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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THE GERMAN WILDERNESS.

The German premier, addressing the national assembly on the occasion of the ratification of the peace treaty, said:

"We are about to enter upon a forty years' march through a desert."

It was an allusion, of course, to the wanderings of the Children of Israel. It was meant as a lament over the bitter fortune of the German nation. It was part of the general weeping and wailing which have characterized Germany ever since it was foiled in its attempt to crush and dominate the rest of the world.

In reality, it was a happy allusion, far more so than the speaker realized. The Germans have long been wont to regard themselves as a sort of modern Israel--God's chosen people of the new age. They may appear so now in a sense different from anything they contemplated, and yet fortunate.

As the New York World suggests, "the Germans also have escaped from the bondage of cruel taskmasters"--the militarists, who forced them to toil fruitlessly, in slavery to false ideals of grandeur and glory in which the masses could have no part.

The parallel might be carried much further. The Hebrews were kept forty years in the wilderness to cleanse, purify and strengthen. It was there that they gained the Law, and learned to forsake their false gods. They were kept wandering until every adult who had come out of Egypt was gone, and there was wholly a new generation, reared with a new discipline and new ideals. Then, and not until then, were the Israelites permitted to enter the Promised Land.

There may be a Promised Land awaiting the Germans, too, to be enjoyed when the generation which has wor-

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

SEASONABLE SONG.

I like to talk of Christmas time, along in mid-July; I like to speak of cold and rime, snow falling from the sky; I like to tell of Santa Claus, the dearest fake that ever was, the most alluring guy. I seem to see the crowded stores, where eager shoppers swarm, and though outside a tempest roars, in there it's bright and warm; and I behold the weary clerks who cuss old Santa and his works and clamor for reform. And I forget the summer heat, the weather that's a crime, while dreaming of the crowded street at merry Christmas time; I see the wreaths of evergreen, with holly berries strwn between, and hear the glad bells chime. The stormy clouds by winds are rolled across the wintry sky; and tingling shoppers cuss the cold and wish it were July; "Ah, me," they sigh, "how fine 't would be to sit beneath a streaming tree, and simmer, bake and fry!" I see the children with their sleds upon the gleaming snow; and soon, to diverg little beds in ecstasy they'll go, to dream of Kringle and his pack, of reindeer on their shining track, fine presents to bestow. And dreaming thus of Christmas day, the anguish in me dies; if dreams will drive one's grief away, I hold that dreams are wise; and I look blandly at the sun, and smile a few, and take a gun, and shoot a dozen flies.

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shipped the mailed fist has given place to a generation reared, like those wandering Hebrew children, in the fear of God and the quest of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

INTERNATIONAL AIR POLICE.

If the Germans refuse to fulfil the terms of the peace treaty, and enter upon any plan of either passive or active resistance, how are they to be coerced into keeping their pledges?

Primarily, it seems, by an allied air force.

Recent aircraft developments in England and France indicate nothing less than a plan to establish an international air police to keep an eye on the enemy and enforce the treaty.

It may be recalled that on one or two occasions after the signing of the armistice, when the people of Berlin grew especially truculent, they were quieted by the appearance of a big British dirigible war balloon which cruised around ominously and then flew away.

The British government has gone right ahead manufacturing those big fellows. The trans-Atlantic flight of the R-34 was probably a mere incident in the process of manufacturing a fleet of those monsters and impressing Germany with their power. It is said that a blimp four times as large as the R-34 is now building in England. High airplanes of the bombing type are also being rushed to completion. France is doing nothing so spectacular, but has made almost as large an appropriation for aircraft as Great Britain has, evidently with the same purpose in mind.

The United States, which would naturally be supposed to play a fitting part in this preparation, has appropriated the comparatively small amount of \$50,000,000 for the air services of the army and navy together. That will enable this country to do far less than France or Britain.

Senator McNary will vote for ratification of the treaty as it is. He stated this fact in a speech to the senate yesterday, giving, it seems to us, the most logical reasons for his stand of any of the senators who have expressed themselves up to this time. Many of the republican senators are trying to make rejection of the treaty a party issue, just as some of the democratic members seek to gain a party advantage by forcing ratification of all its provisions. Senator McNary, however, is fair enough to consider only the interests of the country and discuss the treaty and League of Nations covenant as a non-partisan issue regarding which there should be no jockeying for party advantage.

Wm. J. Bryan will entertain his audience when he speaks at the Chautauqua tent tonight as no other man on the lecture platform is capable of doing. And he will inflame no partisan or class prejudice because a Bryan address only engenders good feeling and advocates only good citizenship, which in its turn is productive of good sound Americanism. The average man or woman who hears Mr. Bryan talk is more liberal in his political views and has sounder ideals of Christian citizenship to guide him than before he listened to the gifted Nebraskan.

Some of the talk heard nowadays about "internationalism" is curious. There are people who use the word as if it were quite new, and full of peril. As a matter of fact "international" merely means "between nations." The moment one nation enters into a treaty with another, it enters upon a course of "internationalism."

The thunder storms came along on scheduled time this week just as the weather forecaster said they would. We mention this because there is always an inclination to discredit the official weather prognosticator and deny him the credit he deserves when he happens to guess right.

The old controversy has been resumed in the East, "Is the tomato a vegetable or a fruit?" Of course it is.

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DONGLAS

THE CHAMPION.

CHAPTER XXIII.
I went to see Jeanne today at Tom's request. I sat waiting for her. Such a room! Dust thick over everything a few stabs of cigarettes, some illustrated papers on the couch. It was all uninviting, Jeanne, when she came at last, was a refreshing sight. She seemed quite at ease in the untidy atmosphere. She puzzled me. For there she sat in a fresh white frock, silken ankles crossed gracefully. She touched her hair lightly with a white slender hand.
Perhaps that accounts for it all. The white slender hand that is ready to her side, Jeanne, but unwilling to soil it self in keeping the house equally spot and again.
She was polite. But I could see cur-

iously in her eyes as to the cause of my call. She was however, quite a different Jeanne from the girl who had come to see me escorted by Tom.
Then, her manner was soft and appealing. But it was also vibrations, now she seemed languid, or rather bored. Conversation did not interest her. And I less. She is the type who is always bored with women.
Why was Tom interested in her? Could he not see that she was vain and shallow? My dear old Tom! Must he be sacrificed to the hollow egotism of the girl?
I decided quickly. I would talk to her quite frankly. I should try to make her see him as he was, big, rough, clumsy, but in the main above petty weaknesses.
"Tom Angus is my neighbor you

know," I began.
But Jeanne's "Oh," was indicative neither of interest nor curiosity. I thought of myself in her place. My interest in anyone who would talk to me of James Merle.

But Jeanne may be merely playing with Tom? Then I started in. I told her of my school days with Tom--of my high school days--of our gradual separation. I in the the business world, and Tom in his larger sphere of business.

"You seem to be a great companion of Tom's," was all Jeanne said.
No impression so far.

Next I told her of his goodness to his mother. The hard tug he had had after his father's death to support her and himself. And I ended with his rise, gradual but sure. Tom is now worth while. He has done it all himself.

I stopped for breath. Jeanne looked at me with an amused flicker in her eyes.
"Oh, I suppose Tom has money enough," was all she said.

So I left. I had been quite unsuccessful. Yet what did I want? My intentions had been to show Jeanne that Tom never thought of me except as a relative. And I had ended by giving him an eulogy! I laughed. I could forget Tom now. I could come back for a few minutes to my own affairs.

The sunshine seemed extra bright today. I laughed at a little girl who was going past hugging a puppy far too slippery to hold. I dropped a dime in a beggar's cup. Yes, the world has a new glamour. The glamour of a light heart. And why? I shall not even say that to myself.
I wonder if James Merle--
(Tomorrow--The Wonderful Day.)

"Chin Chin" Will Be At The Grand Monday Night

With Charles Dillingham its producer, Walter Mills and Roy Binder in the lead, Ivan Cayll its composer, Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside its librettists, the musical fantasy "Chin Chin," to be seen at the Grand opera house one night only on Monday July 28th, seems to have been particularly fortunate in its choice of sponsors.

"Chin Chin" with its Chinese title and atmosphere is the biggest and most successful of all musical plays. It is a riot of fun from beginning to end; the music is sung or whistled by every body and the scenes are marvels of beauty. The artist has cleverly carried out the producer's design in arranging the dresses to blend with the scenery in one complete scheme, evolving a series of kaleidoscopic pictures. Seat sale opens Friday July 25 at Opera House pharmacy.

DENSMORE SAYS

(Continued from page one)

The report then enumerates the following objections to methods used at the trial:

"The apparent failure of the district attorney's office to conduct a real investigation at the scene of the crime; the vast adaptability of some of the star witnesses; the irregular methods pursued by the prosecution in identifying various defendants; the sorry type of men and women brought forward to prove essential matters of fact in a case of greatest importance; the seeming inefficiency of well established alibis; the sangroid with which the prosecution occasionally adopted an untenable theory and then changed to another not quite so preposterous; the refusal of the public prosecutor to call witnesses who actually saw the falling of the bomb."

"In short," the general fairness and improbability of the testimony advanced together with a total absence of anything that looks like a genuine effort to arrive at the facts in the case.

"These things are calculated to cause in the minds of most sane a mental rebellion."

Grant Openly Charged

The report declares testimony of Frank G. Grant, star prosecution witness, was proved perjury and that the presiding judge at the trial and the attorney general of the state, asked a new trial for Mooney. Fickert, previously agreed to the new trial, Densmore said, then refused to agree to it.

Of this, the report says: "There are excellent grounds for the belief that the prosecuting attorney's sudden change of attitude was prompted by emissaries from some of the corporate interests most bitterly opposed to union labor. Fickert's efforts thereon forth were directed as a bribe, an attempt to whitewash Grant and justify his own motives and conduct thru out."

With the report there were more than 100 closely typewritten pages of conversations of Fickert, said to have been obtained through the dictagraph placed in his office by Densmore.

"Two or more persons heard all the records of conversation offered the report alleged."

Dictagraph Used
Placing the dictagraph in the office was most difficult, Densmore said, as the office was always heavily guarded.

He did not state just how this was accomplished.

Secretary Wilson's communication, refusing to make public details of Densmore's activities, was attached. It said:

"In September, 1917, the case of Thomas J. Mooney had become not only a criminal case, but an international and a labor case. Diplomatic correspondence indicated that the Mooney case was being used in foreign countries, particularly in Russia, as a means of destroying the friendly relations existing between this people and the people of Russia, and was affecting the conduct of the war. Labor strikes were taking place or were threatened as a means of influencing the judicial and executive authorities, thereby distract-

ing the industrial situation throughout the country."

Densmore Under Orders

"At that time John B. Densmore was the solicitor of the department of labor," the secretary's letter said, "and was engaged in running down criminal cases connected with the immigration service in San Francisco. I instructed Mr. Densmore to get any additional information that might be of value in securing a full understanding of the case. Two immigration inspectors assigned to him were used for that purpose. They worked in cooperation with the department of justice."

Clues of alien anarchists still being followed are expected to lead to the Mooney case, Wilson stated, but secrecy must be maintained for the present.

Secretary Wilson said he refused to direct Densmore to appear before the San Francisco grand jury because Fickert, legal adviser of the grand jury, was "reflected upon by the Densmore report."

Densmore's connection with the Mooney case caused no additional ex-

posed to the government, Wilson stated.

Portland Waiting Cooler Weather For 10-Round Go

Portland, Or., July 23.--Although the ten round boxing law has been in effect in Oregon since May, not a fight of that extent has been staged in Portland. Oregon is the only state on the coast allowing ten round fights.

Other cities in Oregon have taken advantage of the law. Boxing commissioners here are believed to be waiting for cool weather.

Ketchell Beats France.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 23.--Young Ketchell beat Young France in the main event at Vernon's four-round show last night but chief interest centered in the way Frankie Tucker "came back" and defeated Jack Pepke, much to the delight of Elizabeth Tucker, Frankie's sister-manager.

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