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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

### MONEY AND MORALS.

It appears from a recent interview that Lenine, the bolshevik leader, is very proud of the depreciation of the money issued by his government. He wants it to depreciate and the lower it goes the better satisfied he is. So he keeps the presses working overtime, "not in order to fill the coffers of the state with practically worthless paper, but with the deliberate intention of destroying the value of the money as a means of payment."

He doesn't believe in money, you see, because money suggests the old "capitalistic system" and he is doing his best to discredit it.

Maybe he is succeeding in that purpose, but it is far more likely that he is merely discrediting Bolshevism. Real money—"honest-to-God money" as Americans sometimes call it, not altogether irreverently—is not hurt by such a process. It is only driven into hiding and prized the more when the market is flooded with bogus currency. Every fake ruble put out by Lenine's printing presses raises the value of sound money, just as every lie raises the value of truth.

The trouble with "fiat money" is that it is exactly a lie. No man, no government, no power on earth, can make a ruble, a dollar, a pound, or a franc by the simple process of calling it so. The United States treasury could put out a bank note labelled "one dollar" and no intelligent citizen would accept it as such unless it also bore a promise that the government would exchange gold or silver for that piece of paper.

To create money the government would have to create out of nothing gold or silver, or some other acceptable

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

### HATING AND WORKING.

Since you ask me, I'll admit it, that I hate the horrid Hun; I suppose I'll never quit it, till my earthly course is run. But there are some tasks awaiting which demand my earnest care, so I try to do my hating when I have an hour to spare. When I've hoed my growing taters, and the twilight hour is come, then I join the village haters, hating till I'm out of plumb. One must strive to earn his wages ere he fools away his time; to indulge in misfit rages always strikes me as a crime. There's a time to talk of traitors, of the king who lost his crown, so I join the village haters when the fat old sun goes down. Then I've done my daily labors, I have earned three honest bones; I can gossip with my neighbors, talk in loud triumphant tones. All the day I'm busy crating patent churns and things like those, and I leave the stunt of hating till the evening whistle blows. Then you'll see me stand orating loudly by the village dump, telling how I will be hating Huns till Gabriel blows his trump.

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form of real worth. And it cannot do that. There have been large numbers of Americans, more than once in our history, who wanted the government to issue unsecured paper, but that heresy has passed away.

The basic requisite for money is precisely the same as the basic requisite for business and for human character. It is honesty. Anything that purports to be money—a form of wealth exchangeable for other forms of wealth—must be precisely what it says it is. And money, for this very reason, is a good criterion of national character. If you want to know whether it is straight and dependable, look at the market value of its money. Our's stands the tests.

The Italians, fishing for an invitation from the Allies to return to the peace conference, put forth the claim that under the provisions of the London pact of 1915 no valid peace with Germany can be signed without them. Somehow, we can't get a clear mental picture of Wilson, Lloyd-George and Clemenceau going very far out of their way to request the return of a "I won't play" statesman such as Orlando has proven himself to be. Nor can we imagine the Allies hesitating very long in consummation of peace because Rome squeals, "No fair."

Chicago was the quietest city in the country on May Day. Mayor Thompson and his subjects in the "sixth German city of the world" have probably begun to realize that they were defeated with the signing of the armistice.

A census of 221 girls of the Benson Polytechnic School of Portland as to their choice of occupations reveals that only one craves housekeeping. Wonder what a census of the same 221 girls five years from now would reveal.

Now the shipyard workers (?) of Tacoma and Seattle are demanding a six-hour day. The right thing to do with these bolsheviks would be to shut down the government-subsidized shipyards and cut the working hours to zero.

Having bolted the peace conference Italy now seems to be looking around for an opportunity to get back in again.

How are the advocates of paving the proposed Roosevelt highway going to keep it true to name without any rough riding on it?

Salem is growing quite metropolitan. There was an open-air bolshevik meeting on a principal street corner with open advocacy of Russian anarchy.

## THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

MR. FREDERICK APPEARS PROMPTLY AS HE PROMISED.

To have Neil turn me off with a laugh seemed almost more than I could bear. Suddenly I burst into tears, sobbing unrestrainedly. He was at once penitent.

"Poor girl, people have talked to you until you are unnerved," he said trying to calm me. "Come, Bab, don't give way like that!"

"But I can't bear to have them say things about you! I just can't live if they keep saying you are dishonest, that you spend your time with women who are—not nice; and that you spend money that doesn't belong to you! Why Neil I would rather live on a crust than have you, my husband, do those things. You are smart and clever. I am a necessary for you to do wrong to make a living. Be 'round me, dear, that you will do different."

"All right I will promise to be more careful," and with that I had to be content. Neil was quick tempered. If touched too far he invariably rebelled. Then we would quarrel, and I would have accomplished nothing; less than nothing for after we quarreled he would remain away; and I would be left alone, and was altogether hard to manage. But when not crossed he was the easiest going person in the world.

I had awoke long after he slept. My life was becoming a problem, the living of it, I mean. Had I not so passionately loved my husband, loved him, faults and all, I think perhaps I might have been easier for me. But it seemed so dreadful to doubt him; so unwelcome to question his integrity. I had always thought him so upright, so honest; and had so carried myself toward him.

He had turned me off when I spoke of being economical. Had said it would hurt him if people knew we were retrenching. I could not understand why getting out extravagance should make people doubt me but then I knew very little of business, so probably Neil was right.

I again thought of that when we said bills down stairs. I would as Neil in the morning to leave me a lot of signed checks—and I would fill them out and pay every cent we owed.

In the morning when I proposed doing so to Neil, he objected.

"I don't care to use so much ready money just now. Pay a few of the smaller ones if you like and let the others go. It won't hurt them to wait a while. I expect they all robbed us anyway."

"Oh, I don't think so, Neil, really I don't! We had the very best of everything, the most expensive. You mustn't talk as if people were cheats."

"You are liable to people who so dishonestly!" A little bitterly.

"Not if I was with it, dear! and you know I don't believe you ever meant to wrong anyone—you have been led in to those big schemes by older men."

"Well I must be off—I'll call you if anything happens I can't get home to dinner."

"Please don't let anything happen," I urged as I kissed him good bye.

I watched him swing down the street. He usually walked part of the way to the office in the morning, said he needed the exercise. How handsome he was, and how young he looked in his well fitting clothes. He was slender, yet broad of shoulder, and I never saw him in the street that I did not compare him to other men in their disadvantage.

When he passed out of sight I busied myself about a few household tasks until such time as I might expect Mr. Frederick. He came promptly at eleven, as he had promised.

"You always keep your word, do you not?" I asked.

"Always if possible. To what do you refer?"

"Your promptness in keeping appointments."

"Oh, not to be prompt in that respect is unforgivable especially when the appointment is with a lady."

"I forgot to ask you about Mr. Powers the other day. Did you see him?" I queried when we were seated in the library.

"Yes—I was with him some little time."

"What did he say? Does he really think Neil is doing wrong, that his business isn't all that it should be?"

"One question at a time please." Then soberly: "I will tell you as nearly as I can remember just what he said."

(Tomorrow—Mr. Powers Looks Up Prosperity Neil Advertiser.)

## Douglas County Prune Growers Prepare For Thorough Organization

(Rosedale Review)

Feeling that the time is now ripe for the orchardists of the county to form an organization whereby their best interests can be protected, fully 100 fruit growers of the county met at the office of County Agent C. J. J.

—this afternoon for the express purpose of forming a corporation to be known as the Douglas County Prune Growers Association, capitalized at \$100,000, ten per cent of which is to be paid in immediately to complete the organization and to handle the business that may come before the association. Fifty per cent must be paid in by 1920 and six per cent interest paid on capital stock, which is valued at \$25 a share, prorated among the growers on the basis of a share to an acre. Not more than \$5000 worth of stock can be owned by any one grower.

It is the desire of the newly formed association to become affiliated with the Northwestern Prune Growers, soon to become a reality. Sponsored by B.

### THE CASH SIDE OF THE LEDGER.

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Paulus of Salem and C. O. Holt of Eugene, head of the Eugene Fruit Growers association, the full market price to be obtained for the crops, is the chief object sought.

It was set forth at this afternoon's meeting that the unfair drop in prune prices of one and one eighth cents on the point 50 break in 1918, was engineered solely by organized packing interests and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost to the growers.

This season the same interests attempted to insert in their contracts a 3-4 of a cent drop at each count of 10, and had it not been for the unusual high tone of the prune market, it is said, the larger packing concerns would have probably succeeded in this. It is reported that some growers in this vicinity signed such contracts. The local growers have not been organized sufficiently to protect their own interests in any way. Individuals can no longer exert any appreciable influence and therefore the vital importance of a strong organization, affiliated with larger interests, to assure proper protection and obtain the full market value for the products, so it was depicted today.

Unorganized, the local growers are in an ideal condition to be exploited by packers who are fully acquainted with all the fluctuations of the industry; whether it be a heavy or light bloom in Oregon and California; whether it be a heavy or light "carry over" in New York, or a good or poor demand for export; whether drought is affecting the crop, etc. By affiliating with the Northwest Prune Growers association every grower can be notified in advance regarding all these conditions that they ought to know. The prune growers are largely in the dark as to prevailing conditions in other districts and on the markets of the world.

It was also pointed out that through the absorption of the smaller concerns by the larger packing corporations of California, the profit of the prune industry is no longer spent in Oregon where it rightfully belongs, but as the other hand is being devoted to San Francisco. Salesmanship and proper management is making the California walnut from the hands of the large fruit haulers and placing them on legitimate markets of the world obtain-ably better prices than they now receive. The California prune and apricot associations, controlling 70 per cent of the acreage of the state, have succeeded in stabilizing the market and are responsible for the excellent prices paid for prunes in 1918 and 1919. Salem and Eugene are now organized and the local growers see the necessity of a strong organization here.

### A QUIET PLACE

(Exchange)

A thin sickly little man entered one of the stores in one of our small towns recently and quietly seated himself on a convenient chair. One of the clerks approached and asked if he wished to purchase anything.

"Oh, no," said the man, "I just dropped in for a few minutes."

After half an hour had passed, the manager of the store, becoming curious, approached him and asked what could be done for him.

"Why nothing that I know of," said the man. "You see I have nervous prostration and the doctor told me to stay in a quiet place. Noticing that you do not advertise I thought this would be about the quietest place I could find."



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