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The Daily Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone \$1 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

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

CLOTHING NEEDED FOR REFUGEES.

The week of March 24 to 31 is to be devoted by the Red Cross to the collection of cast-off American garments to be sent to the refugees in Europe.

This should be hailed by every housekeeper in the land, not only as an opportunity for worthy charity, but for ridding herself of the burden of accumulated wearing apparel.

These are not the times for packing away anything usable; there are too many needy ones all about. And these are not times to practice a penny-wise, pound-foolish economy, wasting time and energy in remarking what might better be replaced. There are too many real things to be done.

It is also of the greatest importance right now that the people in the United States do all the buying they can to stimulate trade and prevent hard times. So it is doubly worth while to let the old go where it will do much good, and buy new to help business in our own country and our own community.

Anything which possibly can be spared, and which would be suited to hard wearing conditions should go into the Red Cross barrel. To dispose thus of the accumulations of clothing which would otherwise be unused or unnecessarily used is to get the full benefit of that quality of mercy which blesseth him that gives and him that receives.

Most of the newspapers are opposing the State Chamber of Commerce scheme on the ground that Portland has hogged everything so long that this move is considered another scheme to get the state at large to put up \$50,000 to be used in boosting Portland interests. A sample is given in the collection being taken up to build a livestock exposition pavilion in Portland, when as a matter of fact Portland people never subscribed a dollar for anything to be built or located in any other part of the state. Many newspapers are very sore, too, because the people of Portland passed a law, initiated by C. S. Jackson, of the Oregon Journal, fixing legal rates in all state papers, except those in Portland, thus interfering with matters of no concern to them, and backing up the petty spite work of the Portland publisher. Naturally the State Chamber of Commerce idea is having pretty hard sledding, because the public well knows that if the headquarters of the chamber was to be located in Salem, or any other up-state town, Portland people would not put up a dollar to assist the movement.

The so-called reconstruction plan, under which \$5,000,000 bonds will be voted by Oregon, needs reconstruction worse than anything else we know of.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

CRAZY SIGNATURES.

I look on strife as out of place; it is absurd and a disgrace, and sane men seldom need it; but I would like to climb the frame of that galoot who signs his name so no one else can read it. I think all men while dwelling here should hand out smiles and words of cheer, and sing and dance and fiddle; but I would like to use a club upon the maple headed dub whose signature's a riddle. As transient guests we tread our path and every sign of spite and wrath we ought to check and muzzle; but I'd be glad if I might slay the drooling idiotic jay whose signature's a puzzle. This sort of fellow has his gall; I hate his fancy, swirling crawl, I simply can't abide it. I wonder why a human gink will fill his fountain pen with ink, and then get up and ride it? Oh, does he think he'll make a hit by throwing chirographic fit with asinine endeavor? And does he think that folks will say, "Beshrew us, this gymnastic jay must be absurdly clever." My time is worth two bones a day; I need it all to earn my pay, and I rear up and grumble, and take the shotgun from the floor when I run up against the bore whose signature's a jumble.



PAYOUT money does more for a community than any other kind.

The more payroll money put in circulation in Oregon, the better off we are—all of us.

Buying Oregon products, instead of Eastern products, is the way to BUILD UP and to KEEP UP Oregon's payrolls.

USE HOME PRODUCTS.

HOME INDUSTRY LEAGUE OF OREGON

CIRCULATION FIGURES HIGHER.

During the past week the circulation of the Daily Capital Journal has made very decided gains as the following figures, taken from the Audit Bureau of Circulations records, will show:

MONDAY, MARCH 17.	5150
TUESDAY, MARCH 18.	5255
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19.	5240
THURSDAY, MARCH 20.	5294
FRIDAY, MARCH 21.	5325
SATURDAY, MARCH 22.	5465

The circulation figures of the Daily Capital Journal are audited regularly by the Audit Bureau of Circulations, of which all the leading daily newspapers of the country are members. This organization was founded in order that general advertisers might know exactly what they were paying for when they bought advertising space in a newspaper.

CREDIT AT THE GROCERY.

John A. Green, former president of the National Retail Grocers Association, thinks the day will come when business done on credit must go. Says he, "Monuments have been erected to the philanthropist who gave a few dollars to the poor; but never a retail grocer who went bankrupt giving credit to his customers."

The retail grocers do deserve a place in song and story as the benefactors of their kind; for they have as a class tided more unfortunate families over periods of financial stringency than any other body of citizens.

It is a matter of shame that this privilege has been abused so notoriously, and it is no wonder that the tendency to place groceries on a cash basis is growing steadily.

As a basis for credit, if it is extended at all, Mr. Green suggests that the grocer inform himself of the customer's salary and confine himself to 20 per cent of that sum. This is a suggestion made by a man long in the business, and if he says that a family spending more than 20 per cent of its income in groceries cannot be considered financially sound, it is worth considering.

If more people practiced just this careful apportionment of expenses to income it would check the tendency to waste in buying and using, and put credit on a basis where there would be fewer distracted debtors, and fewer grocers deserving tablets in the Hall of Fame.

The navy Distinguished Service Medal was unanimously chosen, according to Secretary Daniels. That committee ought to have the Nobel Peace prize.

A Frenchman flew from Toulouse, France, to Morocco, a distance of 1,180 miles, in eleven hours. Probably felt he hadn't a moment Toulouse.

"Alaska can pay the nation's war debt," says an Alaska paper. That's fine! Go ahead.

"A plane case of robbery!" shrieks Germany as the allies take her air fleet.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXXIX. MR. FREDERICK OFFERS TO BE BARBARA'S FRIEND.

"I want to be your friend, Mrs. Forbes—if you ever should need one,"

Mr. Frederick was saying, "I am a

bluff man, but there may come a time

when you will be able to make me of

use. Will you promise me that if there

is such a time, that you will send for

me?" he smiled at me, but his eyes

were serious.

I almost laughed, it was so like some

of the stories I had read. Was Mr.

Frederick in love with me? I dismissed

the thought at once. There had been

absolutely nothing in his behavior to

suggest such a thing; and I blushed hotly at my egotistical thought. But why

should he be melodramatic—that was

what it appeared to me. I laughed a lit-

tle embarrassed laugh, then replied:

"I can't imagine a time when I

should need you,—anyone save Mr.

Forbes—to do anything for me, but I

will promise that if such a time ever

comes I will remember what you have

said."

He laid a card in my lap.

"That address will always reach me.

A letter or wire there will find me

wherever I am."

I made no reply. None was needed.

But after Mr. Frederick had left me at home, and bade me good-bye because he was leaving town that afternoon, I decided that he had come to see me that morning simply to say that if I needed a friend, he would serve me.

Again I asked myself, "Why?"

It seemed at this time that my life

was made up of interrogation points.

I was continually asking the way of

why of things but never getting an an-

swer.

Neil came home about three o'clock—

something so unusual for him, that I

feared he was ill. His face had gone

gray and haggard since the night be-

fore. When I commenced to fuss over

him, he waved me aside, and said hoarsely:

"For heaven's sake, Bob, don't do

that! I came home because I needed

rest. If you are going to rag me about

anything, I'll go back to the office."

"I did not mean to rag you, dear.

You looked tired and I felt anxious," I

was conciliatory, as usual.

"Well I am tired, dead tired.

So tired I don't want to talk to you or

anyone else." He threw himself upon

the lounge in the library and closed his

eyes. But I knew he was not sleeping.

A spasm would occasionally cross his

face, and his hands were clenched until

the knuckles stood out white and sharp

against the dark cover I had

thrown over him.

It was nearly two hours later when

he rose, bathed and dressed for dinner.

He was more like himself, and when

Tenka had brought him his evening pa-

per I ventured:

"Isn't it dreadful about Payne Orton?" I could keep silence no longer.

I must know something of his interest in

this man's death.

"Terrible. Poor Blanche."

"Did she appear to feel very badly?"

Neil looked curiously at me, as if he

did not grasp my meaning. I repeated

the same words.

"Tomorrow—Barbara Bears Gossip of

Blanche and Neil."

Soldier-Engineer Invents

New Home Heating Method

This new invention, called the radiator-boiler, will be especially useful in farm houses, school houses, summer cottages, suburban railway stations, small dwellings in town or city, and in large city flats where each tenant has to supply his own heat.

Strangely enough, this is one of the good things that have come from the great war. It is the invention of a soldier engineer. The heating of barracks and hospitals where there were no col-

lsars was a problem and it set him to thinking. The result is a hot-water system that can be packed up and moved around almost as easily as the family piano. From the radiator-boiler runs the piping to the radiators in other rooms—all heated by the same fire!

Here are some of the things he promises it will do:

Save fuel—only one fire is needed, and the 40 per cent of heat that is wasted in the stove pipe, is used to heat the water.

Prevent fires—for the boiler is water-backed and it can stand on a wooden floor with perfect safety. And the legs are cast solid and cannot be knocked out—the radiator-boiler will not upset.

Lasting—it will not wear out, burn out, warp like a stove, or be found unsafe if a building is altered. It can be enlarged or made smaller with ease.

Saves money—by saving fuel, saves labor of climbing up and down stairs and feeding many fires, saves doctor bills by keeping all rooms at an equal temperature, and does not have to be renewed in a year or two.

This invention marks another victory for the great mass of the people over hard living conditions.

HOLD FAMILY REUNION

The home of Mrs. Mary Eastburn was the scene of a family reunion Sunday evening, March 16th, in honor of Sergeant John W. Eastburn who returned home from Camp Lewis Sunday morning having been mustered out of the 162nd depot brigade. Sergeant Eastburn joined in 1917, and has seen service overseas, arriving in the U. S. in February, 1919.

The evening