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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

MAKE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LARGER.

The Salvation Army drive is not succeeding as well as the Elks, who are in charge of it, confidently expected. Almost everybody gives, but the amounts are so small that the totals are not encouraging, as they are footed up from day to day.

The trouble seems to be that the people generally have come to look upon the Salvation Army as cheap. When its workers have come around to the businessman for assistance in its varied activities he has handed out a dollar and it was always received with thanks and a "God bless you"—and the Salvation Army went and did two dollars worth of work with that one dollar. Always it was accustomed to taking little contributions and doing big things with them, and in turn the public became accustomed to thinking of the organization as one that did not figure upon money in large sums, but based its financial system on the penny, the nickel and the dime.

That's the trouble now. Everybody wants to help the Salvation Army—for no army in the history of the world ever made a more glorious record than it made during the world war—but they give only five dollars where they should give twenty-five dollars in order to assure Salem's quota in the home service drive for funds.

It is too bad that this campaign lags when the sphere of usefulness in which the Salvation Army moves is so broad and calls upon its resources so great and varied. The reconstruction period is upon us, and the returned soldier may be out of a job and in need of help and comfort, the workingman may have lost his position by the closing of shipyard or other war activity and in need of the Salvation Army's helping hand. In the place of the closing saloon already there is the temperance bar and lunch room of the Salvation Army in the large cities of the east, and the broken wreck of the former dive and den is to be reclaimed and moulded to meet the requirements of useful Christian citizenship. Home service for the Salvation Army is just these things and it extends into

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

SLEEP.

Sleep, balmy sleep, of which the poet writes! With that in stock, successful are our nights. If man can't sleep when to his couch he goes, if he can't draw some hours of calm repose, if midnight hours but fret him and exhaust, his life is vain, his world a killing frost. He may have fame in both the hemispheres; admiring men may greet his nobles with cheers; the "Welcome" sign may hang across the street when he to Pruneville turns his princely feet; but all his honors tawdry are and cheap, if night hours come and he can't go to sleep. He may have wealth heaped up and heaped again, his bins and cribs may groan with iron men; he may have yachts and stately parks and grounds, and hunting steeds on which to ride to hounds, but such possessions have no worth or charm, life is a failure and a false alarm, if sleep won't come when he retires to bed, while hours drag on with weary feet of lead. While I can sleep I envy no one's luck; the millionaire can keep his showy buck; the statesman great may revel in his fame, all shining marks can play their lustrous game; I sleep the night through like a little man, and rise at dawn to do the best I can.

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by-ways and down into the slums and raises those who are "down but never out." Money won't spoil such an organization because its workers come from among the poor and many of them were "down" themselves when they enlisted for life in the army that wars so relentlessly against sin and all the long train of evils that follow in its wake.

The Salvation Army wants more than the least you can give this time, it wants its great work reorganized by substantial help from the people whose sons it served when they carried our flag to victory in France and Belgium; it wants to be recognized as a great agency for good in peace as well as in war.

The Salvation Army, measured by its works, has never been cheap

THE AIRPLANE NUISANCE.

The enthusiasm over airplane progress is not unanimous. In the midst of the chorus of praise for such achievements as those of the trans-Atlantic fliers comes a discordant note. A resident of Harbor Grace, New Foundland, writing to a St. Johns paper just after Alcock's plane had started for Ireland, said:

"I wish to voice a protest against an airplane being allowed to fly over the city, frightening our poultry and thereby interfering with the supply of eggs, so important during the present shortage of food. This nuisance is only beginning, and now is the time to stop it, before the airplane becomes as great a pest as the bicycle and the motor car."

The evil he complains of has already been noticed in the United States, though it does not seem to have elicited any such vigorous protest in this country. An airplane is not unnaturally mistaken by timorous flocks for a chicken hawk, causing panic, and possibly a lowered egg-production, in many a poultry pen and farmyard.

Something surely ought to be done about it. If airplanes continue to interfere with the hen's peace of mind how can they be tolerated in any orderly community? As an extreme illustration of pending catastrophe think what an airplane whizzing over the O. A. C. campus might do if the egg-laying occupation of that world champion hen should be disturbed!

A VERDICT ON THE LEAGUE.

The Saturday Evening Post, a non-partisan publication which generally represents pretty well the dominant opinion of intelligent Americans, finds fault with the League of Nations not because it sets up so strong an international organization, but because by compromise in the course of negotiations it has lost some of the strength expected of it.

Nevertheless the Post declares in favor of the covenant, saying:

"The League of Nations, compromised at points though it is, is still the only practicable step toward assured peace. The pull of conditions will strengthen it. We take half a loaf, and shall presently get the other half."

Out of 14,000 houses in Rheims, 14 are said to be untouched by German shells. All the reams of paper filled with German protests against the peace terms cannot alter that fact.

The Winnipeg Bolshevik revolution ended like that in Seattle, but it was suppressed by different methods. Winnipeg lacked an Ole Hanson for mayor.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

TO DO RIGHT BRINGS PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

CHAPTER CXXVI

The summer came and went. Our garden was a constant source of pleasure as well as profit. Robert helped me before and after school and through the vacation with my flowers as they were cared for as they should be. Neil rose early and worked an hour in the garden before he went into town. He was happier than he had been since the first years of our marriage and did not hesitate to say so. We had bought a lot and were paying for it as fast as possible. We had decided upon a plan for our house, and were as happy over it that we often laughed at ourselves for being so foolish. "Just like a couple of kids," Neil declared.

Neil was making good in adjusting the affairs of the business, "getting it on its feet again," he said. Mr. Fredrick had not come east for months. He left everything in Neil. His entire confidence he displayed did more to give Neil back his self-respect than any other thing could have done. He was growing brighter, more like his old self. Some of the toridness was noticeable at times, and I fairly glared over it. It was the old Neil I had married coming back to me the best part of him.

By spring we had paid for the lot, and started building. What a constant source of pleasure it was to watch

that little home grow. Every night when dinner was over Neil and I walked over to see what had been accomplished during the day. It made no difference that I had taken Elaine in her go cart over in the morning. I was just as interested in going again. It seemed to me that never was a home so longingly looked for, so eagerly awaited as was that six-room house on Long Island. We were to pay a little down, then some as rent, the rest on a mortgage which Neil Reyburn had taken at 5 per cent. That made it easy for us, and allowed us to buy what was necessary to furnish it. We moved in for Christmas. And never were two people more thankful than were Neil and I.

"It's quite different from New York home, Bab," he said on Christmas morning. It was our present to each other.

"But I shall love it far more, Neil. We are going to be so happy here. And when it is all paid for we will buy better furniture. One piece at a time until we have it all to our liking."

"What a little executive you are," he answered smiling and bending down to kiss me. "Here is a letter from Frederick. I forgot it for a moment. The postman just left it."

We stood together as he opened it. I read it with him, then he read it aloud while we both let fall a few grateful tears.

I had no boy of my own. I shall look after him his education, etc. And if he outlives me make him my heir. I shall never marry." There was much more, but of interest only to us, until the close when he said:

"Many men have gone through the deep water Forbes, you among them. But I am proud to call you friend; proud to have you associated in business with me. Experience is a hard teacher, but sometimes her work is so well done that one forgets the hardness in time because of the results. I believe you are a better, a bigger man, because of what happened." Then he wished us all a merry Christmas, and closed.

"Hain't you better look at the contract?" I asked as Neil stood holding it in his hand. It was for ten thousand dollars, "because you are worth it to the business not because of friendship," he had added, so making Neil supremely happy. The check for Robert and me was for five hundred dollars. I wanted to put it toward the house, but Neil said "no," he would buy me the brooch I had so admired in a jeweler's window the last time I was in town. And for Robert he bought him a necessary outfit he long had desired intensely.

"Right living doing all one can seems to bring its own reward," Neil said as we sat together after the children were in bed. "I thank God every day of my life that he gave me the chance to be a man in spite of my mistakes."

"And I thank him for you, my babies and my happy home," and so we bade each other good night on our first Christmas in our new home. A happy, thankful, man and woman; a loving husband and wife.

THE END.

Commencing tomorrow and taking the place in the Capital Journal column of The Promoter's Wife, which ends with this installment, will be a new serial, "Hunting a Husband" by Mary Douglas, a fascinating, interesting, gripping story.

Chronic Constipation

Perhaps you have never thought of it, but this disorder is due to a lack of moisture in the residual matter of the food. If you will drink an abundance of water, eat raw fruits and take lots of outdoor exercise, you may be able eventually to overcome it entirely. In the meantime use the most mild and gentle laxatives. Strong and harsh cathartics take too much water out of the system and make a bad matter worse. Chamberlain's Tablets are easy and pleasant to take, and most agreeable in effect. Give them a trial.

State House Notes

Mayor Baker, of Portland, responding to a request from a number of prominent citizens for an investigation of the Waverly Baby Home, has communicated with Governor Olcott with regard to the appointment of a committee for this purpose. In reply the governor calls attention to the law providing for a child welfare commission, which commission is charged with the duty of making just such an investigation as is called for by the Portland citizens. He states that there is no provision of law that would enable him to institute such an investigation in such a manner, and goes on to say: "I have the greatest confidence that the newly created child welfare commission will do its fullest duty in the premises, and that it is the only duly constituted body in Oregon to have this particular inquisitorial jurisdiction over such agencies as the Waverly Baby Home."

San Francisco—The musicians union is unable to supply the demand for musicians to play funeral dirges. The dirges are features of "farewell busts" for King Barleycorn which are prevalent here this week.

Atlantic City—Too many back to nature sights on the beach, police warned, directing bathing girls to don regular stockings and hitch up their shoulder straps.

Tonopah, Nev.—Homes are scarce here with the silver boom on. During R. B. Sorenson's absence some one stole his house. He offers a \$25 reward for its return with no questions asked.

Chicago—All is fair in love and war—especially in spring time. Yet—67 romance loving gobs are in the brig at Great Lakes naval training station, it was reported today.

St. Paul, Minn.—On his 100th birthday, Philip Owen decided to make out his first will. "I've reached my objective for longevity," he told his attorney.

New Orleans—A drive by Bobby Jones in the southern golf tourney landed in an old shoe. Bobby walloped it with a niblick and holed the shot.

Kingston, N. Y.—When his daughter failed to graduate from school, Martin Coons held the principal responsible and beat him up.

Washington—Golden Rule, a printer, is being sued for divorce by his wife, Elizabeth Rule, for not "adhering to the sentiments in his name."

Narritown, Pa.—The meanest thief

ELKS URGE GREATER RESPONSE TO DRIVE

People Requested To Make Subscriptions Without Being Solicited.

(By Walter L. Toozes.)

We must make a tremendous effort to raise Salem's quota of \$15,000 for the Elks Salvation Army home service. Let every citizen do his full duty and do it now. Let every one qualify as a 100 per cent booster and victory is certain.

Take notice of the following opinions of the Salvation Army from the lips of our greatest leaders in this our beloved country:

"I sincerely wish Godspeed to the Salvation Army, which has as its main object the betterment of humanity and the making of bad citizens into good ones."

"No one who has watched even superficially the work and progress of the Salvation Army can fail to feel the deepest and most sincere interest."—Woodrow Wilson.

"I am thoroughly in sympathy with your work. You reach people who are not reached in any other way. Your practical methods of charity are of the widest usefulness."—William Howard Taft.

"The Salvation Army has won its way to recognition. There are few serious thinkers nowadays who do not recognize in the Salvation Army an invaluable social asset."—Theodore Roosevelt.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has repeatedly given the Salvation Army a sweeping endorsement for their heroic and glorious service at home and overseas.

The churches everywhere add their unanimous endorsement.

All of the great fraternal organizations in this mighty nation endorse this

local police have been asked to apprehend is the one who stole white crepe from a door here.

A contract has been entered into by the Klamath county court with the Pacific Foundation company of Portland for the construction of a steel bridge at Merrill crossing Lost river.

Proposals that the government clear the channel of the Tualatin river in Oregon have been rejected by the board of engineers for rivers and harbors.

A suit to restrain the United States attorney from prosecuting infanticidal of the war-time prohibition act has been filed at San Francisco.

The old Clatsop mill plant at Astoria, which has been closed down for three years, has been purchased by Clem W. Rodgers and will immediately resume operations.

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