

CHARLES H. FISHER
Editor and Publisher

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

SATURDAY EVENING
May 2, 1914

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 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 81 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

OPEN DIPLOMACY AT LAST.

Premier Orlando was offended not so much by what President Wilson said about Italy's claims as by the fact that he said it right out in public.

It was an "address to the nations outside of the governments which represent them." And this thing of "addressing nations directly," complained Orlando, "surely constitutes an innovation in international relations."

It surely does. And Americans, whatever their attitude toward President Wilson may be, feel like thanking God for it. Here at last is "open diplomacy" of a sort which the world expected from the Paris peace conference, and which until now it has not obtained.

The Italian controversy is dragged into the light of day instead of being hushed up and glassed over. President Wilson, unable to break the deadlock with the Italian government, appeals over its head to the Italian people, and at the same time to the people of his own country and every other country concerned. Premier Orlando is compelled to reply in like manner.

It hardly seems possible that the Italian public has really understood the issues involved; the selfish nature of the claims made in their behalf and their inconsistency with the profession of the Allies and the general peace conference program. The carrying of the argument into the newspapers should prove illuminating to them, and the influence of public opinion in other lands is bound to make itself felt. The nations, who are a great deal more important than the statesmen representing them, and who, as the president has often said, are the real masters of the peace conference are now let into the game. Once in they will see that it is played squarely.

Most of the big troubles of this conference have resulted from its weak reversion to the secret diplomacy of old. Let us hope that Premier Orlando is right when he expresses the fear "that this new custom constitutes the granting to nations of larger participation in international questions," and that such participation will be "the harbinger of a new order of things."

For America is not afraid of this new, crude, democratic diplomacy. America "eats it alive." And Americans are satisfied that only by such open dealing can the affairs of the tangled world be straightened out.

There is going to be some enlightening information served out to a few wilful gentlemen in the United States senate in the returns from the popular balloting on the League of Nations, which is to be held in fifteen states within the next two months under the auspices of the League to Enforce Peace.

Every one of the belligerents has been enthusiastic about applying the principle of self-determination—to itself.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

ENJOYING LIFE.

It is good to save some plunder, save a part of all we earn, so that when we're old as thunder we may have some coin to burn. Oh, it makes a man disgusted when his age is eighty-nine, and he finds himself so busted that he cannot buy a shine. But to save like some blamed miser I consider vain and wrong; blowing in some coin is wiser, for a man is dead so long. This old world's a thing of beauty, but it soon will pass away, so when we have done our duty, we should go ahead and play. When we've earned our daily wages we should be for pleasure strong; for the prophets and the sages say the dead are dead so long. Let's be happy while we're living, happy in no selfish way, but a friendly handout giving to the more unlucky jay; let's do something for the heathen, make their lives one grand sweet song, and be happy while we're breathin', for we'll all be dead so long. Let's support all worthy causes, help when ills demand a cure, and be smiling Santa Clauses, when we go among the poor; let us merrily skeddaddle with the transient human throng; Death is ever in the saddle, and we'll all be dead so long.

THE BEER CLINIC.

At what point does an alcoholic beverage begin to be intoxicating? The controversy continues without any conclusive results. A test carried on in Newark, New Jersey, however, is of more than passing interest.

The health department undertook to solve this vexing question with special relation to the decision of New Jersey brewers to manufacture beer containing 2 3/4 per cent alcohol regardless of the federal law. Dr. Charles A. Rosewater, representative of the health department, conducted what some irreverent observers called a "beer clinic." He assembled ten men in a restaurant and proceeded to administer 2 3/4 per cent beer to them, carefully observing the results. The men are said to have drunk ten cerdels apiece without exhibiting any convincing signs of intoxication. Dr. Rosewater, therefore, concluded that 2 3/4 per cent beer is non-intoxicating.

Some persons will question the accuracy of his conclusions. They will want to know whether the beer squad employed for the purpose consisted of normal citizens. Perhaps they may fairly raise the question whether any man capable of imbibing ten cerdels—presumably ten pints—of beer at one sitting is not so thoroughly seasoned alcoholically that his symptoms are undefendable. And yet, if anybody can absorb that much liquor without staggering or seeing double or acting foolish or losing the power of articulation, surely there is not much harm in a moderate quantity even for the most sensitive tippler.

It might be well to carry out the test on a wider scale. There would be no difficulty in finding willing subjects in any community.

Staunch, loyal Americans have little time for such spineless weaklings as Daniel W. Hoan, socialist mayor of Milwaukee, who refuses the request of Seattle's fighting mayor asking city officials all over the country to take a firm stand in killing off the I. W. W. menace by prohibiting meetings of the "wobblies." Hoan says that I. W. W. meetings will not be barred in Milwaukee and adds that "persecution and prosecution" of these people will breed bolshevism in this country. He may not be mistaken about the "breeding" part of it, but the "brood" would be a short lived race. The statement that a certain brand of booze made Milwaukee famous may be doubted, but there is not the slightest doubt that Mayor Hoan has rendered the city's name infamous with every decent citizen of this country.

The principal objection we can see to the League of Nations is that it is ruining the qualifications of certain United States senators for their jobs. If Borah, Johnson, Lodge, Poindexter and a few others don't think faster than they have been in manufacturing reasons to oppose the league there is danger that their melodious voices may become rusty for lack of practice.

"Buy in Salem" week brings the thought that local play-goers are taking a lot of good money out of the community when they are forced to go to Portland every time they wish to see a theatrical performance of real merit. What's the matter? Can't Salem afford a few of the good shows that pass up and down the coast every season, when cities the size of Eugene and Medford bill practically every troupe worth seeing?

Twenty-five thousand "red" missionaries are at work trying to blow into revolutionary flame whatever class antagonism and industrial discontent may exist in the United States, according to a government department in Washington. Yes, and there are that many million "red-blooded" Americans ready to apply something more subduing than water if the flame breaks out.

A dispatch from Sioux City, Iowa, says: "Police have begun the process of rounding up all suspicious characters and those known to have a leaning toward Bolshevism or the I. W. W. organization." Then why not begin with Mayor Short, the man who welcomed the I. W. W. convention to the city?

Down in Argentina they have a national vigilance committee which is dealing with the bolsheviks and anarchists. Which indicates that we have something to learn from our southern neighbor.

Soon we may be singing, "where, or where, is our old ten-cent loaf"—Julius Barnes, director of the United States Grain Corporation says that the world today faces a grain shortage of 300,000,000 bushels.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

MR. POWERS LOOKS UP PROPERTIES NEIL ADVERTISES.

"Did I not think I could help you, I should hesitate to distress you as I must," Mr. Frederick resumed gravely. "But I do think I can. So I must make things plain to you. Your husband when he first decided to promote big schemes, did not, I am sure, intend to be dishonest either with himself or his associates. But the lure of big business caught him. Easy money—it is very hard to make big fortunes in natural channels, hard and a slow proposition. He was very young. When he saw how easily people bite when they think they can make big money with little; how quickly and eagerly they swallowed any idea that

promised big returns, he commenced to look around for properties which he could handle to advantage in this way. Properties in which there was of course an element of risk for the client, none for him. From that it was but a step simply imagining he had something to sell. None of the people who put in their money ever investigated; they were satisfied to get the big interest, he said them, and then to live on the promises of immense profits. It was a temptation. Forbes succumbed to it. I had been suspicious of some of his deals for some time; but when I found he had associated himself with Connor and Tearle I was sure of it. I tried to make

him when I talked to him the other day. I told him all I knew, and I could prove every word I said. They are two sharpers. If trouble came the brunt of it would fall on your husband. They are slick, and always manage to slide out from under. Of course, Mr. Forbes didn't believe me, thinks me an old woman for meddling, I expect. Although I tried to be as tactful as possible because I wanted to be your friend and—his." I smiled a little as I recalled that Neil had called him an "old woman" when speaking of him.

"I talked to Neil last night," I told Rosewater.

"What did he say?"

"He laughed away my fears. Told me, kindly, of course, to look after the house and the baby. That he would attend to his business."

"I'm sorry he wouldn't be serious with you. I had hoped great things if he were—if he would listen to you. He is so young that he will be forgiven in time if he stops short now, but if he goes on I am afraid there is nothing but trouble ahead for him."

"What can I do? I am so ignorant—trust him now," I added. Not to this man whom I knew cared enough for me to try to straighten out the tangle of our lives would I own that I had lost faith. "Trust him as being honest himself, even if he has been led astray by others." It was only a half declaration of faith. But I had to say something.

"Yes—I know. But—pardon my bluntness—you must not let your faith in him—your—love," he hesitated over the word, "blind you to the necessity of recognizing his danger—and yours. Now to get back to Powers. He talked frankly with me. He like others recognizes Forbes' ability, his cleverness. He said many complimentary things about him. But he also said that he feared for his future. That he had become mixed up with many shady transactions, that he personally knew of cases where he, Forbes, had misrepresented matters to people to get them to invest."

"Not knowingly misrepresented, I am sure," I interrupted, my face burning. "I am afraid he did," his voice serious, but kind. "At least he took no pains to see if what he promised could be done; or if even he had the properties he claimed were to turn out such a bonanza. He has sent out 'prospects' which pictured in glowing language the land containing oil wells, etc. they—the company—pretend to own. Upon investigation there are no such lands even—that is they do not own them, or they are worthless."

"Who investigated?" I was anxious to learn all I could, yet I understood very little of all I was told. One rea-

Better than Pills



YOU WILL NEVER wish to take another dose of pills after having once used Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easier and more pleasant to take, more gentle and mild in their action and more reliable. They leave the bowels in a natural condition, while the use of pills is often followed by severe constipation, requiring a constant increase in the dose. Every bottle guaranteed by your druggist.

Chamberlain's Tablets

son my lack of business knowledge, the other the fight in my mind to believe—Neil; my refusal in face of all I was told to believe he was really dishonest.

"I have—I did it for your sake. I was afraid things were not as they should be when I was here before. Very much afraid. I took pains to look up several of the advertised properties—and didn't find them as represented. Then after a minute: 'Powers too took pains to look Forbes up. I don't want to hurt you, but he did it at his wife's request.'"

(Monday—Mrs. Powers Has Dropped Neil and Barbara from Her List.)

Salem Boy Making Good As Catcher With Aggie Team

Whitney Gill, a sophomore in commerce at the Oregon Agricultural college, hails from the Salem high school. He was prominent in athletics there and is upholding his record at the college.

"Whit" as he is known at college, is doing the bulk of the catching on the varsity nine. He is an excellent hitter, batting far above the 300 mark. Gill is also a football and basketball player having played on the varsity football squad and on the freshman basketball team. He is a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and also a member of the Orange "O" association.

The Victory ship, *Cross*, from New York, has reached a point 100 miles from San Francisco.

For

Jewelry that has quality, value that keeps time, tastefulness that wears, DIAMONDS that are perfect, see us. We have a special stock to choose from.

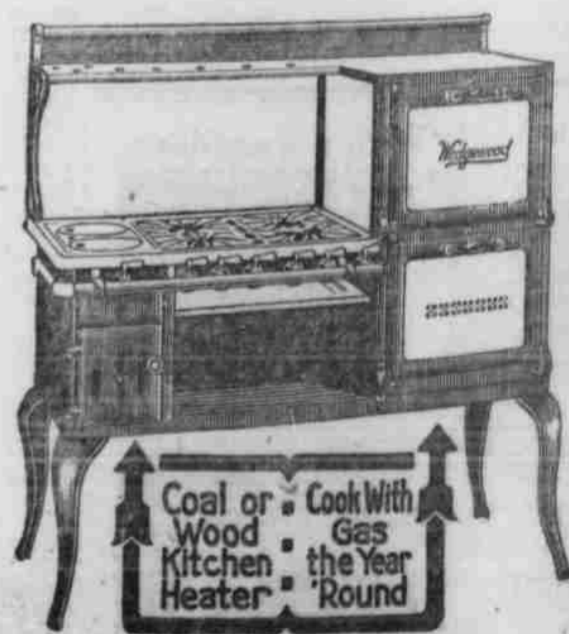
HARTMAN BROS. CO.

Jewelers and Opticians

N. W. corner State and Liberty Sts.

Gas Range and Kitchen Heater

This new two-in-one creation is a triumph of stove making, for it combines all the advantages of the gas range and all the conveniences of the kitchen heater in a single unit.



Coal or Wood Kitchen Heater
Cook With Gas the Year Round

The heater burns wood, coke or coal, which may be ignited by a gas kindling flame. Or it burns gas alone if you prefer. Hot water coils may be installed, which will insure a constant hot water supply while your kitchen is being made warm and comfortable. This range has a six-hole cooking top—two holes for the heater—four holes for gas—made of rust resisting iron, with a perfectly proportioned, efficient, quick-baking oven. Enamelled oven doors, splashers and drip pans complete the beauty of this ideal combination.

Portland Railway Light and Power Co.

237 North Liberty Street