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Editor and Publisher

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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## The Daily Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL  
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

### A REAL TREASURE ISLAND.

An island all their own is the proud possession of the Boy Scouts of Philadelphia. Situated in the beautiful Delaware river, surrounded by mountainous country well adapted to camping and trapping, it bids fair to become the Boys' Own Paradise.

The property has been given to the Boy Scout Council to be held in perpetuity for the association. The boys have already renamed the island, calling it after "Treasure Island," after Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal story. There generations of boys will learn the delights of life in the open, while those not familiar with one of the greatest adventure stories in the world will probably become so, as they learn the reason for the island's name.

The week from June 6 to 14 is set aside for national observance of Boy Scout Week, with the especial end in view of showing recognition of the faithful services of the boys during war-time, and to extend the membership and work of the boys everywhere.

The community making such a gift as Treasure Island, shows its appreciation of the Boy Scout movement and its understanding of boyish hearts and will profit more than the boys will, which is saying a good deal.

Just now there are many ragged vacant lots in Salem and the grass and weeds in the parkings need cutting badly in many places. If there is an ordinance by which the clearing up of such property can be enforced the city officials should see that it is enforced. If there is no such ordinance, one should be enacted at once. Neatly kept grounds enhance the value of every piece of city property.

The German peace situation is annoying, but it might be worse. Fortunately there has been no crop of German Hamlet's soliloquies beginning "To Sign or Not to Sign."

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

### THE KNOCKING WIFE

A wife's not worth the sock she's knitting, she lacks all dignity and charm, who goes around the town admitting her husband is a false alarm. But yesterday I heard a lady complaining of her wedded state; she sat beneath an elm tree shady, and railed and grumbled at her fate. She said, "Alas, when I was married I left my mascot in the lurch; I picked a lemon when I carried my veil and bridal wreath to church. I cuss my luck in Greek and Latin; I might have had a better man, who would have bought me silk and satin, equipped me with a fine sedan. But I was young and Fate was yellow, I'd only lived thru eighteen Junes; and so I gathered in a fellow who barely earns enough for prunes." She grumbles as she does her hummin', she grouches as she kicks the cat; it was the husband drew the lemon—her line of talk is proof of that. The wife who's worth the rags she's wearing won't call her hub an also ran; though he is punk, she still is swearing she harvested the finest man. He may be trifling as a poet, as worthless as a can of soup; but she won't let the neighbors know it, won't let the news leak from her coop. She may pull out his whiskers hoary, and press hot flat-irons on his head; but ere she'd tell her friends the story, she'd see herself among the dead.

## LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

Commencing June 16th Banking Hours will be from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

### SEEING IT THROUGH.

The attitude taken by many Americans toward the assumption of mandatory duties by the United States is cowardly and inconsistent.

The American people went into the war with the declared intention of making the world safe and free for all nations, large or small. The first step necessary was the military defeat of the Central Powers, who were in a conspiracy to uphold and extend the tyranny of big military nations over weaker nations. With their military supremacy crushed, the smaller nations are set free. But they can neither remain free nor make profitable use of their political and economic development until they are capable of taking care of themselves.

If we stop now, our work of liberation is but half done. If the American people were sincere in their professions, and remain honest and sincere in their professions, they must see it through.

It will not be a pleasant duty to look after Armenia or Constantinople or any other remote place which represents century-old feuds and entanglements, and in which American people have little interest. But somebody has got to do it, if the fruits of victory are not thrown away. The United States can engage in such work with better hope of success than any of the other powers, because of the very fact that this country is disinterested and is recognized as such by all the world.

As for the objections that Americans do not want to mix in European affairs, it probably is well to point out that we have already been doing that for some time now, drawn by the resistless logic of world events, and there is little prospect of getting back to our old isolation.

Moreover, the only new thing about "mandatory" is the name. The United States has been acting for years as mandatory for several Central American countries, and has made a very good job of it.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Willamette University will be celebrated with a pageant depicting the growth and development of the Oregon country from the pioneer days in which this, the oldest University west of the Rocky Mountains, was founded. The occasion, marking three-fourths of a century of stirring history, is memorable, and the spectacle which will depict will be pretentious, carefully arranged as to detail and carried out with historical fidelity. "Old Willamette" is in truth an old institution, as we view things in this new country, and it has stamped its impress upon the hearts and minds of several generations since its door swung open to receive students, when the future capital of Oregon was a mere outpost of civilization, and Oregon an almost trackless wilderness. And in so early an opening of such an institution those Methodist pioneers laid the foundation well and wisely upon which the Pacific Northwest has grown to greatness, not only in wealth and population, but in the intelligence and character of the people who planted their homes here and were permanent factors in that growth and development. The history of Willamette University is rich in accomplishment and the romance and traditions of things that reach back to pioneer days make the celebration of its anniversary an event of peculiar interest and appeal.

Bad manners are contagious. Carranza refused to recognize the League of Nations, and now just when he thought he had his government firmly established, Mexico seems inclined not to recognize him.

Maybe the public is wrong about it, and the peace treaty is a party issue. But the public is still unconvinced.

Senator Hiram Johnson's opposition is the best endorsement the League of Nations has yet received.

## THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

### NEIL SENDS BARBARA FROM THE ROOM WHILE THE REPORTER TALKS TO HIM.

When the reporter announced his errand Neil turned a bit more anxiously, and I trembled so I could scarcely stand. It was my introduction to newspaper tactics, and I was frightened as well as anxious.

husband's business and that it was all a lie, a monstrous lie. But I knew absolutely nothing, yet I must show my faith in Neil—even though I felt there was some foundation for the awful scandal.

"Leave us Barbara. Mr.—Moore," the young man gave his name. "Mr. Moore probably feels embarrassed by your presence," he added, the light some tone an unreasonably I wondered.

## ECHOES FROM 'OVER THERE'

Editor's Note:—The following letter from Robert E. Mowery, company D, 18th U. S. Infantry, now with the army of occupation, as well as the verses which were included in it are self explanatory.

Dear Editor:—Am sending you a few poems taken from our army paper, and our divisional paper, The Bridge Head Sentinel. Out of these poems I would be glad to have you select the best and publish them. They are composed by men of the division who have been through it all over here and know what they are writing about.

I know that the Oregon boys have returned or at least an outfit bearing their name did and I know that they were a fake and not the original. Why? Well perhaps it is not known by the people of Salem that the famous company M was split up shortly after arriving in France and sent to the First American Division and we are all proud of it, but at the same time we do not like to see some other fellows, who never heard a shell bang or dodged a machine gun bullet, trying to pose under our old regiment name for the love of Pete, folks of the Cherry City, wake up from your slumber and remember that there are a few of us left who weathered the storm of war and that we would be darned glad to get hold of a Journal now and then.

We boys think it very strange to have to remain over here while other National Army and National Guard divisions are going home, but what can we do? Nothing! Only grin and bear it. Can't you do something for us?

I myself am proud to be able to state that I landed in a division that has won so much fame and an also sure that other boys are too, but then this does not get us home. Home, yes home is what we crave but if we are doomed to remain here with the regular army I am sure that we can stand it.

Will write again but must close now as it is nearing chow time and a good soldier never misses that.

We Did.  
They said we couldn't get here,  
But we did.  
Yes, we landed on the old Rhine with a skid.  
Sure we did.  
They said we couldn't cross, that the river was the boss,  
But we did.  
And we said we'd march through Berlin.  
And we did.

Then we saw a little German frau in a smile,  
Katie did,  
And we winked at her and bowed,  
So we did.  
But an M. P. passing by, caught the flicker of our eye,  
Yes, he did.  
And he took us to the Provost—then the Bridge.  
Sure he did.

We could sleep in German beds,  
And we did;  
Drink light wines, white and red,  
Oh, we did.  
But if you chanced to speak, to our landlord on the street,  
Aah some did,  
You'll get run in by a Gendarme beau-coup suite;  
That's no kid.

We must be natty—put on lugs,  
And we did,  
Snap salutes at Doodlebugs,  
Bet we did.  
We could unto in our town, without causing "fial" from,  
And we did.  
But we couldn't ride without a bill,  
Though some did.

—E. C. IRIGON.

Big League 'n Everything.  
SOMETIMES I wish I was  
A BIG leaguer like  
ALEXANDER, AND could have some  
one  
GET ME out of here and get home  
WHERE THEY live  
APPLE PIE'S, 'n everything  
BUT MAYBE that's what I get  
FOR VOLUNTEERING, instead of  
WAITING TO be drafted.  
(THANK GOD I didn't)  
'N I wasn't go'  
GAS N. C. O., 'n didn't have no  
DOG ROBBIN' job.  
I HAD to drill  
'N FIGHT with something besides my  
nose  
'N A gas mask, 'n everything.  
'N NOW I wannaghome 'n work,—  
NOT TO amuse somebody  
WITH THE price of a  
BLEACHER SEAT in his pocket,  
BUT FOR me  
'N A girl I know of  
'N EVERYTHING.  
BUT THEN, if I was a  
REAL BIG leaguer, maybe I'd  
HAVE A lot of spruak  
'N STICK around till it's all over, over  
here,  
LIKE AL Orth  
'N PA Powers.  
WE ALL thank them, 'n  
I THANK YOU.  
(With apologies.)

I'll Say So!  
I waited twelve months, for a cap that  
would fit  
By 7% dome, and not simply sit  
On top of my bean, inviting each gust,  
To blow it into the mud or the dust.

My blouse is too big, no tailor could  
take  
That "???" of mine, and change it to  
make  
It snugly fit my chest and my back,  
And destroy the suggestion of a man in  
sack.

They tell us a soldier should always  
look neat,  
Present a smart appearance from his  
head to his feet;  
But how in the name of the seven ugly  
witches,  
Could a man look smart in those new  
issue breeches

I'm down at the heel, and through at  
the sole,  
And I long for shoes that are solid and  
whole;  
I tell the Supply Sergeant my size is 8D,  
He says, "Be content with a 10-E!"

The Q. M. don't worry because we are  
sore,  
Why not change the "supply" to the  
Medical Corps?  
The caps they would issue, would not  
merely sit;  
Wann' that insulation a perfect  
"fit"?

FRUIT MERGER APPROVED  
Roseburg, Or., June 6.—A meeting  
was held here today and addressed by  
Robert Paulus of Salem looking forward  
to a merger of all fruit growers' organizations in the county and state.

OVER-ACIDITY  
of the stomach has upset many a  
night's rest. If your stomach is acid-  
disturbed, dissolve two or three  
KI-MOIDS  
on the tongue before retiring and enjoy  
refreshing sleep. The purity and  
goodness of Ki-moids guaranteed by  
SCOTT & BOWNE  
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

HOME INDUSTRY  
FACTS  
CHARITY begins at home we  
say. How about Prosperity?  
Shall we build up prosper-  
ity in the east by buying east-  
ern products, or shall we "buy  
home products" because we  
want to see prosperity, like  
charity, "begin at home"?

HOME INDUSTRY LEAGUE  
OF OREGON

## Mattresses

Only two articles that we sell are lower in price than they were during the war. One of them being mattresses. We have now in stock the most select line we have ever offered and at very attractive prices.

- Cotton top wood fiber filling ..... \$5.00
- Cotton top and bottom fiber filling ..... \$7.50 to \$9.50
- All cotton ..... \$11.50 to \$13.75
- Felted built-up cotton ..... \$15.75
- to ..... \$18.75
- Silk Floss and Java silk, either in one or two parts ..... \$18.75 to ..... \$28.50

Ask to see our mattresses. This is the time to buy that camping outfit. Then when you are ready to go you will be fixed and not be told "we are sold out, and you will have to wait a couple of weeks before you can get what you want." We are particularly strong on folding cots and stools. See us first!

Those Congoleum rugs are just the thing for kitchen or dining room. Where small expense is desired, nothing on the market to equal them at the price. Sizes 9x10.6 and 9x12. Those rice grass and wool fiber rugs for living or bedroom, at small cost, certainly furnish nicely. Ask to see them. Price \$12.90 to \$18.75.

## Chambers & Chambers

467 Court Street