

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

## The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 138 S. Commercial St. OREGON

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, by Carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c  
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .35c

### FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

### FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building  
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building

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 21 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

## PROSPERITY DUE NEXT MONTH.

All winter and spring business prophets have been forecasting good times to come throughout the entire country "before long" or "when the reconstruction period is over." Now comes one of them and assigns a definite date to the expected boom. He is Richard Spillane, a responsible writer on business and finance, and he says the stage is now all set and the actors are ready for a great revival of the wonder play, "Prosperity," and it is to open in May.

"Nothing but a wholly unexpected and malign development can postpone it," he says.

He finds signs pointing to a flood of business for the basic steel industry that will test the capacity of furnaces and mills. There will be heavy demand equally at home and abroad. The farm industry, bigger still, and still more promising; the wheat crop will be "monumental," and the money return to the producers "unparalleled," and that money will circulate through the whole business system giving life to every part of it.

With steel and agriculture prosperous, everything will follow. Builders have been hesitant, but architects and engineers have been busier than ever with their plans, and construction along many lines will soon start with a rush.

The signing of the peace treaty, which now seems destined to occur in May, will be the "start" signal.

Many of us have been worrying about the unemployment problem. This expert gives it as his sober judgment that "it will not be surprising, if within the next three months, the practical trouble in America should be the shortage of labor."

## A CONSTRUCTIVE PUNISHMENT.

A California wrong-doer has recently been sentenced to five years of good citizenship, which is another way of saying he has been put on probation. The judge decided in favor of leniency because the offender, through all his shiftless wanderings and crimes, never failed to provide for his aged and dependent mother. That tie looked like one which might lead him back to a useful, law-abiding life.

For five years this man must not leave the two counties in which his home and work lie; he must not renew associations with the evil companions under whose influence he had fallen; he must not drink, gamble or in any way indulge in avoidable idleness; he must report to the probation officer once a month. The oddest thing about the sentence is that the man must advance \$25 out of his first earnings in a steady job to be held as part of a reward for his apprehension should he fail to live up to

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

### OUR GOVERNMENT.

Our old government's respected by all people who are sane; here the worker is protected in whatever he may gain, and the fellow who is thrifty may neck deep in comfort wade, have possessions rich and nifty, and enjoy them undismayed. There's no country short of heaven with a government so slick that it has not fifty-seven kinds of flaws for fools to pick. And there'll never be a nation with a government great that it gets no condemnation from the pessimistic skate. Here the chap who's law abiding has no fetters on his shank; in his jitney he goes riding, taking bundles to the bank. While he pays his yearly taxes he's secure in all he owns, and he needs no battle axes to protect his stack of bones. So I think the noisy rotters who don't like our kind of rule, should be shipped across the waters till their fevered spirits cool. In the olden times enchanted we could laugh at all their froth; in the olden times they ranted, but they couldn't cut a swath. Now we know there's deadly danger in the rotter's fierce harangue; therefore let us swat the stranger who talks treason to the gang.

his probation rules or try to escape from the court's jurisdiction.

If the man has the good stuff in him on which the judge is counting, this unusual sentence offers him every chance to make good. After five years of honest, industrious living he ought to have discovered how much happier and easier it is to be a good citizen than a bad one. He will be further along on the road to self-respecting independence than he would have been if he had served a prison term, and he will have cost the state practically nothing for his keep and guarding.

Joseph R. Bowles, president of the Northwest Steel Company, of Portland, is in possession of a full-sized grouch. He told a conference of shipbuilders, in that city, according to the Oregonian, that the Portland plants would probably have to shut down next October, throwing many men out of employment, unless President Wilson took an interest in keeping the mgoing, and this he probably would not do until after the peace treaty had been signed. Bowles, therefore, contended that all the blame should rest upon the president if the industry should close—and Mr. Bowles and other beneficiaries of the gigantic shipbuilding graft would have to engage in some legitimate business or work. Mr. Bowles and his kind profess to believe that the government ought to keep up the shipyard graft, where men are overpaid and at the same time taught to shirk, and material is bought for fabulous prices in order that the builders' 10 per cent profits, guaranteed by the government, may grow beyond all reason. Bowles naturally wants that system continued, and the Oregonian, which demands investigation of all other branches of war work, is afraid to have the probe directed toward the greatest graft of all—the shipyards of Portland and other northwest cities. If shipbuilding is to continue it ought to be as a legitimate industry the workers who dodged into it to escape the draft, as well as the capitalists who robbed the treasury in the name of patriotism ought to be driven out of it. The shipyards are the blackest spots in the war record of this country.

A Seattle local of the boilermakers union has decided to agitate for a six-hour day in the shipyards. Like as not, loafing eight hours a day in one small shipyard does get irksome, but we can well imagine that the Seattle employers will relieve them of that responsibility about the time the proposed "agitation" starts.

It appears that "booze" is not the only thing that does not mix well with gasoline. A party of young joyriders Sunday ran down and killed an aged man near Tigard because the driver was paying more attention to the girl beside him than to the road ahead.

The Oregonian asserts that the Capital Journal is criticizing that paper and Senator Chamberlain. Don't that pair look queer yoked up together in politics?

Well, the Monroe Doctrine has been adopted by the League, but the Japanese orphan seems to have few friends.

The former kaiser's expenses are now said to be about \$1000 a week. Not heavy—as compared with what he has cost the rest of the world.

Korea wishes to be known as a Christian nation, but if she wants peace maybe she had better stick to heathenism.

Have you noticed that the Saar valley is already being spelled "Sarre" The French have a way with them!

## THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL'S AUNT IS TO VISIT THEM  
LATHER INOPPORTUNELY.

### CHAPTER LXXVII.

Was Neil's conscience troubling him that he was so impatient now-a-days he never used to be so. This occurred to me when I left him in the library I felt disappointed that he would not talk to me. Ever since his western trip he had refused to really talk of anything with me. Yet in spite of the disappointment I was happier because Mr. Frederick had been with him. I wondered what he had said to Neil; if he had told him of what was going on concerning his business; if he had advised him—offered to help him get straightened out! Somehow I felt sure he could make everything come right—if only Neil would let him.

I gave the bills I had laid upon the desk only a fleeting thought. I had spent so much money, run such big bills without a suspicion of a doubt that it was the right thing for me to do that they seemed of little consequence. What mattered was Neil. If by being associated with men of "shady character" his business was ruined, his character assailed, he must dissociate himself from them. Of course, regardless of what even Mr. Frederick had told me, Neil had been led astray by these men. They were all older than he, most of them much older. He was full of enthusiasm, anxious not only to make money, but to prove his ability in the business world. Really even now I cannot but think he cared more for that than for the money. He loved flattery especially in regard to his cleverness in outstripping others financially. I had been so proud of him that I had fed his vanity lavishly ever since I married him. Others had also—until lately. I was rather anxious too because his

aunt, Mrs. Carter, who lived next or at home had written she was coming to pay us a visit. I knew how strictly economical she was, how little she thought or cared for show of any kind. I wondered if she would be inquisitive and if she would either hear or guess at the reports concerning Neil.

When I read her letter to Neil he looked anything but pleased.

"It's rather a bore having her just now," he said, "but I suppose there is no help for it. If I hadn't visited her I never should have met you, and she was awfully good to me then. I wish she had selected some other time though—there are a lot of men in town that I must spend a good deal of time with. I am afraid she will feel I am neglecting her. You must take her around a lot, and ask some people here to meet her to make up for my inability to do much to entertain her."

I thought of this also while I sat in my room until dinner should be announced, and while Neil rested in the library. I also hated to have her come. Of course I should take her out, the theatre, etc. But I would ask no one to meet her save Lorraine and Mrs. Price, a plain sort of a woman about Mrs. Carter's age. A woman who had a good social position, but no money to speak of and who always accepted invitations where she thought she would have a good meal.

Mrs. Carter was coming the next day but one. I MUST talk things over with Neil before she arrived. I should go and if I had to go on feeling, thinking as I did for another week or two.

"Do you feel rested?" I asked when dinner was announced, and he rushed upstairs to freshen up a little. "Don't hurry so, the dinner can wait a moment."

"I feel a lot better! I must have

2:15-4 P. M. **NOW** 7:15-9 P. M.



This is an actual scene from the play

The entire nation applauds this marvelous production, the greatest in all moving picture history

Unanimous, unparalleled praise from newspapers critics and public has greeted "The Heart of Humanity"—the picture that will live forever—in every city or town where it has played. All unite in acclaiming it as the most absorbing, finest, biggest photodrama which the screen has seen.

Never has there been a drama like this—a picture that thrills you, heart and soul—a mighty story of the love that passeth all understanding—love of man and wife, love of child, love of country and our beloved flag, love of humanity. Take your whole family without fail and see the most absolutely beautiful, wonderful drama ever given the American people.

## DOROTHY PHILLIPS

In Allen Holubar's Super-Production

## "The HEART of HUMANITY"

The Picture That Will Live Forever

Direct from its sensational run in New York

- "Spectators thrilled to it with enthusiasm." —New York Herald
- "A tremendous picture." —Town Topics
- "The Broadway Theatre was packed to overflowing by an audience that never missed a thrill nor skipped a dramatic sensation." —N. Y. Morning Telegraph
- "A distinct achievement in motion picture creation." —New York Times



[ The OREGON ]

dropped off to sleep as soon as you came up stairs. What have you been doing sitting here in the dark? Until he spoke of it I had not realized that I had not switched on the lights.

left the printer today. It contains the minority report dissenting from the proposal to try the former kaiser. Thirty-two classes of crimes are listed, specific instances of each being given, together with the authority.

When your nerves are all on edge and sleep seems out of the question take—at bedtime—one or two **BEECHAM'S PILLS**

## THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THREE WEEKS

After the long winter months too much rich food and too little exercise, practically everyone feels the necessity for a good spring tonic and blood purifier. The very best spring medicine you can take is the best of tonic laxatives—

**CELERY KING**  
Three times a week for three weeks, brew a cup of this purely vegetable laxative tea and drink it just before retiring. Gently, yet effectively, it will drive out all impurities and not only make you feel better, but look better, right away, giving you a sweet breath clear skin and a healthy appetite.

RESPONSIBILITY REPORT—  
COMPRISING SIXTY-FIVE PAGES  
Paris, April 23—(United Press)—The official report of the responsibilities commission, comprising sixty-five pages,

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