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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
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COURT-MARTIAL REFORM.

One new article of war and changes in thirty others have been recommended by the special board which has been investigating the court-martial system of the army. The report of the board will soon be transmitted in full to congress for action.

Secretary Baker said, in speaking of the matter:

"It may be said that the board, upon the whole, finds no radical defects in the system, and it attributes the greater part of the just criticism not to inherent faults in the system itself, but rather to the inexperienced personnel called upon to administer it at a time of stress, when the great thing was to get 4,000,000 men quickly in shape for the fighting line."

Undoubtedly most of the mistakes made in the conduct of the war arose from this same source, but it will be a matter of popular feeling that the new court-martial proceedings shall be definitely outlined as to make a similar misinterpretation and injustice unlikely to occur again, whatever the conditions.

It is time, of course, that except in isolated cases, no soldier not guilty of some misconduct suffered punishment, and that the way for a soldier to avoid unpleasant court-martial proceedings was to behave himself.

Nevertheless, punishment for cruelty or misapplication of the army rules should be as drastic as for military offenses on the part of the soldier. It would have a healthy tendency to put a check upon any "inexperienced personnel" in future.

FOOD COSTS AND STOCK MARKET.

The assertions of food-manufacturers that they are not at all responsible for the burdensome food prices would be more convincing if it were not for the tell-tale testimony of the stock market.

Almost without exception, the stock of corporations engaged in making or handling foodstuffs and drinks has gone up lately. There seems to have been more of a boom in them than in almost any other line of securities.

The market price of securities is a pretty good barometer. When there is a boom in any line, it means that that line is making more money than usual.

There is no question that the food industry in general has been making a great deal of money. And however the men interested may justify their profits to themselves, they will have great difficulty in justifying them to the public on whom the burden falls.

Despite all of the talk eminating from Washington and the promises of congressmen and senators that profiteers and high cost promoters are to be hunted out of their lairs and punished the public is skeptical. A few of the more dubious ones are even predicting further increases in the cost of living. One thing can and will result from the present situation---the country at large will be show just how much entitled to their jobs are the various lawmakers of the nation. Congress has the power to remedy the abuses at least partly responsible for the present high prices. Now let us see if it has the inclination to exercise that power and let suffer who must.

With the excepton of one closs of fools we have laws to protect the puble from the recklessness and thoughtlessness of irresponsible individuals. The lone exception is the absence of proper punishment for the lunatic who drives his car over the roads with glaring headlights, or a blinding spotlight with total disregard for the safety of others. A fe wjail sentences might remedy the situation to some extent.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

FRIENDS.

The town is full of friends of mine, and when I leave my tree and vine to walk around a square, they greet me with a cordial smile, and seem to think I'm well worth while, and smooth and passing fair. I often wonder how they'd act if I disclosed the doleful fact that I was busted flat, if I put up a hard luck tale, and for a bunch of borrowed kale should straightway pass the hat. No doubt the cordial smiles would freeze, and I'd be shunned as though disease had marked me for its own; and men I cornered would exclaim, "That I may play my private game, I need my every bone." And punk philosophers will say, "So runs the weary world away, and friendship is a snare; well fixed, you're greeted with a grin; but when your bank account's all in, you're turned down everywhere." When I go forth to work my friends, the sacred boon of friendship ends, and that is right and just; they cannot love me or respect, if I surround them and collect their hard earned store of dust. I have good friends on every block; I meet good friends where'er I walk, but they would turn and flee, if I should try, in friendship's name, to work some cheap leg pulling game, and that's as it should be.

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

EXTRA CAR NEEDED TO ACCOMODATE ELK HERD

Interest Shown In Convention Trip Indicates Big Showing From Salem.

Athe the monthly meeting of the Elks lodge last evening, it developed that so much interest was developing in the annual state convention of Elks to be held at Klamath Falls next week, that it was found necessary to arrange for a second Pullman to accommodate the Salem delegates, wifes and friends. x

Hence this morning Oscar Steelhammer, director of the Elks' band, made arrangements for another Pullman and those who wish accommodations should at once confer with him at the Commercial club or with E. Cooke Patton.

Delegates appointed to represent the Salem lodge at the annual meet were announced last evening by Charles R. Archerd, exalted ruler, as follows: D. G. Drager, Sam Manning, S. K. Kimball, W. L. Jones, Walter L. Tooze, W. T. Keyes, P. H. D'Arcy, Oscar Steelhammer, August Huckestein, E. Cooke Patton, George E. Halvorsen, W. L. West, F. B. Southwick, Eugene Eckerlin, Roy Hicks, E. A. Kurtz, M. G. Cooley, Robert W. Sraig, R. A. Crossan and Walter L. Tooze, Jr.

A special honor was bestowed last evening upon E. Cooke Patton and R. A. Crossan in conferring upon each an honorary life membership in the lodge, as an appreciation of their long and faithful service for the welfare of the lodge.

Life memberships that were voted upon favorably were T. B. Kay and Lamar Tooze. Mr. Tooze is the youngest member who has ever been voted a life membership in the Salem lodge.

With the initiation of 25 members into the lodge last evening, Salem lodge No. 336, B. P. O. E., is now near the 1050 mark in membership, with 27 more applications assigned to the membership committee last evening for investigation.

Those initiated last evening are as follows: W. I. Staley, George Vick, Lamar Tooze, Frank E. Kersey of Dallas, Clarence Blundell, H. E. Maurer, H. V. Anderson, Earl H. Jory, W. H. Beehtel, T. W. Creede, Gerald Kneeves, R. B. Eshelman, R. D. Gibson, Eugene Eckerlin, Leslie Dancer, Charles L. George, W. P. George, G. E. Prime, S. B. Boutson, N. Digerness, J. W. Welch, M. Duval, R. G. Henderson, postmaster at Chemawa, and L. G. Curtis.

McGregor, Iowa — Madge's cheeks colored so prettily at the thrill of being lost in the clouds that Clifton P. Gleason, youthful aviator, proposed. They were married the next day.

Frank Wallier of Portland has purchased a 190-acre farm near Sheridan from Jacob Girschberger, paying $21,000 for the place which his son will run.

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HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

CONTRASTS

As we sat eating our picnic luncheon, I heard a shrill cry. I slipped from my place at the rustic table. Only a few steps, and I saw little Tod doubled over. From his arm blood flowed.

"Hattie, Hattie!" I called.

Hat, Dr. Bixby and Constance Dwight came runningtoward me.

"It's little Tod," I said.

What happened next would have been funny if it had not been pathetic.

When Constance Dwight saw Tod with the blood streaming down from his baby arm, she cried, "Help me. Oh, help me, or I shall faint!" she covered her eyes with her hands. She shrank away. She continued to moan.

Dr. Bixby was at his knees in a second.

"You help him, Miss Lane," he said, "while I make a tourniquet."

Even in that moment of fright, with a little throb of pleasure I heard Dr. Bixby murmur: "How cool she is!" Tod was crying pitifully. "Stand back," said Dr. Bixby curtly to the others. "Miss Lane's enough. And he must have air." In a few moments the flow of blood was stopped. Harriet had brought a bowl of water. The doctor and I had bathed the baby's arm.

"I must hurry him right over to my office," said the doctor. "You and Mrs. Wilson come with me. He'll be all right, Mrs. Wilson," he said in a reassuring ton to Harriet. Harriet decided that she would go home at once to prepare things there for Tod's arrival. She looked white and shaken. "I'll drive you over," said John Carewe.

The doctor lifted Tod in his arms. "We'll bring him back to the farm in a few minutes, Hat," I said.

The picnic was broken up. Dot Frazier was indolently piling the tin cups into the empty luncheon basket.

Constance Dwight looked rather foolish. She turned her beautiful hazel eyes to Dr. Bixby. "May I go with you?" she asked the doctor. "No," he said rather curtly, I thought. "I've got to get this boy fixed up as fast as I can." "Come on," he said to me.

I caught a glint in those beautiful eyes of Constance Dwight as I passed her. It was a look of jealousy.

I held the baby as we sped over the road to Dr. Bixby's place. We went so fast that at one of the corners the car ran on two wheels. As the doctor relieved me of my burden when we reached the gate, he said: "You are a brick!"

The warm blood flowed through me. I felt I could go through anything now. The next ten minutes were trying ones. I stood beside the doctor as he sewed up the wound in Tod's arm. "Can't see how he did it," was his only remark.

At last it was through. I felt rather weak and wobbly. Dr. Bixby looked at me with a nice smile in his red-brown eyes. "You should be a nurse," he said.

We drove slowly, very slowly, to Harriet's.

I held Tod in my arms. His curly head had fallen back. He was fast asleep.

Once the doctor looked at us. An expression I did not understand came over his face. He put his hand out and touched the baby's tousled hair. His fingers just flicked my cheek.

We said nothing until we reached the Wilson farm. Again Dr. Bixby lifted the burden out of my arms.

"May I come to see you?" he asked as we walked through the gate.

I nodded, "Yes," for somehow I felt so dizzy that words were hard to say. As I went up to my room I heard his voice and Harriet's in the hall.

(Tomorrow—A New Friend.)

"Forget It"--Buy At Home

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

DOLLY MEETS THE WITCH

"Sh-sh-sh," said a small, but rather sharp voice close to Dolly's ear. Dolly was sitting on an old piece of rug busily pulling up weeds and grass out of an the onion patch. She had begged her brothers to let her help in the garden, and they had at last consented to allow her to "weed" the onion patch, after very carefully showing her what she should pull up and what she should let alone. She was very much bothered by a kind of grass that seemed to have perfectly endless roots. Just as she was clawing at them with the tined potato digger, she heard the sharp little voice say—"S-s-s-h."

"What is the matter?" asked Dolly, looking al laround but not seeing any body.

"Be careful of my roots," said the small voice. "You are cutting them all to pieces."

"But Billy said I must be very careful to claw out all the grass. He said that was worse than anything else in the garden, and if I found any with these long, white roots I must leave the least little tiny bit of it," explained Dolly, adding, "Billy knows, because he is a United States School Garden Army soldier."

"Oh, well, you don't have to mind everything Billy says," the voice went on; "he doesn't know everytaing. Why, a little grass can't do any harm. Look how small and fine the roots are and how thin the blades are. You don't suppose such little things can hurt those great, big fat onions, do you? I don't care for onions, anyhow. I think they take up a great deal of unnecessary room. I don't like their odor much, either. Of course," the voice said, in a smooth, but disagreeable way, that Dolly would have called "hyprocital" if she had known what the word meant; "of course I don't want to say a word against the onion or any of the other vegetables in the garden, but I think people might let a few of her things grow here, too. I have a friend who told me that he and his whole family were hoed up—just hoed up like that after they had gone to housekeeping and were growing in the finest manner. He and about a dozen of his children were the only ones who escaped. The rest were burned."

"Burned," cried Dolly; "Oh, how dreadful. But who are you?"

"You wouldn't know my name if I should tell you; but if you look behind you, you'll see me."

Dolly looked. At first she didn't see anything, but after a moment or two later, she saw, sitting on the very edge of her piece of rug, a tiny thing that looked like a very old woman would look if you saw her through the wrong end of an opera glass. She was not a pretty old woman, either, like Grammy. Her hair was very untidy, and her eyes kept looking around restlessly, but the worst thing was her mouth. She had long teeth, like saw-teeth, sticking out, and she looked very cruel.

"I am sure I never saw you before," said Dolly, "and I don't see why you want me not to cut the grass and weeds. Billy says they will kill all our nice vegetables."

"Nonsense," said the little old woman, very sharply. "Don't you mind what Billy says. Even if you do pull up the grass you can leave a few of the roots—they can't do any harm."

"What's all this—what's all this?" said a very stern voice suddenly.

Dolly jumped and turned around. There stood the Dewdrop Fairy Queen. She looked like a small thunderstorm. Her brows were drawn down in a frown. She stamped her foot.

"Witch," she said in a very frightening kind of voice, "begone."

"I shan't," said the ugly little old woman, angrily. "I'm no subject of yours, anyway. I shall stay here just as long as there is a piece of my root in this garden as big as a pin," she snarled.

"Get to work, Dolly," said the Queen. "Work hard and fast. Root up every bit of that grass and tear up the least bit of root. Then you must burn every speck of it."

"Ow—ow—" screamed the old woman. You heard what the Witch said? She would stay as long as there was a piece of root in the garden as big as a pin. Unless you want your beautiful, useful garden to be overrun by this wicked enemy, you must get up every piece of grass and every speck of root, and then you must burn them. After that, be careful where you throw the ashes."

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