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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

"EDUCATING" A NATION.

The libel suit brought by Henry Ford against the Chicago Tribune has resulted in some instructive revelations about human nature, publicity and the power of money.

Mr. Ford sued the Tribune for calling him an "anarchist." The alleged offense was committed in an editorial printed in criticism of the manufacturer's spectacular anti-preparedness propaganda, before the United States entered the war.

It develops on the witness stand that Mr. Ford has only the most hazy idea as to what constitutes an "anarchist." His ideas seem just as hazy regarding preparedness, militarism, socialism and almost every other system of public thought or question of public policy connected, directly or indirectly with the war. Anyone who has read his testimony must have been astonished at the witness' strange lack of information regarding current events, his self-confessed ignorance of history, his curious processes of thought, his self-contradictions, his manifest incapacity to understand what has been going on in the world.

All this need never have attracted comment except for one thing. Henry Ford set himself up as a teacher of the American people. More than once, on the witness stand, when asked why he entered upon that big publicity campaign which he admits was conducted entirely by a special writer whom he employed and gave carte blanche—he replied:

"I wanted to educate people, and teach them to think."

Now, nobody questions Mr. Ford's pre-eminence in his own line. In his capacity as a manufacturer he has filled a great material need and performed a big service for mankind. But automobiles are one thing, and war and history and public affairs in general are something else.

Mr. Ford was sincere. He need not be condemned too harshly. But in the light of recent developments,

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

HUMOR.

If one has humor in his make-up, he is the darling child of luck; for all the troubles life can make up slide off like water from a duck. If humor's in your composition, you laugh where other fellows swear, and no adventure or condition can fill your bosom with despair. Ah, me, I pity some poor mortals who cannot laugh at their own grief; you cannot make them think that chortles bring to our troubles quick relief. They're always prompt to laugh at others, they see the fun in neighbors' cares; they laugh when they behold their brothers go falling down nine flights of stairs. But their own grief's another matter—there's nothing humorous in that; they hand out grievous groans and splatter all kinds of tears around the flat. It is not humor that inspires you if you la-la at other's woe, while your own trouble only tires you, an! makes the well known briny flow. If you can laugh at your own troubles, you have true humor in your heart, and you can look on woes as bubbles—you have a salve for every smart.

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what a farce that anti-preparedness drive was! And yet, how dangerous!

Money is power, perhaps the greatest of powers. Money nowadays is power largely because it confers the ability to wield publicity on a big scale. What could a Ford or a Rockefeller not do if he were to devote all his millions persistently to exploiting some wrong cause? This is a peril against which the public hereafter must protect itself.

N. R. Moore of the Corvallis Gazette-Times and the publisher of the Salem Morning Mummy ought to go back east and look after their black and tan brethren. The niggers are rioting in Washington, Chicago and other places and slashing with razors. They are so modest and shy and altogether unassuming, according to these advocates of race equality, that something very much out of the ordinary must have happened to stir them up. Possibly some movie manager has shown the "Birth of the Nation" on the screen and the immediate result is that there are razors flying in the air, the nigger's patriotism being easily injured, so Moore, the Mormon missionary says, and many of the Mormons being niggers, he ought to know. Anyway the colored race is on the war path just now and is keeping the police forces of many cities busy making good niggers.

The telephone company wants a raise of rates because it has been forced to raise wages. Yes, but what about the fact that the telephone company (the Bell system) has been paying larger dividends than any other large concern in the country except the Ford Motor Corporation and Sears, Roebuck Company, the mail order concern? Shouldn't the overpaid multi-millionaire telephone stockholders stand for some of this wage advance instead of saddling it all upon the public? Their subscribers should at least refuse to pay any advanced rate until ordered by the public service commission to do so, and that order should not be issued until a thorough investigation of the profits of the telephone company has been undertaken and completed by the commission.

"It is too bad," said a young officer, "that everybody in this country couldn't have had the experience of service over-seas, and of living in those countries and among those people. Anybody who did will never need to be told again that the United States is the finest country on God's green earth!" And yet a lot of unwashed, long-haired, wild-eyed theorists are always wanting this country to adopt the laws and systems of foreign countries. Socialism, bolshevism and anarchy are all imported theories which have no place in a democracy like the United States.

Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle is rather over-doing his fight on the I. W. W., and is too cruel in some of his methods. He even had the hose turned on a gathering of wobblers the other day, forcing them to violate the most sacred principle of their organization by taking a bath.

ADS

With timid and frightened eyes
I read the ads, and when I read 'em
And all the things they advertise,
I suddenly find out I need 'em.
Fresh needs I've never known before
I wonder my hard earned per diem.
I want the flat and, what is more,
I go and buy 'em.

I saw an ad about a farm
Afar from urban roar and rattle,
Where one may know the sylvan charm
Of growing fields and lowing cattle.
It spoke of birds upon a bough
Which pipe maternal thanksgiving.
I read that ad three times—and now
That's where I'm living.

An automobile ad one day
Somehow attracted my attention;
It dwelt in an alluring way
On spiral gears and frame suspension.
It whetted a thirst to own that car,
And the for weeks and weeks I
Fought it—
You know what wishy-washy things ads
Are—
At last I bought it.

The men who write the ads must be
Well versed in some hypnotic system;
They have a weird effect on me,
I simply never can resist 'em.
They've hypnotized all my will
For things they've sold to me, and
I don't regret it.

Expensive things—yet on the whole,
I'm glad I've got 'em.
—James J. Montague in Post-Intelligencer.

According to Secretary Glass \$163,082,000 in federal reserve bank notes and \$2,493,922,402 in federal reserve notes were in circulation July 1.

Yellow Bull, one of Chief Joseph's strongest leaders in the Indian war of 1877, has just died at Rock Springs, Idaho, at the age of 70 years.

The zinc plant of the Anaconda Mining company, at Great Falls, Mont., employing 500 men, was closed down because of a large surplus of zinc on hand.

Bela Kun, deposed head of the Hungarian soviet government, has asked the allies for a safe conduct to the Argentine Republic, where he let up living.

By an amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill homesteaders whose crops have been destroyed by drought will be granted temporary leaves of absence.

TELEGRAPHIC TABLOIDS

Lorain, Okla.—This here quabbling is bad business, the two team sports found. They rolled the dice for a pot of four cents when the police came. Fines and costs totalled \$4.20.

Dover, Del.—An order to burn the court house here to get the iron nails used in its construction was issued—February 2, 1891—according to papers just found.

Chicago—When he gets in the mood again, Stanley Mallinowski will probably choose some other part of his anatomy. When he shot at his own head the bullet only glanced off.

San Francisco—Mrs. C. M. Fuller's dream of her auto, driven at lightning speed, colliding with an airplane was so vivid that she broke her ankle falling out of bed.

Portland, Or.—Disregarding the fact that she is under 21, Fannie LaVelle smoked a cigarette in public. Now the morals squad has her.

Prentiss, Okla.—Farmers picked war-criminals off telephone and telegraph wires here. They were not bankrupt there but simply thrown up in a fruit truck collision.

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

(Written for the United States School Garden Army, Department of the Interior.)

PART I—DOLLY MEETS THE BALD-HEADED FAIRY

Dolly felt very cheerful and happy this morning. She was neatly dressed. Mother had given her a loving pat as she ran through the hall. Maria was trotting at her heels.

"I wonder what Fairy I shall meet today," thought Dolly, as she went into the garden. It had become a very happy place for the little girl. She did not know how much she was learning, but she had grown to love her Fairy friends dearly.

She had walked quite a way into the garden before she saw a Dewdrop Fairy. She had learned how to look for them, and was not surprised when she saw one perched on the top of a very slim stalk or leaf. He looked as though he might tumble down any minute, because the top of the leaf was so small that it was almost a point. But he was very little. He wore a white coat and knee trousers and green stockings and shoes. He had a little light green cap.

"Good morning, Miss Dolly," said the Fairy.

He was the first who had called her "Miss." Dolly felt quite grown up.

"Good morning, Mr. Fairy," she said, as polite as he.

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"I suppose you were looking for me?" he said.

"I was looking for a Dewdrop Fairy. I am sure you are one."

"Oh, yes. I came to see you this morning because our Queen told me you were a young lady who liked to hear about all the vegetables in the garden. I don't think we have met before. But perhaps you have noticed me."

"How could I notice you if we have not met?" asked Dolly.

"Well—perhaps your nose—but never mind," said the Fairy. "It is very warm for this time of the year. Don't you think so?" And he took off his cap.

Dolly almost gasped. He was quite bald! Not a hair on his head! And his head was white—just as white as could be.

"Oh," thought Dolly. "He hasn't got a hair on his head—he hasn't any more hair than—than an onion. Oh, I believe he is an Onion!"

"Of course, I am," said the Fairy. Dolly had forgotten they could read her thoughts.

"I am sure it looks very nice and—cool," she said.

"Oh, I am cool enough—to look at," said the onion. "But I am good and warm inside, as you will soon find out when you eat me."

"Eat you?" cried Dolly.

"Of course. That is what we are for, isn't it? I am sure my plant is not very beautiful, although when it is in need the tops are quite pretty. But we don't go in for looks as much as some plants—the peas for instance. But we are very useful."

"I like spring onions," said Dolly.

"Yes, in the spring we haven't any heads."

"How dreadful—no heads!"

"You know that. We are just straight little stems then. But after a while we get heads, and they are good ones."

"Oh, do some of you have red heads?"

"Yes. And these are the best kind to keep all winter. But any of us are pretty good for that."

Dolly had heard a great deal about onions because her brothers, Bob and Billie, were soldiers in the United States School Garden Army. Both boys were helping to raise a garden, and onions were among the first vegetables planted.

(To Be Continued)

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

SETTLING THE PROBLEM

CHAPTER XXVIII

I have not seen Jim yet. I wanted to

get out in the open air. I thought if I could get the sunshine into my blood, and the fresh air into my lungs, I would be better able to cope with things.

And I did feel better. Happier and more balanced than I have been for a week. I rode home on the top of a bus. It is always the way to forget oneself. For, when you are with people you can see that there are many others who are far more unhappy than you. Your own problem is lightened in the thought that you are not alone.

I was leaning over the side of the bus, Jilly I watched a big gray motor glide past us. Then I heard a deep voice, a voice with that entrancing touch of the Irish in it.

"It's luck today that brings me here."

I turned curiously. It was Captain Donovan who grasped the back of my seat. He was in his immaculate uniform, a target for women's eyes. I was rather proud, just vain perhaps, when he sat down beside me.

"Where have you hidden yourself the while?" he asked. It was clever of him to infer that I had kept myself away. But it was in keeping with his mellow voice and charming manner.

"And you?" I asked.

"In a camp, little lady," he answered, "except for the last few days." So we were deep in a discussion of the Merle house party.

"How's your friend Tom?" he asked.

"Oh, Tom is well," I answered indifferently. And thought to myself, "Why Tom?"

But his next words sent a wild pain piercing through me.

"I've been having a bad time, a bad time with Merle," he said.

"With Merle?" I asked. I feared he would notice the tremor in my voice.

"Yes, it's one of his attacks again. It's a bad one he's been having. With the snakes crawling up the wall and—"

For a moment I felt as if I were going to lose consciousness. But I said to myself, "I won't. I won't." The blurred world became real.

"Go on," I said earnestly.

"And that's about all," he said, "involving as a private passion. I've been keeping him in my rooms. He seems to be worried about something. He keeps saying, 'I must be there, tell her.' I'm sorry for the girl," Captain Donovan said, looking at me.

"And are you tired? You look so white."

But I shook my head at him and said, "Oh no, captain, no."

The captain left me shortly. He said he wanted to see me before he sailed. Somehow I reached home. I scarcely know how.

So it is settled. Settled finally and irrevocably. I have only to tell Jim. Tomorrow—The bitter decision.

"Forget It"—Buy At Home

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\$3.00	\$158.34	\$321.47	\$489.52	\$ 662.65	\$ 841.02	\$1,024.78	\$1,214.19	\$1,409.22	\$1,610.14	\$1,817.14
\$4.00	\$211.13	\$428.65	\$652.74	\$ 883.60	\$1,121.43	\$1,366.46	\$1,618.90	\$1,878.96	\$2,146.88	\$2,422.90
\$5.00	\$263.90	\$535.78	\$815.88	\$1,104.45	\$1,401.74	\$1,708.02	\$2,023.55	\$2,348.61	\$2,683.50	\$3,028.93

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