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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

DOGS AND CHILDREN.

Once more an alarm is sounded concerning the moral status of American womanhood and the sequent perils to the nation. Says the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner of New York City.

"American women like dogs better than children. I suppose, after all, it is better for them to pet dogs than to do something worse. But if the stabilizing influence of the home continues to be destroyed at the rate of today, the Bolsheviks will get us."

Much ado about pretty nearly nothing, as usual! The reverend gentleman must be given credit for having the courage of his convictions, inasmuch as he made these remarks before a congress of women. But that doesn't make his convictions any the more convincing.

"American women like dogs better than children"—how often that stale charge has been sounded in the ears of a long-suffering public! Very likely it is true of a lot of women the reverend doctor sees parading along Fifth Avenue. But one feels like taking him gently and firmly by the lapel of his ministerial coat and informing him that Fifth Avenue is not the United States.

How many American women like dogs better than children? Put it to any group of Americans, male or female, in any city, town or village in the United States. Answer it yourself. It doesn't need answering. The woman who would rather pet a poodle dog than cuddle a baby is of course no more typical of American women in general than the town drunkard is typical of American men.

How fortunate is the West in having as one of its representatives in congress a man so well informed as Senator Miles Poindexter, of Washington, who tells us that it will be months before the peace with Germany is finally signed, that it will take at least three months more for the Paris conference to complete the pact and that President Wilson will not be able to remain abroad until the Germans have signed the treaty. And how willing is he to give the poor, misguided American public the benefit of the knowledge he has so accurately acquired 7,000 miles from the scene of action.

The Victory bond campaign is not over because the banks have underwritten Salem's quota. That is simply a guarantee on their part that our people are going to do their part and in turn the confidence of the banks in the public spirit of the community should be shown not to have been misplaced. The bond subscription books will be open at all the city banks Monday and it is expected that just as many persons will subscribe as if the soliciting committee were out.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

SPRING DOPE.

Now that spring, so blithe and merry, spreads its rugs of living grass, from the learned apothecary we must buy some sassafras. Four our blood is coursing slowly after winter's longdrawn games, and a lot of boils unholy soon will break out on our frames; and we'll have a bilious fever and a lot of other ills, and old Death will swing his cleaver if we don't buy yarbs and pills. Oh, the druggist smiles and whistles, as he labors all alone, as he boils a lot of thistles, for this season is his own; he is brewing tea of tansy and of liverwort and leeks, flavored with a dash of pansy, and he chortles when he speaks. In the cure of ailments chronic our learned pharmacist delights; he is mixing up a tonic for our livers and our lights. For our blood is slow and sluggish, and we're breaking out with rash, and for potions dire and druggish we must blow our surplus cash. And we need a hair restorer and an eye-wash for our glims; dope to stop the elm tree borer, which is threatening our limbs. So we see the druggist wrestle, back of his prescription case, with his mortar and his pestle, making dope to save the race.

GOOD SENSE FROM KANSAS.

The governor of Kansas, in a recent letter written in reply to an appeal for his support of a certain policy, expressed sentiments commingling common sense and patriotism in a manner worth repeating. Part of his letter is as follows:

"I am unable to agree to assist any body of men to trade upon the misery of this world for their own enrichment. This is a peculiar hour. Because of the waste of energy in destruction and the devastation of the war, half the population of the world has suffered from underproduction. Much of the suffering still endures.

"That any body or group of men should, so suddenly after the conclusion of the war and while the world is still grappling with the tremendous shortage of staple commodities, begin a deliberate organization to retard production, is unspeakable. It is one of those distressing incidents which show how easily men in their greed forget the lessons which should have been learned along the pathway of suffering and common sacrifice."

The occasion for the message is of less importance than the message itself. The hour is indeed peculiar. Nothing but the strictest observance of the highest principles of patriotism and humanity can restore the world to normal. Governor Allen's ringing words merit wider hearing than was his intention when he wrote them.

The Roosevelt highway bill authorizes the issue of bonds to the amount of \$2,500,000 for the purpose of constructing the Roosevelt Highway along the coast of Oregon, upon the condition, however, that the federal government appropriate an equal amount for the same purpose. If the government fails to do this, then no part of these bonds can be issued by the state, and if the federal government does appropriate a like amount for this purpose it will give to the state of Oregon all the advantages of this road at a cost of 50 cents on the dollar. The auto license fees already provided by law will be sufficient to not only pay all the principal and all the interest on the present bonds of the state and those now authorized to be issued, but will also pay the principal and interest of these bonds and several million dollars worth more if needed. The bill will be voted upon at the special election in June.

A writer in the "Open Forum" department today wants to know if the columns of the Capital Journal will be open for discussion of the road bond issue on either side. Certainly anyone who writes an article, not too long, on any subject of public interest and is willing himself to stand back of the views expressed will always get a hearing in this paper. We do not, however, care for anonymous communications and have little respect for them.

A good many partisan editors who do not like the politics of the present secretary of war, profess to believe that military offenders should be tried by a jury of newspaper editors and political demagogues who would side where the largest number of votes might be influenced.

Coffee is soon to become the national drink of this country, so the traders in that beverage are asserting. But if that should be the case how long before there will be a prohibition movement directed against the health-destroying habit?

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

A CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATION.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

When I asked Mr. Frederick what he thought of Blanche Orton my heart seemed to almost stop beating so anxiously did I wait his reply. Would he think that she and Neil—

"Mrs. Orton is hard up. She is the kind of woman we see occasionally in the west," he interrupted my thoughts. "She is hard as nails, too clever to be wicked, knowing she is not, caring nothing what people say—at least I judge she does not."

"No, she never did! Even when Mr. Orton was alive. But then people simply smiled at her actions; now they talk."

"I see. I know very little of society folks. I know a good woman when I see her, and an honest man. I know, too, a clever woman like this Mrs. Orton. How long have your husband and his friends been going there?"

"A long time—nearly six or eight months. Ever since I refused to entertain those men here. I did wrong, didn't I?"

"That's a question I can't answer. You certainly could not entertain that bunch of Mrs. Orton's last night. Whether you could have prevented Forbes from getting mixed up with some of them if you had allowed a few like Scott to come here, I don't know. I doubt it, however. And it is too late to think of that. I would rather lose every dollar I have in the world than see you making free with those people I was with last night."

"You are so good to me, I don't see why?" I murmured, all the time knowing what he cared for me. Then before he could answer my tactless question I asked another: "How can Blanche Orton endure them? She is educated, accomplished, dignified. As I spoke I remembered what she had said about resting so she would be at her best when she was going to be bored. "If she wasn't all those things she wouldn't be the kind of a woman who

could help in promoting. Add to what you have said, cleverness, need of money love of luxury, and you have the typical woman aid to any promoter."

"Then you think that?"
"That you have come to fear her?"
"Reading my thoughts uncharitably. I do not think so—not in the way you mean. She is fascinating, and very beautiful. But a man with a wife like you would hardly allow himself to be duped by a woman of her type. Then too when men and women are in any sort of business deals, either honest or dishonest, they seldom have love affairs also. They don't go together. I would not worry about that phase of the matter if I were you."

I was so relieved I sighed audibly. This man's plain common sense view of the matter had taken away the jealousy I felt—at least for the present.

"Then you think that what Mr. Powers and others said is true? That Neil, Mr. Forbes is not quite—honest?" My face burned as I put the question, yet I must know.

"I am afraid that all his schemes won't stand daylight as I said. He can't be entirely ignorant of the fact, as he is the brains of all the things he goes into. There are usually three or four types in all promoting outfits. The society man, or the man with education and appearance, the bluff common man, whose very bluntness causes confidence, the politician often, and either some woman like this Mrs. Orton or another man who is equally clever at entertaining. Wine and women sometimes play a big part if the deal is crooked."

"Do they blame Neil for being so—I was going to say generous, but instead I changed it to 'extravagant'?"
"For this?" I gestured to include house, everything.
"Yes. They say he uses other people's money to live as you do, instead of trying to make them the profits he promises. I am sorry. But I must tell you the truth."
"No wonder Lorraine—and you al-

SPRING

Way out yonder where the mountains
Lifts its grandeur towards the sky,
Where the song birds thrill in rapture
As they race with clouds on high;
Where a fringe of ranged pine trees
Like a trimming ever cling
To the raiment of the canyon
Dressed so gorgeously for spring;
Where the dog-wood blossoms trolle
With the gypsy winds that stray—
Oh, the luring woods are calling,
Calling all the live-long day!
Trees are slowly donning verdure,
Bushes wait and watch the sun;
Thickets huddle up together,
Dressing only just begun;
Smiles in oozy softness amble
'Cross the pathway, towards the light,
And the lilies, all a-rumble,
Dot the landscape, purple, white;
And the little creek goes cooing
On its way in merry glee—
Oh, the woods keep calling, calling,
All day long, to harass me!
Like a call my work hangs o'er me,
Piling all my days with gloom,
While each woodland fairy beckons
With a little wild Scotch bloom.
—GRACE E. HALL.

OVER THE TOP AND PAY!

Over the top they went and won;
Home they're coming today.
Safe from the foe they made you here,
OVER THE TOP AND PAY!

Hungry and cold and wet they fought—
All in the work of the day.
Little you know of the courage fierce!
OVER THE TOP AND PAY!

Some of them blinded, gassed and lame;
Brand of the bloody fray.
Heroes, with wound stripes earned for you,
OVER THE TOP AND PAY!

Scorn and contempt they'll have for you
If slackers you are today,
Bone of their bone and blood of their blood,
OVER THE TOP AND PAY!

Here and abroad they are watching you;
Soldiers of U. S. A.
They draft YOU now for the Victory Loan!
OVER THE TOP AND PAY!
—PORTLAND TELEGRAM.

TURNER NEWS

Ed Hoffman, of Stayton, who will run the engine at the Miller sawmill, has moved his family to the mill site, a house having been erected for their occupancy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitehead, Mrs. William Butzke, Mrs. Esther Neil, G. W. Farris and wife, and J. E. Yarris and wife attended Pomona grange in Salem Wednesday. A good time was had and the dinner was simply grand.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Farris have received word that their son, Grant Farris, who has been in camp in Virginia, has received his discharge and was married a few days ago. They expect him home within a short time.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Monday, April 12, 1919 a son, weighing 10½ lbs. All concerned doing nicely and Bert is now making his mail route an hour ahead of schedule time. The young man was named Phillip McKay.

We have in our possession a copy of the census of Turner taken on June 29, 1889, by George L. Cornelius and Dr. W. C. Smith. The list contains the names of 100 persons who feasted here at that time.—Tribune.

so, discouraged my social plans."
"You are young, just put them off a while. I must go now. I shall be in town a few days. I am going to talk with your husband like a Dutch uncle, as we say. Then I will tell you of a plan I have."

"You are the only real friend I have in the world!" I said impulsively, giving him both my hands. He drew me to him, kissed me on my forehead, as he might have kissed a child, then left without another word.
(Tomorrow—Sad, Disturbing Thoughts—Follow)

THE MEN IN CLASS A1

A sound, healthy man is never a back number. A man can be as vigorous and able at seventy as at twenty. Condition, not years, puts you in the discard. A system weakened by overwork and careless living brings old age prematurely. The bodily functions are impaired and unpleasant symptoms appear. The weak spot is generally the kidneys. Keep them clean and in proper working condition and you will generally find yourself in Class A. Take GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules periodically and your system will always be in working order. Your spirits will be elevated, your muscles supple, your mind active, and your body capable of hard work.
Don't wait until you have been rejected. Commence to be a first-class man now. Go to your druggist at once. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules. They are made of the pure, original, imported Harlem Oil—the kind your great-grandfather used. Two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Money refunded if they do not help you. Remember to ask for the imported GOLD MEDAL Brand. In three sizes, -sized packages.

PIONEER FARM HOME BURNS

The pioneer home of E. B. Patton situated in the Waido hills about three and one-half miles east of Macy was entirely consumed by fire Saturday, April 12. The fire is thought to have started from a defective fuse and well under way when discovered by Mrs. Amort, wife of the man who works for Mr. Patton. As soon as Mrs. Amort discovered the fire she immediately turned in the alarm by phone. The neighbors from surrounding country hastened to the scene of the conflagration but the fire had gained such rapid headway that it was beyond control of all human help. The rescuing party immediately turned their attention to the saving of household goods and succeeded in saving most of the contents of the home.
Mr. Patton and Mr. Amort were in the field when the fire started and knew nothing of the unfortunate affair until the home was almost consumed. Mr. Patton's home was one of the last of the pioneer homes and is said to have been built over fifty years ago, and was prized very highly by Mr. Patton who never left the dear old home until the home left him.—Silverton Tribune.

Thirteen alien slackers of Astoria were deprived of their right to secure citizenship papers Monday by Judge Sakin.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

have a well deserved reputation as a safe and effective remedy for stomach ailments. They are

Quickly

helpful in bilious attacks, sick headache, dyspepsia, heartburn and constipation. They act gently and surely on the organs of elimination, purify the blood, tone the system and very quickly

Strengthen Digestion

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

COMFORT.

THIS is something that ladies appreciate in a bank they do business with—quite as much as the conveniences afforded. We have made the United States National bank as comfortable as anyone could wish for. A special room for ladies is one of the advantages provided.

Our Safe Deposit Boxes provide assurance against loss of all kinds of valuable papers.



United States National Bank
Salem Oregon

"It's A Long, Long Trail"

America must finish head up; she must clear to the last dollar every debt she incurred. The money from the Victory Liberty loan will pay the bills.

Those having bonds and that feel they cannot hold them, who would rather have furniture and rugs instead, we would say we will take them in exchange at par. We are free to say: "Hold them if you can", but if you must sell and need house furnishings, bring them to us.

Those window shades in all the staple colors with a number one spring roller, and good quality cloth material at 68 cents each, are a bargain. See us on shades before buying. When you come here for an advertised article, we are not "just sold out", but here's something at a higher price that's better. We have what we advertise.

Yes, we still have a good assortment of patterns in the four-yard wide linoleum for most rooms. This width will fill without a seam, making it ideal when it comes to cleaning. No chance for water to get under. When this stock is gone we cannot sell the same quality bought today for at least twenty cents per yard more. Moral: BUY NOW.

Yes, it's a long, long trail from Yonkers New York, where the Smiths rugs are made, or from Worcester, Mass., where the Whittals rugs are made. A nice assortment from each of these factories are on the "trail," and in a few days will be on our sales-floor.

CHAMBERS AND CHAMBERS

467 Court Street