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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

FRANCE BLOCKS RUSSIAN ACTION.

J. W. T. Mason, who writes expert opinions on war and foreign political subjects for the United Press, thinks that failure of the Allies' plan to bring about a conference between the rival Russian factions to date is due to the influence of France, which has inspired the conservative forces in Russia to refuse to participate in the proposed Princes Islands discussion.

One more step has thus been taken to continue the division of sentiment between Russia and the western democracies and to encourage the Germans to plot for a future Russo-German alliance. Neither the French statesmen who have so strongly criticized the Princes Islands meeting, nor the conservative Russians, who have rejected the idea, have made any counter proposals, except to urge America and Great Britain to send armies into Russia to overthrow the bolsheviks.

This solution has been proposed exclusively in the interest of Russia's foreign creditors and those domestic factions that cannot find support for their doctrines within Russia itself. Neither America nor Great Britain will consent to declaring war upon Russia for such purposes as these.

A renewed effort, therefore, will have to be made to bring about an understanding between the western nations and the bolsheviks or the policy of isolating Russia must be continued. The latter alternative is the most fruitful attitude the western nations could assume for Germany's benefit. It will be impossible for Russia to be ostracized long after the peace conference adjourns. Thereafter, if the allies continue to sit by in lofty contempt of the Slavs, the formation of a rival "League of Nations" with the socialistic government of Germany will become Russia's aim. How continental Europe can oppose an alliance of this character has not been explained by the statesmen of France. If such a union of forces is permitted to occur it will be one of the most stupendous diplomatic blunders in modern history, probably making another war inevitable.

ARE YOU A CAPITALIST?

When people talk of "labor" and "capital", they usually mean by "labor" the man who works with his hands by the day. By "capital" they mean the corporation or big employer who grinds down his workers for selfish reasons. No wonder labor and capital, as thus represented, are opposed to each other.

This is due to a misunderstanding of the terms. Everyone who helps to produce anything useful to mankind is a laborer. The man who sets at his desk and plans is as much a laborer as the man who drives rivets or watches a loom. He is entitled to the reward of his

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

AUCTION SALES.

It is the time of auction sales, when farmers sell their junk; regardless of the rains or gales, the auction brings a lot of males to blow the hard earned plunk. I never knew an auction yet upon a sunny day, it's always either cold or wet; when I go home I need a vet to drive my ills away. I much admire the auctioneer, who braves the rain and snow; his smile extends from ear to ear, he springs the gags I used to hear some forty years ago. We stand around, a dismal group, upon the frozen lawn, and buy in churn and chicken coop, and hear the long drawn plaintive whoop of "Going! Going! Gone!" We buy up loads of moldy hay and scythes and grinding stones, and whiffletrees and whips and whey and mangy hens too old to lay, and horses mostly bones. We buy old pumps and rusty plows, and sick, moth eaten sheep, and superannuated sows, and bony, prehistoric cows, because we think they're cheap. To get things cheap, I dare maintain, is mankind's chief desire; and so we stand out in the rain, and bid on useless things and vain, bid like a house afire.

effort. Nor could the mechanic exist without his foresight any more than his plans could take shape without the strength and skill of the manual worker.

Capital is "an accumulation of the products of past labor capable of being used in support of present or future labor." That is to say, every man who, by work and thrift, has been able to save money or buy furniture or a house or a bond, is a capitalist.

Does the man, who, by hard work and careful expenditure, has been able to buy a little home for his family want this reward of his labor swept away?

There is not so very much of the "undistributed surplus." If no food were produced in the world for a year, next year the world would starve. During the war almost no building went on and already there is a lack of shelter.

Every man who saved enough from his work last year to make him a trifle more sound or comfortable this year is a capitalist. Every man who aids in the production of utilities is a laborer.

If the rank and file of laborers and capitalists would stop calling each other names and get together to produce more goods for the world's comfort, realizing that their cause was a common one, the small percentage of grinding, greedy profiteers at the top and the idle, greedy trouble makers at the bottom could quickly be disposed of.

The very fair and unbiased Oregonian was very much opposed to a League to Enforce Peace so long as President Wilson was its principal advocate. Now, however, with former President Taft at the head of the movement in this country, the Oregonian has come to see where it is a mighty good thing. It even accuses President Wilson of being only a late convert to the plan and criticizes his statesmanship because, as this very fair and impartial editor avers, he was not far-seeing enough in his statesmanship to originate the idea. In only one thing is the Oregonian sincere and consistent, and that is in its uncompromising partisanship; if a choice between its country and its political party becomes necessary, you may always expect to find it lined up against the government.

State Highway Commissioner Booth writes Oregonian that he is in favor of the anti-paving trust bills before the legislature. He states that such laws are right and that their enactment will help instead of hinder the work of the commission. When the Oregonian asked for Mr. Booth's views on the subject it no doubt expected him to take the other side. The Portland paper, which has been opposing the fight against the paving trust, finds that the commissioner in a very brief letter knocks all its arguments in favor of the trust in the head, and disposes of the question so effectively that there is nothing more to be said.

"Never," says a recent market report, "have there been so many hogs in the country as at present." We always feel that way, too, when our bills come in on the first of each month.

"We will call on the old German spirit of Weimar," said Chancellor Ebert to the German national assembly. "We will be an empire of justice and truth." It sounds fishy, but we're willing to learn.

"Check-rein needed on congressman," says one critic. But it can't be anything compared to the rain of checks that will be required if the congressmen keep on passing those billion dollar appropriations.

The paved roads of the future will be mighty fine for fellows who can pay the increased license fee and all the additional taxes, and still continue to own a car.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE
AT FIRST BARBARA THINKS HER
HOME WONDERFUL.

CHAPTER X.

Neil's face held always a look that puzzled me. It was the look of one who lived life eagerly—never thinking beyond the present; never finding it dull. And yet there was also another

look, a sort of recklessness totally at variance with what I knew and thought of his character. That he was self-willed, temperamental to a degree, I had no way of knowing. Our courtship had been the quiet, undisturbed intimacy of a small town where there was nothing to bring out any unusual traits in either of us. That he was impatient of criticism I realized; but I had been in no critical mood. What he did was right in my eyes.

We were settled and had moved into the apartment. Oh, how happy I was! This wonderful home was mine, mine and Neil's. I loved him passionately and he seemed to return it with equal ardor. Not a single cloud could I see ahead of us.

When I said something of all this to Neil, he returned: "This will do for a time, but we'll soon have something better. I have a little deal on that may bring us money enough to live differently." Long afterward I learned through knowing Neil, that it had been a mortification to him that he could not live in the style in which the friends of his bachelor days lived.

Neil was a firm who promoted mines, oils, etc., he explained. And he had said there was no need of perpetually struggling. Success, I soon learned is a characteristic women admire in men. The methods by which it is attained, however, are seldom understood, nor interesting to most women, I was no different.

We were scarcely settled before I realized something that was particularly galling to me; and that was that Neil would leave me at any time—stay

away as long as he wished—to pursue any course that would advance him one hair's breadth in his business of making money or which held out a promise of reward.

Then, often when we were alone he was inanimate from the extra labor, and I would feel irritated that he was so. Even the way he relaxed, scarcely speaking unless I questioned him, annoyed me immeasurably.

I commenced to feel that I had a rival. I was miserably jealous of him. That my rival at this time was his work, and not another woman, detracted little from my bitterness of the rivalry. I was well aware that we needed money, must have a certain amount upon which to live. But his salary had seemed to me so adequate for our wants, that I thought him foolish to want to earn more. I should have been wonderfully surprised had anyone told me that soon my every act, my whole mind, would push him toward success—would urge upon him the necessity of financial increment because of my demands upon him, as well as because of his own extravagant tastes. Already I was willing to have nothing but the best.

We had been married about two months, in which I had been wonderfully, gloriously happy save when Neil came home too exhausted to talk to me. One night he came home to dinner jubilantly, full of high spirits. On his face was the look of a man who is triumphant, assured of success. He seized me in his arms and covered my face with kisses. He looked tenderly at me as he held my face in his hands.

Rapidly he explained to me that a deal upon which he had been working for months, was going through—that it meant money for him, for us.

I interspersed questions, words of praise and congratulation. But he was so engrossed in his own delight that he scarcely listened, and he did not reply.

"It is certain we will be rich, and soon!" he executed another pas seul while the dinner cooled on the table.

During the meal he talked constantly. Once when he halted I asked him how much he would make. When he told me, I gasped for breath. It was inconceivable that we, Neil and I, should have so much—we would not know what to do with it.

"Don't worry about that!" he laughed at my expression. "We'll find ways to dispose of all I can make." (Tomorrow—Neil Praises Blanche Orton)

HOW TO WAVE HAIR TO
APPEAR NATURALLY CURLY

The tight little curls so dear to a woman's heart, the kind that remain in curl under any and all weather conditions, are best acquired by means of the new silimerine method. This simple method enables one to have the prettiest waves and curls imaginable, with all the appearance of "Nature's own." Silimerine is of course perfectly harmless. It leaves no sediment on the hair, nor any sticky or greasy tracing. It also serves as a beneficial dressing, imparting a lively lustre and wholesome beauty to the hair. And the hair is fine and fluffy when combed out.

If one will procure a bottle of liquid silimerine from the druggist and follow the easy directions, she will be pleased beyond words with the result which will be in evidence within three hours, and which will last a long time. The liquid is easily applied with a brush.

TELEGRAPHIC TABLOIDS.

Corvallis, Or.—Seventy seven per cent of students at the Oregon Agricultural college are self supporting. Many have original ways of earning their way. One fair co-ed shines shoes.

Chicago.—The city council refused to put the shore in torpedoes. It declined to permit dancing until 3 a. m. because it would demand extra work for the police.

Carlinville, Ill.—Figure this one. The son of Ada Coffey, widow, married the daughter of Ira Granger, widower; they had a daughter. Now their parents have married.

New York—Hints to burglars: Don't shoot. When discovered grab your victim's pants and flee. That's what one did to Albert Weidenbush. How can a man brave without pants asks Weidenbush.

Boston, Mass.—"I'm a teetotaler," remarked a soldier when his brethren congratulated him on his luck in being accidentally locked in a saloon here for a whole night.

Indianapolis—Herbert Quick killed a wolf, was hailed as a hero and paid \$5 bounty. Children of Edward Waits today conducted a funeral for their beloved pet.

The business showing for 1918 of the Lewis County Canning association is an output of \$175,000 compared with \$125,000 for 1917.

PROMPT RELIEF

for the acid-distressed stomach, try two or three

KI-MOIDS

after meals, dissolved on the tongue—keep your stomach sweet—try Ki-moids—the new aid to digestion.

MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

A GATHERING OF THE CLAN

Next Saturday, February 22nd, there's going to be a meeting of the present and prospective Pig Club members of the United States National Bank at the Salem Commercial club rooms.

This meeting is scheduled for 1:30-- and any boy or girl in Marion and Polk county who may be interested is invited to attend.



United States National Bank

Salem Oregon

American Officers Held By Huns For Time Home

New York, Feb. 17.—Three American officers and 38 of the crew of the U. S. S. Scorpion, interned by the Germans at Constantinople in the early part of the war, arrived here today on the transport Dante Alighieri from Marsailles. There were also on the transport 1,550 men of the 51st regiment, C. A. C. The Sixols arrived shortly afterward with 47 casuals for Camp Merritt.

More than 2,700 soldiers and officers arrived on the transport Rotterdam. They were members of the 367th infantry field and staff headquarters company, medical detachment, headquarters troops and companies G. I. K. L and M (51 officers and 1,484 men—negro); detachment company D, 162nd infantry, Camp Dix; 92nd division headquarters with Brigadier General James B. Irwin, commander; 92nd division headquarters troops; cement company number 8, Camp Dix, evacuation hospital number 5; 290 casual officers, 79 civilians and 244 convalescents.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

A meeting in observance of Founders Day will be held in the chapel of Kimball school of Theology, Wednesday, at 3:30 p. m. The address will be given by Professor Edwin Sherwood, D. D. A general invitation to attend is extended to the public.

Hop growers of the Sheridan section are already signing contracts for the hop crop for a three year period, at 25 cents.

CLOVERDALE NOTES.

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Cloverdale, Ore., Feb. 18.—Mr. Looney expects to have a big auction sale at his place the 18th and of course wants a price for everything, so don't disappoint him kind friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence of Salem came out Friday to visit relatives here for a few days. Mrs. Laurence was formerly Gertrude Graybill, and has a host of friends here.

Louis Hennis is reported gaining a little strength, but is still in a very serious condition.

Miss Freeman spent Saturday at the Local Institute held in Woodburn. Mrs. Arthur Kunke has been spending a few days in Salem with her brother, Mr. Levi Fiflet.

Mr. Clifford Hadley went to Portland Thursday on business returning home Friday.

Miss Knox went to Silverton Friday evening. She will attend the local institute in Woodburn on Saturday. Mr. F. A. Wood and son brought a new drug saw last week.

For Colds, Grip and Influenza

Take

"Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"

Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature

E. W. Grove on the box. 30c.



SLEW MILLIONAIRE HUSBAND TO PROTECT SELF AND DAUGHTER—A late photograph of Mrs. Jacques Lebaudy, and her daughter Jacqueline. Mrs. Lebaudy has confessed her crime to the authorities and expressed confidence in her acquittal.