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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

THE JUNKERS OF THE SENATE.

The New York World calls attention to the fact that the course which Senator Lodge and a majority of the committee of Foreign Relations have charted is one of complete irresponsibility. Nothing matters to them, except the defeat of the president and no disaster of which the human imagination can conceive is too heavy a price to pay for that.

Unless they are brought to their senses by the American people, who will be the ultimate victims of this insane policy of malice and meanness, according to the World, there is an excellent chance not only that the United States will come out of the war with the open hostility of the great nations of the world but that there will be an actual coalition against us. That is what the Lodges are inviting.

The Shantung affair is only one case in point. Granting the substantial justice of the Chinese demands, the fact remains that it was Japan and not China which ousted Germany from Shantung at a time when this assistance was invaluable to the Allied cause. Japan has promised to restore to China everything except the German railway and mining concessions, and the League of Nations provides a tribunal under which these pledges can be enforced. The action taken by the Senate committee admittedly provides no relief to China. It was not taken to provide relief. The Chinese case was used only as a means of muddling the treaty and increasing the difficulties of the situation with which President Wilson must deal.

If there is any difference between the spirit of the German Junkers and the spirit of Henry Cabot Lodge and his nine Republican associates, we should like to know what it is. Both were ready to plunge the world into war to gain their place in the sun and both were equally contemptuous of the consequences. With civilization still in political turmoil and in a state of economic chaos, these

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

GOLD BRICKS.

Some busy fellows in our town are always hustling up and down, intent on boosting things; they want to raise a bunch of kale to put a flagpole on the jail, or build new courthouse wings. They want to paint the country club, or hire some highly gifted dub to beautify the grounds; and so they come to me and say, "We need a lot of coin today, so cough up seven pounds." But always I have other use for every cent I can produce, some junk I have to buy; I line up with the easy hicks who blow themselves for gilded bricks, or strips of azure sky. I have a gold mine up in Maine, where any man would be insane who dug around for gold; I have an ice plant on a shore where arctic billows always roar, and it is beastly cold. I have a ranch that ought to grow all kinds of grain that moderns know, if it had any soil; I have an oil well on a hill, where high priced workmen drill and drill, and never reach the oil. I'm always buying costly shares that ought to make men millionaires, but never, never do; I'm buying shares in mills and mines, and grizzly bears and pumpkin vines, and remedies for flu. And so I cannot spare a red to help our village forge ahead, to aid the boosters' fads; assessments always coming due, it seems to me I'm never through with shelling out the seeds.

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Senators calmly create new causes of dissension and seek to make a final settlement impossible except by a new appeal to arms.

Junkertum in Berlin is bad enough, but Junkertum in the United States Senate is intolerable.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Somebody has dug up a letter written to a man in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1820, by a pioneering brother who had settled in Ohio. It contains this interesting reference to the liquor situation of that period:

"Whisky is the principal drink used in all this western country, and is drunk in great abundance. The principal reason of this, probably, is the want of a market for their surplus quantity of grain, which induces the inhabitants to convert it into whisky, which is very cheap in consequence."

There seems to have been little "problem" about it in those days. It was evidently not thought of as a moral problem or efficiency problem. They wanted something to drink; they had more grain than they could eat or sell, so they made their surplus into whisky and drank the whisky.

This experience was duplicated in many parts of the United States in the early days—and to some extent in days not so early.

The whisky of that day was evidently not the patent stuff to which the present generation has been accustomed. It was probably more like the southern "moonshine" which is commonly said to be drunk by the "tumblerful" without the consequences that would result from such consumption of the usual high-proof whisky of commerce. Still, it had its effect.

With all the virtues possessed by those pioneering ancestors, sobriety hardly ranked as high among them as it has among their descendants of recent decades. And they would have been amazed at the prophetic suggestion that their grandchildren and great grandchildren would pronounce alcohol an intolerable evil.

A BRITISH BLUNDER.

War work blunders have not been confined to America. A masterpiece along that line has been revealed in a report just made public by the British Air Council.

Owing to the decreased demand for airplanes after the armistice was signed, there was a sudden menace of idleness in the airplane factories. The government decided that it was a public duty to keep the factory hands employed, and so "machines were taken from contractors which were not wanted."

That was not so bad. Though a poor industrial policy, it was a natural, human solution of the problem. But that was not all.

The factories involved were private concerns. There were also national factories which the government felt obliged to keep going. And it met the situation as follows:

"Machines taken from contractors to keep the people employed were sent to the national factories to be destroyed, to keep people there employed."

It is exactly as if, in order to provide employment in hard times, the government were to hire two sets of workmen, one to build houses and the other to tear them down after they were built.

It may be questioned whether the United States has done anything quite so stupid as this, although its ship-building policy will probably rank a close second in the matter of wasting public funds.

Salem is to be made the dehydration center of the United States and an advertising appropriation of \$250,000 has been made to tell the world about it. It is already the great and only loganberry juice center, and its fruit cannery output is not exceeded on the coast, while the organization of fruit growers, recently perfected, will make it the greatest prune market in this country. All of which indicates that the Capital City of Oregon is getting ready to go some in the near future.

That needed and expected house cleaning in the state printing office has not taken place yet, but the fact that it is delayed probably indicates that it will be more thorough when it does come.

Perhaps conditions will not become really normal until the average man has learned to like these temperance drinks.

Not always does the public get the worst of a strike. For example, when the vaudeville quit work.

Hunting A Husband

BY MARY DOUGLAS

THE PRETENSE

I was listening sadly to the sound of moving in the room below.

The room below. That had meant my sick man. The whimsical smile and the light in hollow eyes. The studio blurred before my vision.

"May I come in?" It was my ever-present Scotch neighbor with his chirping ways.

"The Sara Lane is alone?" He acted himself on the couch with a ukelele. But I did not like the twang twang tonight. I was not in the mood.

Bobby MacAllistair threw down the ukulele. He walked over to me.

"Sara," he said.

He was sitting in a moment in his favorite attitude, at my feet. I felt something soft and heavy against my dress. But I did not notice. I put my hand down. It touched a thick head of shaggy hair.

"Just leave it so, a minute," he said. I was lonely, too. I did. Then I felt flexible fingers steal up and hold mine. Hold mine with a warm thrabbing clasp.

Still I sat silent. The hold of those warm fingers was comforting. Besides, Bobby MacAllistair is only a boy-man. I drew away my fingers. He held up his head. The look in his eyes changed from dreamy content to a sudden fierceness.

"Sara," he said, "Sara, kiss me!"

"Bobby MacAllistair how can you be so silly?"

"Sara," he said again, "just once." He was kneeling now. He tried to catch my hands. But I had clasped them behind my back.

A sudden resolve came to me.

"All right," I said. "I will! Then we'll be engaged." I am afraid my tone was business-like.

"Engaged?" There was surprise, but surprise, in his voice. I could scarcely refrain from smiling.

"I thought you liked me?" I said.

"Don't be silly!" he said in return. He had risen now. He was looking down at me.

"Why it is silly? I give you a kiss, what do I get?"

"The same," said Bobby MacAllistair. His tone was doubtful now. I saw no wild desire, on his part, to carry out his threat.

"But I don't want to be kissed. I want to be engaged."

"I say, Sara," for the first time since I had known him, he had dropped all his affections of manner. "You're not that kind of a girl. It's all right for these girls here to propose and all that; but you're too nice. You're really a woman. Not a weak imitation pretending she's an artist." Bobby MacAllistair stopped for breath.

"So you are a nice boy, after all," I said. And laughed.

Bobby MacAllistair looked at me a moment.

"Now I shall kiss you," he said.

But I shut the door firmly on him. And locked it.

(Tomorrow—The Way Out.)

Polk County Threshing Is Now Nearly Completed

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Dallas, Or., Sept. 4.—Polk county's immense wheat and oat crop which has been occupying the attention of farmers and threshmen during the past

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month will practically all be threshed the latter part of this week or the first of next.

The crop which during the early part of the season was thought to be one of the biggest ever harvested in this section, fell short of the growers' fondest hopes during the hot dry weather of the latter part of the growing season. The crop, however, will be bigger than the average crop raised in the county and with the increased acreage that was planted to wheat last fall and early this spring the farmers will net a neat little sum for their plains in taking care of the crop.

The oat crop is somewhat heavier than the wheat in this section this season, one place in particular which has been viewed by a number of Dallas people on

the P. H. Hughes ranch west of here the oats will run about 75 bushels to the acre. The crop was planted on ground that formerly was set to lupins and some of the head of grain ran as high as 18 inches long.

Harvest hands have been scarce this year and in practically every farm visited by the threshers the farmers were required to help thresh their crops.

ACTORS' STRIKE HOLDS

New York, Sept. 4.—The actors' strike, which gave indications yesterday of being settled last night on a compromise basis, apparently was farther than ever from settlement today. It was reported that the larger producers had refused to recognize the Actors' Equity association even if the latter will allow open shop in all theaters.

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