

CHARLES H. FISHER
Editor and Publisher

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

MONDAY EVENING
April 28, 1919

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

GERMANY'S "SECRET ARMY."

Czecho-Slovak delegates at Paris laid before the peace conference last week some rather startling evidence of what they are convinced is a systematic attempt to create a new Germany capable of resisting the Allies in case the peace terms prove unduly severe.

The Allied observers who have been keeping an eye on Germany have failed to discover these preparations, the informers say, because they are being carried on mostly in remote and unfrequented villages. The well known German barracks in the former military centers are empty, these new barracks, mostly barns and other buildings on the estates of junkers, are filled with recruits assembling and drilling in secret. The recruiting is said to be under the command of Hindenburg himself.

"Not a day passes," runs the account, "but that some 500 young Germans join the ranks, for the sake of better pay and food than they can obtain elsewhere." Artillery and other military supplies have been saved from the store remaining at the end of the war, and are hidden in many places awaiting the time of uprising.

This report is disquieting, to be sure. It is reason enough for the Allies to remain on guard, keeping their military forces of occupation ready to act at a moment's notice, and to avoid a too rapid demobilization of the Allied armies. It would be natural enough for the Germans to undertake some such plan, in order to have ready an armed force capable of making a desperate last stand in case of extreme emergency.

But it is not necessary to conclude that Germany is on the verge of renewing the war. The accounts are almost certainly exaggerated. Even if they are literally true, the recruiting of 500 soldiers a day is nothing to scare Marshal Foch. It would take nearly three years of such recruiting to raise a force of 500,000 men. And what

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

DAYS TO COME.

The idle rich, in ten years more, will make their journeys in the air; the man on foot will watch them soar, and shed a line of tears, and swear. The man on foot's a busy jay, he's dodging autos all the time; some crazy jitney every day attempts his wayworn frame to climb. And there'll be thrice as many cars in days to come, the seers opine; though aeroplanes may graze the stars, the auto won't take in their sign. The man on foot's a busy gent, he hustles wildly through the town, and when he's out to earn a cent, some auto tries to run him down. He's always climbing trees and poles, pursued by crazy choonk carts, and crawling into drains and holes, to save his divers vital parts. What will it be in years to come, with castings falling from on high, where dizzy airships whiz and hum? The man on foot can only die. What profit, if he dodge a boat, and save a highly valued limb, if then some airship gets his goat, by dropping rusty junk on him? There'll be collisions overhead, of accidents there'll be no dearth, and airship chuffers, quick and dead, will come kerflopping to the earth. The man on foot can't dodge them all, the autos and the airship freight, and so he'll jump this mundane ball, and try to keep his shroud on straight.

GOOD BUYS---USED CARS

1-ton Ford truck perfect condition, must be sold at once---Bargain.
Second-hand, 5-passenger Dort, newly painted and overhauled, quick sale at \$650.

SALEM VELIE COMPANY

162 N. Commercial

Phone 1604

would Foch be doing in the meantime in case of menace. The Allies have more than a million men in Germany now, with millions more still under arms across the frontier.

The chances are about a hundred to one that if such a force is being organized, it is organized as stage scenery, for its effect upon the peace conference. In brief, it is a military bluff, a threat by which the Prussians hope to scare the Allies and soften the peace terms. And it will not work because it is so transparent and, even if it should turn to earnest, so futile.

The world has many things to fear, but any serious resistance of the Germans now or in the near future is not one of them. Foch has seen to that.

NO DEAD LEVEL IN AMERICA.

Secretary Daniels, when he is not running the navy, is a newspaper editor. His mind, therefore, naturally runs to editorial expression. Here are some remarks he made in a talk to some fellow Americans at Paris which serve as a pretty editorial on the Labor Question, or Socialism or Bolshevism, according to the particular angle from which the reader chooses to regard them:

"The ideals of America," said Daniels, "are based first of all upon the ability of men of initiative and genius to get on in the world. We wish in America no creed, no politics, no government that denies to men of genius, character and skill the just returns of their brains and effort.

"It is equally true that we cannot carry out these ideals if we deny to labor the bread it has earned. We are never going back to old ideas of exploitation; but neither are we going to lose ourselves to that conception of Socialism that puts every man on a dead level and denies the reward of brains and initiative."

There is in this a pretty good hint of the reason why the United States need have no great fear of Bolshevism or any other extreme form of Socialism. Such systems appeal only to nations in which there are great classes living in virtual slavery, without hope of rising above it. From being a "dead level" of economic mastery, not seeing that when they become the master class they will be little, if any, better off, because the individual will still be unable to rise above his surroundings to the height he is fitted for.

The glory and hope of American life is its flexibility---or rather, its mobility. The individual is free to move around, and sink or rise, until he finds the place where he belongs. Thus, so far as we have "classes" men are always passing by thousands from one to another. Sometimes they sink lower in the scale. Usually they rise. And there is no limit to the height to which any man or woman, starting at the bottom among the unskilled laborers, may ascend.

Our "working classes," with the exception of the unintelligent, the hopelessly prejudiced and the immigrants not yet acquainted with our institutions, knows this. There are agitators who deny such individual freedom, but facts all around give them the lie.

The treaty of peace that will be signed in Paris in the next few days will not bear the "made in Germany" brand.

The latest ship launched at Hog Island is named Kishacoquillas, and we complain about foreign names.

This is humane week and the merciful driver will be especially kind to his machine.

Buy it at home this week---and every other week.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

MR. FREDERICK CANNOT GIVE SARABARA MUCH COMFORT

CHAPTER LXIX.

When Mr. Frederick spoke so kindly to me I once more had to use all the self control I possessed to refrain from crying. I swallowed hard once or twice before I answered:

"Oh, I was just nervous, things went wrong all day yesterday, and again this morning. Like a silly little girl I cried and made myself a sight. I---"

"You couldn't do that; make yourself anything but attractive---to me," he said the last two words as low I scarcely heard.

"My eyes always show I have cried," I said lamely, blushing.

"You haven't told me yet whether I can help you or not. Is there nothing I can do to ease your mind?"

"Yes there is! Impulsively I replied. 'I have been told horrid things, things I do not believe. Things I won't believe. I---'"

"What things?" his kind cool voice interrupted.

"Things about Neil---his business, I mean."

"I saw a quick change in my listener's face, then as quick a control.

"You know more about business than a lot of silly women. Tell me if people like about things can't you refute them in some way so these---the public will

Doctors Recommend Bon Opto For The Eyes

Physicians and eye specialists prescribe Bon Opto as a safe home remedy in the treatment of eye troubles and to strengthen eyesight. Sold under money refund guarantee by all drug-gists.

know they aren't true!"

"I can't seriously believe that Mr. Foch intends to do anything wrong, yet many I know aren't so hesitant when talking of him---rather when talking of his business methods. I don't mean to be cruel dear lady," I had winced, "but if others have talked, you and I may as well look things squarely in the face. It is a terrible thing to do a young business man an unconscious injury. We must get at the root of the matter---if we can. Do you mind telling me what you have heard?"

"Why that men are saying Neil is dishonest---that it what it means. That he gets people to put in money into schemes when he knows, or should know if he doesn't, that there is no chance to make money, scarcely any of getting back what was put in. Then there is another thing---I may as well tell you all, now that I have commenced. In this business I am at fault. They say that Neil and these rich men, call 'em vulgar men, with nothing so reasonable then but money, go to a certain woman's house, drink and gamble, then put money into these schemes of Neil's. I know it isn't true, not as they tell it, but I cannot disprove it."

"You said you were perhaps to blame. What did you mean?"

"I refused to entertain these men. Men like that Mr. Scott. Neil brought them home, and I was so disgusted with them I told him I would not entertain them here. That he must take them to some club or restaurant."

"Yet I am a common man and you receive me."

"Oh, Mr. Frederick! please do not compare yourself with the men I have referred to. You are a gentleman in every sense of the word. A true gentleman. They are bores."

"Thank you, but really I do not de-

Tomorrow and Thursday

SHIRLEY MASON

in

"The Winning Girl"

She's tiny in stature, but she full of WHIZZ, BANG, PUNCH!

That one moment when she corners the "Human Snake"---That'll satisfy your desire for thrills.



THE OREGON

serve all you say. I would often embarrass you, any society woman by my ignorance of the social code of manners."

"But you are not common, vulgar don't you see," I spoke excitedly. I was distressed that I had mentioned anything about these western men, many of whom he knew, and so perhaps hurt him.

"Suppose we forget me, and get back to our subject. Who told you these things? Anyone of prominence?"

"Yes, one of them a woman friend, one of the smart set, yet a broad minded, kind hearted woman who would not repeat, ally gossip for the world. She wanted to warn---to help me."

"Un---in what way?"

"Why you see I had planned to give some social affairs, just small ones at first, to be followed by larger ones later. She told me people wouldn't come," my voice trembled on the last word. He laid his strong warm hand over mine as he replied:

"I begin to see why you were so distressed. Now tell me all. I cannot help you unless I know just what you are up against."

Just then the telephone rang. I answered. It was Neil.

"Don't wait for dinner. A lot of fellows are in town, and I have to dine with them." I tried to reply, but received no answer. Neil once more had hung up.

(Tomorrow---A Full Confession.)

Sergeant Riley Making Good As Aviator And Likes Work

Sergeant S. Riley, of the 879th aero squadron, is now stationed at Montgomery, Alabama, in the aviation service. Under date of April 7, he writes home as follows:

"I have just come back from a half hour's spin in the air. It was sure great as it was also and clear and one could see quite a distance. We made three loops, did the barrel roll and a little of everything. We got up about 3000 feet above the city of Montgomery and made three loops.

"Flying is sure great. We also had a big dance Friday evening in our mess hall. Seemed as though half the town

was there. I'm awfully sorry to say that I will have to stay another month. My lieutenant has held me to break in some civilian workers as you know I am in charge of a landing gear. They had to have some one to teach the new men and it fell to me.

"I will get my discharge here and then direct home without going to any other camp. I'll sure be home by the fore part of May."

Joseph Riley of Brooks, Oregon, father of Stanley Riley, received a letter a few days ago from first lieutenant R. J. Sauter. Referring to Stanley Riley, the lieutenant writes: "As his commanding officer, I am proud of him. He has done his duty well. I and his comrades will bid him good-bye with deep regret and wish him every success after he returns home---that spot every man's heart that no other place can fill. Your son is bringing back many

fine qualities of body and mind which he has acquired or developed in the military service. He returns to you a better man."

W. J. Patterson, a real estate dealer of Portland, is under arrest at Eugene, charged with setting fire to 68 tons of hay with intent to defraud insurance companies.

AVOID COUGHS and COUGHERS!
Coughs Spread Disease SINCE 1879
SHILOH
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS HALF TINY FOR CHILDREN

MJB Coffee

Buy the Five Pound Size and Save Money. You can't buy Better Coffee.

EVERY CAN GUARANTEED



WHY?

TODAY

THE OREGON

TOMORROW

Fannie Ward

IN

"Common Clay"

COMEDY

PATHE

GO!