The Capital Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Picnic Fund Of Lodge Still Has Surplus In Bank

Silverton, June 10.—There is a surplus of something over $25 in one of the local banks belonging to the Marion County M. W. A. Picnic association, left over after the picnics were abandoned several years ago. At a meeting of the local camp last evening the matter of reorganizing the association or making some disposition of the funds was discussed and a meeting of the different camps interested will be called to settle the estate. There are six camps in the county interested in the matter. Hon W. Aly Jones was secretary of the association and there has been no meeting since his death. The last annual picnic was held in Silverton.

E. J. Thurman has purchased the Hubbard farm near Marquam and will move his family there this week. Mr. Hubbard takes Mr. Thurman's residence on Coolidge street as part of the consideration. The farm consists of one hundred acres of land, most of which is in a high state of cultivation.

The Royal Neighbors club and members of Pine Camp No. 1110, M. W. A. held a very interesting dancing party in G. A. R. hall Tuesday evening. Supper was served by the ladies.

Alex Merrifield of Aumsville is visiting his sister, Mrs. Geo. Hurst.

Geo. W. Davis of Eugene will arrive here this evening to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Davis. Mrs Davis has been visiting in the city for a couple of weeks

R. G. Allen was a Salem visitor yesterday afternoon.

The Wisconsin association annual picnic will be held in this city during the latter part of this month and the Badger state residents of this city are looking forward to the event with great anticipations.

Walter Johnson, formerly proprietor of the Palace theater, now field representative of the National Life Insurance Co., is moving his family to Cascadia for the summer.

Fruit Inspector S. H. Van Trump of Salem was in the city yesterday and spent some time inspecting the berries and fruit. Mr. Van Trump says he is surprised to find Silverton growers selling berries as low as $3 per crate. In Portland, he says, they are selling for $6 per crate. Woodburn growers, said Mr. Van Trump, are getting $6 a crate for their berries and they are taken away by people in Portland and Oregon City as fast as they ripen.

Picnic To Close Jefferson School Activity For Year

Jefferson, Or., June 10.—The annual commencement of the Jefferson high school will be held in the Masonic hal lthis evening ,and the school will close with a picnic in the grove near here. The baccalaureate sermon was delivered in the M. E. church Sunday evening, Rev. Albyn Eson officiating. The class of 1920 is as follows: Misses Blanche Hill, Elsie Powell, Jeanie Spragg, Leona Johnson, Gladys Thurston, Winnifred Wills and Marjie Bauman, and Messrs. Kenneth Wall, Theodore Glassey, Cecil DeLeaux and Wayne Shumaker.

The eighth grade of the public school school has established a banner record. Five members of the class passed with an average of over 96 per cent.

Appealed Case Of Manslaughter Is Heard By Court

The appeal in the case of the state vs. Robert Zullig involving manslaughter, was argued before the supreme court Tuesday, Attorney General Brown appearing for the state and Gus Moser of Portland for Zullig. Zulig was convicted in the Lake county circuit court on a charge of killing his wife and sentenced to a term of from 7½ to 16 years in the state prison. The alleged crime was committed in October, 1918.

Abe Martin

Th' Indianny Democratic state ticket sounds like a musical show—"mostly girls." Ike Mopps has sold his home for four times what it's worth an' he'll remember where they always are.

EUROPE'S NEEDS.

Henry P. Davison, chairman of the American Red Cross during the war, recently returned from a study of conditions in central and eastern Europe, declares that unparalleled distress prevails in these stricken districts and that immediate and comprehensive action for relief must be forthcoming or these nations perish in the economic chaos engulfing them, a result that will as surely involve the United States as the European war did.

Famine, disease and misery prevail in the broad belt between the Baltic and Black seas. Factories and industries are idle—either because machinery is destroyed, or because of absence of raw materials, or lack of transportation and market. Epidemics of typhus scourge the people, with shortage of medical supplies and absence of physicians. "Crime among the child population is on the increase, hunger driving little boys to ghastly attempts at murder." Mr. Davison summarizes as follows:

In Vienna, death stalks the streets in broad mid-day and takes unhindered toll. The death rate has risen 46 per cent. The mortality from tuberculosis has risen 250 per cent. Many children of one year have not surpassed their weight at birth.

"Today the whole of Budapest is one vast city of misery and suffering. The number of deaths is double the number of births. Over 100,000 school children are dependent upon public charity, 150,000 workers are idle, there are 50,000 widows and war invalids and 30,000 sick and disabled.

"In Checho-Slovakia, typhus and small-pox are prevalent throughout the country. Drugs are exhausted. Tuberculosis is spreading in an alarming and unprecedented manner through Rumania. Typhus is devastating Serbia, with only 200 doctors for the entire nation. Typhus and famine overwhelm Montenegro, while conditions in Albania are deplorable. Over 15,000 cases of typhus have been reported in Esthonia, with shortage of food and clothing.

"In the Ukraine, conditions are as bad as can be imagined, and the situation growing worse daily. Pauperism becomes more intense. The typhus victims number into the hundreds of thousands. In Poland, there are 250,000 cases of typhus and the greatest need is for food. In Galicia whole districts are depopulated. In Armenia the distress and destitution are beyond description."

Depreciated currency effectually blocks attempts to renew commerce. These lands must pay 40 to 50 times the normal cost for everything they buy, and they have little or nothing to sell. They can have no hope unless they have the things from without, which they need if they are going to produce. Neither have they hope unless they have the means of transporting those goods should they be received.

Mr. Davison suggests a plan to meet Europe's need—which consists of an appropriation by congress of sum not to exceed $500,000,000 for use in central and eastern Europe, to be administered by a non-political commission of three Americans, of the type of General Pershing, Herbert Hoover and ex-Secretary Lane. This commission to make survey of conditions and then act for the restoration of those countries under such conditions and upon such terms as the commission may itself decide, the money to be loaned on liberal terms, and the co-operation of other countries be requested in the work.

America, which advanced ten billion dollars to her allies to attain victory and peace, certainly ought to be able to make the additional advance in order to realize the peace for which we have struggled, concludes Mr. Davison—"for nothing is more certain that until normal conditions are restored in Europe, there can be no peace."

Despite the fact that whatever action is taken should be taken immediately, and that the "crisis is so acute that the situation does not admit of delay," Mr. Davison's appeal fell on deaf ears in congress, mainly because President Wilson had made a similar appeal. Congress, under the leadership of Lodge, refuses to recognize the nation's duty to humanity. It would spend billions to grab Mexico for oil and mine interests but nothing to preserve civilization.

A work of this immensity is beyond individual effort, it can only be undertaken by governments. With America to lead, other governments would cooperate and new life and hope animate the stricken peoples.

It would seem that the work of arousing American public opinion to force action by congress is peculiarly the province of the church—yet we find no organized effort by the church to make its influence felt. If the churches of America united for the cause, and every pulpit echoed the demand, not even a visionless congress would have adjourned to play politics while Christian civilization perished. Yet the church remains strangely silent and inactive in the midst of plenty—as lethargic in its duty to humanity as congress itself.

Rippling Rhymes

A GLAD WORLD.

This world's so fine and dandy that life should be a grin; there's always sunshine handy for those who'd wade therein. As cheerful as a colt is, I do my daily toil, there always is a poultice for every human boil. I brood not lest disaster of life should ruin make; there is a mustard plaster for every human ache. If life, at any juncture, seems desolate and grim, and hope receives a puncture, then run her on the rim; and laugh at Old Man Sorrow, and bet your Sunday lid that things will run tomorrow well as they ever did. I have the giddy habit of giving grief a slap; if there's a smile I nab it, and paste it on my map. The little tinhorn troubles that drive some men insane, to me are vagrant bubbles, they're empty things and vain. And when full grown afflictions come down in cataracts, I look on them as fictions that masquerade as facts. I fire them in a hurry, I bid them loop the loops; I say to them, "For worry I do not care three whoops." For joy's the line I trade in, the goods in which I deal; it is the stuff I wade in, to back my daily spiel.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Are Men Guillable?

For a long while I sat there enveloped in unhappy thoughts. Suddenly I became conscious that the whistnng had stopped in the bathroom and I knew that John was shaving. Then came a voice in happier tones than those he used before going in to his bath. "Katherine, will you please open my grip and bring me a silk shirt, collar and my brown tie?"

I hastened to do this and thrust it in the door. As I did so I caught a glimpse of myself in the long mirror at the other end of the room. I did look forlorn. I decided I would try to make myself a little more presentable. In my wardrobe was a new and very good looking black and white maternity gown which I never had worn. I went in to my dressing room and closed the door just as I heard John commence to whistle again.

Before I had finished he came out into the other room and called me. I knew by his voice that he was perfectly happy and at peace with all the world.

Comfortable in Mind.

I wonder if other married women have found that husbands have a way of making themselves perfectly comfortable in their minds when they have made their bodies comfortable. John can go to his bath in a very nasty frame of mind and come out a perfect angel. That is, if he doesn't drop his collar button under the chiffonier and is able immediately to find the tie he wants.

Since I have been married I have been very careful to see that John's clothes are laid away in perfect order in his bureau drawers, and yet when he is where I am he never fails to say to me: "Katherine, where did you put my shirts?" or whatever else he may be wanting to wear. It seems to be easier for him to ask me that question than to use his brain a little and remember where they always are.

you?" he called.

"I'm my dressing room for a moment," I answered.

John came rushing to the door, as was very glad I had locked it because I do want privacy when I am dressing, something which John can never understand. I have always believed that a woman never should disclose all her toilet secrets to any one, least of all her husband.

I have had men remark to me on the glorious color which their wives' complexions always displayed. Knowing that the color was rouge I understood immediately that that man's wife was clever enough to use rouge all the time and use it secretly. I have had other men call attention to the glorious tints in their wives' hair, when a woman woh knew the fine points of beautifying it was henna instead of nature's bronze. To myself I said "a smart woman" instead of "beautiful hair."

Men Guillable Creatures.

Men are the most guillable of creatures when it comes to beauty. They think they admire beauty in a woman, but what they really admire is charm. They never stop to think that if a woman has a beautiful complexion that it might be more or less doctored provided her smile seems sincere and flattering. They will write connets to their sweetheart's eyebrows that have cost 'sweetheart' almost as much pain as a surgical operation in shaping them. They will speak of crimson lips and beg for a kiss while the woman fears to grant the request lest she leave the shape of those lips upon the face of her lover.

I expect all these thoughts are what a man calls "catty" and I presume they really are so. I know it was only when I began to look ugly myself that I began to have them. However, after donning my black and white negligee and tying a broad green ribbon about my

were looking better. In fact, I was a little ashamed that I had gone to meet John without paying more attention to my appearance.

"My, but're good to look at!" exclaimed John as I opened the door.

"I can return the compliment," I answered with perfect truth, for John was almost ideal as far as physique and face were concerned. He came toward me and for the first time since I had seen him he took me in his arms and kissed me. And then I realized how much he was influenced by physical attraction. I was very glad that I had decided to stay away from him down here in the country until after the baby was born. He seemed to be thinking about the same thing, for he said, "Well, are you going with me?"

"Better to Stay Here."

"No," I answered, "I think it is better to stay downe here."

"Well, I am sorry for I will have to go back tonight, girl."

The name "girl" made me very happy, for it was the first time John had used it to me in many months.

His next question ,however, dispelled my happiness and I was sure I was going to have a disagreeable quarter of an hour.

Tomororw—Where Friendship Ceases.

In the opinion of County Agricultural Agent Smith of Linn county a 50 per cent shortage in crop acreage was saved this season by the use of tractors. There are 250 tractors in the county. The wheat and oat acreage is about 85 per cent of normal.

Plans for the second unit of the home economics building at Oregon Agricultural college have been prepared.

Timothy Turtle made such a noise that the Frog family had to stop singing.

"It's not fair!" he cried. "You're peeping!"

"Well, so are you!" Ferdinand Frog retorted.

"I only opened my eyes to make sure that you were doing as I asked you to," Mr. Turtle replied with an injured air.

"And we didn't shut ours, because we wanted to watch you," said Mr. Frog.

"Can't you trust me?" Timothy Turtle snapped.

"Certainly!" Ferdinand Frog replied.

"You can't fool me!"

"Oh, yes," we can trust you!" And he winked at his friends.

"You don't want to hurt my feelings, do you?" Timothy Turtle went on.

"No, indeed!!" everybody exclaimed.

And then Ferdinand Frog told Timothy that they would sing a special song in his honor.

"Fire away!" Timothy ordered them and the whole company knew, when he said that, thta if he really cared anything at all for singing he never would have spoken of it in that fashion.

They were just about to begin the song when Timothy Turtle stopped them.

"What's this thing called?" he demanded.

"It's known," Ferdinand Frog explained "as 'A Merry Song.' "

And then the whole Frog family began to bellow their loudest:

Come let us sing a merry song.
To you it may sound sad.
And if you think it loud and long
We think that it's not bad.

We'll sing about a grumpy one
Who snaps and bites all day.
And if you call that "having fun"
We make reply, "Go, 'way!"

He has a glittering, wicked eye
And also cruel jaws.
And if you ask the reason why,
We'll answer you, "because!"

He'll stretch his neck and grab you quick—
Don't let him come too near!
And if you poke him with a stick
He'll seize that too—oh, dear!

Now, we'll admit he swims quite well
And that he's slow ashore.
Don't ask us if he wears a shell
Until we tell you more.

Don't ask us if he's fond of fish
Nor seek to learn his age.
And kindly don't express a wish
To see him in a rage!

Don't ask us if his claws are strong
And if he has a tail.
It might be short and blunt, or long
And pointed like a nail.

We do not want to cause you pain.
We would not give offense—
But, sir, you'll not come here again
If you have any sense.

After the last echo of the song had lost itself in the depths of Cedar Swamp, the singers all turned ,smiling, to their listener.

But his face wore no smile. On the contrary, Timothy Turtle frowned darkly.

"You can't fool me!" he cried. "You don't like me! You dont want me here!"

Ferdinand Frog swallowed a few times.

"Well," said he, "of course my manners are so elegant that I simply could not dispute one of my elders. And, anyhow, Mr. Turtle, you'd find that our singing sounded twice as well if you were half a mile away."

"It certainly couldn't sound any worse than it does here," Timothy remarked—a remark which made the Frog family grin broadly.

He said no more but slipped into the water and struck out towards home.

There was a lively scattering of those who found themselves in Timothy Turtle's path. And for a time it looked as if the singing party had broken up in disorder.

But after a while everybody came back again—that is, everybody but Timothy Turtle. He hurried away and spent most of the whole night buried in the mud at the bottom of Black Creek. For even until daybreak the merry song came floating over then across Pleasant Valley.

And Timothy Turtle did not like it. He thought it not only loud and long but most unpleasant as well.

THE END.

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