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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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MEMORIAL DAY.

Just as the family lot in the cemetery gathers names to its circle, and the record of births and deaths and weddings lengthen, little by little in the family bible, so, as the years roll round Memorial Day gathers to itself new reasons for being.

We decorate this year the graves of the soldiers of four great wars—the Revolution, the Civil war, the Spanish war and this last great conflict, which took no notice of boundaries or oceans, but spread throughout the world.

We cannot choose our heroes. All fought for the same great principles, and died for the same ideals. Each has made his supreme contribution to the good of his fellow men, and all deserve alike our flowers and our tears.

It is a day in which the living give in loving memory of the dead. But the living receive far more than any tribute they can pay, for what lessons in history and patriotism are here!

Who, whether or not he goes to the cemetery or attends any public ceremony, can fail to feel the tides of a deep love for his country rise within him if he gives even a passing thought to the day.

Our flowers and our thoughts will be of little worth, our dead indeed will have died in vain, if this Memorial Day does not make better, braver citizens and patriots of us all.

WHAT GERMANY WILL DO.

It can be set down as a practical certainty that Germany will sign the treaty. There is nothing else left for her to do. Refusal to sign would mean the immediate occupation of Germany by the Allies, the garrisoning of the whole country, the seizure and control of the cus-

tom offices, railroads and other public utilities, and the armed enforcement of the provisions of the treaty. That would leave Germany helpless. It is easier for her to sign.

But having signed under this compulsion, to avoid a worse fate, it may be accepted as a matter of course that there will be slight moral value attached to the signature. Germany will sign without any intention or disposition to fulfil the obligations thus technically assumed. She will sign the treaty frankly as a "scrap of paper."

Most of the German people will probably justify such an attitude by arguing that they are not morally bound because they signed under duress. Others will take the stand on the flat statement that they incur no moral obligations simply because the settlement is "unjust to Germany."

A proper conception of Germany's crimes, of course, would make such a position impossible; but there is no evidence that the German nation has any such conception. It considers itself wronged, and will continue in the future, as in the past, trying to evade all responsibility for the war's consequences, regardless of signed documents.

It follows that the Allies will be compelled to use force in order to make the terms of the treaty operative. Their task will be somewhat simpler than it would have been if Germany had not signed, because there will be a definite program to carry out, written down in black and white and having the international sanction that a completed treaty naturally carries. But it will be hard enough at best.

Germany may be expected to resist every penalty imposed, actively or passively, perhaps for the most part passively. There will be none of the prompt settlement by the French after the Franco-Prussian war, in order to get done with a disagreeable situation as soon as possible. The Allies will probably have Germany on their hands, unrepentive and sullen, for many years to come.

As legislator, editor, farmer and grange leader, James S. Stewart, who is now campaigning in Marion county in behalf of the market road bill, has always been true to truth and fact. His addresses in advocacy of the bill and the Marion county local bond issue should carry great weight for both measures, says the Oregon Journal.

If the auto owner is willing to pay all of the interest and three-fourths of the principal of the proposed \$850,000 market roads bond issue—as he will under the provisions of the road measures to be voted on next Tuesday—why should the man who owns no "jitney" worry?

Perusal of the German counter proposals to the peace treaty would almost lead one to wonder if the Allies did win the war, after all. But they haven't asked for President Wilson's resignation—yet.

The fellow who has just finished a 36-hour piano solo isn't so much. We've heard a good many that seemed longer than that, and then somebody in the audience always asked for an encore.

It may not be a just peace but if it's adjustable that is worth something.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BARBARA'S QUESTION ANSWERED

The question the very first picked was the only one I had asked in which I was vitally interested. I had purposely made the others innocuous. I turned hot then cold as I waited. Could he, and would he tell me anything worth knowing about Neil, and his business methods? I waited impatiently as he held the paper against his forehead.

"The man is not fundamentally dishonest, but he has in some way lost his perspective where business integrity and profit are the issues. He is going to have some sort of trouble. This trouble will be caused by his lack of prob-

ity in business. But I see happiness if not success for him too." That was all. He then took the other questions and answered them, some of them at much greater length than he had this one in which I was so intensely absorbed.

Robert would live to grow up, father and mother would not die for many years, etc., etc. But almost as he answered the questions I forgot what he said, so intent was my mind upon what

he said of Neil. Could it be that that man really knew anything of the future?

"I asked myself this question, not realizing in the least that in my written query I had given him the answer myself."

"What did he tell you?" aunt asked excitedly as we gained the street.

"Oh, not very much," I repeated. My answers to my other questions concerned Robert, father and mother, etc.

"But I think he told you a lot. It will make you so easy about little Robert, and your father and mother. But didn't you ask him a thing about Neil?"

"Oh, certainly. He said he saw happiness ahead for him." I had no intention of confiding any more.

"Well, I asked him all about Neil's business. I mean if he were to be successful, and if whatever was worrying him would get straightened out. You see Neil is all the relative I have in the world, and I have been dreadfully worried about him lately," she added apologetically. "He is in some sort of trouble I am sure."

"What did he say to you?" I felt a little indignant that aunt had asked questions about Neil's business affairs, yet I was so anxious to know what she had been told that I hid the resentment from her.

"He said that the man I asked about was on the verge of some trouble in his affairs. That his health was giving way under the strain, and that unless he changed his tactics he would regret it always."

"I shivered with dread and apprehension. I had no way of knowing that aunt, as had I, had given the information in her question. That almost anyone with a keen brain would have made the same deduction as had the man in whom we had paid ten dollars for a few minutes of his time."

"It is ridiculous for him to have talked that way. I know Neil is worried and anxious, what man as young as he who made so much money wouldn't be? But the very idea of his daring to say that Neil must 'change his tactics.' It is almost insulting." Thus after a moment's silence I added: "I hope you won't repeat that to Neil. I wouldn't

let him know you had questioned the man about him or his affairs if I were cross. He don't like anything that looks like interference, you know," I said, thinking of his wish that his aunt would go home.

"I guess I have the right to ask anything I want to. And as for interfering, it would have been better if I had done that when I first came. I am not blind Bob. I know there is something queer about Neil's business affairs. I also know you are aware of it, and that it worries you, causes you great anxiety."

"I do worry," I admitted. Then anxious to disabuse her mind of any suspicion of Neil I added: "But only because of his health. Why Mr. Frederick told me only the other day that Neil was perfectly wonderful in business." I did not add: "If he used his keenness in the right direction," which had been the way Mr. Frederick had finished.

"Well, Frederick is all right himself, but I am convinced Neil isn't," aunt said decidedly just as we reached home. (Tomorrow—Neil's Aunt Is Anxious Because of His Constant Overworking.)

MEMORIAL BOUQUETS

(By O. O. Smith)

On this, our Memorial Day,
Flowers I bring, honor to pay,
For our soldiers we place them all
Who answered to our country's call.

The first bouquet here we will fix
For our brave boys of (17) ninety six.
Next eighteen and twelve these are for
Our recruits who fought in that war.

A bunch for heroes we bestow
Who fought in wars with Mexico,
This wreath for boys who took a gun
And marched to war in (18) sixty one.

Among the rest this one appears
For men who fought for five long years
Another one for those alive
Who returned home in (18) sixty five.

These flowers here commemorate
Our Spanish war of (18) ninety eight.
With the last one we now advance
For olive drab boys laid in France.

Take out them all and place around
At some head rest or little mound,
For you will find it worth the while
To make some living veteran smile.

Pin on their coats and let them wear
Some of the flowers you've gathered here
Upon this our Memorial Day,
The thirtieth of the month of May.

IN MEMORY OF COL. JOHN H. CRADLEBAUGH

"There goes a man!"
Of such a one 'twas said as he;
And now again
'Tis heard—"Hath passed
From out our midst—a Man."

True as Truth itself is true
They found him—they who knew
His kindly way.
Day by day

He wore these ties which bound us to
his being's core,
Fond ties—at once our sorrow and our
solace
Since the weaver weaves no more

His finger on the pulse of human kind,
He felt each heart beat,
Read each mind;
The longings there a soul so near of
his could find

Ah, well he builded—better than he
knew—
For, from life many, stood he with that
stammer few
Who helped to make the "Dreams
Come True."

At rest those hands that fair
Would still have labored on,
And he is gone,
About us all, death's dulling pall;
So grieved and grief
That but this cheering ray might
piece within—
A thankfulness that he has been,
So dark our doubt that inner Faith
might see
but this lone light—
That such as he, could be.


—MILDRED KRISSEY COLVIN,
Waldport, Oregon.

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Two Acts
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NAZIMOVA
in
OUT of the FOG

From the stage success by H. Austin Adams
"CEPTION SHOALS"
Directed by ALBERT CAPELLANI
Scenario by June Mathis
Distributed by METRO Pictures Corporation

"See it at."


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WHEN THE BOYS GROW UP

It won't be a great many years until Salem business and banking will be conducted by the boys who are now growing up. When that time comes the preparation which they have had now will better enable them to carry on where we leave off.

The United States National Bank's contribution to their education is BANKING EXPERIENCE



United States National Bank
Salem Oregon

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

MOTORING.

I leave the city's nose behind, its stone and brick built sectors, forsake a while the beastly grind, and all the bill collectors. I climb on high the verdant hills, the azure heavens o'er me, forgetting bailiffs and their bills and all the things that bore me. It is a pleasant thing to go away from toil and knitting; my car is working like a joy, its cylinders all hitting. Oh, Scott may sing of Loch-invar, whose charger was a hummer; but give to me the modern car, and long, long days of summer. I chug along by wood and glade and by the babbling waters, salute the farmer with his spade, and gossip with his daughters. At intervals my car I stop, some quaint old signboard reading; and now and then a rural cop would run me in for speeding. I loaf along, eight miles an hour, the motor working nifty, and then, to show I have the power, I shove her up to fifty. Through dale and dell, on dune and down, I throw the dust behind me; and tired collectors scour the town with bills, and cannot find me. I look around in silent glee upon the landscape's splendor, until I run against a tree and bust a wheel and fender. Then I go limping back to town, my kind of luck berating; and find the bailiffs all camped down in stern and watchful waiting.

HOME INDUSTRY FACTS

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