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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

THE ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY.

The Roosevelt highway proposition on the special election ballot is one of the reconstruction measures that should receive the serious consideration of the voter. The fact that these bonds will be taken care of entirely by the automobile license fund, and that the federal government will match the money expended dollar for dollar are strong points in its favor.

More than this is the fact that such an enterprise, while providing work during the reconstruction period will open and develop the rich coast country, adding millions of dollars to the taxable property valuation of the state. This highway will be tapped from the central Willamette valley by the shortest route to the coast and the best road of all, that extending directly westward from Salem, through Polk and Yamhill counties to Tillamook bay. This not only affords the vacationist and tourist a visit to the coast over a road only a few hours in length of time, but the hay and feed raised in the valley may be transported direct to the dairy ranches of the coast situated along the proposed Roosevelt highway.

As a reconstruction policy we would prefer the plan of building permanent roads to that of constructing buildings at state institutions.

WE SIMPLY DON'T WANT IT.

"America will not go Bolshevik," said Dr. Frank Crane in a recent speech, "and for a very simple reason--we don't want it."

And there you have the gist of the situation. It has been demonstrated clearly enough in Seattle, in Boston, in Cleveland, in New York and wherever else the presumptuous "Reds" have tried to force this alien system on America. A few men in this country--nearly all aliens--want Bolshevism. The overwhelming majority do not want it, and will not stand for any effort to cram it down their throats.

Some of the deluded radicals still fancy themselves martyrs, persecuted by police and held from their mission by iron force. They are dead wrong. The police power is only one little manifestation of the big thing that really keeps Bolshevism suppressed in America--the instinctive opposition of the scores of millions of natives and assimilated aliens.

It is clear enough, when once you start thinking about it, why this big majority, the real American people, is dead set against Bolshevism or any other formal Socialist program. Dr. Crane puts it about like this:

"Granting for the sake of argument that Socialism is a perfect system of government--we don't want perfect

tion. We want to do things in our own way. We want to make mistakes, and learn by our own experience. And nationally and individually, we would rather have our own wrong system than somebody else's perfect system."

It is a new way of putting the old statement that Americans are "individualistic" and resent any outside interference or any attempt to restrict their individualism. And though we may be wrong, what are the Bolsheviks going to do about it?

THRIFT MEANS FREEDOM.

Personal freedom consists of the right of every man to do what he pleases, and to be what he pleases so long as he does not interfere with the rights of his neighbors. That is the ideal of individual freedom, laid down by Thomas Jefferson as the basis upon which a democratic government must be built. But how may we reach this ideal condition?

Most of us are weighted down by shackles of circumstances which hamper our every movement. Our progress toward our own ideals of liberty and happiness is painful and slow. Unmet obligations, the worry over what will become of us in our old age, the anxiety over seeing that our children are given a proper start in life, armed with proper weapons for battling with the world--all these hamper our freedom.

We can be free. Free from the fear of want and all these material worries and anxieties which bind us down. There is a royal road to freedom. It is thrift. Thrift will give us independence of all about us, freedom to go where we please, do what we please and be what we please.

Thrift is not miserliness. Thrift is sane saving, wise buying, the avoidance of waste, and safe investment. This is the thrift which our people came to know during the trying days of the war, and which should become a permanent American habit. This is the thrift which the American government is trying to foster through the continued sale of thrift stamps and war savings stamps.

This is the thrift that will make millions free if they see and use their opportunity.

The Oregonian is booming Dr. Leonard Wood for president on a platform of personal pique against the men who fought and won the war. The probable plan of campaign of the Wood element will be to align all the alien and anti-government factions together in the hope that they constitute a voting majority of the nation.

The present showers in the Willamette valley are doing more to aid reconstruction and enhance prosperity than any works of man that can be carried out, no matter how wisely conceived. Big crops mean employment for the workingman and profits for the producer.

The head of the German delegation was so overcome with emotion when he arrived at Versailles that he could hardly speak. It wasn't the sort of emotion he expected to feel on that occasion, either.

Naturally the members of the price-fixing board are mortally offended when that organization is abolished and the salaries cut off. That probably explains George W. Peek's mournful wail.

In spite of predictions to the contrary prices of the necessities of life are falling. Automobile tires have dropped 15 per cent.

The Victory loan went over the top in splendid style, just as every good American knew it would.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BARB IS HEARTBROKEN BECAUSE NEIL HAS BEEN DRINKING.

All my time was spent with Mrs. Carter, but I soon dismissed my idea I might have had of giving any sort of large affairs for her. I contented myself with two or three small dinners, and by taking her to the theatre and driving. Neil was at home very little, scarcely more often than before she came. I could see that it was at times an effort for him to concentrate his mind upon what either of us were saying, and I worried accordingly. I begged him to tell me what he was doing that he could not be more at home could not give his aunt the attention it seemed his respect for her demanded. He only shrugged, and asked me not to annoy him. "I have all I can take care of without listening to your reproaches," he said. "I am putting over--trying to rather--a big deal. I can't be worried about what you say. You are surely should be able to entertain her; her ideas are very simple." "It isn't that Neil. She is your aunt. But I am fond of her, and I imagine she feels hurt because you aren't with us more." "Nonsense! If you want to bring her down tomorrow to the Lawyers Club for luncheon tomorrow you may. Then you can plan for a matinee or something afterward."

"foul of it held as she had of him." "He's a great kid." "You don't half know how cunning he is, you see so little of him. He was ahead of his classes; his teacher told me last week she had to have a look, that he was almost too bright for his age. He speaks French wonderfully well, his accent is much better than mine. I wish mother had made me learn language when I was his age instead of waiting until I was almost a young lady." "Yes, you can't commence too early." Neil answered but absent-mindedly. That was the way he was now. His mind did not seem to be upon anything I said for more than a moment or two. I longed to beg him to talk to me, to tell me of his work, but did not. When he was trying to flout one of his belittles he was impatient, nervous, and unlike himself. There was one thing he had done, rather left undone since his aunt came. Not once had I seen him take a drink, neither had I detected it on his breath. She was absolutely opposed to liquor in any form, and I knew it would pain her greatly should she know that Neil resorted to it, even when worn out nervously; or when in company with men who habitually indulged. Then one night he came home more nearly drunk than I ever had seen him. It had happened two days before he had proposed we lunch down town with him. He had not come home to dinner, had not come in until about midnight. Fortunately his aunt had just gone to her room. He was noisy and quarrelsome. I had a half hour with him. I was so afraid she would hear him and come down to see what the matter was. Finally I got him to bed, and he soon

was sleeping. I was almost heart-broken. I never had become accustomed to his taking liquor, even ever so little. And to see him in such a maudlin or quarrelsome condition was degrading for him, and for me.

In the morning he had been very penitent. Had called me a "good girl" because I had kept him from his aunt and from the servants. And had given me his solemn promise never to offend to such an extent again. "If I do I won't come home," he had added. "But I far rather you would come home than to let others see you in that condition." I returned. "It is bad enough for me to know it. I should be ashamed indeed if it were publicly known that you could so far forget yourself as to drink too much." "You make mountains out of mole-hills, Barb. But don't look asertions. I have promised, haven't I?" "Yes, dear." But somehow I hadn't the faith in his promises I used to have. But I wouldn't let him see it. (Tomorrow--Frederick Refuses to Consider a Business Proposition.)

New Books Added To Salem Library During Past Week

"The Balkans," a history of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey, written by Nevill Forbes and others, each an authority on the country of which he writes.
"Asia Minor," a well written description of the country which Germany entered with the Bagdad railway, illustrated with photographs, written by Walter A. Hawley.
"Italy's great war and her national aspirations" written by a group of Italians.
"Exotics and retrospectives," another book on Japan by Lafcadio Hearn.
"Selected articles on immigration," one of the "Debaters" handbook series," compiled by H. K. Keeley.
"Yearbook for 1918" of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.
"The United States at war" information on the organization for war work and their literature, compiled by the Library of Congress.
"The child in human progress," a history of the place of the child in the home and in public life, and economic life, by George H. Payne.
"Child welfare in Oregon," a survey prepared by W. H. Slingerland, and published by the State University.
"Annual report for 1918" of the Federal Board of Vocational Training.
"Flag day" selections on history and observance, edited by Robert Schaufel.
"Russian prohibition" a pamphlet prepared by Ernest Gordon.
"Washington and Oregon year book" with classified directory of musicians in 1916, published by Music and Musicians.
"New comedies" a collection of Lady Gregory's new plays.
"The ghost girl," a novel by Henry D. Staepoole.
"Emile, or a treatise on education" by Jean Jacques Rousseau.
"Caravan man" a novel by Ernest Goodwin.
"Vicar of Wakefield" a new copy illustrated by Hugh Thompson.
"Yellow dog" a story of stamping out "yellow-dogism" by Henry Dodge.
"For the Children."
"Dutch fairy tales," by Wilham K. Griffis.
"For the freedom of the seas" by Ralph Henry Barbour.
"Young Alaskans in the far north" by Emerson Hough.

TO BARREL BERRIES

It is now definitely assured that a hawking plant for berries is to be established at Hubbard this year and steps have already been taken to get a

ROAD BUILDING STARTED.

Deputy Roadmaster Frank Johnston, of Salem was giving some time to road matters in Hubbard district Wednesday morning, and who in company with C. D. Truitt, went over the territory to be paved from the plant now operating on the Highway north of Hubbard. The large reinforced concrete pipe that will be put in to place of the small cylinders now used, were distributed Wednesday, three in the Hubbard district and three in the Aurora district. The grade in each instance is so arranged that these tiles will be embedded eighteen inches below the surface, securing the best results. It also developed that the road north from Aurora to Canby will be along the railroad and will be built next year. Road surfacing of this stretch will probably follow the next year. K. R. Grimm is now working on this survey.--Hubbard Enterprise.

DEATH OF MRS. CAROLINE ERB.

Mrs. Caroline Erb, aged 76 years, died at her home on Elliott Prairie at 1:10 Sunday morning last. Deceased was a native of Pennsylvania and was born in Cambria county. She married Daniel Erb, who died a few years ago. They came to Oregon and located here April 26, 1892. Eight children were born, five of whom survive--Levi, Albert, Jacob, Ananda and Susan, the former residing near Mentor and the others being on the home place. Mrs. Erb met with a terrible accident fifty years ago at Cleveland, Ohio, when there was a coal oil explosion in the home. She was badly burned and had crippled hands, but notwithstanding continued with her household work. Some of the children also carry scars from the fire. The children who passed away were Lizzie, Daniel and John Erb. Mrs. Erb was a woman of very fine, Christian character and a most faithful wife and mother and good neighbor.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon. Services were held at the home at 2 o'clock and at Zion church at

Don't Experiment with Catarrh; It Often Leads to Dread Consumption

You Will Never Be Cured With Sprays and Douches.
Catarrh is a condition of the blood and can not be cured by local applications of sprays and douches; this has been proven by the thousands who have vainly resorted to this method of treatment. Catarrh should not be neglected or experimented with. The wrong treatment is valuable time lost, during which the disease is getting a firmer hold upon its victim, and making it more difficult for even the proper treatment to accomplish results. Though Catarrh makes its first appearance in the nostrils, throat and air passages, the disease becomes more and more aggravated and finally reaches down into the lungs, and everyone recognizes the alarming condition that results when the lungs are affected. Thus Catarrh may be the forerunner of that most dreaded and hopeless of all diseases, consumption. No local treatment affords permanent relief. Experience has taught that S. S. S. is the one remedy which attacks the disease at its source, the blood, and produces satisfactory results in even the worst cases. Catarrh sufferers are urged to give S. S. S. a thorough trial. It is sold by all druggists. You are invited to write to the Medical Department for expert advice as to how to treat your own case. Address Swift Specific Co., 234 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

o'clock. Bishop A. T. Troyer and Fred J. Ginnerich officiating. Interment was in Zion cemetery, Woodburn Independent.

Union Men Demand Six Dollars Per Day

Two of the big trucks hauling gravel for the paving plant collided Tuesday on the Pacific highway near the Barkholder place. Both trucks were considerably damaged. One truck, driven by Newton Howe, was loaded with gravel and the other was light. The man driving the latter truck claims his steering gear failed to work and that he could not prevent the truck from colliding with the one driven by Howe. It appears that the truck claimed to have the defective steering gear was driven by a non-union man, and the loaded truck by a non-union man. The union drivers are said to have wanted an increase of wages from \$5 to \$6 per day, and that one of them was discharged the day before the collision occurred. It is also intimated that all these matters are involved in the affair, though no one is openly accused of deliberately causing the collision and consequent damage of possibly as much as \$2000.--Aurora Observer.

Stop Itching Eczema

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can stop burning, itching eczema quickly by applying Zemo furnished by any druggist for 35c. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment Zemo is applied. In a short time usually every trace of eczema, tetter, pimples, rash, blackheads and similar skin diseases will be removed. For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, always use Zemo, the penetrating, antiseptic liquid. It is not greasy and does not stain. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for skin troubles of all kinds. The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

Dr. Mendelsohn Opens Offices In Portland

The thousands of satisfied patients of Dr. M. P. Mendelsohn, who "Fits Eyes Correctly", will be glad to learn that his services are again available by simply visiting his new offices in Portland.

Dr. Mendelsohn practiced his profession continuously in Salem for nearly 10 years and is one of the most widely known and esteemed Opticians in the State.

Ill health compelled him to relinquish his practice in Salem and he went to California for rest and recuperation. Having recovered his health he has returned to Oregon and opened attractively appointed offices in the Failing Building, Portland. His new quarters are on the fourth floor, directly over the railway ticket offices.

INVITES FORMER PATRONS:

Dr. Mendelsohn, extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons and acquaintances from both Polk and Marion Counties to visit his new offices and make their headquarters there while in Portland.

Patrons will be given the same careful attention received in Salem offices.

If you are so unfortunate as to break your glasses, mail the broken pieces to Dr. Mendelsohn and he will return your glasses the same as new.

Dr. M. P. Mendelsohn

Optometrist-Optician
414-415 Failing Bldg. Portland Ore. Phone 3630

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

KEEP OFF.

When Gentle Annie beams and smiles, I'd like to roam the forest aisles, far from the madding crowd, but when I'd try the scheme of mine, I find the omnipresent sign, "No Trespassing Allowed." It means ten dollars or ten days to wander in woodland maze, and hear woodpeckers sing; they've fenced in every glade and glen, and there's no place for weary men to breathe free air, by jing. Sometimes, with eask marks, I journey to the public parks, to make the slow hours pass; to rest upon the sward I yearn, but there's a sign at every turn, which says, "Keep Off the Grass." I used to fish when I was young, through meadow, copse and dell I swung, and no one called me down; the woods and all the streams were mine, all day I fished with hook and line and then went back to town. But now if I go forth with bait, I meet some dour, forbidding skate, who cries, "No fishing here"; and if I laugh his rede to scorn, I'm soaked ten dollars in the morn, which makes my fishing dear. Jehovah gave us verdant hills and sighing woods and babbling rills, and ponds as clear as glass; but man has fenced things in, we see, and nailed to every post and tree, his sign, "Keep off the Grass."