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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

GET THE FACTS ABOUT MEXICO.

It is just as well to keep cool about Mexico. It may be necessary to adopt more drastic and decisive measures toward that country; but let there first be a definite, detailed marshalling of facts.

There is no question that conditions are pretty bad down there, that there is much disorder, that the Carranza government has fallen short of its duty, that American citizens have been abused and killed. These things have been going on for years and we have always thought that in time the United States would have to intervene and take Mexico under its wing like we did Cuba and Porto Rico for the protection of our own borders and to the ultimate benefit of the Mexican people. The question is, however, whether conditions have grown any worse under Carranza's rule and whether the situation is hopeless without American intervention.

The worst thing about the whole business is that it is so difficult to tell what is truth and what is fiction. Mexicans are such notorious liars. Sometimes Americans sojourning in Mexico, lie, too. There is always the insistent propaganda conducted by American business interests that want intervention. Senator Fall, who is vehement for resorting to arms to restore and maintain order in Mexico, has been forced to confess that he is mixed up with the affairs of Villa, the most notorious disturber of the peace on the Mexican side. Of course, it follows that Senator Fall has a personal interest in intervention probably because of business or property interests on the other side of the border. Every now and then a campaign of anti-Mexican publicity breaks out. Almost any news item from Mexico, or the Mexican border, however innocently veracious it appears, may have been "doctored." The papers feel obliged to publish such "news," because it seems true; but they cannot tell.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason
CARS AND CARS.

I have a large and costly car, upholstered in the richest plush; and when I wish to jaunt afar, I ought to get there with a rush. It truly is a gorgeous boat, and should with ease my person haul; the man who sold it sprained his throat explaining how it beats them all. But every time I take it out, it gives me naught but grief and toil; the carburettor has the gout, a cylinder starts pumping oil. And while in agony I try to find what makes its works complain, the cheap tin cars go whizzing by, their drivers grinning with disdain. My tumbrel cost 4,000 bones, and every time I'd drive she quits; she coughs and backfires, heaves and groans, and throws a hundred kind of fits. And always when she sheds a sigh, and leaves me stranded far from home, the cheap tin cars go whizzing by, and kick up gravel, dust and loam. I'm often stalled; it is my fate to have a car that will not run; and all the cheap cars in the state whiz by, and have all kinds of fun. With patience I could bear my load, and make some showing, too, of glee, if I were stuck upon the road, and there was no one to see; but when I feel the motor die, and know I'm stalled for half a day, the cheap tin cars go whizzing by, so insolently blithe and gay!

As for recent crimes against Americans in Mexico, while many of them have been of such sort that the United States is bound to take cognizance of them, others have been plainly such irresponsible acts of individual bandits as occur every day in this country.

Possibly intervention is necessary and inevitable. But there is no reason for blind haste.

The American people have just emerged from one war. Do they want to plunge right into another? That is the question which every American who is justly indignant at Mexican outrages should ask himself.

If there is to be another war, let the nation be perfectly clear about the matter beforehand, and go in with its eyes open, being sure of its grounds, knowing that there is no other way and ready to stand the consequences.

Wm. H. Taft says he has no idea that his personal and confidential letters regarding the League of Nations would be published, evidently not desiring to interfere with the regular course of legislation. In this belief the former president shows how little he knows of practical politics in expecting men like Chairman Hays and senators of the Lodge, Sherman, Poindexter calibre to keep faith with anybody if they believed that a political advantage could be gained by breaking it. Anyway, the entire affair shows up entirely to the credit of Mr. Taft and places him before the public in a more favorable light than ever.

Some day the plain people of this country will rise up and demand that this custom of the corporations raising the wages of employes and then levying the increased expense and more, too, upon the public has got to stop. And they will stop it.

Used to be said they never lynched a nigger in the north—probably because there were no niggers in the north then.

The finest summer resort weather in the world right ere in the Willamette valley.

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

LOOKING BACK

CHAPTER XXX

At first I did not seem to mind. My engagement to Jim is broken. But I did not do the right thing. The consciousness of this upheld me. My feelings, too, were in lurch. I felt as if I could never suffer again very deeply; nor care again very deeply.

But I knew all this is not possible. For, when I woke today the whole world seemed to ache. I saw no beauty in the sunshine. My room with its one window and well worn furniture seemed to stifle me.

Lassitude was so heavy on me that I did not care to rise. At last as I sat at my window looking out at the gray masses by the hot tears filled my eyes. I saw a girl looking up into the face of a man with that unmistakable look. The tears splashed down. And from the beginning I pictured Jim as I had first seen him.

Jim, a laughing, mocking Jim, looking at me with rather weary eyes, at the station. The green country unfolding before us, Jim as best, polite but severely interested. Jim, at lunch and dinner, polite, unobtrusive, but still with the weary look in those dark eyes. The Road Tree Inn, and these words that I had overheard: "By Jove, I think she's a phizky little thing!" Then the ride back to Maple House in Jim's motor. The beginning of it all, Jim's interest. And my confession. The ferry—which seems so long ago. And Jim's first kiss warm upon my lips. Jim in the sunlight tall and straight. And now—a vast emptiness surrounded me. I must do something. Do something at once.

"Sara, won't you help me tie up the aster?" It was mother's voice. I splashed some cold water on my red eyelids. I dabbed some powder on my pink nose.

I was kneeling on the bare earth, with the sun glaring hot on my bare head, tying up drooping purple asters; when Tom passed whistling.

"I say, Sara," he called, "may I bring Joanne up tonight? I want you two to be friends."

"Do, Tom," I said, though I am perfectly aware that this is Tom's way of helping me. He knows all about my broken engagement. He wants to take me out of myself.

So Joanne came this evening.

Joanne, in pink fluffiness, shaking out a delicate perfume at each step. And using those thick eyelashes to the most advantage. I noticed again her lovely attitudes—the gracious curve of her nose she leant her face on her hand. The tilt of her head like a dainty canary. The slender ankle that was not at all hidden. But now instead of entrancing me, she tired me. It was all so studied. Even the twist of her wrist as she put back her hair.

And I had admired her! Taken her as my first model when I began hunting a husband. Why did I not see then, that this was only make believe—sham! Yet Tom was attracted, almost captivated. He followed each gesture with his eyes. Admiring eyes.

"You look quite badly, Miss Lane," Joanne began calling attention to my white face and circled eyes.

"But you are looking well," I said.

"How could I help it?" she asked.

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

Part I. The Very Tall Fairy.

"I really think our garden is the nicest place in the world," said Dolly. It did look very pleasant in the early morning. Dolly's brothers had worked very hard, helping the gardener. The gardener had grumbled because so much more ground was put into the garden this year than usual, but Bob and Billy had heard a great deal about gardening in school and they had told him they would do much of the work. Their teacher had told them about the people far away who were starving because of the great war. All the men of those countries had been obliged to fight. So there had not been so many crops raised as usual, and now the women and the little children could not get enough to eat. The people of the United States had promised to help, so everyone who had any ground was making a garden. The school children had been allowed to use vacant lots and had raised many vegetables. The girls and boys had all worked together in the gardens. The girls were learning how to can vegetables so that there would be plenty for next winter.

Bob and Billy were leaders in the United States school garden army, and they had listened eagerly when their teacher read to their company a message from Secretary Lane.

Bob copied the message because he wanted Fatherbob to hear it. And, then, too, Bob wanted little Dolly, who told him about the Dewdrop Fairies, to know that Secretary Lane, from his office in Washington, had sent a special message to the "Army in the field."

This is what the secretary of the Interior wrote to Bob and Billy, and all the other boys and girls in the United States, and Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands—

"A million and a half of you answered the call last year; there should be five million this year.

"The war is over; but the world is only beginning to be rebuilt. In many parts of Europe, farms and the men to farm them are no more; yet the world must be fed.

"Food is the key to most of the problems of Europe. The United States with a lift of her wing like eyebrows.

"Everyone is so wonderful to me. Men are always sending me candy and flowers. And then I have so many invitations. You don't care for men, do you, Miss Lane?" she ended.

I listened to this sort of thing for half an hour. I wanted to shake her. I know it is an unworthy thought, but I should like to flirt with Tom. Make him give her up by fair means or foul. Then she would see that there is one man that could live without her.

I thought as Tom left he felt almost as I did. Perhaps I am mistaken.

Tomorrow—The sky begins to clear.

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school garden army has it in its power to be a big help to the nations in the task of feeding the world. Every garden added to the number planted last year means another step toward lasting peace.

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Now after Dolly had heard the message, which Fatherbob said was fine, she went into the garden.

"I wonder if everybody's garden has Dewdrop Fairies in it," said Dolly to herself. "They make it so interesting." Dolly was very proud of her long word. "I wonder if I shall see one today. I wonder—"

Dolly would have gone on "wondering" if she had not just then seen the very person for whom she was looking. She was sure at once that this was a fairy. It stood just by the side of the path. It was not standing still, but was moving gently from side to side, without taking its feet off the ground. It was very graceful, and very, very tall—for a fairy, that is. It must

have been as tall as Dolly's longest finger. It was a lady fairy, dressed all in light green. The dress was very light fitting and had a long train. Some pointed green feathers were in her hair. Her hair was a beautiful light gold color and as soft as silk.

"You are right about this garden," said the fairy. "It is a very nice garden. You should be proud of Bob and Billy for working so hard to make everything grow. And you needn't wonder about the Dewdrop Fairies. They are in every garden if people will only look for them. Do you want to look into my dewdrop?"

Instead of pouring the dewdrop out of a watering pot, this fairy held it in her hand. It filled her hand quite full. It looked like a bright diamond. Dolly looked into it and gave a great start.

Yob will never guess what she saw. She saw many men with red brown skins and very black hair. They had feathers in their hair. They were dancing. Besides seeing them she could hear music that was not like any music she had ever heard before. It was merrily thumping, like a drum, but there was a kind of tune that the men seemed to be singing.

(To be continued)

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