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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

### THE AGE OF JAZZ.

A Baptist minister maintains that jazz, contrary to the common view, is not at all confined to music. He finds jazz in the present day magazines, in books, in plays, in art and even in religion. In short, he complains, it is a jazz age. The more refined standards that prevailed, before the war, have been broken down, and everything yields to the restive and infectious craze for ragtime.

It has gone so far, he says, that many churches are giving vaudeville shows on Sunday evenings instead of the spiritual food the people really need. The boys come home from war expecting to find a spirit of religion, and find only a universal spirit of jazz.

The tendency runs through our whole life, he says. It is shown in the accelerating craze for amusement. People not only demand violent, rapid-fire amusement, but they demand to be amused continually. They will not be calm, they will not concentrate. There is neither mental repose nor spiritual repose. It is all action, gadding about, going to the theatre to hear jazz music and see jazz vaudeville and burlesque, and running around in automobiles and attending week-end parties. The old,

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

### DESTINY.

When but a child I used to plan what I would do in future years, when I had grown to be a man—amusing now my dream appears. I thought I'd be a pirate bold, the master of a rakish ship, with all the plunder she could hold, a gun and cutlass at my hip. My dreams were shot with blood and fire, and loud with noisy, ribald glee; and here I sit and paw a lyre, and I have never seen the sea. I had a friend, a soulful lad, who lived next door to my abode; and he was never quite so glad as when he framed a gentle ode. His mind was filled with rhythmic dope, a bard's renown he longed to make; some day he hoped to be a Pope, to stand with Shelley or with Blake. I've met this friend of yesteryear, and he has penned no deathless line; kept busy as an auctioneer, he sells all sorts of hogs and swine. And I had one aspiring friend, who often said, "My dreams won't fade! Just watch me to the heights ascend, a ruler in the world of trade! Just watch my curves and you will see the owner of our biggest store; some day my fleets will sail the sea, and bring me goods from every shore." The facts conspire to disappoint! That youth fell down the worst of all; he's running now a hot-dog joint, and you may hear his plaintive bawl. As man pursues his erring way he finds most everything askew; I wonder if there lives a jay who saw his boyhood dreams come true.

## Used Car Bargains

1917 Velie, 6-cylinder in perfect condition, run but 3000 miles. Owner leaving, must sell. Price \$1150.

1918 Chevrolet, run 3200 miles, good tires with spare, Price \$750.

1914 Chalmers rebuilt, good tires, mechanically perfect. Price \$350.

4-cylinder Cole, perfect shape, a fine family car. Price \$950.

See these buys at

SALEM VELIE COMPANY

162 N. Commercial St., Salem.

solid standards are gone, the old values ignored. The really good in art, music and literature is despised.

It may not be quite so bad as the minister believes, but the tendency is plain enough. Surely no society that did not have its normal taste and judgment rather badly upset would stand jazz music and the general system of frenzied motion, noise and change of which it is a symptom.

It may only be, as the minister charitably suggests, a reaction from the strain of war. If the people really find all this hullabaloo wholesome, let them enjoy themselves, by all means. But it seems a curious way to get rested from a prolonged strain. Few doctors, either physical or spiritual, would be likely to recommend jazz.

### A FRENCH ALLIANCE.

The proposal of a virtual American alliance with France may arouse more debate than any other matter growing out of the peace conference. It is well that it should be clearly understood before it comes to a decision.

It should be recognized first of all, that it is not a part of the peace treaty. It is a purely informal and unofficial proposal. France wants a pledge from Great Britain and the United States that they will come to her aid if she is ever again attacked by Germany without provocation. The British government seems willing to give such a pledge. President Wilson, of course, has no authority to commit the United States to it. He has promised the French government that he will submit the proposal to the United States senate. The decision will rest with that body.

The first impulse of every intelligent American citizen is to inquire why such a step should be considered necessary, when the League of Nations has been formed to guarantee the safety of all its members, including France, and to make all alliances superfluous. The answer is that France wants to make assurance doubly sure.

President Wilson himself, who can hardly be said to have shown any special enthusiasm for the project, seems at least to find no great objection to it. His position that such an agreement would only make specific and definite an obligation already covered by provisions of the covenant. That puts the matter in about the same light as the Monroe Doctrine, which according to the view of the president and many others was guaranteed by the covenant, and which was nevertheless given special sanction in deference to American opinion.

It may not be precisely accurate to describe the arrangement proposed as an "alliance". But it looks very much like it to the ordinary American who has been brought up in a deep-seated prejudice against anything of the kind. There is probably a willingness in this country to go to the aid of France again if she is brutally attacked and needs our help. We have not forgotten, and will not forget, the services rendered by France in our own revolution, nor her heroic conduct in this war. But as for an absolute pledge of armed support, that is something about which the American public and the American senate will hesitate, and which they may prefer to leave to the determination of congress hereafter, as occasions arise.

The Salem King's Products company is advertising for bean acreage. They are ready to contract with the farmers to take their crop off their hands at profitable prices, and this fact should stimulate growers to furnish the required acreage. This local plant is doing much to increase production in the valley by affording a market at home that can be depended upon and they deserve encouragement. It is only by building up such industries that Oregon will come into its own in the matter of intensive development and the consequent prosperity to producers.

Oregon's crop outlook is especially fine, now that the season for the usual scares about the loss of the fruit has passed. For the first time in three years there is prospect for a normal yield of grain, which will greatly enhance the prosperity of the Willamette Valley. We have been growing in wealth, according to the barometer of bank deposits, without the help of the cereal crop so that with its added financial returns we should experience the most plentiful year in the history of the state. Peace and prosperity promises to be more than a mere sounding phrase.

Hawker is said to have declared that he would eat the Yankee plane that beat him in the trans-Atlantic flight. Now that he has turned up alive after his narrow escape some plane food ought to be very acceptable.

"Don't pet the soldier," urges an army man. And a word in that soldier's ear: "Don't let 'em pet you. If they try it, roar at 'em. We gotta have some virility left in this man's country."

The Oregonian is extremely anxious for a Wood-en head on the republican presidential ticket. That might be an improvement over ivory anyway.

Wonder if President Monroe would see any family resemblance in what Japan calls the "Asiatic Monroe Doctrine?"

Congress wouldn't work when the president was around. Now we'll see whether it helps any to have him away.

## THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL SUGGESTS THAT BARBARA LEAVE EARLY

Of course I understood very little of what they discussed. I noticed however that not only Mrs. Orton but the other two women as well as the men seemed perfectly familiar with all the details. Occasionally the hostess would interrupt with some remark, and I noticed that whatever she said received attention. It was not so with the other. As I observed this I recalled what Frederick had said: they were invited to amuse and entertain men like Tearle and Connor. When the coffee was served the discussion had become quite heated. Mrs. Orton, Neil and Tearle talking fast and earnestly. She and Neil were trying to prove to Tearle that if he put up a large amount of money, his returns were bound to be enormous. I noticed that Frederick had once joined in the conversation.

Finally we all rose from the table and adjourned to the drawing room where card tables had been placed while we were at dinner.

"Mrs. Forbes does not play," Neil's voice startled me. I played an excellent game of bridge, but never had played poker, the game they intended to play.

"That is too bad! suppose we do not?" "I will chat with Mrs. Forbes. You do not need me in the game," Mr. Frederick interrupted. He at once placed a chair for me some distance from the table, and sat himself near, asking permission to smoke. Then:

"Why did you do it?" "I had to," I did not pretend to misunderstand him. "I must find some way to help Neil—instead of having him come here," I spoke very low.

"You were very brave. I don't understand how you accomplished it." "I will tell you some time. I will tell you now however that I never liked Mrs. Orton so well as I do tonight. She came to my aid wonderfully."

"She is a remarkable woman—in many ways," he returned slowly. Then for a few moments we did not speak. I noticed that both Neil and Mrs. Orton frequently glanced in my direction. Once I overheard one of the women say:

"It's stupid tonight!" and I knew she was referring to my presence. Frederick also had heard and commenced talking. After a few moments another remark was made, so palpably with me in mind that no one could mistake its meaning. I flushed, to my annoyance,

then regained my composure as Neil said:

"As you don't play card, Bab, why not play the piano?" Then: "My wife is a finished musician," he added to no one in particular.

"Oh, do Mrs. Forbes! I haven't heard any really good music in ages," Mrs. Orton urged.

I immediately went to the piano. I played gay little airs which I thought would be appreciated. Then at Neil's request more serious music, and music in which I always lost myself. For over an hour I played, then turned around to see Neil get up from the table and stagger toward me. I knew he had been drinking too much wine, yet I was so fully unprepared for what followed.

"Go on home now, Bab. You're a good girl all right! I won't have you coming here. Blanche is all right too, she's a brick. But she knows about things, and you don't."

"But I can learn, Neil," I said in a trembling voice, laying my hand on his arm and not observing Mrs. Orton who had come up behind him. "If I go home will you come with me?" "Come, do, dear."

"Of course he will! there is nothing more to be done with Tearle tonight," she whispered. "If there is I can manage him better than you can. You run along with Mrs. Forbes. And thank you for coming to me tonight," she extended her hand to me. "I have been very glad and proud to have you," she looked me steadily in the eyes as she spoke.

I knew she meant me to know she admired me for my action.

"I will run along also if you will excuse me," Frederick said. "I have a taxi waiting outside. I will take you home if I may," he turned to Neil.

Long afterward I found out that he had the taxi wait sure I intended to be there, and fearing a scene, had planned to get me away.

Neil accepted his offer rather ungraciously. He did not want to leave, and showed it plainly. But Mrs. Orton insisted that he accompany me, and that she did not need him.

(Tomorrow—Neil Forbids Barbara to Go to Mrs. Orton's Parties.)

### TROEH RETAINS TITLE

Portland, Or., May 28.—Frank Troeh still retains the Hercules all around amateur trap shooting trophy. He defeated his brother, J. B. Troeh, 185 to 170 targets in a championship match here yesterday.



### The Alluring Beauty of the Pearl

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### INCOME TAX QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED

To our readers: We have recently retained a firm of income and war tax experts to handle a federal income and war tax bureau thru our paper. This firm, Gromley & Henderson, Chamber of Commerce building, Portland, Oregon, will be open at all times to answer inquiries pertaining to the federal tax. If questions should arise that might seem personal they will be handled thru personal letters to the reader, and will not appear in the paper. You will always be able to find answers each Wednesday for queries forwarded the previous week.

All communications should be addressed to the Salem Journal Federal Tax Bureau, care Tromley & Henderson, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

# Beans

MR. GROWER:—

You have about one week left in which to plant beans. We want several hundred tons more of Burpee's Stringless Greenpod Beans and are willing to give contracts for large or small tracts.

# POTATOES

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