

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 \$3.00 Per Month .25c  
Daily by Mail, per year \$3.00 Per Month .25c

**PULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT**

**FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES**

W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.  
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building

The Daily Capital Journal carrier boys are instructed to put the papers on the porch. If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects getting the paper to you on time, kindly phone the circulation manager, as this is the only way we can determine whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone 81 before 7:30 o'clock and a paper will be sent you by special messenger if the carrier has missed you.

**THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL**

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

### THE CONTRARY RUSSIAN.

That Russians are more foreign than other nations is the belief, expressed in Harper's Magazine, of Arthur Bullard, who spent a good deal of time during the war in Petrograd and Moscow for the Committee on Public Information.

"Once you get really to know a Briton, a German, an Italian or a Turk, you can prophesy with fair accuracy what he will do under given circumstances. We expect certain combination of qualities. If we know such a man does not cheat at cards, we are pretty sure he will not steal from the collection-basket at church. If we know he is cruel to dogs, we don't expect him to be kind to children. But such combinations of character do not always hold true with Russians. A Russian acquaintance nine times running may do just what, from your previous knowledge of him, you would expect, and then, the tenth time, act in complete contradiction to what you thought was his character."

The charming family with whom he lived, for instance to all appearances trustworthy, entertained lavishly with his store of provisions while he spent two weeks out of town. Upon his return everything was gone, but the codfish which they did not know how to cook. They were sincerely sorry that business kept him away while the fun was going on! The supplies--from America--would have kept the whole family all winter. It never occurred to them they were doing anything out of the way.

Every well-to-do family had some "system" for getting food. One clever family had traded "some useless thing like a gold-mine or munition plant for a cigarette factory." They could buy anything with cigarettes. They even had white bread for which they bribed the chief surgeon of a hospital with cigarettes. It was part of a small supply baked for soldiers too badly wounded to digest black bread.

Another man, honest, public-spirited, intelligent, had himself elected a member of the Food Committee so he could get all the food he wanted for his own table. Mr. Bullard says he can imagine a man in some other country who would do that--but he would be otherwise a villain.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

OWNING A HOME.

I own my home, and life's a pome, from outside to the center; I'm full, inside, of honest pride; I'm sorry for the renter. I own my shack both front and back, the kitchen and the porches; and here I sit and feel I'm it, and smoke my five-cent torches. The tree and vine are strictly mine, the concrete walks and hedges, the elms and yews, old cans and shoes, the ax and saw and wedges. The house is old, the rooms are cold, the roof is often leaking, and in the night, when men sleep tight, I hear the front gate creaking. But it is mine, this shack of pine, and there's mortgage on it; and here I sit and do my bit at writing ode and sonnet. My house is cheap; no footmen keep their vigils in its hallways no butler stern with pomp to burn here combs his auburn galways. My house is punk, the doors are shrunk, the windows shake and rattle; and on the stairs and under chairs the vats and rats give battle. It isn't fine, but it is mine; with smiles I bid you enter; I am the king while here, by jing; I'm sorry for the renter.

## LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

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

In nine ways this man was square and public-serving. Now how are nations who think in straight lines to know how to help a people like that.

### JAPAN'S SHANTUNG PLANS.

The recent statement of the Japanese government, through Foreign Minister Uchida, regarding Shantung peninsula, was not as explicit as many Americans had hoped. Still, it goes pretty far to clear up an unpleasant situation.

According to his statement, Japan is willing to restore to China the whole of the territory in question, and to enter into negotiations with the government at Peking regarding the necessary arrangement to give effect to the pledge at the soonest possible time after the Versailles treaty has been ratified by Japan.

The Mikado's government formally disclaims, as it has done before, any intention of retaining political jurisdiction in the Shantung province--that is to say ruling over the Chinese there. The territorial sovereignty is to be restored to China. Japanese troops are to be withdrawn as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. In compliance with assurance given by the peace delegation at the peace conference, Japan seeks only to keep the economic privileges granted by China to Germany. There will be a Chinese police force for the railroad, with Japanese officials approved by the Chinese government. The city of Tsing Tau is to be made a "foreign city", dominated very likely by the Japanese, but not excluding any other nationality.

China, it appears, is not fully satisfied with this. She would rather have the Japanese ousted entirely, businessmen as well as soldiers and political officials. So would the Americans. It is clear, however, that if Japan fulfills these promises, China is at least in better plight than she would have been had Japan left the Germans in possession.

Japan therefore appears in the light of having done China a favor, but not so great and disinterested a favor as the Chinese and Americans hoped she would.

If the government is to buy the railroads, why not the packing business? And if the packing business, why not the steel business? And then the auto business, the newspapers, and farms? It would only take two or three hundred billions to make a clean sweep and we could all go on a vacation while the government officials did the work. They are trying the scheme out in Russia now and to a limited extent in North Dakota. Why not adopt as a national slogan, "nobody works but Uncle Sam?"

Butter is said to be \$7.50 a roll in Petrograd--and mighty poor butter at that. One of the blessings of bolshevik rule where nobody works because politics takes all their time, and therefore there is lack of organized industry and production.

New Mexico claims a half-mile strip along her northern boundary, and is suing Colorado for it. In Europe they would go to war over it.

Those opponents of the League of Nations covenant in the senate seem more concerned about the rights of China than the interests of the United States.

Nearly everybody seems to be striking except Mr. Common People, alias Consuming Public. And if he goes on strike and stops paying something is going to happen.

### THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

#### DOLLY SEES THE FAIRIES' PARADE--PART II

Then came a procession of all the dewdrop fairies that Dolly knew and many more that she had never seen. There was the Redish, with his bright red face and his green suit. He seemed to like to go along on his hands so that his head was down and his legs up in the air most of the time.

There was the Pea Blossom in her sweet white robes. There was the Good Natured Fairy in her tight dress and there was the Fairy in the Pink Vest almost rolling he was so fat.

The Yucca Fairy was one of the prettiest, with her long pale yellow hair braiding out in the breeze. The "Lowly Wren" was there too, and the "Garden Truck." The "Garden Ace" was so softly fluttering above, and near him was the Winged Flower--the Butterfly that had once been nothing but a caterpillar.

"Oh--oh--oh!" cried Dolly, never "Oh" louder than the last. "I never saw anything so beautiful. Our Fagant wasn't so pretty!"

Then she knew that she was again looking at the poor home of little Marie. All the Fairies seemed to be dancing toward the little French girl, who was standing in front of her poor little house.

"Oh," cried Marie--and Dolly could understand her although she was speaking French. "How lovely--how sweet--how beautiful!"

She ran to the doors of the poor houses and called out all the other children. They came running from every side and when they saw the Fairies they were as excited as Marie had been. "Look--look," cried a little boy. "They are American Fairies--they carry the Stars and Stripes." He brought up his little hand in a salute. "See, there is the flag of the United States School Garden Army!"

The Queen of the Fairies stepped forward. "My children," she said, "your American brothers and sisters have sent us to tell you that never again, as long as they have food, shall you be hungry. They are working for you in their U. S. S. G. A. gardens. Far out on the big prairie golden grain is ripening in the fields so that you may have bread. Down in the earth the brown potatoes are growing and the white onions for your stew. The United States School Garden Army is fighting against hunger, and as they have helped to win great victories on the battle fields, they will help your country to live until you can raise your own crops again. We come to bring you this message."

Dolly heard all the children cheer. Then she heard the fairy music again very faint and sweet. Everything faded away and she found herself looking at her own garden and its neat rows of beans and peas and cabbages and tomatoes. She drew a long breath. "How glad I am," she said softly, "that I belong to the United States School Garden Army."

### Hunting A Husband

BY MARY DOUGLAS

A NEW CONTINGENCY

"I've got to run over to Moseley for a new blade. Won't you girls go with me?" asked Jack Wilson at lunch.

"Sorry, but I can't," said Harriet. "You go, Sally, it's a pretty ride. And you've been sewing too much for me lately."

So Jack Wilson and I drove out in the runabout on that bright crisp afternoon.

"Which way shall we go?" he asked. "You know best, Mr. Wilson," I said. "Don't call me Mr. Wilson, call me Jack," he said.

"All right," I acquiesced faintly. I am sure my feeling about Harriet's husband is wrong. For he has been very nice to me since I visited Harriet. But somehow he does not attract me.

But this afternoon he talked most interestingly. He told me about the farm, and then branched off to himself. He was still talking about himself, while I was idly watching the grey haze that covered the hills, when we passed Dr. Bixby's buggy.

I thought in the fleeting glimpse I caught of the doctor, that his expression was rather queer. His eyebrows lifted in an odd way.

"Bixby's a funny fellow," said Jack. "He uses that old buggy to make his country calls. Says it makes the native trust him more!"

At the mention of Dr. Bixby's name I looked up into Mr. Wilson's face.

"By George, Sally," he said, "you have pretty eyes."

Somehow I did not like to hear my name on his lips. I felt the color rising up to my temples.

"Your eyes aren't the only pretty thing about you, little girl," he said. He put a strong hand over mine.

"Let me go!" I said angrily. He continued to hold my hand. He looked down into my angry face.

"Not before I've kissed you," he said.

I twisted aside my head. In the struggle the ear had run to the side of the road. It was only by the quick turn of the wheel that he stopped it from running into the stone wall.

"You're a little devil!" he said.

I caught my breath. Then I said to Jack Wilson all the biting sarcasms

things I could think of. And I thought very fast just then.

He looked at me sullenly. At last he said, "What do you take me for anyhow, living in the house for a month with an attractive girl?"

"I took you for a gentleman," I said bitterly.

"I say, Sally, if you won't say anything to Harriet about it, I won't even look at you the rest of the time you're here."

I hated to make a compact with this man. But it seemed the simplest way out. So I consented.

The rest of the drive was a silent one. When we reached the farm, Harriet said, "Dr. Bixby has just gone."

I could not think of Dr. Bixby. I only know I must get away, that Harriet must not be hurt.

(Tomorrow--The End of the Episode.)

### New French Army Will Be Larger Than That Of Hung

Paris--(By Mail)--Though engaged in demobilizing her entire reserve army, France will maintain a numerical supremacy of at least three to one over Germany's military forces, thus guaranteeing the outstriking of the treaty terms.

At the present time France has nearly two million men under arms, but the

present demobilization plans call for the discharge of all but 600,000 before November 1. Germany now has about 400,000 men in her volunteer armies. This number must be reduced to 200,000 during the next few months. Hence, in November, with France's demobilization completed and Germany reduced to the army permitted her by the treaty, France will still have full control of the situation.

On March 31, 1920, Germany will have to have demobilized all but a permanent standing force of 100,000 men. France will on that date still have 600,000 men mobilized, or a superiority of 6 to 1. Not only will France then be in a position to watch Germany closely, but she will be aided also by the occupation forces of the United States, England and Belgium.

With Germany thus reduced in military strength, France has hopes of also lessening the term of service for her troops. The French have in the past been driven to long term obligatory service by Germany. The future promises to remove this cause permanent. The 600,000 men France will for the time being retain under arms consist of two classes, those of 1918 and 1919 as well as the professional and colonial troops.

Oregon and Washington veterans are meeting at Tacoma in annual session.

### Have Us Examine Your Eyes

If its glasses you need we can fit you no matter how difficult your case may be. We guarantee every pair of glasses we make. Come in and have your eyes examined.

#### HARTMAN BROS. CO.

Jewelers and Opticians

Northwest Corner of State and Liberty Streets

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR

### Job Printing

PHONE 199  
The Quickener Press  
193 N. Com'l-over Dale & Co.  
G. E. Brooks, Proprietor

## HOP PICKERS SHOE SPECIAL

When you start for "the yards" you will want to prepare yourselves with comfortable, easy shoes that will at the same time stand the wear and protect your feet. "We've got 'em" for you, call and examine them.



For the Ladies and Girls the most of them prefer the Elk Outing Shoes that have been so satisfactory, at

\$5.95

Then some like Kids, Gun Metals at from \$3.95 up and others like the Canvas Shoes at \$1.95 up. Most of the Men and Boys prefer the Elk Outing Bals in either Brown or Black at for Men's Sizes \$2.59. Boys' sizes

\$2.20

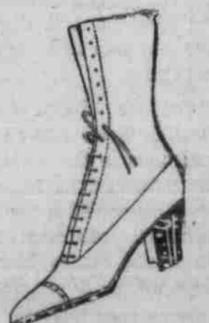
For the Girls and Children the Elk or Brown Elk

Shoes at \$2.95 up or Canvas from

\$1.95 up

Or Gun Metal or Kids at

\$3.65 up



We can only give a few suggestions of the many good things but you can see anything you want when you come. Dress Shoes for every member of any family, in all sorts of kinds and "EVERY PAIR WARRANTED TO WEAR". Get your Fly Swatter Free if you haven't already done so.



Little & Upmeyer