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

MISS TCHENG OF PEKIN AND PARIS.

There are signs everywhere of the waking up of the indolent old world, but one of the most significant is that a Chinese woman, Miss Tcheng, is enroute for Paris to report the peace conference for the newspapers of China. Miss Tcheng, who is well known in her own country, is the first Chinese woman lawyer, and she holds a certificate from the University of Paris giving her the right to practice law in the French courts.

There have been some educated women in China, always. But their education was as a rule, purely Chinese, and their range of action closely confined. For a Chinese woman to be fitted for public service abroad, and to undertake such a journey independently, may seem a small matter, but after all it is a milestone toward modernism in the progress of an ancient race. The journey across the world may be long, but it is a trifle compared to the distance that the Chinese women have come in their struggle out into the world.

Those persons who believe there still exists such a thing as isolation would do well to consider Miss Tcheng of Pekin and Paris.

Government troops used sulphur fumes to smoke the Spartacans out of the Lichtenberg lunatic asylum, where they had taken refuge, according to a dispatch received from Berlin yesterday. Why go to all that trouble when the Spartacans were congenially and appropriately located?

There may be war and rumors of war, but nevertheless peace is on the way. The good old two-headed calf is once more reported, this time in a Maryland paper. We may be prepared also to expect the return of the sea serpent to our popular coast resorts next summer.

WAR CHARITIES IMPOSTERS.

An illuminating characterization of war-charity grafters was made in a report submitted by a New York official to the military affairs committee of the United States senate. There are the "100 per cent boys", who pocketed all the money they collected from generous citizens, even cashing the checks themselves; there are the "65 per cent boys", who turned into legitimate war charities only 35 per cent of what they collected; there were the "30 per cent boys", and there were the boys who took not only the money but everything else they could get.

To correct this evil, a bill has been introduced in the New York legislature requiring a certificate of registration for anybody who wants to promote any public bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, to raise money for any charitable, benevolent or patriotic purpose. It must subsequently be shown how such money was collected, who the contributors were, what salaries were paid and what all the expenses were for.

There ought to be such a system everywhere for keeping tab on charities, especially war charities. It may be granted that the majority of appeals are legitimate and well managed. It is for their benefit, however, as well as the public benefit, to control the others.

A great many cities over the country have begun extensive advertising campaigns in order to attract capital and needed industries. Such a campaign might be productive of good results here, since conditions seem ripe for a healthy and substantial growth.

A prominent eastern school worker says that children are saucy to their parents because the parents are saucy to their children. Careless children! They should have trained their parents more carefully.

Burlington went wet in the recent Vermont election. "Heavy woman vote reported." Do they weigh 'em in the Granite state?

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

HARD LINES.

The day is damp, the winds are bleak, my heart is sad, my hinges creak, rheumatic pains are sharp; alas, I find it pretty hard to be a cheer-up sunshine bard, and twang a joyous harp. I'd like to sing in wailing tones of winding sheets and dead men's bones, I fain would chant a dirge; to tap a reservoir of tears and sing of vain and aching years I feel a mighty urge. But if I wrote that kind of whine, some day when I am feeling fine, I'd run across the pome, and then I'd cry, "My aunt! My hat! Did I produce such slush as that? What bugs were in my dome?" And I would blush to beat the band; for healthy men can't understand the drooling of the sick; and when one reads a tearwet ode he feels like mopping up the road with some fat rhyming hick. I'd hate to read my deathless lines and find them full of maudlin whines and sobs and sighs and moans; and so, no odds how tough I feel I'll try to spring a joyous spiel, or break some collarbones. The day is dark, the winds are bleak, but there'll be brighter days next week, the world will smile again; the sun will push the clouds away and put up forty kinds of hay, and cheer the souls of men.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXXII.

The telephone shrilled.

"I'm coming for you to go to the museum with me. I'll be there in half an hour." Lorraine Morton's voice informed me. "There's a new picture hung that I want to see."

"I'll be delighted!" I told her, and I meant it. I knew I should be thinking of what had occurred between Neil and Mr. Scott; what had been said. Neil was determined to tell me nothing of his affairs; and so long as he refused, what was the use of making myself unhappy over them? I was convinced now that it was more because he was smarter than these other men, that they were in a sense jealous of his success, and that was the reason, and that only, why they had flung out their insinuations.

I really enjoyed the morning. Lorraine was always a good company, even though she was inclined to gossip a little, perhaps more interesting because of this! She insisted that I stay out and lunch with her. I was nothing loath, and we fixed upon Sherry's as the place where we could see more people we knew.

The head waiter, who knew us both, gave us a very nice table on the balcony, looking out upon the avenue. We ordered and were waiting to be served, when, hearing a loud voice objecting to being given a certain table, I turned. To my surprise, the owner of the objecting voice proved to be Mr. Scott. Lorraine Orton was his companion. They were finally seated to please him, but to my disappointment, where I could neither see nor hear them. I own frank-

ly that I should have been glad to hear what they were talking of.

"Why should they be together? Neil had said nothing of their knowing each other. Did he know it? If he did it was strange that he had not invited Mr. and Mrs. Orton to dinner the night before. No, I concluded he knew nothing of it. Just then I turned again toward where they were seated, and saw—Neil came in and join them!

Lorraine had not seen him. Should I tell her, or should I say nothing? I was positive that Neil had not seen us; that he would not, if I decided to go without letting him know I was there. But why should I act as if either of us were doing something we wanted to keep secret?

I called the waiter.

"Did you see Mr. Forbes, the gentlemen who just sat down over at that corner table?"

"Yes, madame! I know Mr. Forbes quite well. I often wait upon him."

"Tell him, please, that his wife would like to speak to him."

The garrulous waiter immediately crossed to Neil. He looked surprised, but rose and came over at once.

"Mrs. Orton has no need of two escorts, you come over here with us," I said, after he had spoken to Lorraine.

"That's impossible, much as I should enjoy it. I can't even ask you and Lorraine to join us. We are talking business today."

For the first time I noticed that he had an anxious look; the lines on his face were unusually prominent.

"But I thought you had finished with Mr. Scott!" I would not mention Lorraine.

"Not by a good deal. He was told

COLONEL MAYS SAYS NORTHWEST TROOPS ARE PICK OF BUNCH

Gen. Pershing Reviewed 41st And Said Some Flattering Things About Them.

Colonel John L. Mays, commander of the old Third Oregon regiment that helped to make up some of the most brilliant pages of the world war's history, was an informal visitor at the office of Governor O'Leet this morning, and is the midst of an admiring and respectful circle of state officials gave a running, scintillating account of his observations and experiences in France. He corroborated the statement so often made that in a sense the American dash and indomitable courage and resourcefulness won the war. He told also of how the appearance of the American at the front checked both the retreat of the French and the onslaught of the Germans and thus turned the tide. In those first days he was in touch with many French commanders and he helped to stiffen their vertebrae with the statement that the Yankees were there to fight for fifty years if necessary.

Proud of Oregon Boys.

At the point of debarkation the 41st Division, containing the Northwest contingents, was reviewed by Gen. Pershing something this morning that seems to have upset him considerably. It is up to me to undo the mischief. Excuse me now, I must run back."

Lorraine told him to run along and be a good little boy and not flirt with Lorraine Orton. I added: "Be sure you remember."

But while we ate, only one thing occupied my thoughts:

Why was Lorraine Orton with them? Tomorrow—Barbara Asks Neil for the Same Confidence He Gives Lorraine.

GAS FILLING STATION WILL REPLACE SHACKS

Standard Oil Company To Put Modern Building On This Property.

Two old frame shacks on the corner of North Commercial and Chemeketa streets, just opposite the Y. M. C. A. are about to disappear and in their place will be established a gas filling station to be built by the Standard Oil company.

Although no definite announcement has been made, it is pretty well understood that the Standard Oil company will place on the lot one of their most modern gas filling stations, similar to the ones erected in Portland.

These filling stations include a covered driveway and building and the improving and beautifying of the lot on which they are located.

The property is now occupied by the Seymour, blacksmith shop. The old adjoining frame building, formerly known as Steinbock's house of a million bargains, is not now occupied. Both of these will be torn down for the proposed improvement.

Seldom Changed Hands.

This property, known as part of lot 5, block 31 of the original city of Salem has changed hands but a few times since William H. Willson and his wife (Chloe A. Willson) settled on the property in 1844 and were given location proof in 1853 before the surveyor general of the land office.

In the issuing of the patent it was customary in those days for the general agent, who said some very nice things about them and the part they were playing in the war. Throughout his service in France he had repeated occasions to be proud of the Oregon boys, who made for themselves a reputation among the French troops and civilians. In fact, he considers that our boys have done some of the best advertising Oregon ever did. They were famous for being first over the top, and as among the finest in appearance.

Col. Mays spoke briefly but delightedly of the reception the Northwest troops were given in New York, and of the greater delight of the boys as they passed the snow-caps of the Cascades and came into the green of "God's country."

land office at Washington, D. C., to issue patent of the north half of a section of land to the wife and the south half to the husband. It was through the patent issued in 1862 that Chloe A. Willson became owner of land north of State street in Salem.

Chloe A. Willson transferred the lot by quit claim deed on March 28, 1859 to J. L. Williams, who erected a home on the lot, similar to the regulation pioneer homes. This house was later removed and the present frame buildings moved on the lot.

On January 4, 1888, the entire lot extending 82 1/2 feet on Commercial street and back on Chemeketa to the alley, was sold by J. L. Williams to R. P. Boise, Sr., and R. P. Boise, Jr., and since that date the property has remained in the Boise family.

Demobilization Of Army Now Stands At 1,419,386

Washington, March 15.—Demobilization of the American army now stands at 1,419,386, the office of the chief of staff announced today.

The demobilization work has been slowed up, a table shows, but this is due, it was said, to the fact that nearly all the men in this country except those needed to maintain the camps have been discharged. This week's total of demobilization of 34,031 is the smallest of any week since November, 1918. Future demobilization work, it was stated, depends now almost entirely on the rapidity with which men are returned from overseas. Orders issued November 11 for demobilization approximated 1,678,500, showing that all but about 250,000 of this number are now back to civilian life. The original orders included 1,305,000 troops in the United States and 373,500 overseas men.

For Sick Headache

Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Bilioussness, Bloating, Gas, Coated Tongue, take that wholesome physic—

POLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS

Act promptly. Never disappoint. Mild and gentle in action. Do not gripe or nauseate. No costive after effects.

Mrs. Sweet Clara, Aust. Va.: "I had a bad headache and took two Poley Cathartic Tablets. In a short while, my head stopped aching."


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Dort owners and others should send for the "War Memorial Number" of our periodical, DORT DOINGS, published January 15. It tells a graphic story, mostly in pictures, of this company's activities during the war and will prove a valuable souvenir to those interested in the big part played by the automobile industry in the great conflict. Yours for the asking.



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Model 490 Touring

Prices in Effect From This Date:

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The new Federal war tax of 2 per cent is cause of this advance



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