

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, Salem, Oregon.

Address All Communications To

The Daily Capital Journal

SALEM 136 S. Commercial St. OREGON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily, by Carrier, per year \$5.00 Per Month .45c
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THE NEXT WAR.

"As conditions now exist," says General Bernhardt, in an article written for an American newspaper, "there is danger that in one way or another we will withdraw from our obligations. Then a new war will be a necessity."

He explains that the Allies, through the peace treaty, have sought to make it impossible for Germany to wage war in the future, and the treaty "will achieve exactly the contrary."

He finds that the clause obligating Germany to surrender the men responsible for the war and its crimes are absurd, and blandly announces that "he who would pronounce it good to give up the kaiser and the leaders would dig his own grave."

The only reproach the kaiser deserves, he says, is "for having begun the war too late."

He pronounces it "an utter mistake to believe that the progress of humanity is possible in eternal peace."

He represents his country as merely playing possum. Possibly the German nation will for a while content itself with the position to which the late war relegated it, but it is a grave error to believe that will be possible in the long run.

He is certain "that the late war conceals in itself a new war," that the conditions imposed on Germany will result, at no distant time, in a "violent reaction." War may delay a little, "but come it will."

Here is the same old spirit of Prussian militarism, flaunting itself flagrant and unashamed. The war, according to this view, was not a crime meriting punishment and atonement, but merely a great game which Germany, through some miscalculation or other, happened to lose. Sooner or later, the Germans must try again, and with a great victory wipe out the disgrace and inconvenience resulting from their present failure.

It does not matter at all that they have accepted the

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

MOVING AROUND.

When I blew into Johnson's store, to buy some prunes for Lizzie, no customers were on the floor, but all the clerks were busy. They carried boxes to and fro, and swept and brushed and dusted; oh, everyone was on the go, until his gallus busted. I said to Johnson, cheerfaced, the tumult round him weaving, "Oh, why all this indecent haste, when there is nothing doing? Why don't the clerks sit down and rest, their useless labors dropping? Then they would hump and do their best when customers come shopping." Said Johnson, "People pass my store, on errands vain and dizzy; and they look through the open door and see the clerks all busy; and they reflect, 'that Johnson gent is surely up and coming; while other merchants make lament, he keeps things fairly humming.' If they looked in and saw my men all half asleep and yawning, they'd think I ran a moldy den, and go their way doggoning. There's nothing like a busy front when trade is slack and dragging; so every clerk must have his stunt, and keep his tribys wagging." I swiped some cheese and then I went, and, as I went, reflected, "There are upon this Johnson gent no files that I've detected."

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Allies' terms. They do not intend to abide by them one minute longer than they are compelled to by superior force. Let the Allies weaken or cease watching, or let the Germans grow strong enough to feel self-confident once more, and this treaty, like its predecessors, will be but a mere scrap of paper.

It is really a good turn that Bernhardt and his brother militarists do the world in making such frank announcements. It helps to put and keep the Allies on their guard.

PROMISING DETOURS.

"Detour" is a word that has held much terror for the automobile driver. It means abandoning the highway and going sometimes miles out of the way, often over bad roads and away from the beaten paths of road maps, before returning to the highway farther on.

The statement that this season there are more detours than ever before all over the country might at first chill the motorist's joy in summer touring. But after thinking twice on the matter, he should really rejoice.

This sudden increase in the number of detours means a further increase in good roads. Detours are required in many places because a newer and better road is being constructed or because long-neglected faults are being repaired. All this detouring will be rewarded in a season or two by fine straight-away roads over which the autoist may spin in safety and comfort.

The Plumb plan of railroad control is very much out of plumb with the ideas of sensible, law and order loving people of this country. By the way, this man Plumb only a few years ago a one-horse lawyer, is now living in a beautiful Washington home surrounded by all kinds of luxuries--the direct result of sympathizing with the woes of the union workingman who gets from \$5 a day up and works as he pleases from seven to eight hours a day. Plumb works the workingman hard and is one of the leaders of the Russian anarchist party in this country because he figures that it pays him good financial returns. He is a fair sample, along with Clarence Darrow and a few others.

Now that the American press has accepted those defeated Prussian militarist leaders as contributors of special articles they will probably be better off financially, at least, than they ever were in their lives before. The latest has been employed to tell how it happened in Ludendorff, whose version has been syndicated and will soon begin appearing in many newspapers. Personally we always take more satisfaction in hearing the Yankee boys tell how and why it happened.

Young Roosevelt made his first political speech a few days ago and reports say he roasted the democrats to a brown turn. This propensity to roast somebody shows him to be of the genuine Roosevelt stock, and he may be destined to make his mark in the world in spite of the illustrious father handicap.

A film company has filed suit against another picture syndicate because the pictures of the Willard-Dempsey fight did not pay. What is there left for the reformers to work upon, if the public thus manifests its preference for decent pictures?

The crew of a French steamer bound for this country held up the ship for twenty-four hours while they conducted a strike for better wine and got it. There will be a rush for jobs on French ships when this news leaks out.

The dearth of presidential timber is illustrated by the fact that some newspapers are booming Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, for that high office.

Might bring Hoover home again and put him on the job.

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

THE FAIRY WITH THE PAPER CAP

"Dolly," said Billy one morning, "Do you want to help me in the garden for a little while? Maybe you will see one of those fairies you are always talking about."

"Oh, I'd love to," said Dolly. "What are you going to do?" Dolly was always eager to have a part in the work of the United States school garden army.

"Come along and I'll show you," said her brother. So they went out into the garden in the fresh morning air. Billy carried some little paper pots, and he let Dolly carry some tea. The pots had tiny plants in them.

"I am going to transplant these," he said, "just as the United States school garden army directions say."

"What does that mean?" asked Dolly, who wanted every new word explained. "I think that is a very good thing, don't you?"

"It means that I plant the seeds in these little pots and then transplant--or plant them again--in the garden,"

said Billy, who always liked to tell Dolly about things. He didn't say as some brothers do, "Oh, you're only a girl--you couldn't understand."

So he and Dolly carried out the funny little paper boxes. Billy had some rows of ground already prepared for the pots. He had dug the ground up and loosened it until it was soft enough for young plants. He had the ground up into rows. Then he made holes large enough for the pots. Then he planted the pots, being careful to knock off the bottoms.

"Now," he said, "I think that ought to do."

"Do what?" asked Dolly. "You just water 'em and see," said her brother. "And if you see a Dewdrop Fairy on one of those little seedlings maybe he will tell you all you want to know."

Billy went into the house to get ready for school and Dolly stood in the garden, hoping a fairy would soon come and tell her about the plants in the paper pots.

"Well--here I am," said a voice so near that it made her jump. "And there he was, to be sure. A little fellow all dressed in green. His suit was dark green and his little vest was very light green--almost white. It had rather large buttons of the same color."

"I didn't see you at all," said Dolly.

"Of course you didn't. I've only just been born," said the fairy. "Then Dolly noticed that he had a funny little paper cap on his head just like the pots she had helped Billy to plant. O-

ly, of course, the cap was very tiny--not much bigger than the head of a pin.

"Yes I came out of one of those paper pots," he said, as if he knew what she was thinking. "That's the best way to plant seedlings. We do not grow so very fast so it is better to give us a nice start in the house. Then, pretty soon we begin to grow out here--and then, you just watch us."

"That's what I am going to do," said the little girl.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" whispered the fairy with the paper cap. "Oh, yes--do!" cried Dolly, who loved to have a "secret" with somebody.

"Well, when my plants get too lively the gardener pinches 'em--heads off."

"Oh!" cried Dolly, much shocked. "I think that is wicked. I will tell Billy--he won't let anybody do such a thing to you."

"Oh! we don't mind it so much. It keeps the foolish young sprouts from running away."

"Where would they run to?" asked Dolly.

"All over the garden," said the fairy, coolly. "They would scare out every other plant on the place. But if we are pinched good and hard at the right time we are all right."

"One of the other fairies said something about running--oh, I know! It was the Fairy with the Pink Vest."

"Yes," said the fairy in the paper cap, "he is my big cousin."

"I shall ask Dr. Bixby and Cousinance Dwight for Sunday night tea!" she offered this morning at breakfast.

"How nice of you, Hat," I said. "It is a wonderful help to my plans; for I am going to flirt with Tom. But since he cares for that little Jeanne girl, it will not hurt him. And it will help me, too. For I must make Dr. Bixby jealous. I flattered the doctor quite shamelessly. Now I must show him he is not the only one."

I put on my little gray crepe de chine. Its simple lines and soft collar and cuffs gave me a demure look.

"Wouldn't you like to meet Tom alone?" asked Harriet.

"I said I should. I thought I caught a fleeting look, whose meaning I could not fathom, from Jack Wilson's eyes. I do not like him. I am afraid I imagine things about him."

I met Tom at the train in the Ford. He greeted me heartily. He remarked at once how well I looked. But I did not look at him frankly. I did not say "Thank you," as I am used. I turned aside my face, I lowered my eyes. "Do you think so?" I asked shyly.

To be shy with Tom! Tom seemed a little puzzled. At a turn in the road, we saw a racing car coming toward us. Tom put his hand over mine on the

wheel. Unconscious of my hand, he held the wheel a minute. A cloud of dust enveloped us. I slipped my hand from under his. I did it in a bashful way. I meant it to mean one thing. That it embarrassed me to have Tom's hand on mine.

Tom's puzzled look had changed. "If Sara is trying to flirt, she shall!" I could almost hear Tom thinking.

So his next remark was in keeping. "I've missed you, Sara." On and on it went. An idle flirtation on an idle afternoon. I did not enjoy our present attitude. Not half as much as our former easy companionship. But it must be. This is no time for likes or dislikes. This is playing the game seriously.

I like Dr. Bixby. But I do not believe that I can ever care for another man as I did for Jim. But this is not a question of liking. It is a question of having. It is a question of having.

We had driven the car to the door. I see the others sitting on the porch. My heart beats quickly. It is the tug of war. Shall I succeed?

Tomorrow--The winning wiles.

Doctors Recommend Bon-Opto for the Eyes

Physicians and eye specialists prescribe Bon-Opto as a safe home remedy in the treatment of eye troubles and to strengthen eyesight. Sold under money refund guarantee by all druggists.

PRESIDENT ANSWERS

(Continued from page one)

tion at Paris to intimidate Chinese envoys.

In a letter to Senate Lodge, chairman of the senate foreign relations committee, the president refused the committee's request for stenographic records of all proceedings--arguments and debates and all data bearing upon the league of nations on the ground that no stenographic reports were taken during the league debate and it was agreed that such memoranda as were made should be confidential. The president said he was following the example of other governments in making this explanation.

The letter to Lodge was separate from the answer to the senate request.

NATIONALIZATION

(Continued from page one)

railway department, American Federation of Labor, expected to be able to say today that practically all shop men who struck without sanction of their higher officials were back at work.

However, early reports indicated that Jewell was over sanguine and that many of the shop men were refusing to return to their jobs. President Wilson



WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

has said the government will ignore their demands for 25 per cent more wages until all are back at work.

Tobacco Habit Dangerous

says Doctor Connor, formerly of Johns Hopkins hospital. Thousands of men suffering from fatal diseases would be in perfect health today were it not for the deadly drug Nicotine. Stop the habit now before it's too late. It's a simple process to rid yourself of the tobacco habit in any form. Just go to any up to date drug store and get some Nicotol tablets; take them as directed and in; the pernicious habit quickly vanishes. Druggists refund the money if they fail. Be sure to read large and interesting announcement by Doctor Connor soon to appear in this paper. It tells of the danger of nicotine poisoning and how to avoid it. In the mean time try Nicotol tablets; you will be surprised at the result.--D. J. Fry.

Fred Brock, colored, formerly of Portland, was found dead in bed at Newport.

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WHY



WHY