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Editor and Publisher

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

WHAT KATY REALLY DID.

At last we know what Katy did. False, fleeting, perjured Katy! Of whom Dr. Holmes complained years ago, "Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way!" All these years she has borne the reputation of a songstress, when as a matter of fact all she did was to rub her wings together and make a pale green noise.

The movie camera operated by Dr. Raymond Ditmars, of the New York zoo, is responsible for proving how falsely Katy posed as Mary, queen of garden song. Patiently he watched and waited, camera set for hours at a time to make the slow-moving film which tells the secret.

This is only one of the bits of nature lore which his camera has betrayed, from a faithful record of the antics of a nine-foot cobra to the slow development of frogs and toads from egg to maturity.

There is a fascination as well as education in these illustrations straight from the great story-book of nature, whose power, for those who will look and listen, will "sing a more wonderful song, or tell a more marvelous tale."

The senators who advocated rejection of the League of Nations pact are trying to find a soft place on which to light. They say they are willing to stand for the League of Nations provided it is amended in certain immaterial ways. Of course, it will be amended, as everybody knows the first draft given out was merely a working plan to be thoroughly gone over and perfected after full discussion. Nobody who favors the League idea is opposed to making amendments provided they tend to make the plan more workable.

The Grants Pass boy who captured single-handed a machine gun and twenty Germans has reached New York, on his way to Oregon. Seems like there should be a reception coming to a fellow like that, when he gets off the train at his old home town. Since this hero's father is a resident of Salem now, the Capital City ought to watch for his coming also, and make a day so big they will print it in red letters on the calendars hereafter.

Evidently the old tale of noses and faces and spite has not reached the cemetery of things obsolete. Phoenix, Ariz., and the town of Mendon, Ill., have refused to recognize the change of time and are still joggling along an hour in the rear. Perhaps they figure they will have the jump on us of an hour when next autumn comes around.

Chicago's loyalty to the kaiser is as strong as ever, if there is any significance in election returns.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE BUNDLE.

By careless industry and thrift, by management and care, I've raised a bundle hard to lift, for many bones are there. While others had a bully time and made the goblets clank, I labored for the luscious dime, and store it in the bank. Through burning days and dismal nights I toiled with weary tread, while other fellows saw the sights and stained the landscape red. So I detest the whiskered pup who comes from stale saloons, to say we ought to divvy up our store of picayunes. We will attach a fancy name to creeds he may parade, but it's the same old holdup game the thieves have always played. The same old hopes forever burn in lawless people's souls, to gather coin they do not earn, and swipe their neighbors' rolls. So long as there's a planet here, some men will practice thrift, and other men, with thirst for beer, will talk and loaf and drift. And while this planet shall abide the bums will always say, that thrifty fellows should divide or give their way, that I've pushed the plow and plied the flail and groomed the setting hen, and trimmed the tree and split the rail, to gain my iron men. And wild-eyed anarchists may roar, may threaten, plead and whine, and thunder loudly at the door, but what I have is mine.

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE.

An interesting sidelight on the League of Nations controversy is found in a statement issued by the League to Enforce Peace, of which former President Taft has long been president and active leader.

It had been reported that there was considerable dissatisfaction and rebellion in the organization, owing to Mr. Taft's having given his general approval to President Wilson's draft of a constitution. In answer to this, the league on March 18 declared that since it announced its endorsement of the Paris plan, only eight members had resigned out of a total of 300,000, and not one of the League's 7,300 volunteer speakers and 3000 clergymen all over the country had withdrawn his pledge to work under the League's direction. The statement adds:

"Mr. Taft's attitude, which is substantially that of the League, is that he would accept the Paris covenant as it stands, and thank God for it; that it does not, however, fully meet his ideals, not being as strong in some respects as the plan we have been advocating; that he would like to see amendments that would strengthen it, and thinks it wise to make changes that will make still more clear the meaning which we understand it to carry. He is also favorable to making changes that will placate opinion, especially in the direction of definite acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine, which we understand is already the basis of the instrument."

It may be added that this also represents the attitude of large numbers of people who have never had anything to do with Mr. Taft's League.

The possibilities of the flax industry are shown by the prevailing high prices of flax fiber. Mrs. W. P. Lord, of this city, tells the Capital Journal that she has just received a copy of a Belfast, Ireland, trade journal which tells of the purchase of a small quantity of French-grown flax fiber at \$2750 a ton. The paper in commenting upon the deal states that the quality of the fiber was "almost as good" as the Belgian-grown product. Here in Oregon we can produce a flax fiber equal to, if not actually superior to any grown in any part of the world, and the straw from three acres will yield a ton of fiber. The possibilities for profit in flax growing may be seen in a study of these figures.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BARBARA IS WORRIED OVER NEIL.

CHAPTER XLVII

At last I imagined I knew the cause for the intimacy between Neil and Blanche Orton. But how did it start in the first place? How did he come to talk of business matters to another woman, and absolutely refuse to discuss them with me?

It is a terrible feeling to ask oneself questions of this sort; to ask them over and over and yet find no answer. But one possible explanation came to me—that we were living far beyond our means. If not, why had it been necessary for anyone to help Neil, even if Scott had threatened him? If we could afford to do the things we are, we could do them in the manner in which we do, so why must we be rich? Rich enough to talk open the large block of stock owned by Scott.

I wondered why Scott had threatened Neil, what made it possible for him to do so. Had I known that the stock Neil had sold him was what he, Scott, called "phony stock," and that he had insisted upon having his money as once I might have understood many other things, at this time. But that Neil would sell stock that was worthless, knowing that it was, would have not only seemed impossible, but ridiculous to me.

You see, I knew absolutely nothing of business of any kind. Neil earned the money I gave it to me, and I spent it as I pleased. But I have since learned that one may be quite a good business man or woman and still not understand the devious ways of many promoters; especially if they are promoting schemes based so far away that purchasers of stock must take their word for their value, reinforced by an emotionally printed prospectus, instead of investigating the property for themselves.

I decided that Scott had "cold feet," as Neil had said, and wanted his money back; that he had threatened to sue Neil if he didn't return it. That he had to have some other reason to bring suit aside from the fact that he had changed his mind, never occurred to me. I had an almost insane desire to run away; away from my thoughts and everything. It may seem strange to some woman, that I was not satisfied to let Neil run things, and not worry because I did not know the details. But there had been so many little things in my life with him to make me uneasy. Yet often I took myself to task for my anxiety. Neil was so vigorous, so alive, and strong-willed. It seemed impossible that life could play any tricks with him. Had he been a weakling, it would have been impossible for me to have stood for so long the half-doubts which had been mine almost since we had been married. But he was so strong, so masterful, that one could not vision him in trouble or not dominating any situation.

Neil was the most convincing talker I ever had heard. It wasn't that he said so much, it was the way he said it. I went into my baby-little Robert—but for the first time he failed to hold my thoughts from my worry. I played with him, but in a half-hearted way that he seemed to realize; for his tiny

fingers pulled at me, and he winced a little—something very unusual with him. He had always been a wonderfully "good baby," healthy and happy. I laid him down, and went into the library. I wandered about the room for a few moments, then, noticing that the cellarette was slightly open, started to close it. Then I looked inside, I was shocked to see a bottle of whiskey; that Neil had opened the night before, nearly half gone! I must speak to Tonko. He should not touch the cellarette. Neil must keep it locked hereafter.

I turned the key in the lock, and put it in my pocket. When Neil came in I would tell him to find a hiding place for it—that it was a temptation to leave it in the lock.

(Tomorrow—Frederick Argue's With Neil as to His Business Methods.)

Rev. John Boyd Speaks At Monmouth Normal

Monmouth, Or., April 2.—Dr. John H. Boyd, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland, addressed the normal students and faculty recently, talking for his subject, "Americanism and Citizenship." The principal point stressed by Dr. Boyd was that America's form of government, though striving toward a democracy, is still in the experimental stage as a true democracy is an achievement, not a gift, and the surest way to bring it about and make it permanent is through a system of education that educates, not only the mind and body, but also the soul.

Miss Brown, Y. W. C. A. student secretary of the colleges of the northwest, was a recent visitor at the normal in the interest of the organization. She is a graduate of National Y. W. training school in New York and of Mt. Holyoke college and has been assigned permanent as traveling secretary to the northwest colleges.

President and Mrs. Ackerman left Saturday to attend the Inland Empire association at Spokane, which convenes there Wednesday of this week. The first of the week they are spending at the Ellensburg and Cheney normals.

Miss Laura Taylor, head of the physical training department and Mrs. Curran, of the rural school department, are also scheduled to speak at Spokane.

Cyril Richardson, of Independence, a former student of the normal and a member of Company 1, was an interesting speaker at chapel last Monday. The young man has recently returned from France where he took part in some of the hardest fighting which marked the closing days of the world war. He was quite severely wounded at the battle of the Argonne and had many trusting experiences to relate.

Joseph P. Bozynski, who graduated from the normal in 1913, writes friends here that he has been selected to attend an English university to study law. He was attending the University of Chicago at the time of his enlistment. This is considered a signal honor and Joe's friends here are proud of him.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back," was filmed in the normal audi-

Open Forum

STAND-PAT

Wacoona, Or., March 29.—(Editor of The Journal.)—Enthusiasm over slogan "Be Kind to the Stranger," the Wacoona basket social given on March 29 was a rousing success. It is a slogan every city and hamlet in Oregon should not only adopt, but practice. The Commercial club should see that it become our state slogan, and don't forget I told you so.

Pomona, southern California, where every individual community, church and school practice their slogan, "Be Kind to the Stranger," is the one city I remember most kindly while traveling with my brother for his health. Kindness is remembered longer than any thing. Standpat, is another slogan, I selected for Wacoona. I take it from observations of St. Paul, Oregon. Everlastingly living in St. Paul will live or die for St. Paul. If you don't believe me just say something against that community and you will soon find out.

From our nations I select another slogan, "United We Stand, Divided We Fall," locally this is true of every community. Any place is dead and unprogressive when it fails to be united, and up to the time Wacoona has always been a literary town, its talent is scattered all along its highways and byways, the whole surrounding country turns out to do justice to their entertainments. Mrs. Habert, who started the latest basket social and landed \$62.75 for the baseball grounds, has the gratitude of the boys and the audience, and for the season's accommodation for all. I would suggest they buy the land, the future generations would call them blessed. Other social work organ profit and amusement. Once again baskets of coins, representing ships and anchors and hats, the mind's beautiful basket creations, could be antichiefed off by our own Albert Egan, once again, charmed by our little prima donna, Kathryn Keene, and all the others, who so kindly did and will assist, with thanks to Mrs. Nellie B. Wolf of Portland for her address, she being the stranger in our midst, I invite all to come again.

ELLA M. FINNEY.

FOR CHURCH UNITY

To the Editor of Journal:
I have read several fine pieces in the "Open Forum" lately. One on the churches and preaching on the streets. It seems the churches of the church people as a rule are asleep to their duty; they have to do in this life.

Things are too much like a prayer I have heard:
"God bless me and my wife.
My son John and his wife
Us four and no more."
Stop and think, we should all be brothers and sisters in Christ.

Christ prayed the longest prayer we have any record of, (John 17 ch.).

"That they or we all may be one as thou Father art in me and I in thee."
"That they also may be one in us."
Well, just read the chapter. How can we all be one when we all teach different doctrines.

There is only one doctrine that will save us. Matt 7 ch; 28:29 vs.
There are many doctrines. Matt 15 ch. 9 v. Sph. 4 ch.; 14 v. I Tim. 4 ch. 1 v.

And when we pray do we not say:
"Our Father which art in heaven?" Is he not "our Father" when we obey his word and we become his children? Then we must be brothers and sisters in Christ. One large family. My, what good good we people could do if we were all one and no divisions among us. In Christ divided I Cor. 1 ch. 10 to 13 v. May we all wake up and take nothing but God Holy word as our guide so we may all be one. There is no such evil abroad. Mother and father teach those that have been given to our care, the way of the cross more perfect and warn them against the evil that is in our land.

As the "Cautie Critic" stated in Saturday's paper. Mother do you know where your daughter is tonight? And who her companion is? Yes there are a lot of those cigarette youths at large yet, and will be till they punish those that sell or give them to the boys. Those who sell them to our boys, care more for dollars and cents than they do for our boys' and girls' souls.

Girls smoke them also. Is your a one of them?
My boy does and if those that sell them does not stop it, there is going to be trouble. A word to the wise is sufficient.

I know of two parties that have sold them. Just a word here. I think if the law was all under 21 years should get off of the street and go home when the curfew sounds, how much better off our young folks would be.
If they go to shows let them go home, instead of going to ice cream parlors and automobile riding till 2 or 3 a. m. Let us hear some others on this.

ANOTHER CRITIC.

MICHIGAN "DRYS" WIN

Monroe, Mich., April 2.—Michigan drew first blood in the enforcement of its new drastic dry law last night. George Dittman, 35, Toledo, Ohio, received a bullet wound in the forehead when he was alleged to have refused to stop an automobile on the command of a state constabulary officer.

torium Saturday night and enjoyed by a large crowd.
Arvie Enshad, who received his discharge from the navy several weeks ago, has secured a position as reconstruction aide in the medical department in the army. He left for Camp Lewis Wednesday to report for duty.

Terrifying Discomfort From Skin Diseases

Itching and Burning Eruptions Torture Victims.

Only those who are afflicted with Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas boils and similar so-called skin diseases can appreciate the real terrifying discomfort that comes from these disorders.

The constant plea of those afflicted is the oft-repeated question, "How can I find relief from this constant torture?" Not palliative, temporary relief that causes the terrible itching to abate for awhile, but real genuine relief that shakes off the shackles of the disease and restores the skin to its former healthy condition.

And temporary relief is the most that can be expected from local treatment, such as ointments, salves, lotions, etc., which is one reason why these diseases seem to hold on with such tenacity. It is not because they are incurable, but because they are improperly treated, that they appear to be so stubborn and so difficult to cure.

The real cause of the disease is a germ in the blood, which multiplies by the million, and sets up an irritation in some tender location of the delicate skin.

You must locate the headquarters of the disease germs, and cut off their base of supplies. The blood is

sterated with them, and they will set up their attacks on the surface of the skin as long as they remain in the blood, no matter how much local treatment you take.

A million gallons of local treatment applied to the surface of the skin, will not eliminate the germs of the disease from the blood, and until they are eliminated your skin will never be free from the itching and burning discomfort.

If you want relief that is permanent, then take a treatment that goes right to the seat of the trouble and removes its cause. Such a remedy is S. S. S., the reliable old blood purifier that so thoroughly cleanses the blood, that every trace of disease germ is routed out, and a new supply of rich red blood is sent coursing through the veins.

S. S. S. has been used successfully in some of the worst cases of eczema and other skin troubles, and it can be relied upon to cleanse the blood of the last vestige of the disease. S. S. S. is also a splendid tonic and system builder, and it builds up and adds new vigor to the whole system.

Go to your drug store and get a bottle of S. S. S. to-day and begin the right treatment for skin diseases. Then write for free medical advice about your own case. Address Chief Medical Advisor, 107 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.—(Adv.)

Court House

In the case of Davis R. Reed versus W. Y. Richardson and U. J. Lehman, the circuit court has decreed that the plaintiffs are entitled to title and possession of lot 1, Elderbrook tracts, Marion county, and that the defendants are enjoined and restrained from asserting any right, title or interest to the premises. Each party to the suit will pay his own costs.

In the case of Claude Cole vs T. B. Dean, the court has overruled the amended complaint.

Russell Smith, administrator of the estate of Emily M. Smith, has filed his final account and has selected the Turner Tribune to notify the public from a legal standpoint regarding

the final disposition of Salem property. He has a balance of \$81.29 as hand according to his report. The estate included a valuable lot in the best residence district of Salem.

Peter Irmen, administrator of the estate of Mary Irmen has reported to the county court the sale of four lots in Butteville for \$300. He reports that he has offered the lots for sale several times but could get no bidders and that the offer of \$500 by Henry Tauf-fest was the best he could get. The lots were sold March 31.

The Willamette sanatorium has been paid a claim of \$431.05 in the settlement of the estate of Henry Frey and wife who died about a year ago at the sanatorium from trichinosis. The guardian of the minor children, who are now with relatives in California, reports the expenditure of \$903.65 during the past six months, which includes the \$431.05 paid the sanatorium.

There Is Always a Reason Why Business Is Good

On this case the reason is that we are satisfying the public both in quality, materials and prices. Its a well known fact that made-to-order clothing is more serviceable and for that reason they are more economical. We have a world of woollens to choose from and the material and fit is guaranteed.

SCOTCH WOOLEN MILLS STORE

TODAY -- TOMORROW
FRANK KEENAN
in
"THE MIDNIGHT STAGE"
CHARLEY CHAPLIN
in
"THE BANK"
Tonight only--MISS LILLIAN DREW--One of the "Miner Girls" will sing.
The OREGON