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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

HURRAH! AT IT AGAIN!

(An editorial by the Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Salem Commercial Club)

That new board and those new officers of the Salem Commercial club are some live bunch. Take it from me!

The point is just this. Salem is a real live community and it is coming into its own. Look at the business part of town--New stores of all kinds opening up.

Notice the streets any day, especially Saturday when the Salem Community is shopping--Hundreds of autos at the curb.

Our Commercial Club is alive but to keep up with the other progress our community is making, we need more members. Get that? More members!

See that you answer the call of the Membership Committee and sign up one full fledged member and one non-resident member at least, and have the cards ready for the district committee man on February 25th. It will only take you a few minutes to get one or two members of each class.

Get behind your own Community.
We succeed as our Community succeeds.

LEGISLATORS AND THE LEGISLATURE

On the whole, Marion and Polk counties have been well represented in this session of the legislature. In the upper house Senators Lachmund, LaFollette, and Patterson are strong men, who have looked carefully after the interests of their constituents.

Louis Lachmund is an exceptionally strong senator. He is aggressive always and never a quitter. Usually he is right and if a man of his stamp makes a mistake occasionally it can be easily overlooked.

LaFollette is a hard worker and takes his duties seriously and conscientiously. The chief objection lodged against La Folllette is that he is non-progressive and votes "no" altogether too consistently. Still, he is safe and is not afraid to stand up for his opinions.

Senator I. L. Patterson, of our neighbor county of Polk, is almost a Salem man, and may be regarded as a representative of our people. He is one of the strongest men in either branch of the legislature.

In the house, Seymour Jones, as speaker, is making as good a record as any man who has filled the chair. He is fair in his rulings and strong enough to head off a whole lot of vicious legislation. The whole delegation from Marion county averages up well, and it can be said that they are always in their seats taking a real interest in the work before the house.

Taking the legislature as a whole, a majority of the members want to do the right thing by the tax payers and enact such measures as will benefit the state at large. Of course, there are some exceptions among the ninety members of both houses, and it is no easy matter to make a good record when it is reviewed calmly after the session is over.

Tremendous pressure is brought to bear in the legislature from all sides. State institutions, commercial clubs, women's clubs, all kinds of associations representing special industries, come to the sessions asking new laws, new commissions and appropriations of money. They are residents, taxpayers and voters of the state, and their insistence is difficult to overcome, even though the aggregate of their demands would swamp the state treasury were they granted in full, and create numerous new official positions with attendant salaries and expenses.

Nearly all the requests for appropriations now go directly to the joint senate and house committee on Ways and Means. Night after night they are in session for hours hearing these requests for money and weighing the facts and evidence presented in their support. Their decision is taken almost as final by the legislators, and no matter how large the appropriations of the session, the tax payers may rest assured that requests for hundreds of thousands of dollars have been denied. It is largely through the work in this important committee of senators like Lachmund and Patterson that scores of attempts to tap the treasury vaults are turned down.

The lesson of the growing expense of state government is that the people themselves are demanding too much. They seem to forget all about the matter of cost until annual tax paying time rolls around, and then the

storm breaks. If their representatives in the legislature withstand the pressure from all sides for appropriations and new branches of government entailing additional expense they are branded as stubborn and non-progressive like La Folllette, for instance. If they accede to the demands they are regarded as wasteful of the taxpayers money when the results of the session are summed up. The people might help the legislators by asking only for what they really ought to have.

In brief, the legislator who is honest and conscientious is between the devil and the deep blue sea, if you know what that old saying means. The average member of the legislature in Oregon realizes it full well before his forty days' of strife and worry writes the record of his work into the history of Oregon.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BLANCHE ORTON INSTILLS A DOUBT IN BARBARA'S HEART.

CHAPTER XII.

Once when Neil had been very free with Blanche Orton, when I had sensed something—or thought I had—about his teasing—his caressing manner with her that was especially annoying, I said something of it to him. He laughingly told me that he treated other women the same way; so if I were going to be jealous of his manager with Blanche, I should be kept busy. I felt a little contemptuous, but I felt long ago, although I had married a little over a year, that I must love him, faults and all, if I were to love him at all.

I now knew that men weren't perfect any more than were women. When I was married I had thought Neil absolutely perfect. I could see no faults, no flaws. To be truthful, I saw very few even after living with him a year. Yet I often wondered where his lack of responsibility would lead him.

Often I was worried, too, about what Neil drank. Not that I would infer that he was a drunkard; but several times after we commenced going with his old friends he had taken more than was good for him.

Neil would laugh at me, tell me I was peevish because it made me ill, and a lot of other nonsense which quieted my fears for the time, but in no wise prevented their recurrence.

I had lunched with Blanche Orton one day, and she had grown quite confidential—without in the least meaning to, I am sure. She called my husband a certain amount of intimacy would warrant. She talked of the good times they had before he was married, and said that had she not already had a husband, she would have taken him.

I was in no way jealous for myself. I was sure Neil loved me, and I was quite apart from the petty suspicions that are the Nemesis of so many married women. It was for Neil I was jealous. I wanted him to be so fine, so far superior to other men, that people would look up to him instead of—well—imagining him a flirt.

"Neil is wonderful!" she had said. "He will be a very wealthy man some day. He knows how to take advantage of things. And he hasn't any foolish notions about its not being right to do so."

I didn't quite understand her and said so. She laughed and replied:

"Oh, nothing! Only some men are such cranks, they never get on."
That night we talked together, Neil and I. I told him how much I loved him, that it wasn't for what he gave me, either. I recall that, among other things, I said:

"I want you to remember, Neil, that I think you the best man in the world. Nothing matters, nothing counts to me, but you—and our happiness together. I am going to keep you always, against anybody or anything." Then I asked for money to buy a diamond gown.

"Why so much emphasis tonight?" he asked as he drew me to him and kissed me, telling me to get the gown and change?

THE DOPE.

(By Melville Jones)

Now it's rumored that we'll stay here to give welcome to the casual and to speed the homebound soldier on his way; they've decided that we're needed here to keep the army speech up so the lucky ones can see the U. S. A., and it seems we've spent a lifetime watching "rookies" buck the mess line and we're anxious to get started 'cross the son. Now we've lived on stew andhardtack and we've attached a tour with full peck and we've dug and filled up trenches o'er and o'er; we've taught the verdant "rookie" how to get in line for "sample" and how to tell a K. P. from a cook, how to wear the hand some gas mask and just how awful it is to ask some lieutenant you have not met for a match; how to rightly pull a night raid, how to toss the hand grenade and how to use the silent bayonet with hate; how to string the prickly wire and to shoot old "Jerry" higher than the highest branch upon "Bill's" family tree, but it seems we're not so clever and I doubt if we will ever figure out a way to get home very soon.

For those higher up don't tell us exactly "whatinellis" the real reason for our sticking over here. There is nothing here for us but to join the avil chorus and start growling in the good old army way, so we'll have to drown our sorrows in the thoughts of better messes and agree with old man Sherman—he was right.

116th Engineers, Angers, France.

any reform. Good hard sense, boys, at Salem, will win you more lasting friends than all the vacillating caused by threats of organizations and newspapers which have a habit of blackmailing public officials. Go to it, solve the problems, that's why we sent you, and if you put the emergency clause to every honest act, there is a great big element in Oregon who will say "Well done."

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

I have a little friend so dear
Though he's a bird he has no fear
But sits up in the chittum tree
And sings the sweetest songs to me.

Oh, then I call as best I know
And he comes to the ground below
Comes closer to me shyly, surely,
I love him most sincerely, truly.

I've tried to learn his song to sing
I guess he thinks some food I'll bring
When he has taught me every note
That comes from his dear warbling throat.

This friendship which my heart pursues
This little bird does not refuse
Each morn I take the fullest measure
Of this simple, soothing pleasure.

—MRS. NELLIE B. WOLFE.
Gervais, Oregon, February 15, 1919.



SUIT WITH NEW STRAIGHT-LINE COAT

This is one of the new coat suits with the jacket cut on straight lines. It is of castor colored tricot with fine tucks that go in couples and vested with blue chambray cloth. The broad brim hat trims vest and sleeves is also blue of a darker shade.

COMBIEN?

"Combien" is a French word, meaning "how much." It is widely used by the Americans in France.—Editor

I have made a thousand efforts, Spending hours both night and day In a study of the language: "Monsieur, parlez vous francais?" There is one word which I've often Run across to my dismay It is so dog-gone expressive, COMBIEN!

When we've been "confined to quarters" "Cause you didn't make your bunk And you left your outfit looking Like an auction, sale of junk, Do you think you'll help things any If you sit and think and fuss Out the corporals and sergeants? COMBIEN!

When you're dead dog tired, and hungry And the slum don't fill you up And you've signed the pledge three days before So can't seek the flowing cup, Your thoughts go out to "bikstek, Pommes frites, pain and confiture"; Then you reach down in your pocket, COMBIEN!

With the "bones" you've had a session But the going wasn't good, And you kept on placing "an franc" Somewhat longer than you should. The next morning you remember You've three presents yet to buy; Then you start to count your bankroll COMBIEN!

Combien's a weighty subject, Yes, in fact it's quite a bore, I've spent sleepless nights in seeking For its meaning by the score. It's a question, not an answer So I'll try it out once more. If our c's in France are numbered, COMBIEN! —MELVILLE JONES, Master Engineer 116th Engineers, Angers, France.

FAVORS ANTI-TRUST LAWS

(By R. A. BOOTH.)
Member of State Highway Com. Eugene, Or., Feb 17.—(Special)—I do not think senate bills, 67 and 68, if enacted into law, would hamper the highway commission's work or prevent it obtaining the best results for the state. They largely follow the custom inaugurated by the commission and therefore enact into organic law what the commission has considered good practice.

The people had followed closely

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and digestive organs. This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and digestive organs cleansed and in proper working order old age can be deferred and life prolonged far beyond that enjoyed by the average person.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the weaknesses and disability due to advancing years. It is a standard old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil is enclosed in odorless, tasteless capsules containing about 3 drops each. Take them as you would a pill, with a swallow of water. The oil stimulates the kidney action and enables the organs to throw off the poisons which cause premature old age. New life and strength increase as you continue the treatment. When completely restored continue taking a capsule or two each day. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will keep you in health and vigor and prevent a return of the disease. Do not wait until old age or disease have settled down for good. At the first sign that your kidneys are not working properly, go to your druggist and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. But remember to ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. In sealed packages.

The commission's act and if the legislators were familiar with them there would not be the present insistence for legislative expression. As a matter of general policy I favor the widest publicity for every public act and believe it is especially desirable now in the road program to fully inform the public and prevent, if possible, suspicion and criticism, and thereby promote good road and construction.

I have not shared the view frequently expressed that the bills mentioned are unfriendly to the personnel of the present commission, or to the commission feature of the law. If patented pavement is used the public should be informed as to the amount paid for royalty. If there is justification, and there doubtless is, for the belief now quite prevalent in the state, that through patents and combinations that state and municipalities have not at all times received full benefit for expenditures, the belief should not be expressed by an enactment that would prevent competition.

It would be a calamity to destroy opportunity for the use of any kind of road material or type of pavement whether patented or not.

The possibility of wrong cannot be fully prevented by statute. The state must depend upon the intelligence and integrity of its representatives.

The highway commission has taken no action as to any pending legislation. Statements, therefore, must be considered individual.—Oregonian.

SHOW GIVEN ONE NIGHT

The "Midnight Cabaret" will appear but once at the state penitentiary. When the program was first issued it was the intention to give the show

Thursday and Friday evenings of the week. It has now been decided that the show is to be given only Thursday evening. Those who are looking for entertainment Friday evening might drop in late at the legislative halls in the state house. The one at the pen is an annual affair and that at the state house only once in every two years.

G. W. Brown, lieutenant governor of Saskatchewan, died at Regina Monday last.

The strike of engineers which has closed the public schools of Denver for a week has been settled and the schools are now open.

Thorough Americanization of Hebrew immigrants was urged by the fifty sixth annual convention of the order of B'nai B'rith, just closed at San Francisco.

Record prices for hogs were secured at an auction in Matteson, Ill., when one sow with nine pigs brought \$4815, another sow \$1340, and a spring pig \$1305.

Robert L. Page, a shipbuilder, was shot and killed in the room of Miss Anna Barbe at San Francisco, Sunday. The woman claims she fired in defense of her honor.

The Nebraska legislature has passed a bill barring Catholic nuns and others who wear the dress of their religious orders from teaching in the public schools of the state.

The American tank steamer J. M. Guffey, reported last week in disaster 200 miles off Cape Race, was towed to Halifax by the British steamer Ramorhead.

ANOTHER BIG PIG CLUB

The United States National Bank is anticipating 1919 as the greatest year of its Pig Club activities. Next Saturday at 1:30 at the Salem Commercial Club rooms, a meeting will take place for the boys and girls who are members, and for those who would like to become members.

Bring or send your boys and girls Mr. Farmer.



Mr. Business Man

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