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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THE BOLSHEVIK FIASCO IN ARGENTINE.

The dread that Bolshevism had taken root in Argentina inspired by the great strikes some months ago is thoroughly dissipated by the turn of events, according to a writer in L'Europe Nouvelle (Paris). The Bolsheviks stole into the country without examination by the authorities because they were clever enough to travel as first-class passengers. Their principal propaganda was exerted in Buenos Aires, and by playing on the sympathies of the labor federation of Argentina they succeeded in bringing about a general strike. For days the strike paralyzed the city. There were riots in the principal streets and in some sections the strikers stormed the police-stations. But, our informant relates, General Delepiane, who had been appointed military commander of the city with 10,000 troops at his disposal, was prompt and firm in his methods of repression. It is said that 600 rioters were killed and many more wounded. By the middle of January conditions had been restored to normal and the government set about a policy of correction as follows, according to the Literary Digest:

"Two thousand strikers and agitators were arrested, of whom about 80 per cent, were Russians. There were also some two hundred Catalonians, refugees from Barcelona, who had come after the week of bloody conflict which followed the execution of Ferrer. The emissaries

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

WINTER RAIN.

The rain pours down by day and night; it's wet and mostly water; it makes the world a sodden sight, it makes my reason totter. It looks as though 'twould never cease, or take a small vacation; but it is good for ducks and geese, and that's a consolation. I'm glad it's not a total loss, this rain so moist and galling; I'm glad that it can come across with some excuse for falling. It makes the town a dismal place, where men all cuss together; and there's a scowl on every face; we sigh for brighter weather. The merchant princes in their stores are far from being sunny; no patrons seek their well known doors to blow in useful money. No farmers' wagons stand around, the main street is deserted; we raise a sad and wailing sound, and many tears are squirted. The weather bureau's slipped some cogs, against the people's wishes; yet rain is good for snakes and frogs and divers kinds of fishes. We always should remember this, that nothing's vain or useless; and we'd be just as shy of bliss if days were dry and juiceless. So let us dig up gaudy smiles eschew the blues and willies; the rain is good for crocodiles, for rice and water lilies.

of Lenine and Trotsky had already organized a general Soviet at Buenos Aires, the president of which was a Russian, named Peter Wald. All its members were either executed or imprisoned. The Maximalists, the Russian students, and the Spanish and Argentinian anarchists were planning to raise an armed force of four thousand men to take possession of the capital.

"How did it happen that a movement which broke out with such violence was stopped so soon and that work was resumed so promptly? To explain: the Argentinian workers, who at first followed the leaders of the strike, acted in good faith because they believed they were fighting for their claims as true Argentinians. They had not the slightest use for Bolshevik politics, and as soon as they realized that they were the tools of foreigners they completely fell away from the movement. A delegation of Argentinian workers has made attestation that the genuine strikers did not take part in the attacks on the police stations. This was the work of the Russian anarchistic element.

"One illuminating fact is that the Bolsheviki made a big blunder when they thought they could sweep the masses of South America into support of their doctrine. The Latin peoples of the New World have a very strong sense of nationality. On internal questions they may be divided, but as soon as they perceive a foreign attempt to intervene in their affairs they are joined in the 'sacred union.'"

THE HANDICAP SECTION.

The United States employment service has as one of its working branches a "handicap section". The purpose of this department is to place older men and women in positions suitable to their strength and ability, enabling them to enjoy independence and usefulness.

For some years just prior to the war there existed an undue prejudice in favor of youth. Young men and women were wanted for all kinds of positions, and the gray-haired man or woman was frequently relegated unreasonably to the scrap heap or to a very unhappy dependence on the younger workers who supplanted him.

Then came the war, taking the young people into the war work, into the army and navy and nursing until employers were forced to turn again to the older people to fill many positions. Then they found that those older people were quite capable of doing efficient and capable work and of earning self-supporting wages.

There is plenty to do in the world and workers of all ages are needed to do it. It is in order to locate the opportunities for those past the prime of life who want to keep actively employed that the handicap section was opened. Last month, 1367 middle-aged men were placed in the state of Massachusetts. In one year 28,000 such individuals were given jobs in Chicago, receiving salaries aggregating \$9,000,000. That figure indicates that the salaries were quite low. Nevertheless they were enough to lift the worker from near-medicancy to a self-respecting position in life.

The movement is in the right direction. No one should be deprived at an arbitrary age limit of work which he enjoys and is capable of performing satisfactorily.

The Commercial Club has elected a new manager and we presume is preparing for an active campaign this year. The outlook for Salem was never so encouraging before, and a little energetic and systematic work will boost our interests far ahead, and make the capital city an important business center. New industries and interests are coming of their own accord, indicating that a little organized effort will be able to accomplish much in the way of permanent growth.

An Eastern editor, not inured to prohibition as we are out here, says that the trouble with the various near-beers is that they don't seem to get near enough.

The authoritative estimates of what Germany is going to pay the Allies differ to the extent of about \$100,000,000. Somebody at Paris needs an adding machine.

Wine-grape growers are asked to grow currant grapes. Nothing like keeping in touch with current events.

Things are coming Salem's way now, and it will be a great year of progress if the community is awake to its opportunities.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BARBARA AND NEIL HAVE A QUARREL

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The daring sentence had not left my lips before I would have recalled it, had I been able.

"The same confidence you give to Blanche Orton?"

How had I come to say such a thing? It had not been in my mind, in fact Mrs. Orton herself had not entered into my thoughts while I talked to Neil. He was terribly angry. He had seldom quarreled, and I always tried not to arouse him. But I had said unconsciously the very thing that was at the bottom of my wish to know of his business. I was only a woman, after all, and in that tense moment while I waited for him to speak, I realized that

I was jealous of Blanche Orton. Jealous of her influence over Neil, of the anger he showed because I had mentioned her.

"Why do you bring Blanche into the conversation?"

As he asked the question, each word of which was clearly-cut as if with a knife, he leaned forward and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Because I know there is something between you—Oh, I am not accusing you of any vulgar intrigue—but I know, Neil, that you tell her things—things you refuse to tell me; you and those men talk your business with her, while I, your wife, know nothing about it."

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough, Neil?"

Then for the first time I fully realized how very angry Neil could be-

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come. He fairly raved at times, and at others was coldly serene.

I besought him; I tried to reason with him, I almost prayed to him, but without effect. He called me meddlesome and swore he would not have me interfering with his business affairs. He sneered at my puritanical up-bringing, every little while fortifying himself by taking a drink from the bottle he had taken from the collarette when he first commenced to rave at me.

As usual, I had done harm when I wanted only to do good. By and by when he had worn himself out with the violence of his emotions, I consoled and petted him back to a semblance of good nature.

"It takes two to quarrel, Neil. You will have to do it without me. I have said nothing to cause this tirade; and I shall not talk to you any more tonight. Come, dear, kiss and make up. I know you do not mean half you have said. If you did I—would have to go home, I—couldn't stay."

To this day, I do not know whether I meant what I said or not. But it seemed to sober Neil immediately. He mumbled something about being tired and worn out when he came home, and then about my pitching into him when he was in that condition. But after a bit he said shamefacedly:

"Forget it, Bab, please. I guess I have been more or less a brute tonight." Then: "Forgive me and kiss me dear. And Bab, you didn't mean that did you—that you would leave me?" fear was in his voice. "Tell me, Blanche, that you will never say that again."

The old pet name was like a kiss. He seldom had used it since our marriage. Never save when in a tender, loving mood.

Suddenly it came over me that Neil was unhappy. That he had perhaps begun to drink more than was good for him because he was anxious and worried. But what awful things he had said! Yet I found myself saying inwardly:

"Poor, darling fellow!" with a pity that entirely swept away all sense of personal wrong. The thought was so poignant that my eyes filled with tears and I replied:

"Of course I'll forget and forgive, both. And I couldn't have meant what

I said, dear, because I couldn't live without you. I couldn't!"

With a curious impression of effort he brought out:

"Then—never—say it again, Bab, never."

Someway, in thinking of it long after he slept, his fear that I might leave him comforted me. And it was the only thing about our talk that did—that and his calling me "Babe."

Tomorrow—Barbara Lanches at the Club with Neil—and Blanche.)

Three More Transports Are Due In U.S. Harbors

Washington, March 18.—The transport Bonn, Marcellus to New York (no date given), special casual companies 1927 (marines); 1040 (marines); 2408, 2409, 2410 (colored); 2425, 2431, 2432, 2433 (marines); 2435 (marines); 2434, 2436, 2437, 2442, 2444, 2450, 2462; casual companies 2403, 2422.

The transport Mercury from St. Nazaire, due Newport News, March 29, with headquarters 70th infantry brigade, Camp Jackson; 105th ammunition train headquarters horse battalion; companies E, F and G for Camp Jackson and Funston; 105th mobile ordnance repair shop, Camp Jackson; 108th infantry regimental headquarters, headquarters and supply, ordnance and medical detachments of Second battalion headquarters; medical detachment of Second battalion; companies E, F, G, H, I and K for Camp Jackson, Pike, Travis, Dix, Lee, Gordon, Sherman and Dodge. Included in above is Brigadier General Lawrence Tyson, commanding headquarters 59th infantry brigade.

The transport Alaskan, from St. Nazaire due Newport News (no date given), with 348th infantry, field and staff Second and Third battalions, headquarters company, supply company, companies E, F, G, H, I, K, L and M from Camps Dix, Grant, Upton, Dodge, Taylor and Pike; casual company 604, scattered; special casual company 611, scattered.

STREET CAR STRIKE ENDS

New York, Mar. 18.—The street car strike which affected all northern New Jersey came to an end at four a. m. today on a settlement basis proposed by the war labor board. Each side in the controversy claimed to have won a victory.

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Get a package of this tea at any drug store and brew a steaming cup before you go to bed tonight—you'll like it.

It's splendid for the liver and bowels, sick headache and biliousness. The kiddies like it too, and it does them lots of good, because it never acts harshly. You can get Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea at any drug store.

A Live Man In a Graveyard

An Announcement

We have opened a printing shop in Salem. It is called The Quickener Press.

Maybe there's enough printing shops in town already—and maybe there isn't.

We have been told by some of the knowing ones of the profession that Salem was a sort of a "printers' graveyard." (They meant to encourage new competition.) Our answer is, that being the case, perhaps a burial or two (not mere funerals) ought to take place. Some folks are dead and don't know it. They continue to walk around and grunt and bellyache—BUT THEY'RE DEAD! They're not an asset to the community.

A live man need have no fear of a graveyard. He can walk in and out and up and down and through and across and all around it—and not get buried.

But phaw! who said graveyard? Where? We can't see it. There's nothing like that around here!

The Quickener Press is not entering the field with the expectation of getting wrecked on tombstones. We may puncture a tire but we carry an extra and we'll slap it on as quick as we can and keep in the running. We shall conduct a legitimate business, on business principles, and shall endeavor to justify our existence and to make ourselves an asset to the community.

The Quickener Press is equipped to do first class printing of all kinds. Let us figure with you on your next job of printing. We are at your services to offer any suggestions or be of any assistance we may, whether we get the job or not.

We are located at 193 N. Commercial—over Gale & Co.

Yours for Business
PHONE 199

THE QUICKENER PRESS

High Class Commercial Printing
Creators of Distinctive Typography

193 North Commercial

G. E. Brookins, Prop.

The Super Store

"The super store places its all at the disposal of our country in her hour of need, and now looks forward eagerly to the opening of the greatest era of constructive effort and rapid development of civilization which mankind has ever known."

Our building is rapidly filling up with the very choicest and most up-to-date line of furniture and rugs ever shown in the city of Salem. Every day sees new pieces added to our stock.

Chamber suits in walnut, Birdseye Maple, Mahogany, Oak or Ivory White, of course we have separate pieces, such as

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