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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

WAR BONDS AND GOOD TIMES.

"If the Fifth Liberty loan is sold to all the people, we will have good times. If workers or buyers hold back and force the loan upon the banks, we will have dull times."

This statement, made by the head of one of the big Victory loan committees, hits the nail on the head.

The reasoning is simple enough. The bonds will have to be taken by somebody—the government has already spent nearly all the money, and must have it to maintain the credit and honor of the nation and to pay further war bills. If the people don't take the bonds, the banks will have to take them. The banks can do it if necessary, but that would tie up so much of their funds that they would have little money left to advance to businessmen for purposes of general industry and trade. Such a tightening of credit would mean hard times.

Times are a little dull now, at least in some sections of the country. Nobody wants them to grow any duller. The way to assure good times is for everybody—rich and poor and in between—to buy bonds as we bought them when the war was at its height.

Somehow, in spite of all his talk about "betraying France" and forsaking Italy, its pretty hard for an American to see why the United States should aid and abet our Allies in annexing territory that is not French or Italian. We are not in the business of "bartering peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty."

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

NOAH'S ARK.

It is hard to write a packet of the verse that man enjoys, when the house is full of racket, full of fifty kinds of noise. Oh, the boys and girls assemble in the shack wherein I dwell, making that old structure tremble, while they whoop around and yell. Then I think of Father Noah and his cargo in the ark, of his warthog and his boar, and his large man eating shark. I appreciate his feelings while he tried to do his chores, 'mid the yappings and the squealings and the whinnings and roars. When he tried to give instructions to his helpers, Shem and Ham, some old bull was raising ructions, scrapping with the South-down ram. It is strange that Father Noah found an hour in which to sleep while he steered his air cooled proa o'er the wide and wailing deep. For the horses all were neighing and he heard hyenas croon, and the mules were doubtless braying, all their voices out of tune; and the roosters did their crowing, just as though they were on land, and the cows were bawling, lowing, in a style to beat the band. Yet there is no record written that old Noah made a scene, even when his leg was bitten by a mangy wolverine. And if he could do his choring with those critters all around, I have no excuse for roaring at a little vagrant sound.

ARARAT AND THE LEAGUE.

Why not choose Mount Ararat, now the center of the Armenian republic, as a seat for the League of Nations? Its history is suggestive.

It was on its summit that Noah's faithful dove displayed that olive leaf, first emblem of peace returning to a storm-tossed world.

Upon its top the Ark with its motley crew came to rest, and there began the re-adjusting of family and political life, doubtless with many a sacrifice of individual sovereignty for the sake of longevity.

Undoubtedly Ararat should be the seat of the League. Should Armenia become a mandating protegee of America, that would mean American jurisdiction for the League capital—an honor which should appeal to every patriot.

And think of the joy of the anti-saloon league at such a consummation! For has not Ararat come down to us through all the ages, praised and remembered because out of all the submerged world, it alone was dry territory.

Some of the heirs are bringing suit to break the will of the late Portland publisher, H. L. Pittock, who left an estate valued at nearly \$8,000,000. And whether the will is broken or not the lawyers and judges will see to it that the estate is pretty generally distributed before they let go. As a method of distribution of large accumulations of property litigation has the inheritance tax beaten beyond comparison.

The house famine is becoming very acute in Salem. Many families find it impossible to locate here because there is no place for them to live. Possibly the quickest and most feasible solution of the trouble would be the building of more modern apartment houses. For a city of its size Salem has very few apartments for rent at any time.

If that whippet tank was as uncertain and unreliable in its movements during the war as it has been on its trip through Oregon no wonder the Germans were panic-stricken. It must always have taken them by surprise.

The New York World complains because "John Armstrong Chaloner is sane in Virginia and insane in New York." That's nothing. Nearly everybody, however sane he may be elsewhere, goes crazy in New York.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

LORRAINE DASHES BAB'S HOPES OF SOCIAL SUCCESS.

CHAPTER LX.

With an ornish almost staggering, all my doubts which had so long lain quiet came back to me.

"Shady characters, undesirable acquaintances," Lorraine had called them. I could not very well refute her when I, his wife, had refused to receive them. How ignorant I was of society is apparent in the fact that I had never thought that Nell's peculiar business methods might frustrate my social ambitions. He had money. That was all that was required of him, so I imagined. I would do the rest. And now this!

"You must know if this is so, Bab, even if you do not know much of his affairs. Does he ever bring such men home with him?"

"No—not now."

"Why—not now?"

"Because I refused to receive them."

"I see—then it is true—an or it, I am afraid."

"For heaven's sake, Lorraine, say what you have to say and be done with it!" I cried in desperation. I felt as if a hand had clutched my heart. Yet I would not believe it as bad as Lorraine had hinted. She was a natural gossip—she exaggerated.

"Well Bab, I will! It is the only way. I am more sorry for you than I can say, more than sorry that I encouraged you to think you could make a social

success. I am sure, however, that it is of no use for you to go on. You have a lovely home, but the people you have planned to entertain will not visit you—I am afraid," she stopped. I waited in silence. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"Don't be afraid of hurting me, Lorraine. Go on, tell me all you have heard."

"I want you to know it will make no slightest difference in me, in our friendship. You do know that, don't you, Bab?"

I nodded.

"But it is common rumor. A friend of my father's came to him about it because I have been with you so much. This man said that your husband's business methods are 'unsound'—that's a father's word. This friend feared your husband would try to get my father interested in some of his schemes, and came to warn him. Father is getting old"—she said apologetically—"and is easily influenced. We haven't any money to spare, you know. Then he also told father that Mr. Forbes was constantly seen with men of no standing, and that Mr. Forbes himself was suspected of being—well—not—strictly honest; that no man could make money as fast as he made it, live at the rate you lived, and do it honestly—without misrepresenting things, and promoting schemes which would not stand daylight." She stopped a minute. Then:

"Most of what I have said, Bab, is quoted. You wanted to know, so I told you. The man who told father is Mr. Powers."

I almost groaned. Mrs. Powers had been the woman whom I most desired to know.

"There is one other thing I am going to tell you," she went on: "Perhaps I shouldn't—but I think you ought to know it: Mr. Forbes makes a rendezvous of Blanche Orton's home. He takes men there—perhaps the very ones you have refused to receive. They gamble and drink, and incidentally put over these big deals by which your husband makes so much money. Blanche has been so terribly smudged because of it—although she never cut any ice socially. I liked her, and enjoyed her conversation. But since Orton died she has become almost too unconvivial even for me."

"And you think it is no use to go on as we had planned?" I spoke now of an entertainment for charity with which we had decided to make my first plunge into society. I was in throw upon my lovely new home for the purpose.

"Absolutely not! You would only be humiliated. Enjoy your home with your family and those whom you already know, and who are not critical. But, under the circumstances, do not attempt the impossible."

We were interrupted by the butler. He brought me a telegram from Nell: "Have been called out of town. Back Friday." It was Monday.

(To Be Continued.)



Keep Fit

TO be in perfect physical condition, to be well and strong, to have energy and vigor—to keep fit—is the joy as well as the duty of every person.

If you want to keep fit, don't neglect the first symptom of kidney trouble. Act promptly at the first sign of puffiness under eyes, floating specks, backache, pain in sides, swollen or stiff joints, rheumatic pains.

Deranged kidneys fail to do their work properly, and as a result waste and poisonous matter is permitted to pollute the blood stream instead of being expelled from the system.

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Col. F. P. Coburn, Erie, Pa., writes: "As a physician I am not prone to the use of drugs, but I must say that I have been forced to yield in favor of Foley Kidney Pills which have done me so much good. I cannot recommend them too highly. I think you for the results derived."

J. C. Perry's

Lachmund

(Capital Journal Special Service.)

Lachmund, Or., April 17.—William Bunting, who has been stopping at the home of R. R. Ryne for the past two or three months thinks he will go to Ohio in a very short time to make a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jackson of Oregon City and two children visited at the home of Mrs. Poorman's last Friday night, returning to Oregon City Saturday. They are thinking of going to Colorado to make that place their home.

Miss Melvina Gilbert is enjoying the company of her brother, who has just come from Seattle and is spending a few days with his aunt, Mrs. R. R. Ryne.

Don't forget the big social at Auburn the 18th.

There is to be a social at the Auburn school house next Friday night, the 18th. The school is to have a big social all in one—a pie social, a box social and also ice cream. Be sure to come and get all you can eat and find out what good cooks Auburn has got. Everybody invited.

Mrs. Rossman had for guests last Saturday Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Martin and Miss Ruby Lister from Turner.

Mr. Rossman's brother-in-law, Mr. Ira Biewecker and daughter, Mrs. Florence Ball, of Amboy, Washington, stopped at Salem on their way to Eugene and Condon looking after business.

Mr. Rossman has had a little fun lately catching his horses. He left them standing in the barnyard without being fastened up so they took a notion for some exercise and ran away, flew over the big gate at the barnyard, the big sley staying with them until it got caught under a bridge. The team ran on down to E. P. Mills' place and went in and waited for their master to come and take them home. Mr. Ryne had a new bridge to build and Mr. Rossman will be out about \$10 on harness repair.

Miss Fay Bun of Salem spent Tuesday night with Miss Della Mills.

Mr. Short and son are shearing Charley Wilson's sheep and goats.

We understand that C. A. Callis is to move over near the Rickey school house.

D.D.D.

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We have witnessed such remarkable results with this soothing wash of oils that we offer you a bottle on the guarantee that unless it does the same for you, it costs you not a cent. 50c. and \$1.00.

J. C. Perry's.

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Yes—this is the shoe that gives you "Extra service every step—comfort every minute." Why? Because it is built right to start with! Our first consideration has always been to put into every Buckhecht Army Shoe: best material, wholehearted workmanship and lasting value.

It is significant that the Buckhecht Army Shoe is worn by thousands of men in all walks of life. They have come to appreciate its yielding comfort, its velvety feel, its wear-resisting qualities. And so will you—once you treat your feet to Buckhecht Army Shoes.

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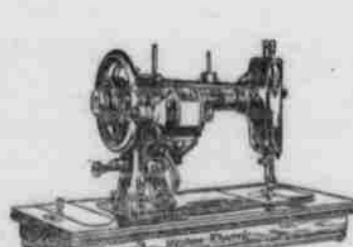
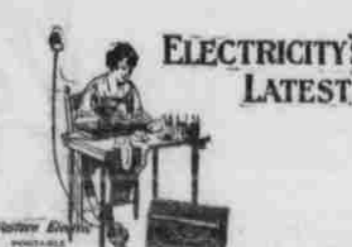
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Scotch Woolen Mills

Store is one of quality and popularity in Salem in State Street "Made to Order Clothing" Salem, Ore.



Little But--- Oh, My

The picture above is that of a complete electric sewing machine. Just see how compact it is, and how easily it can be moved about. Can be set on any table, even the dining room table, as it has rubber "feet." You are not confined to one room to do your sewing. You can even put one of these machines in your auto and take it with you to your "sewing circle."

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