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Editor and Publisher

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

NATIONAL CARD CATALOGUE

No nation has ever been card-catalogued, unless possibly the German nation. Senator France of Maryland purposes to gather a more comprehensive means of facts about the American people, singly and collectively, than was ever collected even in the native home of "thoroughness."

It is to be accomplished through the agency of the federal census due next year. And if Senator France's plan, already endorsed by the senate, is carried out, it will certainly be a memorable census, painful but instructive to everybody concerned.

It is to be an elaborate survey of the man-power, woman-power and child-power of the nation, available hereafter for the purposes of industry, public health, military organization, etc., to a degree far beyond anything possible under the old census methods. Senator France says:

"If we are to abolish illiteracy, preventable injuries and diseases, unemployment and child labor, with all of their attendant ills we must know their extent and the agencies at hand for combatting them."

The census legislation therefore calls for a card catalogue recording the main facts about every individual's life history--his birth, education, health, employment, etc.--and making provision for keeping that record up-to-date.

This will be an important step in the progressive organization of the American people. Its usefulness is beyond. It should lead to greater national unity and efficiency and an elimination of many evils which public authorities have hitherto been unable to deal with adequately because of lack of dependable data. It should prove especially valuable in case of another national emergency like the recent war. And big crisis calling for prompt, concerted action would find the nation's human resources organized and ready for mobilization.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THIS GOOD WORLD.

This world is good in which we dwell; I like the blamed thing mighty well, and I have lived here long; as down my long life path I go I find eight joys for every woe, nine rights for every wrong. Oh, now and then there comes a day when everything seems grim and gay, and badly out of plumb; but calm reflection brings me bliss--for every rotten day like this, six happy days will come. The optimist is one who knows that joys outnumber human woes, when balances are struck; and so, with sunshine in his heart, he labors in the busy mart, and nails the useful buck. He does not worry o'er the grief that comes to him as a relief when happiness grows stale; no man could stand unchanging bliss; a slice of grief we savor would miss, if there were none for sale. The pessimist is one who'll mark a record of each day that's dark, its minutes and its hours; and he'll forget the cheerful days, when all the landscape is ablaze with sunshine and with flowers. He thinks that there are nineteen woes for every joy a mortal knows, in which he's sadly wrong; I know the good outweighs the ill, and knowledge should my counsels fill, for I have lived here long.

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General Banking Business

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

ANointing WARSHIPS

A notable precedent has been set in the naming of the ship Tulsa at Hog Island. Instead of being christened with champagne, in good old style--or the bad old style, if you prefer--or with pure water, according to some recent prohibition examples, the vessel's bow was anointed with a bottle of crude Oklahoma petroleum.

It may not have been very poetical. There may even have been a notable lack of fragrance and beauty in that thick odoriferous oil trickling down the freighter's iron side. But it was a famous victory, none the less, richly suggestive in possibilities.

A metropolitan paper which finds in any new "dry" manifestation a subject for sarcasm proposed that hereafter ships bearing a Vermont name shall be christened with cans of maple syrup, Mississippi ships with New Orleans molasses and North Carolina with pine tar.

But, why not? Even such material may be endowed with special fitness in time, when usage has sanctified them. Surely ships were not always and everywhere christened with champagne. New times, new customs. There must be innovations, or the world would grow stale, and why not use, in such matters, some product having a distinct and demonstrable relation to the state or city that is honored in naming of the vessel?

Grape juice--unfermented, of course, might be used for California, cider for New York state, buttermilk for Illinois, loganberry juice for Oregon, clam juice, perhaps, for Massachusetts; and so on down the list with gasoline for West Virginia, mineral water for Colorado and orange juice for Florida.

The railroad brotherhood leaders in testifying before the congressional committee considering the Plumb bill for soviet control of the railroads continue to repeat that "something must be done for the railroad man." Well, hasn't a whole lot been done for the railroad man? He is better paid and works shorter hours than he ever did before, and is able to live better--as well as any self-respecting man ought to live. Few of the smaller businessmen, who have capital invested, make net returns equal to railroad man's wage and he has no money invested. The businessman also works longer and harder to make his business a success. What the bolshevik leaders of the railroads are really asking is that the property be turned over to them and that the public pay the bills for railroad operation no matter how inefficient or extravagant it may be. Good treatment seems to have turned the heads of these men and they would overturn the government which has given them just recognition in all respects, while the public has uncompromisingly paid the bills that higher wages and shorter hours entailed.

The first direct commercial dispatch from the United States to the Germans was an offer to sell them malt barley. "Who says the Yankee tradesman don't know what, when and how to sell?" asks the Boston Transcript.

The suggestion of the London Times that two different parliaments be given Ireland, one for Ulster and the other for the rest of Ireland, certainly carries the principle of self-determination to the limit.

This price-raising, wage-raising business is simply a competitive game. Too bad nobody can suggest a way by which it may be called off.

When the present congress gets through investigating it will probably be shown that the report that we took any part in the war, to say nothing of winning it, was all a false alarm.

Since the financial experts tell us that money is so cheap, it's a pity we can't eat it.

A proper reduction in the cost of building material would start a needed era of house-building in Salem.

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

THE FLOWERS WITH WINGS

Dolly ran down the garden path chasing the first butterfly of the season. It looked so pretty in the sunshine. Its wings were pale yellow. It almost looked as if one of the crocuses had broken away from its stem and was flying around. It flattered about the honeysuckle and at last settled on one of the sweet potatoes. Dolly came quite near. She could see that the butterfly had a long, slender tube where his nose would have been, if he had a nose. It was something like an elephant's trunk, only not much larger than a hair. The butterfly stuck this down into the long part of the honeysuckle blossom. He seemed to be sucking something up through it. He appeared to be enjoying it very much. His wings opened and shut as if he were clapping his hands.

By this time Dolly was quite used to having her questions answered almost before she could ask them. She was sure there must be a fairy near, though she could not see one.

"Look up above your head," said the small voice.

Dolly looked up and there, sitting on the edge of a leaf, with her tiny feet hanging over, was one of the prettiest fairies she had seen. This one wore a sort of cream colored dress with trimmings of darker color. Her face was lively, but at the same time sweet, and Dolly noticed a very strong and sweet perfume in all the air around the honey-suckle vine.

"What does the butterfly get out of the flower?" she asked.

"He gets honey, my dear--the sweetest and best honey in the world. He reaches way down into the blossom, and sucks it up--and he does love it. Look how he is waving his wings because he is having such a good time."

"But where do the butterflies come from?" asked the little girl. "I have looked and looked, and I can't find their nests anywhere, nor any bush for them to grow on. Do they come down out of the clouds?"

"Look into my hand, and you will see," said the fairy.

"I don't see anything but a caterpillar. He doesn't look much like a butterfly."

"Just you watch him a little while," said the fairy.

Dolly didn't care much about looking at anything as ugly as the caterpillar, but she had learned that very queer things might happen in the magic dewdrops and so she stood still and

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

THE WINNING WIFE. CHAPTER XI.

The others sat grouped on the porch as we came up. The center of the group was Constance Dwight. What a lovely picture she was! Her dress of primrose yellow clothed her like a flower. Her drooping black hair three shining strands over the lovely contour of her face. Such an exquisite face!

I saw that Tom was captured by that face. I should have my hands full to keep Tom's interest.

But, strangely enough, Jack Wilson came to my rescue.

"I want to take you fellows over my farm," he said. Then casually he said to me "Wouldn't you care to come, too, Miss Lane?"

"Thank you," I said. "I want to brush up my stray locks. The motor--"

Jack Wilson interrupted with a laugh. "Have you heard the story about the Ford that--"

Their voices were lost in the distance. I ran upstairs to dab a touch of powder to my nose. I can't explain why, but Jack Wilson fills me with repugnance. It is hard for me to understand how Harriet can care for him. Yet I have no actual reason for disliking him. I must try to get over it.

The men soon returned. I could see that Dr. Bisby was not carried away by Constance. She held no mystery for him. He had seen her make a fool of herself the day of the picnic. He was never only for one thing--my flattery. But he was not to get it!

I devoted myself to Tom! I took a solicitous interest in him and his affairs.

"Your mother asked me to tell you Sara that she may have to go West, to close the house. Your Aunt Emily is ill. But she will let you know."

We carried on all our conversation in low tones. Once when he seemed a little bored, I asked him about the little Jeanne girl.

"Yes, she was as lovely as ever!"

In the meantime the doctor cast meaningful glances at me. But I paid little attention. My interest was centered in Tom. The most casual eye could see that!

No the doctor considered himself with the lovely Constance Dwight. Lovely she is to look at. And she can talk delightfully--about herself. With a little thrill of delight I saw the doctor cover a yawn with his hand.

My plan is working well.

(Tomorrow--The Artistic Element)

Open Forum

A SQUARE DEAL WANTED.

To the Editor: As nurserymen, let's give the planters and growers of nursery stock a square deal. Since the theory of demonstration work has been so satisfactorily performed and now has become a system showing so plainly that gummosis can be prevented in pitted fruits with the use of ground lime--

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stone, burnt lime rock or hard wood ashes, being placed near the roots of young trees at the time of planting, or after trees have been planted here is where we should take notice. Evidently gummosis begins to form in the young tree as soon as life starts. Nurserymen should take time to look back over their two or three year old stock, note the difference in the amount of gummosis in this and one year old stock. This all comes from overbalanced conditions of acidity in the soil which can be equalized with ground limestone burnt lime rock, or hard wood ashes. At a very small cost we are now able to buy ground lime rock from the Oregon State Lime Board at a cost not to exceed \$4.50 per ton, delivered at Salem, Oregon.

No better test for overbalanced conditions of acidity in the soil than planting a few sweet cherry trees, Italian and sugar prune trees, peach plums and the peach itself, the almond and many other sweet pitted fruit trees. The sweet cherry would be no good for a test, as this would bring two acids together and one would not affect the other.

It will be a hard matter in the near future for a nurseryman who has diseased stock to sell it at any price. Daylight is already breaking with many planters and growers of nursery stock. I have many inquiries from different states relatives as to how I use lime to prevent gummosis in sweet cherries and Italian prune trees. Also how to use it as a remedy for this disease after the tree has become infected, and I notice a subscriber from Oregon writes the Western Farmer, August 1, 1919. This subscriber says, "I have some cherry and apricot trees that have a gum substance coming out of the bark. In a short time the trees will and die." Here I wish to say that I have been demonstrating along this line for several years using lime and hard wood ashes to prevent gummosis in sweet pitted fruit trees. Also have been using both lime and ashes for a remedy where the older trees have become infected, all of which has been so satisfactory that the theory has now become a system used by many planters and growers of pitted fruits.

From travelling over the Pacific Northwest I find the old idea held to by our grandfathers, cutting down and destroying old trees on account of gummosis, is changing and the liming system taking place. "Never destroy a tree because it has become infected with as simple a disease as gummosis. Rather go and buy ten to thirty pounds of lime, owing to six of free, work it in to the soil near the roots of trees." Cutting out the canker is all right but this only destroys that which is in sight. Here we should deal with cause and effect. Acidity being the cause of gummosis, let's use lime enough to



LOOKS LIKE JOE MARTIN

equalize the overbalanced condition of acidity in the soil. By doing this we will prevent the effect. Usually it will take from one and one-half to four tons of lime per acre to equalize overbalanced conditions of acidity in the soil in the Willamette valley.

I am able to show many acres of sweet cherry, Italian prune and other pitted fruit trees that have been successfully treated as above described. Am always thankful to have interested parties call and look over my work.

W. M. PAULKNER,
Corvallis, Oregon.

MONMOUTH HAS NEW TEACHERS

Monmouth, Aug. 11.--The appointment of three new faculty members was announced at the Oregon Normal school this week. Miss Edna Kingus of Walla Walla, Ia. is succeed Miss Rosa B. Parrott as head of the English department; Miss Edna Mills of Forest Grove is to succeed Miss Lucile Chase of Salem as head of the domestic science department and Miss Nelly M. Souiska of Hayes, Kan., is to take the place of Miss Rudabaugh as critic of the fifth and sixth grades in the Monmouth training school.

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