Journal Special Service)

Monmouth, Feb. 12.—In a letter from Corporal Stanley Evans, dated Jan 3 at Chaumont, France, Stanley says, in part:

"I am still at general headquarters American E. F. Our company doing guard duty at the post, guarding general headquarters, buildings, General Pershing's chateau, etc. I was one of the 14 men chosen as guard of honor for President Wilson on Christmas day at Gen. John Pershing's home. The chateau is a very beautiful place, situated in a small vale in the heart of the Marne valley. I am longing for a trip to the far west, to visit the scenes of my boyhood around dear old Monmouth."

A letter from Lieut. Frank E. Butler, dated Dec. 29, tells of Christmas spent in a French hospital where he is an acting physician. The officers at the hospital had a tree for about 50 French children. He visited Tours, a city of 150,000, which covers a space about 1-3 as large as an American city of the same population.

Monday morning marks the beginning of the second semester of the school year. Most of the February seniors have secured positions and have begun work in the various schools. The registration for the new term is not yet known but the registrar reports a good many new arrivals at the Normal. Most of the S. A. T. C. boys have returned home and have re-entered high school for the second semester's work. Both the Monmouth and Independence training schools have a full attendance now and all are glad to be back after so many interruptions.

At last we can say that there are no cases of influenza in or near town, so far as is known.

Prof. L. P. Gilmore of the Science

Shorty gets a hunch from the Captain



"When you get such real lasting tobacco satisfaction from a small chew," says the Captain, "it can't cost any more to chew this class of tobacco."

Good taste, smaller chew, longer life is what makes Genuine Gravelly cost less to chew than ordinary plug.

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department at the Normal, represented the faculty at chapel recently in a very interesting and informational manner, talking for his subject, the Jugo-Slavian problem and the grave questions concerning these peoples which confront the peace conference. It is reported that the county court promise to begin work on the Monmouth-Independence highway in the near future. This is glad news to all who must travel over this 2 1/2 miles route, with the present mode of conveyance, as the road has not been properly kept up and has become very rough. The paving will certainly be appreciated.

Everyone is, or ought to be happy over the appropriation granted by the legislature for the O. N. S., as it will enable the management to make some changes and repairs which are badly needed and also to maintain the usual high standard of efficiency in the work for which the institution stands.

The memorial service held in honor

of ex-President Roosevelt, Sunday afternoon in the Normal auditorium, was fairly well attended. The program was carried out as follows: Hymn by audience, scripture reading, Rev. Conklin; prayer, Rev. Pace; piano solo, Miss Anderson; address, Senator C. M. Thomas; solo, Requiem, Miss Schutte; benediction, Rev. Morris.

DOESN'T WANT OVATION

Washington, Feb. 12.—President Wilson has cabled a request to Secretary Tumulty that no ovation be arranged in his honor on his return to the United States.

The president stated that he would come direct to Washington after landing at an Atlantic port. No definite date for sailing has been decided upon, the president stated.

Approximately 5200 persons met violent deaths in New York last year. There were 273 murders and 772 suicides.

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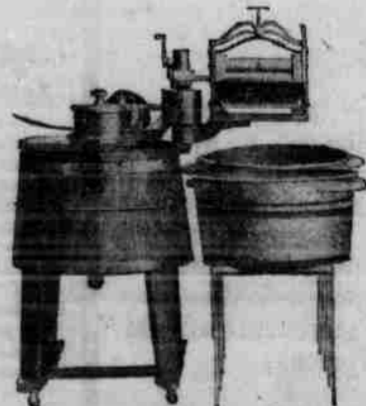
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The Automatic Reversible and Swinging Wringer, which can be swung over either tub by lifting a simple lever, enables you to rinse from the tubs while other clothes are washing in the machine, for the wringer and washer can be operated at the same time. Heavy comforters and blankets can be run through the wringer as easily as smaller pieces, for there is ample power for all purposes. Sold on trial.

PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT & POWER CO.

Relieved of Catarrh Due to La Grippe, Thanks to

PERUNA

Mrs. Laura Berberick, 69 years old, of 1265 Willow Ave., Hoboken, N. J., writes:

"Four years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe. After my sickness I was troubled with hoarseness and a pain in the head and throat. I was told I had Catarrh. I took some medicine but without much benefit. Every winter for four years, I have had La Grippe (last winter three times). The Catarrh grew worse. I could not lie down or sleep at night. Was always troubled with a pain in my back and a terrible headache every morning when I woke up, and had no blood. I got a Peruna ointment in Danish, my native language, and I read it through, every testimony, and then I bought a bottle of Peruna. To-day I can truthfully testify that Peruna has been a great benefit to me. It has given me blood and strength. I can lie down and sleep without being troubled. I have no pain, headache, or noise in my head. I have gained in weight three pounds, which I think is good for my age. I will be sixty-nine years old next summer. I have used Peruna since I started in February, and I use it yet. I feel cheerful and happy thanks to Peruna. It will always be in my home and I recommend it to those who need it."

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