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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

WHAT MODESTY MAY HIDE.

The British Empire won the war. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig admits it, modestly, of course, like this: "We talk a great deal about our allies. It was necessary and right that we should do so to buck them up all we could while the fighting was going on, but don't forget it was the British Empire that won this war."

And, continuing to minimize the part he and his countrymen played in licking the Hun, the self-deprecating Englishman goes on in this strain: "I don't wish to particularize, but you know our Russian friends threw us down and the Italians didn't do a great deal then. Our French friends made the best of it, but then they had a really hard job at the beginning. For the last two years England bore the brunt of the struggle."

What a shame the esteemed Field Marshal's reticence would not permit him to expound further on the secrets of the Allied victory.

History may have lied, with all the world in ignorance. Perhaps it was Haig and not Foch who saved the day at Verdun. Like as not the British marines turned the Boche horde back at Chateau-Thierry. Who knows but Tommy Atkins chased Fritz out of Belleau Wood and drove the "blasted Heinie" from St. Mihiel? What a thriller we have missed if aces of the Royal Air Force winged the huge Italian guns in the lofty Alpine strongholds. Why, it may develop that 600,000,000 bushels of wheat and great quantities of other foodstuffs we thought we were contributing annually was grown in the back yards of London and transported over the world in ships built on the Clyde. And we know that the 3,000,000 Yankees who added their mite to the Lion's strength are mostly of British descent.

Consider, oh Haig, of what truths your modesty may have kept us in darkness.

From Boston comes the kind of a "fish story" the public has been longing to hear--seventeen fish dealers have been given jail sentences as food profiteers.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

ANGER.

The blood was boiling in my veins, my lawn was spoiled by Johnson's steers; I felt a sizzling in my brains, and smoke was coming from my ears. That day my little nephew, Pete, was taking snap shots 'round the place; and, in his guileless way and sweet, he made a picture of my face. He laid the picture on my knee, when it was printed and complete; I glanced at it, and cried, "Oh, chee! That's not my map, so help me Pete!" But when I looked again I saw it was my mug, deformed by ire; the foam was flecked upon my jaw, my eyes were like a house afire. My fangs were bared, as though to bite, my hair like bristles stood on end; I saw myself a holy fright, a wild beast built to tear and rend. "Oh, Pete," I said, "you bet your hat, I ne'er again shall yield to rage; the fact that I have looked like that, will keep me humble till old age. I never knew that anger made man's face a thing to spoil one's sleep; so now we'll take your little spade, and plant that picture cubits deep." And now I keep my rage in check when dire misfortunes are the rule; I tie cracked ice upon my neck, and fan myself, and thus keep cool.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

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

THE EMBLEMATIC DAISY.

A controversy has arisen over the daisy, as a result of the selection of that flower as an emblem by the "liberals" who want the prohibition laws relaxed.

An ardent woman prohibitionist in a letter to a newspaper, makes this withering comment:

"What better emblem could have been chosen by the 'wets'? The daisy--hated by farmers as a pest, of absolutely no value to man or beast!

"Just as animals refuse to drink beer, so they refuse to eat the daisy. It crowds into fields of grain, it runs riot in meadows, spoiling the hay, and spreads like a thing evil over pastures.

"Animals turn from it with contempt, nibbling the short grass which struggles up to life from among the roots of the daisy.

"The daisy--true emblem of booze--if allowed to remain, crowds out of the pasture the life giving, food-producing grass and eventually drives the animals to starvation; forces its way into fields of grain, spoiling the harvest and occupying space which should be used to grow food.

"Booze--if allowed to remain--drives not cattle, but men women and innocent children to starvation. The 'daisy-wearing man' takes the grain which God gives us of use as the 'staff of life' and makes of it the 'curse of life.'"

Over against this arraignment might be set the testimony of Chaucer, the "father of English poetry" who wrote 500 years ago, in his "Legende of Fair Women":

"Of alle the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede
Such as men called dayseyes in our toun.
So glad am I, when that I have presence
Of it, to doon it alle reverenee,
As she that is of alle floures flour,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honour,
And ever ilike faire and fresshe of hewe.
Alas, that I ne had Englyssh, ryme or prose,
Suffisant this flour to preyse aryght!"

So the reader may take his choice. Perhaps, though, no choice is really necessary. Perhaps they are both right. The modern feminine critic was speaking from the viewpoint of utility, the poet from viewpoint of art.

Still, it is rather hard to harmonize the two estimates--just as it is to harmonize the opposite estimates of alcohol.

Seems to us there is a lot of good money being spent in test cases to determine whether or not 2.75 percent beer is intoxicating. There's a much more logical and inexpensive method of determining.

"BED-ROCK" PRINCIPLES

We believe that those apply to banking services--even more than to business. To well serve a customer's best interests--it is essential that we know what his interests are. By getting down to "bed-rock" with a customer--that means that the United States National wants to KNOW HIM and be KNOWN BY HIM.

May we add YOUR name to our list of depositors.



United States National Bank
Salem Oregon

The Story of the Growth of the Salem Bank of Commerce

As shown by a comparative statement of our resources:

June 30, 1910	\$67,920.57
June 30, 1911	\$144,819.91
June 30, 1912	\$222,124.32
June 30, 1913	\$241,302.07
June 30, 1914	\$287,273.76
June 30, 1915	\$248,020.81
June 30, 1916	\$293,928.00
June 30, 1917	\$327,319.15
June 30, 1918	\$429,937.37
June 30, 1919	\$625,295.98

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

MY CHANGE

CHAPTER XIII

Captain Donovan was waiting for me, as I came down the stairs. He was pacing up and down the porch nervously. He could only have waited about half an hour. But it seemed to have annoyed him.

I had had a hard time. To be dressed appropriately for a motor ride that would end in tea and dancing, I wore my blue taffeta traveling dress. But my hat--it was large and floppy. Not at all the kind of hat to enjoy oneself in, motoring, I said motoring now. No one here spoke of the auto or automobile!

But Anna Jones came into this gap in my vast rags. She offered me a tiny light fitting hat of her own. I was grateful. Even more--happy. It was decidedly becoming. So by the time I had planned it on at the most fetching angle, tied on a sheer meshed veil, the captain had been waiting a while.

But had I not always read to keep men waiting? It was another one of those things that you learn. (Not that I had many opportunities for this sort of thing.) But you had best try them out yourself. It may do if one is fascinating a beauty, and an heiress. But not just a plain human girl--like me!

So the captain was annoyed slightly. Though he concealed it under a nice manner. Next time I would be more prompt. I don't value a person the more who keeps me waiting. Why should a man?

The captain started the car. We were soon running smoothly over the state road. Lovely glimpses of country from the side of the car. Rolling blue hills, and the black of the clustered pines. Here and there a bit of gleaming sapphire water sparkled at us.

It was so easy to talk, too. The constant changing panorama. It forbade boredom. At least in the early stages. Two people in a little car; you are quite shut away from the world. It makes you intimate. It seemed to make the captain and me intimate.

We felt almost as if we were old friends.

"This is the second time in my life that I've been in a car," I said.

I looked up at the captain. I expected to see a shocked look. But I was wrong. He laughed.

"I knew you were different from the other girls," he said.

"Yes, I am different from the others. I'm quite poor and quite unused to all this."

"True, but have the advantage over the others, of having been brought up simply. French ideals--"

Should I never be rid of that convent life? I shook it off. I twisted the conversation from myself.

At best a stupid topic for the other person. In my case, a dangerous one.

"Shall we speed?" asked my companion. We did so recklessly, too, that in a turn of the road I was thrown violently against Captain Donovan. He cut down the speed. He held me with one arm. I tried to free myself. But his arm was strong.

Here was my chance.

Quite honestly I said, "Thank you Captain Donovan, I am all right now." There was no coquetry in my voice. The captain gave me one surprised look.

"So you have forgotten last night?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," there was anger in my voice.

The captain released me. We were approaching the Road Tree Inn. (Tomorrow, being an outsider.)

TO OVERCOME REDNESS, * * * TAN, FRECKLES, BLOTCHES * * *

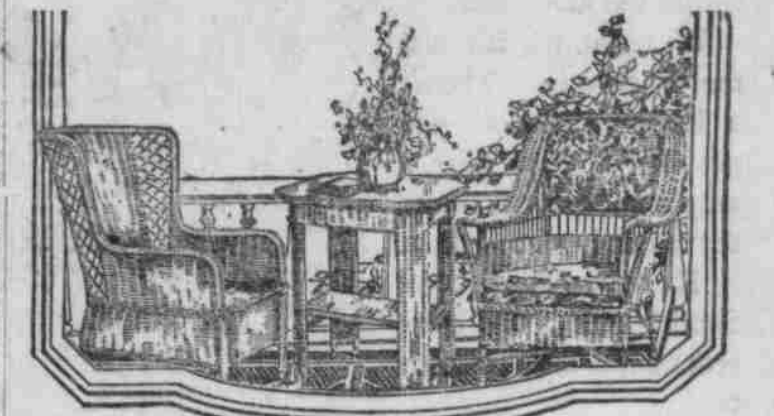
If your skin is usually reddened, tanned or freckled, just dab a little pure mercolized wax on the face and allow it to remain over night. When you wash off the wax in the morning, fine, flaky, almost invisible particles of enticle come with it. Repeating this daily, the entire outer skin is absorbed, but so gradually and gently, there's not the slightest hurt or inconvenience. Even the stubbornest freckles are affected. The underlying new skin which forms the new complexion is so clear, fresh and youthful looking, you'll marvel at the transformation. It's the only thing known to actually dislodge and disintegrate, under or beneath, complexion. One ounce of mercolized wax, procurable at any drug store, is sufficient in most cases.

United States Eats Small Amount Of Mutton

In Great Britain about 22 per cent of all meat consumed is mutton. In France the per cent is about 11. In Canada it is not quite 7, and in the United States it is only about 3.13 per cent. Last year (1918) the consumption of dressed meat (lard excluded) in the United States averaged 150 pounds per person, of which only 5 were mutton and lamb. The British, the Canadians, and the French--all similar types of people and having habits of life similar to Americans--use less meat than Americans do but a much larger proportion comes from sheep. The United States gets its meat principally from cattle and hogs. Pork consumption is about 14 times, and beef consumption about 12 times, as great as our use of mutton and lamb. These are the annual averages of last year.

BARGAIN DAY-- JULY 12TH
Salem's a Good Place to Trade

A Seasonable Bargain



Aerolux Porch Shades, 8 foot wide 6 foot long, regular price \$7.90, Saturday, \$5.90.

6 foot wide, 6 foot long, regular price \$5.75, Saturday price \$4.50.

CHAMBERS & CHAMBERS

If in need of a first class Porch Shade at a very small price, this is your opportunity.

We made a purchase of a quantity of heavy glass mixing bowls, 5 to the set. We will place on sale Saturday at \$1.38 per set--If you want one of these come early, as they won't last long at this price. See them in one of our windows.

CHAMBERS & CHAMBERS

There has been two advances in rugs within the last 90 days. We are still asking the old price. Moral: If you need a rug, buy now! or you certainly will pay more.

The same condition prevails in furniture. When present stocks are sold, you will pay from 10 to 20 per cent more. This is not theory--it's a fact. Not a particularly pleasant one, but true just the same. See us before you buy your furniture!

CHAMBERS and CHAMBERS

467 Court St.