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**Seen Through
Journal Window**

(By the Country Editor.)
 The glad-hand brigade for the season of 1920 is now a matter of history, and many an office seeker has learned not to put his trust in the glad-hand. The candidate for office who counts his strength by the number of glad hands he gets during a campaign is a good deal like the auctioneer who figures out the catch of bass he's going to make by the number of jolly pads in sight. C. D. Hartman, a Scotts Mills farmer, said he was of that sort who would try anything once, and he was many years ago persuaded to run for the legislature. "I found only one man," he said, "who told me the truth, and he said he wouldn't vote for me." Sometimes it takes a long while for men of a trusting and buoyant temperament to learn that there isn't an available black hand under every leafy pad or a friendly vote behind every glad hand.
 However, it is bad policy to get sour and get to thinking that there is no balm in Gilead and to such thing as disinterested loyalty in glad hands. When I was a boy our folks used to put me through an annual week of prayer revival season, and it always resulted in giving me the feeling that everything was going to the how-wows anyhow, and that man was the only mistake that the Almighty had ever made. I used to grow thin and peaked under the pressure of this sort of religious pessimism, until my father would say: "Now son, just laugh a little and turn your liver over! It's a good thing to face the serious side of life, but when you've gone around for a month with the book of Ecclesiastes written on your face and the feeling in your heart that everybody ought to be damned right away, then you'd better remember your mother and Aunt Jane and a few other good folks and cheer up."
 So it is with the glad-hand brigade. I always feel like tempering my general attitude with a remembrance of a few good folks.

**Chinese Educator
Makes School and
Industry Survey**

S. C. Chiau, at the present time an instructor in the Portland Chinese school system and an investigator working in accordance with the instruction and approval of the Chinese legation in San Francisco, is in Salem for the purpose of visiting state institutions, local schools and industrial plants.
 Thursday and Friday he was a visitor to the blind school, the Oregon state mute school, the Oregon state hospital and the school for feeble minded. Saturday, Mr. Chiau will visit local fruit preserving and process plants and the Salem woolen mills. He also plans to visit other state institutions during a five day sojourn in this city.
 Mr. Chiau is working with the view of obtaining information that can be applied in similar institutional lines in his own country. Although he has only been in this country for seven years, he has visited many state universities and industrial plants in addition to occupying positions in various schools of the Pacific northwest. He has been superintendent of Chinese schools in Seattle, San Francisco, Red Bluff, Cal., and Astoria. His next school opens at Fresno in September.

In the event Roseburg votes to establish a municipal light and water plant, the Douglas County Light & Water company will ask for the purchase of their plant by arbitration.
 Directors of the Tumalo irrigation district in Deschutes county propose to secure an additional supply of water from either the Crane Prairie reservoir or the Bonham Falls reservoir or the Waldo drainage district.



Abe Martin
 Nobody ever got anywhere med-
 dlin' with women's styles. If overalls
 do become th' rage it ought t' be easy
 t' pick up a lot of good second hand
 pants.

PEAK PASSED IN BERRY MARKET
 Announcement that the National Fruit Preservers and Fruit Products association will stay out of the sugar market unless the price of sugar falls indicates that a light pack of berries and fruits for the coming season with a falling market for the raw materials. With sugar at the present price and berries at extravagant figures, preservers declare their output will have to be sold at such excessive prices that it will destroy the demand and will not take the chance of having stocks of high-priced and unsaleable merchandise on their hands.

Practically all the local canners and preservers have withdrawn from the berry market with not over half of the local output contracted for—and the prospects are that the growers will be in luck if they secure the 13 cents a pound for loganberries that the pool of berry-growers rejected. Even at this price, unless the factory has cheap sugar, the processor will have difficulty in disposing of his output at a profit, for wholesalers are withholding orders usually placed by this time, for factory output.

If the price of berries and small fruits declines, the growers will only have themselves to blame for they had the opportunity to market at a most profitable figure. However there will be a fair demand and good prices, if the get-rich-quick opportunity is vanishing as the era of highest prices recedes.

THE BLAME FOR HIGH SUGAR
 An anonymous letter asks "why President Wilson refused to let the Cuban crop of sugar come to the United States at 6 cents a pound." The query is the result, no doubt, of persistent propaganda designed to lead people to blame the president for the high price of sugar, as he is blamed for almost everything else, quoting the Omaha World-Herald:

"Perhaps the plain facts may be interesting. It is true that in 1918 the government bought the Cuban sugar crop through the sugar board and, by regulating and controlling the distribution, was able to keep the price within reasonable limits, though sugar was scarce. In 1919 the government was offered the same chance, but failed to take advantage of it. The result was that a good deal of the Cuban sugar has been sold abroad, where the demand is keen, the domestic distribution has been poorly regulated, and sugar prices have soared to an exorbitant figure.

"Why did not the government do in 1919 as it did in 1918? The answer is simple. Because, as Attorney General Palmer told the senate committee a few days ago, congress had failed to enact legislation, requested by the president, which would have made it feasible to buy the 1919 Cuban sugar crop.

"When the offer of the Cuban crop came the sugar board was to go out of existence December 31. If the board had bought the crop, and its life was not extended, there would be no organization to handle and distribute the sugar, which was not due for delivery till spring. We quote from the Duluth Herald:

"The president had asked congress to extend the life of the sugar board. If congress had acted it would have been possible not only to buy the Cuban crop but to supervise its distribution. But congress had not acted and showed no signs of an intention to act. There was an organization to buy the crop, but unless congress acted there would be none to distribute it. It was useless for the government to buy the crop unless it could also distribute it.

"The president did not act because he could not act until congress made provision for continuing the sugar board at least long enough to distribute the Cuban crop if it was bought. While the president waited for congress to act, and while congress waited to play politics with vital interests, the chance to buy the Cuban crop went by. The offer was withdrawn, and sugar profiteering started with the Cuban growers and continued down the line, with the present situation the melancholy result.

"Perhaps the president should have acted boldly and bought the crop anyway, taking chances on congress. We don't know. We do know that taking chances on a congress as balky and dilatory as this one was a desperate risk. At any rate, at the worst the blame for this failure lies somewhere between the executive and legislative branches of government; which is another evidence of the unhappy consequence of having those two branches representing two opposing political parties in the face of a national campaign."

Rippling Rhymes

NON-PRODUCERS.
 Ten thousand statesmen fume and fret, upon the well known stump, and tell how crises should be met, and carted to the dump. They eloquently until they're hot, and rant and tear their duds; and it would help things out a lot if they'd start raising pups. By growing Burbanks here and here, they'd help a land distraught; we need potatoes more, I swear, than we need Gams of Thought. Ten thousand poets twang their lyres until they break the strings, and boost our altars and our fires, our bulwarks and such things. But nations are not saved by tunes, however nobly played; the poets should be growing prunes, which is a better trade. For prunes the hungry children cry, and stricken parents pray, while bighouse poets drool and sigh of temples in Cathay. Ten thousand agents seek our doors to sell us foolish books, and they'd be far more useful bores if they plied reaping hooks. The country's full of well dressed skates who grow no hay or straw, produce no pumpkins, figs or dates—there ought to be a law.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
 By the Noted Author
 IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

A CONTRAST IN LETTERS.
 I read the stanzas over and over. Who would have thought that Karl Shepard, so full of fun and seemingly unsentimental, would have written these verses.
 "Truly," I said to myself, "there are anonymous letters and anonymous letters," and then it came to me with a suddenness for which I could not account the letter that I knew was written by Elizabeth Moreland would not be more apt to poison my future life than these beautiful stanzas, which I knew had been penned for my eyes alone by Karl Shepard. Karl seemed to think that because he was thousands of miles away from me he might write me anything he chose, provided he left me no chance of being able to answer. I thought I understood his mind perfectly.
 He did not consider it dishonorable to tell me he loved me when we were so far from each other, and as he particularly made it impossible for me to answer in any way his call from highest form of selfishness after all and he was going to reveal in his day dreams, even if he had to put the land and sea between us.
 I knew Karl Shepard well enough to know he would never have written me that poem had he been within a few miles of me or in the same town, but by some peculiar sophistry he had made himself believe there was no harm in sending it to me, situated as we were now. He never thought for one moment what those little verses might mean to me, how they might color my life and my actions and my thoughts; how they might bring unhappiness to me.
 An Anchor to Windward.
 Thank God I had an anchor to the windward in the coming of my baby. And as I thought of that for the first time, I realized that after all every-

thing was for the best, because I was not sure that if I had received these stanzas without this anchor of motherhood I might have tried to find the man who could tell his love so beautifully.
 We are queer creatures, we women; such little things away us and the things of which we ought not to take the slightest account seem to change our whole outlook on life.
 I believe I could forgive John's flirtations with Elizabeth Moreland more easily than I can his constant littleness in regard to money. And yet I, too, began to take account of my income. If, as John figured, I was no longer a woman worth a half million dollars, yet I had the tiny income that my mother left me, and this old house in which I was living.
 That is enough for my modest wants, but I am sure if John finds that I am not rich any more he will never forgive me because he bought the house without consulting me. I was more than ever confirmed in this idea, as during the morning I received Charlie's looked-for letter, in which he explained that the big gusher seemed to be going dry, that it was only running about 10 per cent of its former capacity.
 Suspected Crooked Work.
 He said no one about the fields could understand it and he felt as though there was some crooked work going on, although he had not found any. Of course, I couldn't understand how anyone could do anything to stop the flowing of a well, but I supposed, of course, that Charlie knows more about these things than I.
 Soon after Charlie's letter I received a long night telegram from John, in which he guardedly referred to crooked work.
 "It is a good thing I came down here," he said, "I will show you these crooks before I go through."
 As next the communication con-

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF TIMOTHY TURTLE
 BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Learning to Fly.
 Timothy Turtle reached the overhanging bluff in a surprisingly short time. But it must be remembered that he did not walk there on land, but swam down Black creek with the current. When he crawled out upon the



Tim Pats it Off.

bank he was glad to see that old Mr. Crow was waiting for him, on a pine stump that stood near the water. He failed utterly to notice that Mr. Crow was not alone, hidden in all sorts of places were as many as a dozen of Mr. Crow's friends. For the old gentleman had invited his cousin, Jasper Jay, to come to the bluff to en-

tained no particular thought of me. I wonder if I am foolish and unreasonable to expect that when John even sends me a telegram he would put the one word "love" in at the end. In sudden thought I counted the words in his night letter and found that he had just fifty.

"He had not room for the word 'love,'" I said to myself, a little bitterly. Slowly I took out the little poem and laid it beside the telegram on the table. One man was fighting for my material success, fighting for money that might be mine, and the other had sent me a graceful little tribute in which he voiced his longing into words:
 Ah, but Love, were this thought certain,
 Could my sacred dreams come true,
 All eternity I would give for
 Just one moment filled with you.
 I smiled to myself as I thought that probably almost every other woman in the world would put the stanza beside the telegram and in weighing the two would find that the poetry outweighed the business telegram a thousand to one. And yet if John would let me love him, if he would just give my starved heart a chance, I would care more for him than anybody or anything in all this world.

**Kafoury's Club
Holds Meeting
Tuesday Evening**

The regular monthly meeting of the Kafoury Brothers Progressive Club, comprising all the clerks employed by that company, was held in the rest room at the store on Tuesday evening and was attended by eighteen representatives of that enterprise. They had as their guests Mr. Elvin, secretary of the Salem Y. M. C. A. and Miss Gladys Gilbert. Miss Gilbert gave a reading and Mr. Elvin made a very interesting talk, telling of his experiences in France. A short business session concluded the program, after which supper was served. The club was organized about a year ago and each meeting finds interest increasing. The meeting Tuesday evening is said to have been the most interesting of all.

**Cargo Business
For Northwest
Mills Totals Big**

Cargo business accepted by 121 lumber mills of western Washington and western Oregon for the week ended May 15 aggregated 14,246,219 feet according to the weekly barometer of the West Coast Lumbermen's association. Of this volume 11,831,291 feet is destined for California delivery and 2,715,000 for export.
 The cargo business continues an important factor in the west coast industry. Orders for both export and domestic delivery have maintained a high average through the last few months.
 At the same time domestic rail business is steady. Orders for rail delivery last week were 42,240,000 feet or 1468 cars. The mills have a balance of 9116 cars or 273,480,000 feet of unfilled orders on their books.
 Total new business of all kinds for the week was 59,136,720 feet, while shipments were 79,755,989 feet.
 The same standard of production that has prevailed through the last several months continues. The cut for

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erast appeared to Timothy Turtle to be a good bit of advice. And yet he still seemed uneasy.
 "There's just one thing that troubles me," he confessed. "After I've jumped from the rock I might find that I couldn't fly. And I'd get a bad fall."
 "But you'd land in the water," Mr. Crow reminded him. "And that would be much better than falling on the land. . . . I don't need to tell you," he added, "that water is soft. And you're a fine swimmer."
 So Timothy Turtle yielded. And thereupon he began to drag himself up the steep bluff.
 It seemed to Mr. Crow that he had never known anybody to walk so slow. But then, of course, he was in a hurry to see the fun. And it couldn't really begin until Mr. Turtle should reach the big rock and take the leap that Mr. Crow had suggested to him.
 Jasper Jay and the rowdies he had brought with him stirred impatiently.
 "What an old slow poke he is!"
 "What's that?" Timothy Turtle in-

quired, as he stopped and looked around at Mr. Crow.
 "I didn't speak," Mr. Crow told him. Timothy glared at his teacher for a few moments. And Mr. Crow began to think that Jasper had spoiled the fun. But at last Timothy Turtle plodded on. And when his back was turned old Mr. Crow flew over to the place where Jasper Jay was hidden and whispered to him that he had better keep out of there would be trouble for him.

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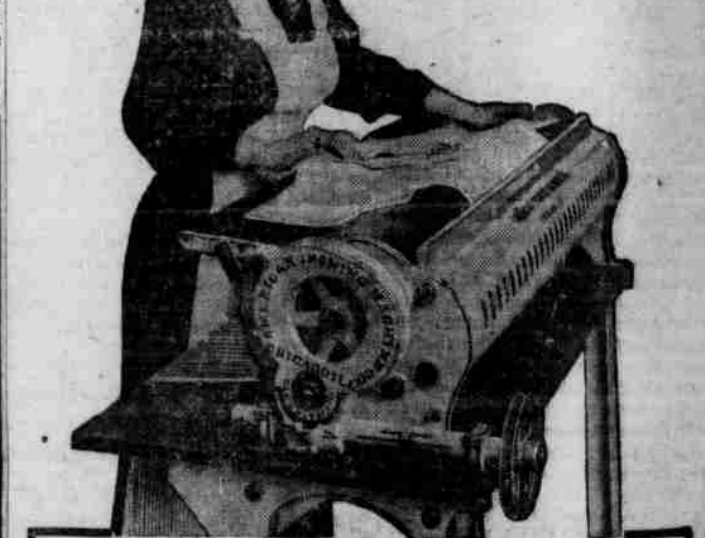
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