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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

WEN PROHIBITION SLIPS A COG.

No more shameful spectacle has been seen in this country in many a long year than the indecent scramble for whiskey in "dry" Michigan, following a decision of the state supreme court that annulled the search and seizure act.

No sooner was the ink of the judges' signature dry than there began an orgy of whiskey importation. Automobiles and trucks by the thousand started rushing liquor in from Ohio and Wisconsin. The chief source of supply was Toledo, Ohio, and the highway leading from there to Detroit became known immediately as the "Boulevard de Booze." Along it was one continuous procession, day and night, of vehicles loaded with drink and drunken men, moving toward the Michigan metropolis.

There were collisions and break-downs by the score, due to the befuddled state of the drivers. There were drunken men and women, drinking openly, standing their display of all-round indecency on such a scale as no respectable American community had ever seen.

In Detroit the situation was just as bad. There was booze everywhere. The restaurants were thronged with drunken men and women, wrinking openly, standing their own whiskey bottles on the tables and defying interference.

The state and local authorities could do nothing. The federal authorities finally intervened, but even they found themselves handicapped for lack of proper authority.

Many Americans have held that state-by-state prohibition was preferable to national prohibition because it was more democratic, and more tolerant of state rights. But a situation like this gives such opinion a terrible jolt. It is several times worse than our own problem of booze traffic from California because the Eastern and Middle Western states are not divided even by natural mountain barriers. The sober, respectable people who form the majority in Michigan, as they do in every state, wanted to be protected from the evils of the liquor traffic, and therefore had the traffic outlawed. Then, owing to some technicality, they suddenly found themselves powerless. The riotous and indecent minority gained a free hand. And that indecent minority was able to tyrannize over the decent majority simply because there were "wet" states near by from which the exiled liquor could be obtained. It is exhibitions of this kind when the liquor-crazed element is given an opportunity to show itself in its true colors that has driven the nation to vote dry.

And these still "wet" states have not benefitted generally by the business boom caused by selling booze to a

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

BILL'S WHISKERS.

The wireless is crackling and crashing, conveying intelligence weird; from Holland the news comes a-flashing, that Wilhelm is raising a beard. He's sitting in sack-cloth and ashes, from royal magnificence hurled, and finds that his well known mustaches won't hide all his face from the world. No wonder he wants to conceal it, to hide it away in the brush, where no one can see it or feel it, or greet it with groaning or gush. His face has grown tired of men's chiding, with sadness it's seamed and it's seared; he's anxious to keep it in hiding, and so he is raising a beard. The winds through his whiskers are blowing, and sadly they chant in his ears; his galways like milkweeds are growing, he waters them well with his tears. He knows that his face is an error, a thing that is hated and feared; the children regard it with terror, and so he is growing a beard. His face is a painful reminder of U-boats, to murderests steered; to cover it up would be kinder, and so he is growing a beard. His face is considered immoral, wherever that mug has appeared; though whiskers be brindled or sorrel, he's wise in thus growing a beard. So hide in your whiskers, ex-kaiser, let barbers be flouted and jeered; for one like yourself it were wiser to crouch at the back of a beard.

"dry" state. The Ohio city of Toledo was so filled with drunken and stranded men, and with vice and crime resulting from such a situation, that the decent people of the city, as well as all the communities along the roads leading to Michigan, have been scandalized and nauseated. When the whole country is "dry" that sort of thing will be impossible. Prohibition will be able to prohibit.

IMPROVING NATURE.

Lovers of the great West will no doubt be charmed to learn that a project is under discussion by which the "scenic value of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado would be greatly increased." It includes the building of a series of great Niagaras, and conversion of the Colorado river into a "moving, living stream, life-giving."

It is all quite inspiring in spite of the purely materialistic purpose. That purpose is, of course, to create a huge reservoir of water for irrigation, to use the water power for the generation of electricity and to check certain occasional destructive floods.

The need for making use of the now wasted water power is becoming more apparent every year. So, too, is the value of reclaiming arid land and making it into beautiful and productive ground. These things are well, as the development of navigable waterways, are recognized as necessary and genuine additions to the benefits already conferred by nature. Modern engineering digs great canals, makes huge tunnels, and is daunted by nothing.

Yet when it comes to enhancing the scenic value of a mountain range or the the tremendous wonders of a Grand Canyon, man's ability seems a trifle undeveloped. Perhaps we are ready to build another Niagara falls and to place it where it shows off to the best advantage. But would a God-fearing nature-lover brag about the work?

It will take a bigger army than ever to guard the Mexican border when national prohibition goes into effect. The dry channel of the Rio Grande will be the "wettest" place on earth with the Mexican grog shops running in full blast.

The best thing President Wilson is ever credited with saying was that the senators who oppose the League of Nations idea are "men of pigmy minds," whose heads are "knots to keep their bodies from unraveling."

Senator Bob LaFollette is himself again. He is engaged in his favorite pastime of talking pending legislation to death.

Germany and Russia may find consolation in the fact that government by assassination seldom lasts long.

"Peace and prosperity" are beginning to be an actual realization as spring comes around again.

Two years from today a new president will be inaugurated. Can you guess his name?

With all this prohibition going on it may soon be a crime to stimulate trade.

The Irish shilalah is taking a whack at the League of Nations.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BAD LEARNS OF A BUSINESS LUNCHEON—BLANCHE ORTON IS THERE.

CHAPTER XXII.

I was stunned for a moment, then my good common sense, of which father used to say I had more than belonged to me, asserted itself. What if Neil and Blanche Orton were driving in a taxi? Either of them might have met the other and given them a lift. Yet, as I reasoned, it seemed strange that they should be in the park, so far from Neil's office.

When Neil came in I had lost all desire to joke him about my visit to his office. In its place had come a great desire to know more of that business so luxuriously housed. So I told him at once that I had called on him, and how disappointed I was to find him out. He flared up immediately I began to question him:

"What motive did you have in going to the office? To call or to spy on me?" he asked. "If you've got anything to say, why say it and get it out of your system. But either stop talking or tell me what you are driving at."

I sighed as I answered. I had hoped he would be nice about it and tell me things.

"I saw you out driving in the park with Blanche Orton, so I know you weren't out on business," I had not intended to tell him I had seen them, but it slipped out without thinking.

"If I'm of age!" he snapped. Then: "If I lunch with business men and there happen to be ladies there also, is it anything so very dreadful that I take them home?"

"I didn't say there was, Neil. Do talk reasonably. I am not finding fault. I just want to know things."

So he had been lurching with Blanche Orton. I WOULD NOT be little and mean, neither would I let him think me jealous. There was a feeling that something had me by the throat, for a minute, but it passed as I added:

"Please tell me about the things which interest you, dear. I feel so out of things when you refuse. Did you talk business at lunch?" I had been about to say "before Blanche Orton" but caught myself in time.

"Of course we talked business!" impatiently. "Didn't I tell you it was a business luncheon? I have to go to Boston tomorrow. Most likely I shall go directly from the office to the train. Don't forget to send Tonko down with my bag by noon. I'm catching the three o'clock, but I may lunch somewhere."

"Let me go with you, dear? I never

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have seen Boston, you know, never been there."

"It's a business trip. I couldn't take you about or be with you."

"Neither can you be with me if I remain at home and you go. Please let me go."

He considered a moment, then refused absolutely to take me. I pleaded and coaxed, but it did no good. He was adamant.

I wondered why he wouldn't take me. Expense had nothing to do with it; of that I was sure. But WHY did he not want me to go?

There was a great many unanswered questions in my life at this time—too many.

I think Neil was sorry for his brusqueness to me and tried to make up by telling me in extraordinarily optimistic tones of the great amount of money he was to make if he "pulled off his next deal," without in any way giving me a hint as to what kind of a "deal" it was.

I tried earnestly to rouse myself to share his enthusiastic optimism, but in vain. My heart was heavy; I felt as if some evil impended. Whenever I asked a point-blank question, Neil cleverly evaded me, and I wondered at the unreasoning fear that had all at once possessed me.

"What was going to happen?"

That night I dreamed that my future had shaped itself into a horrid stretch of years, unhappy years in which Neil and Blanche Orton, Mr. Frederick and others were all mixed up; and in which I, in spite of incessant work and care, could not shield Neil from some terrible calamity.

I awoke sobbing. Neil was sleeping, but my hand found his, and, comforted I fell asleep again. Thus it was, always, that my love for Neil overruled my reason and persuaded me that my forebodings were foolish.

(Tomorrow—Lorraine Morton and Barbara Dine with Mr. Frederick)

Open Forum.

TO LICENSE SUPPORTERS.

Woe unto that man or woman—Republican or democratic voter—through whom the offense—the wicked license parties—comes! Matthew XVIII-7.

Woe unto them Republicans and democratic voters that justify their wicked license parties for bribe!—Isiah V-23.

Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and to the writers that write perverseness; to turn aside the needy from justice and to rob the poor of my people from their right, that widows may be their spoil and that they may make the fatherless their prey!

Republican and Democratic legislators at our state and national capitols, who enact vile, oppressive and unrighteous license laws, and the editors of our daily press, The Portland Oregonian, Salem Statesman, and the like, who uphold them in their perverse and crooked works!—Isiah X-1-2.

Shall the throne of wickedness (Satan's throne at our state and national capitols) have fellowship with the, which frameth mischief by statute? Psalm CXVI-20.

Wherefore, Ye Republicans and Democrats! Come out from among them, and be ye separate and touch not the unclean, ungodly old license parties!—II Cor. VI-17.

Save—separate—yourselves from this license-leavened crooked generation!—Acts II-40.

What fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? or what communion hath light with darkness? II Cor. VI-14.

Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather even reprove them. Eph. V-11.

Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation. II Cor. VI-2.

—WM. N. TAFT.

Mercantile collectors of Oregon and Washington formed an association at a two days' meeting held in Vancouver this week.

WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

Editor Capital Journal:

Please may I say just a few words to Mr. "Father" who wrote such good advice to the mother of the babe who was found in the basement of the library last Saturday.

Think you, sir, that mother carried her new born babe and placed it there? I do not. Neither do I think it possible just now for her to do the things you command her to do.

If you know she willfully abandoned her child, why not be a "good Samaritan" and go to her and make it possible for her to care for it?

Or, why not say to the "dear" I daddy: Go get your child and take it home to its mother and work for them both, and "die" for them if need be.

She has already gone down into the valley of the shadow of death for it, and it may be that she is broken hearted over it while you are casting stones at her.

—MRS. G. V. ELLIS.

Governors Would Deport:

All Undesirable Aliens

Washington, Mar. 4.—Unanimous consent of the deportation of undesirable aliens was voted by governors and mayors in conference at the White House today.

The action was taken in reply to a telegram from the Central Labor Union of New York, "protesting against the deportation of aliens because of their union affiliations and strike activities."

Secretary of Labor Wilson denied the department was deporting aliens for these reasons.

Secretary Wilson reiterated his previous stand that aliens advocating the overthrow of the government are invading enemies and assured the governors and mayors that the government intends to deport every one of them.

"Use of force to overthrow a democracy where the form of government may be changed by the will of the majority is nothing less than treason," the secretary said.

"They may come and advocate socialism and other radicalisms, but they must not strive to overthrow the government."

BAKER TO TOUR CAMPS.

Washington, Mar. 4.—Secretary of War Baker today said he would tour the camps of the United States next week to inspect demobilization work. He leaves Sunday for Camp Custer and goes to Dodge and thence to the Pacific coast.

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