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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

REVIVE THE FLAX INDUSTRY.

While we are busy these days establishing new factories and building up new industries, the growing and manufacturing of flax should not be overlooked. Things were progressing quite favorably in this direction, in spite of the bad management of the state experiment, and two dry springs that gave us the lightest crops in years, until war conditions temporarily halted matters. But for the war it is quite possible that a spinning mill would have been built in Salem this year, and thus the flax-growing industry would have been stimulated by the necessity for supplying the raw material.

With the return of normal times it should not be difficult for the Commercial club to interest experienced flax people with the necessary capital to take hold of this important industry in this vicinity. W. J. Cunningham, one of the best-posted men on this subject on the Pacific coast, writes Mrs. W. P. Lord, of this city, who has devoted many years to the effort of establishing the flax industry in Oregon, that the demand for flax fiber throughout the world far exceeds the supply, and that an actual famine impends, with consequent high prices. He enclosed a copy of the "Linen Trade Bulletin", Belfast, Ireland, from which the following review is taken:

The Russian flax market remains unchanged on the week, with this difference that spinners seem less inclined than ever to do anything. In future no further purchase of sea-borne flax will be made by the government, and consumers will now have to look to the private shipper for their supplies. Very soon the latter may be called upon to put up some tow, stocks of which are very low and the results will be interesting. The arrival both here and at Dundee of the ordinary Dutch and Friesland flax, all of the 1917 crop, which had been lying in Holland for British account, and for which export license was refused for a prolonged period, is a matter of some satisfaction, although had the shipments been high marks instead of only medium and low qualities, it would have suited spinners much better. Irish flax can be got to take the place of low and medium Dutch, but there is nothing, so far, to replace the high marks of Courtauld, of which spinners are so short.

Flax from	Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons
Belgium	1,727	3,975	549	
Russia	290	20	1,907	281
United Kingdom		3,143		4,512

This condition of the world's supply would indicate

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that this is the most propitious time to engage in the flax business in Oregon, since very high prices will be assured for years. And it is safe to say that the price at which the state offers to contract with farmers (\$25.00 a ton) for the growing of flax may yet be raised very materially on the basis of the prevailing high price for the fiber product.

Interest in flax growing should be reviewed because it will in time prove one of the most profitable crops in Oregon, and the spinning mills with their payrolls are what we want more than anything else.

DEMANDS FOR HIGHER WAGES.

The federal reserve board reports that in the North and East "employees are demanding higher wages, notwithstanding the existence of considerable unemployment."

There is no question that such demands have had a good deal to do with producing and continuing whatever amount of unemployment exists. It is a very unusual situation. Ordinarily demands for wage increases come at a time when there is an abnormal demand for labor, and workmen feel that they can command their own price because of the scarcity.

Quite aside from the merits of any particular wage demand by any body of men, it seems clear that any general agitation for higher pay at this time is a mistake. The majority of workmen might consider themselves fortunate if they got through this temporary period of depression without any wage reduction. If wages are kept at the war level during the reconstruction period, that is about as much as can be reasonably expected.

Such a policy would probably benefit everybody concerned. The more the workmen acquiesce in this view the shorter the reconstruction period will be. Most of the experts agree that when the period is really past, we shall have boom times probably surpassing anything in our history. Then, with the inevitable shortage of labor, the conditions for higher pay will be far more favorable, and new demands may be made justly and safely.

MEN TEACHERS COMING BACK.

At last! A field for men where they will be comparatively safe from the in-roads of the deadly female-school teaching!

Teachers, women especially, have left the schools in such numbers for better paid jobs that at last it has scared the country into paying better salaries. Not so much the fact that teachers may have deserved better pay but their scarcity has accomplished this. It's the same old story of supply and demand.

If, as a consequence, more men enter the business of public school teaching, it will be of great benefit to the youth of the country. There are many men especially fitted to be good teachers. No one who has had the inspiration of a good man teacher can deny this.

It is a great pity that the children who cannot go to college or high school should not have the benefit of male instruction in the common schools. For, just as all children should have two parents, so all children should have the benefit of both kinds of teachers. Each gives something which the other, however skilled, cannot.

And anyway the women all are tired of it, are going out in droves, and wages are going up, so why shouldn't the men seize their opportunity!

DON'T DEMOBILIZE THE KNITTING NEEDLES.

Have you packed up your knitting needles in your old kit bag? If so, get them out for the boys who are home say, "We may be home, but we want woolies!" They have got the habit of wearing warm socks and sensible shoes, warm scarfs, or a nifty sweater underneath the coat, and they don't want to give them up.

The wool habit is a sensible habit. Men as well as women have got away from it more and more, but there is nothing after all which keeps away coughs and colds, as does the same old-fashioned woolen stuff that had fallen into disrepute until the war reminded us that a lot of old-fashioned ideas were founded on common sense.

Brother is going to be out doors a lot from now on. No more Molly-coddle stuff for him! But he learned in the army that one reason the out-of-doors stuff did not hurt him was that he was properly dressed for it.

Keep the knitting needles mobilized!

\$1000 JOBS FOR SOLDIERS.

The statement comes from Washington that there are literally thousands of \$1000 a year jobs available for soldiers who possess even a rudimentary education. The men are wanted as carrier clerks, and there is an insistent demand for them in all the big cities and in smaller communities as well. The men will have to pass a civil service examination, but it is said to be very easy.

To the men really wanting work, this should be worthy investigation. It may not be the type of work which would appeal to an ambitious lad as a life job. But it would provide a living while studying or waiting for the thing he does want.

Information on this subject is to be had from any post office.

*Papers of the Oregonian class are abusing President Wilson, Secretaries Baker and Daniels, almost as roundly as the copperhead press of Civil war times scored President Lincoln and Secretaries Seward and Stanton. It seems to be another case of history repeating itself.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE READING HABIT.

I feel sorry for the wight who can't sit down with a book, and experience delight in his cozy inglenook; who can't wrestle with the bards, storing knowledge in his head, but must play a game of cards, or go yawning off to bed. Let me have a stock of tomes, piled about me on the floor, tales, biographies and pomes, and my heart will crave no more. Then the weary world may wag any blamed way it may please, and the night hours will not drag, but will scot like bumble bees. I don't care to talk a streak, or to argue politics, or to listen for a week to a bridge whist, more or less. All the games I know are bores, and increase my load of woe, when the tempest howls outdoors, and there is no place to go. Bring me then a stack of books, while my neighbor yawns and nods, and the evening to me looks like a present from the gods.

Those senators who constitute a majority of our national House of Lords are going to have to digest a nice little mess of crow. They will have the preliminary treaty of peace put up to them with the League of Nations plan included and they will have to accept it or declare in favor of a continued state of war. And when the issue is made clean-cut for peace or war, just watch those pin-headed statesmen run for cover. They will vote to ratify the treaty while they stammer and explain and squirm in the effort to justify their senseless attempt to put the president of the United States "in a hole."

Representative Mondell, new floor leader of the lower house of congress, voted for the notorious McLemore "scuttle" resolution which would have barred Americans, at the behest of Germany, from traveling abroad during the war. Senator Lenroot, of Wisconsin, who made a vindictive attack on the League of Nations idea, only the other day, also voted for the McLemore resolution as a congressman.

The Seattle authorities are sticklers for enforcing the law. They have arrested a high school girl for committing the minor desecration of poisoning the wife of a man she was enamored of, and threaten to prosecute her criminally. If this sort of thing should be persisted in murder might in time be as serious an offense as boot-legging.

Every organization on earth seems to be making a drive for money now, on the theory no doubt, that the people have got the habit of giving, and it is well to drive while the driving is good. But isn't the thing being over-worked?

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

MR. FREDERICKS WORDS WORRY BARBARA.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Why had Payne Orton had to die? Had he lived, Blanche would still be bound. Dead, it left her free to intrigue my husband.

Mr. Frederiek spoke to me, I heard his voice, but did not grasp anything he was saying. My mind was numb with the thought that had come to me. Had Payne Orton, before he died, known of the intimacy of his wife and Neil? And had it made him careless of his health?

It was a hysterical woman's thought but it gripped me. That he had been ill for long, that scarcely ever had he been able accompany his wife anywhere since I had known them; that his illness might have been caused by an added cold, never occurred to me. As nearly all women would have done I took his sudden death to mean something to me simply because my husband had shown a preference for the man's wife.

"What are you thinking of, that you won't speak to me?" Mr. Frederiek's voice brought me back to a realization of my madness.

"Pardon me, I was so shocked by what you told me that I was most impotent. It is dreadful dreadful!"

Payne Orton's love for his wife was a matter of common comment among his friends. Could it be possible, because of some intrigue of hers, he had wanted to die? And was Neil the other party to the intrigue?

I tortured myself with the thought. Mr. Frederiek was a shrewd man and doubtless understood more of the cause of my answers to his questions than I realized.

Finally he commenced to talk of Neil. Then I pulled myself together. Anything pertaining to my husband was vitally interesting to me.

"He has wonderful staying powers. We all have to hand it to him for one thing," said Mr. Frederiek. "If he makes up his mind to do anything, he will go through fire and water to accomplish it."

I thought I detected some subtle desire to comfort me by this praise of Neil—if it were praise. I would put

my pride in my pocket and ask one or two questions.

"Tell me about that Mr. Scott—the man interested in Mexican mines," I spoke as casually as I could.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes—he dined with us one night." "I shouldn't say he was—your sort. Not that Scott isn't all right as far as some things go; but he's hardly a man I would want you to meet."

The words had scarcely left his lips before he flushed and stammered an apology.

"I had no right to say that! Your husband is the one who has the right to say who you shall or shall not meet. Forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive—Neil, Mr. Forbes, is connected in some business matters with Mr. Scott, and that is the reason he brought him home with him. But he seemed such a different type from any man I have known, that I was curious." As usual, I had not the courage to go on with anything that looked like criticism of Neil.

I often used to wonder if all wives were as fearful of doing anything to lose the love of the man to whom they were married, as was I. I seem to realize from the first days of our life together that Neil would brook no questioning of himself, his affairs. Every time I had attempted to get closer to him in this way it had resulted disastrously, had been the cause of the only quarrels we ever had had.

"He is a different type. Coarse, unemotional, but absolutely straight in business. And hard as nails with those who are not. I have always said that I should be very sorry for anyone against whom Scott had a grudge. He'd flay them alive."

"That is the way he impressed me," I returned, then changed the subject. But in my mind was a new undercurrent of fear. Suppose this Mr. Scott should get a grudge against Neil because of some business they had in common—suppose because of that mining stock Neil had persuaded him to buy?—my thoughts went no further. Mr. Frederiek commanded my attention.

(Tomorrow—Mr. Frederiek Offers to be Barbara's Friend.)

CENTRAL HOWELL

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Central Howell, Or., March 22.—Those calling on Mr. and Mrs. Natzeiger recently were Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Herz, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gower and Mrs. J. W. Baggott.

Mr. and Mrs. John Love were Salem visitors Wednesday.

Mr. Sandahl is moving to Silverton.

Those who went to Salem last week to see "Mickey" were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jantz, Mrs. Jurdis Waltman, the Misses Mary Snipper, Ella Tovre, Anna Sigre and Helen Mikkelsen and Mr. Leate Lovre.

Arthur Beers of Salem has moved on the Frank Durbin ranch.

Miss Thelma Cary of Salem spent the week end with Miss Creta Jantz.

Leater Leighty has bought the Sandahl place.

Fred Durbin is "courting" this week in Salem.

Miss Golda Steffen and Miss Agnes Wellman are taking music lessons in Silverton.

Mrs. Fred Durbin and children visited Mrs. Clarence Simmons Wednesday.

Miss Ada Buyerie and Miss Gladys Webb attended the teachers meeting in Salem Saturday.

Frank Durbin, Sr., and son, Frank, of Salem called on their cousin, Fred Durbin, Monday. Frank, Jr., who has lately returned from France, says he was glad to get back to the good old U. S. A. and thinks Oregon is good enough for him.

J. W. Baggott made a business trip to Salem Saturday.

A. C. Branch of Salem called on J. W. Baggott's Wednesday.

Approximately \$100,000,000 in federal income tax payments was received in New York city Saturday, the last day of grace.

Bankers & Printers

Most every bank in town has a printing establishment in its building.

The Bank of Commerce has as its tenant Elliott The Printer; the U. S. National has the Commercial Printing Co.; Ladd & Bush has the Beaver State Printers, while the Capital National has Ross Moores just on the other side of the partition.

Is it that bankers have an affinity for printers? Or do printers have an affinity for bankers? Or does each have a natural propensity for getting as close to the other's money as possible?

Anyway we imagine we're going to have a heck of a time getting any printing from any bank in town when they're all hooked up this way with another printer. (We give 'em—the bankers—fair warning, however, that we're going to try it.)

But the point we started out to make is that The Quickener Press doesn't have any high rent to pay to live under the same roof with a bank vault. Every job of printing we do or that any printer does must include in the cost to the purchaser a fraction of the rent that is paid. Lower rent means lower cost of production.

That may be a small matter in dollars and cents—but it all counts.

The Quickener Press guarantees you quality of material and workmanship, at something less than "bankers' figures."

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