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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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NO MEN TO MARRY.

June, the month of weddings, finds France and England facing a serious problem in the shortage of men of marriageable age.

The young women of England, at an age when they would be most likely to be marrying outnumber the men of similar ages two to one.

In France 58 per cent of the men between the ages of 21 and 31, the flower of bridegroomhood, are dead.

This is no matter for light mirth, for time-honored jokes about old maids and like frivolous comment. It is truly a terrible situation as regards human happiness and the continuance of the race in England and France.

A national suggestion has been that these girls immigrate in great numbers to the United States and Canada where the war has not taken such a heavy toll of the men. This suggestion has met with some opposition on both sides of the water, the girls of America apparently dreading lest their chances for happy matrimony be less with an influx of willing brides from abroad.

But, after all, why not welcome these girls? Marriage is largely a matter of selection; and if American Henry wants American Elizabeth, not all the Marys in Britain or Maries in France can stop him.

Perhaps sharing the marriageable men of America with the bereft women of Europe is only part of the burden-bearing which has fallen to America's lot.

PEASANT WOMEN KNIT NOW.

The great Red Cross centers in America are closing, one by one, though the activities of the society will be extended in peace no less actively than in war. The knitting needles are being packed away in the attic along with the winter underwear, and American women are turning to other employments for the fingers once so busy with needles and yarn.

But in the meantime the inhabitants of the devastated villages of Belgium and France are taking up their knitting needles, as one by one they find a doorway to sit beside or a bit of roof to shelter them.

In order that every refugee woman who desires to knit may have supplies, the Red Cross societies abroad will distribute over \$2,000,000 worth of knitting materials including 900,000 pounds of yarns. It is pleasant augury of better times to come, when the peasant women of Europe once more turn to their knitting.

The Prussians are finding those Fourteen Points sharper than they expected.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE KNOCKER.

I used to be a chronic knocker; I wore the cynic's gloomy frown; I was a most persistent mocker of all the worthy schemes in town. If some one cried, "Let's pave the village, and make our streets as slick as wax," I said, "That's but a form of pillage, a scheme to raise the poor man's tax." I blocked the plans of local boosters, and found in blocking them much bliss, and crowded like fifty-seven roosters, when schemes progressive went amiss. I found myself so doggone lonely it broke my heart and made me sad; I said, "I'd give my wad if only I had some friends in this here grad." But no one visited my palace, save when some gents of sterling worth came round and asked, in seeming malice, what I would take to jump the earth. "This town can reach no high condition," my callers said, upon a day, "until our skilled, urbane mortician has come and carted you away." I yearned for friends, and to obtain them I ceased to knock and learned to boost; it was the proper way to gain them, and now they flock around my roost. I put away my little hammer, it hangs, all dusty, on the wall; and when the village boosters clamor, my voice is loudest of them all.

AMERICANISM.

Many people, good Americans, too, complain that Americanism is a vague thing, and "Americanization" a baffling guest because its objects are so intangible. Secretary of Interior Lane finds it's a rather simple and easy thing.

"It never seemed to me," he says, "that it was difficult to define Americanization or Americanism. I appreciate something, I admire something; and I want you, my friends and neighbors, to appreciate and admire and love the thing too. That something is America."

And isn't that the gist of the matter? Genuine love, genuine admiration, genuine appreciation, never bothers about analysis and definition. Nobody can adequately define or describe America, but every good American knows what it is. And anyone full of warm enthusiasm for his country ought not to have any trouble in getting new comers to share his enthusiasm.

After being told by certain newspapers during the past year that President Wilson favored government ownership of railroads, it is somewhat surprising to have him recommend immediate return to private control. This is the first time the president has spoken on the subject and, therefore, the conclusion must be drawn that the newspapers referred to were simply drawing on the imagination of their editors for the purpose of manufacturing political capital. In this connection it might be cited that Mr. Wilson's message was the most adroit political manifesto he has yet issued, and that he stole much of the opposition's thunder, going so far as even to recommend a revision of the tariff, even if that revision tended to increase duties. Almost anything that congress might do, or is likely to do, now could be pointed out as following the suggestions made by the chief executive. The game of diplomacy in which the president has been engaged so strenuously for several months may have had the effect of transforming him into a more adroit politician than heretofore.

An Irishman who calls himself "Envoy of the Provisional Government of Ireland," says that the Irish Republic will welcome the aid of "the freeman of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic." Untangling all these words, we seem to find a bid for an alliance between Sinn Fein and the Bolsheviks. Do the Sinn Feiners imagine that that will help them to win recognition

What has become of the "parlor socialist?"

An Armenian friend, a good citizen and a good American, too, objects to some of the off-hand comment of this paper on the Armenian question. Well, maybe we are wrong, since the eastern question is one that has puzzled the sages and statesmen of all ages. The more we Westerners dabble in the muddle the more trouble we accumulate.

There is talk now of organizing a "Tenants Union", numbering 5,000,000 Americans who rent their houses. Pretty soon the poor landlord won't have any chance at all—unless he organizes a union also. By the way, what will happen when everybody becomes a member of some union or other?

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

FREDERICK TELLS NEIL THAT SCOTT IS DANGEROUS.

I undressed and slipped on a kimono. I did not attempt to go to bed. It would be no use. I could not sleep. I wept a little as I sat in the dark. Wept over my foolishness in taking that letter, which even yet would I admit was such a heinous sin as Neil seemed to think. I also cried a bit over the thought that in spite of my lovely home, and all our money, I never could realize my social aspirations. I had asked Mr. and Mrs. Powers to a small dinner I gave aunts and received their polite regrets. Neil had been really angry. I think he was more disappointed than I, although he showed it differently.

"Give me a few years more and I'll show Powers and that old-fogy bunch where they get off!" he had declared when without a word of comment I laid their regrets before him.

"They don't even plead a previous engagement," I returned. "It wouldn't have hurt quite so much if they had."

"It doesn't hurt me—they are snobs anyway. Family doesn't count for anything now-a-days."

"But Neil both your family and mine are as good as his." Then, "It can't be that," I added.

"What is it then? I haven't quite so much money as he has perhaps, but I

will have in time."
"It isn't the money either Neil, I am sure of that."
"What is it then? You aren't thinking of that fool idea that it is because—" he stopped and I could not get him to talk further.

This all came back to me as I sat waiting for Mr. Frederick to leave. Waiting also to question Neil as to what he had meant when he said Mr. Scott was a bad man to make an enemy.

I also thought of my plans for my son. I think that hurt worst of all. To know that I could not do what I wished for him. I wanted him to have the companions the children of people like the Powers'. Educated, well brought up, refined boys and girls, not those whose parents were merely vulgarly rich, and so could afford the same schools as the others.

Then I recalled what father had said about "going slowly." I wondered if I had tried if I could have held Neil back—tried when we were first married. I had spent money as he made it, increasing our expenses—those which I controlled—with each year. Yet many, many times when I had planned a society campaign, had never been a sine qua non with me, Neil, his love, our happiness together, had always been first. Had anyone asked me to choose I should have chosen poverty with love, rather than riches without it. But I had had no choice. Neil's insatiable ambition had urged him on and on until money had seemed to come so easily that I really gave no thought to my spending, or to my charge accounts.

But only that very day I had received a polite note from a large firm, one with whom I had spent thousands, to please remit. It had been the first appeal of the kind from a firm of standing, and I rather wondered at it. I had not mentioned it yet to Neil, but must do so in the morning. I thought as it occurred to me. My own account was not equal to such a demand upon it although Neil was always most generous.

Finally when I almost despaired of their remittance ending before morning I heard the library door open, and their voices in the hall as Neil followed his

guest down to the door. I crept half way down the stairs to listen.

"It's bad business, Forbes. Scott never bluffs. He declares he will publish you unless he gets his money back, and won't promise not to, even if he does. He says he feels it his duty to others whom you may swindle as you have him. Plain words Forbes, you know how true they are. He threatens to bring in Mrs. Orton too—it looks bad."

"There is nothing he can say about Blanche—as far as I am concerned. Can prove, I mean?"

"Who do you suppose will believe there is nothing between you? Gad, I shall be sorry for your wife, Forbes, if Scott keeps his word. It's tough on her." Neil did not answer, but I thought I heard something very like a groan. "Will she believe there is nothing but business taking you to spend your time at Mrs. Orton's, with the sort of men and—women one sees there? I know the men are asked because they have money. Those beautiful—if one likes that sort—women to help drag it from their pockets, but will the world, will Mrs. Forbes believe that?"

I felt like shouting: "I do believe! I believe Neil is true to me, and nothing else matters." Instead I went softly back to my room and when Neil came up a moment later I was in bed.

"I thought you would never come," I said as he switched on the light.

"Perhaps it would be better if I hadn't," which enigmatic remark was all he said to me, not even replying when I asked a question. I buried my face in the pillow and cried myself to sleep. (Tomorrow—Bab Is at Last Convinced That Something Is Wrong.)

HOUSE VOTES RETURNS

(Continued from page one)

While crowded galleries looked on, friends and foes of suffrage engaged in a preliminary tilt over the time for debate. It resulted in a limitation of discussion to one hour for each side. Representative Moore, Pa., opponent

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demanding whether hearings would be had before the suffrage committee at such both sides of the question would be considered. There was applause when Mann replied: "Hearings have been held on this question for more than fifty years. No hearings have been held on this resolution in this congress, but there is nothing new to demand hearings."

Kitchen Opens Debate
Moore asked Mann if he did not think it would be fair "to let this matter stand over for a few days to let those who object be heard."

Mann yielded ten minutes to Little of Kansas, who formally opened debate.

Kitchen of North Carolina, presented the names of the democratic members of the woman suffrage committee just elected. Kitchen then opened opposition to the measure, declaring that minority members of the suffrage committee had no part in framing the report to the house made yesterday.

Kitchen congratulated the republicans on their "quick response" appeal recommending the amendment.

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