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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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### ROOSEVELT ON THE LEAGUE.

There has been considerable speculation of late as to what position Theodore Roosevelt would have taken with regard to the peace treaty, and particularly the League of Nations covenant, if he were living today.

It is impossible, naturally, for any living man to say precisely what he would have thought of the document as it is drawn. As to his views on the main principles involved, there does not seem to be any occasion for doubt.

Mr. Roosevelt had written a great deal in favor of a world federation before the war. In October, 1914, three months after the war broke out, he wrote an article for the New York Times which includes these passages:

"The one permanent move for obtaining peace which has been suggested with any reasonable chance of attaining its object is by an agreement among the great powers, in which each should pledge itself not only to abide by the decisions of a common tribunal, but to back with force the decision of the common tribunal."

"The nations (members of the league) should agree to certain rights which should not be questioned, such as territorial integrity, their rights to deal with their own domestic affairs, and such matters as whom they should or should not admit to residence and citizenship within their own borders."

Recommending, as part of the League organization, "An Amplified Hague Court," he maintained that member nations, "should agree not only to abide, each of them, by the decision of the court, but all of them to unite with their military forces to enforce the decree of the court as against any recalcitrant member. Under these circumstances it would be possible to agree on a limitations which would be real and effective."

As for the results which might reasonably be expected for such a League:

"It would be impossible to say that such an agreement would at once and permanently bring universal peace, but it would certainly mark an important advance. It would

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

COURAGE.

Sometimes things seem all disjointed, in this weary path we tread; we are galled and disappointed, and we wish that we were dead. And it is a foolish habit, letting briny teardrops start; man should never be a rabbit; he should have a lion heart. If the lion heart is lacking, he can still pretend it's there, and his burden blithely packing, show no symptoms of despair. I am prone to vain repining, when I strike a vein of grief; it's my nature to be whining, and to paw around and beef; but by long and earnest practice I've acquired a cheerful front, and I chortle when, the fact is, tears would seem the proper stunt. Let the tinhorn griefs assemble, they will think I'm not afraid; though my rabbit heart may tremble, I'll pretend I'm undismayed. And the bluff will work, I'll bet you; and 'twill work as well for you; don't let worry scare or fret you; face the beast, and mutter "Shoo!" Nerve's a thing that some inherit, easily all ills they've dared; but we show a greater merit who pretend we are not scared.

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certainly mean that the chances of war were minimized and the prospects of confining and regulating war immensely increased. Such a scheme will mean that at last a long stride has been taken in the effort to put the collective strength of civilized mankind behind the collective purpose of mankind to secure the peace of righteousness, the peace of justice, among the nations of the earth."

### THE AIRSHIPS AND THE FORESTS.

When the R-34 successfully crossed the ocean she set a new forest problem before the United States for solution.

The great non-stop flight marked the beginning of the true development of air-craft building for travel and commercial purposes. From now on it will increase in volume steadily.

Every time a dirigible is built is requires eight pieces of wood for the propeller. Those propeller blades on the R-34 were each seven feet long, but much more than a 7-foot strip of wood was required to make each blade. It means much cutting, trimming and testing before a blade is perfected which will stand the terrific rates of revolution required.

Much more wood is also required in airplane construction. Nothing has been found to take its place, nor is there likely to be, according to experts.

These ships are to be made by the million. They will be used all over the world. There is sure to be a big drain upon forest resources.

The European lumber market is scanty; large forest areas were destroyed in the war. It is largely from the United States that the supply will have to come. Already the conservation cranks are excited and are demanding a new national forest policy which will conserve our timber resources. Anyway it gives promise of a large and increasing demand for lumber and that is a condition which spells prosperity to the Pacific northwest. After awhile we out here may be in a mood to talk conservation --at the present time the general desire is to get out some of the vast amount of money now tied up in lumber, taxed heavily but bringing in no revenue.

### POTATO WARTS.

The Department of Agriculture is engaged in a campaign to eliminate potato wart. We hasten to offer cooperation.

From personal experience with warts, in early boyhood days, we unhesitatingly offer the following method: Take a bacon rind. Rub it over the warts vigorously a few times, and then bury it in the ground on the east side of a house where the water drips from the eaves.

If this does not cure the warts within two weeks, potatoes must be far less amenable to magic than human beings.

The trade unionist Bolsheviks are modest. They only ask for a third interest in the railroads they are operating. But if this was granted, in ninety days they would strike for another third interest and then demand full control and ownership on pain of revolt. This is the propaganda that is being preached in every labor union hall--the Russian form of government which turns the nation, its industries, wealth and government over to the workman, barring all other classes from participation. In this railroad proposition the leaders show their hand for the first time in this country, except for sporadic outbreaks like that which occurred in Seattle and several Canadian cities. What are the rest of the people going to do about it? Are they going to allow the revolutionary propaganda to be preached from the platform and in widely circulated publications until bloodshed and revolution follow as the natural sequence? While there is no danger of this government being overthrown at this time much trouble may be prevented by dealing firmly with the agitators who are sowing the seeds of rebellion.

The abuse of Americans and American institutions by such organs of the "Irish Republic" as the Western Freeman, at Seattle, published evidently by "reds," and the Irish World of New York, recalls the rabid utterances of the German-American press of this country before the war. The attempt to embroil this country in a quarrel with England seems to be backed by the same people and publications that were so active in the pro-German propaganda. It is altogether too bad that the Spanish-American renegade DeValera was not caught and hanged along with that other traitor to the Allies, Sir Roger Casement. He should be shipped to Ireland at once where the English authorities may deal with him, since a more dangerous agitator never visited this country. Practically all his adherents in this country belong to the pro-German element.

A press report from Medford says that Governor Olcott has quit flying at the expressed desire of Mrs. Olcott and that he will not go up in the air again, "at least until the next session of the legislature." Now just what does he mean

The Pacific fleet is now in the Pacific--the strongest naval force that great ocean has ever seen--and Americans realize more than ever the value of the Panama canal.

Street car strikes and race riots could be robbed of half their terrors by uniform laws prohibiting the sale or private possession of firearms.

TOMORROW

THURSDAY



VIVIAN MARTIN

## "An Innocent Adventuress"

TRAVELOGUE

THE OREGON

PICTOGRAPH

### THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

#### THE FAIRY WITH THE PINK VEST

"Hello," he said. Dolly looked up, for the voice seemed to come from a place near the top of her head. He was sitting on the fence. He was the largest of all the Dewdrop Fairies she had seen. He wore a dark green coat and his trousers were the same color. His vest was the loveliest shade of pink--deep and bright--with large black buttons down the front. Dolly thought it a very handsome suit.

"I don't live in your garden," he said; "but the Fairies have told me so much about you that I thought I would pay you a little call this morning."

"I'm very glad you did," said Dolly. She was noticing that his face was almost as pink as his vest.

"Well, I think it is a fine thing for little girls and boys to have gardens, and as you seem to want to know all about the things that grow in your garden I thought perhaps I could tell you a few things."

"Oh, I wish you would. But I don't even know your name. Did you say that you don't grow in our garden? Why don't you?"

"No; I grow on the other side of the fence. You see, your garden is a very nice garden, but you have hardly enough ground to raise my plants. We have a great deal of room. We have been called greedy--I don't know why. They say we don't get along well with other plants except our own family. Well, we are pretty big. Of course, we have to have plenty of room because some of us weigh more than a good sized baby."

"I can't think what you can be," said Dolly, much puzzled. "Just look over the fence and see if you know me," said the Fairy with the pink vest.

Dolly carefully put her foot upon the crosspiece at the bottom of the board fence and peeped over. The ground on the other side of the fence was covered with big vines that seemed to grow in many directions. The leaves were big and rather open looking, as though they had been cut into fancy patterns with a pair of scissors.

In among the leaves she saw a lot of large, green objects shaped like eggs, only over an inch bigger. "Oh, I know!" she cried. "You are the Fairy of the Watermelon Vine."

"Exactly," said the Fairy with the pink vest. "Now you see why you haven't any of my family on this side of the fence. You can't raise watermelons except in a big place. Pumpkins too--they have to have a great deal of room to run about in."

"Do pumpkins run?" cried Dolly. "Do they run? I should say--why don't you remember Cinderella's Pumpkin Coach? Didn't it run?"

"Oh, but the mice pulled it," said Dolly, wisely. "It didn't run by itself."

"Anyway, pumpkins do run--at least the vines do--and so do watermelons. You see, we grow so fast that many of our family are--well, you might say 'removed'--while they are quite young."

dark green and some of us have stripes of different shades of green. Do you know that one kind is called 'The Georgia Rattlesnake' because it is striped like that?"

"I think that is a horrid name for a pretty nice fruit like a watermelon," said Dolly.

"Oh, we don't mind, because we know that people like us whatever we may be called. All the melon family is popular. I am sure you like muskmelons. And then the cucumber is a distant relative of ours; too--you like cucumber pickles, I know--all little girls do."

"I think I like all your family," said Dolly. "But I am sure I like your own brothers and sisters best of all. It does seem dreadful to eat your friends, though, doesn't it?"

"Not at all--not at all. That's what we grow for. Well, goodbye. Look over your fence once in a while and 'watch us grow.'"

"How nice it is to wake in the country. To hear the pleasant country sounds. I pulled up my shade, and looked out to the blue mountains that seem so near that I could almost touch them with my finger. I poured the water into my washbasin. I took my first country bath--shivering in the cool, clear water. When I had slipped off my nightgown, I felt I had slipped off with it, my old skin. I had put my suffering behind me. For in this two weeks I am going to live in the present, one day at a time. And try to forget that there is a future, that there was a past."

I slipped on my morning-dress of blue and white gingham. On my way downstairs I met Harriet's husband. Although I like his hearty manner, his nice brown skin, and fair hair, there is something I do not like about him. Yet I cannot put my finger on it. It may only be a first impression. A first impression that is wrong.

What a nice breakfast that one was! Fruit with cream, yellow-white cream--that is a luxury. Fresh laid eggs--toast--hot and buttered. And such coffee! Brown with that rich color that comes only when thick cream is put with it.

Harriet's little country girl clears away the dishes.

"Now Dolly," said Harriet (she is the only one who ever calls me that), "I've got my morning chores to do. You just take a book and go out and enjoy yourself."

"I'll be much happier if you'll let me help you," I said; "then I'll feel belonging instead of company."

"I understand," said Harriet. "You can do up your room, and cut and arrange the flowers--Oh no!" she went on, "you'll have your hands full if you do that. You can range around the garden. Cut whatever you like. Take that basket and my garden hat."

I caught myself whistling as I "did up" my room. Making my white bed in the big airy room was soon done. I flicked off some invisible dust from my little table and dresser.

Then with Hat's garden hat on my head (a nice big one with ribbon strings that were supposed to tie on), the flower basket in one hand, and little Tod hanging on to the other, I made my way to the garden. Such a nice old country flower garden! Not at all like Merle House. No evenly clipped hedges here, no gravel walks, no half-hidden statues. But masses of holly hocks, peonies, asters and chrysanthemums. I clipped, clipped. Little Tod walked beside me, chattering fast, and once in

thought: "Suppose this was my garden and my baby!" But I put the thought from me. That was not to be.

When all the flowers were arranged in their jars and bowls, it was ten o'clock. Harriet was through her chores, too. "I want you to go over the house with me, Sally, for you haven't had a real look at it yet," said Harriet.

The house is an old farmhouse. Low ceilings and large, many-windowed rooms give it an open look.

"We had very little money, but I did want it to be attractive. Jack and I painted the hideous old woodwork white. It was some job, too."

The furniture was inexpensive, but well chosen. No mahogany, but dull, unpolished oak. Windsor chairs and a square oak table in the dining room. The sideboard was a high oak dresser. Effective blue plates stood back against the wall.

The sitting room had wicker furniture of a lovely soft gray. "I bought it unstrained, I painted it and made the cushions. And I covered them, too, with that stunning cloth," said Harriet.

"You are the cleverest thing, Hat," I said.

"I'm awfully glad you like it," said Harriet simply. "Now I want to talk about you."

(Tomorrow--The Adventure.)

Playing with an "unloaded" gun, the 8-year-old son of George Peterson of Hamilton accidentally killed his baby sister, who was sleeping in her crib.

A bid of \$36,000 by Frank B. Cole, Tacoma lumberman, was highest for timber on the Camp Lewis site, although others bid higher for individual tracts.

United States Senator Jones of Washington outlined his bill for a permanent merchant marine in an address before the Bellingham chamber of commerce.

The Allison & Taylor logging camp near Toledo has been sold to St. Germain, Moore & Ploumign, who will furnish logs to the Winlock Lumber company.

The Washington State Bar association, meeting in Spokane, chose Frank T. Post of that city as president and Clark P. Scott, Everett, of Seattle as secretary-treasurer.

Nine men walked eight miles from a stalled Denver & Salt Lake passenger train at Plain, Col., and reported that those aboard were without food.

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