

CHARLES H. FISHER  
Editor and Publisher

# Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

THURSDAY EVENING  
April 24, 1919

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

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. Please call 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

### CONCERNING RACIAL EQUALITY.

If Japan believes so thoroughly in the "equality of races" as her representatives at Paris and in this country profess, it might be a good idea to start practicing the principle at home.

This principle, like that of "self determination" in order to be valued must be applied universally. But do we find Japan treating the Chinese and Koreans as equals, either nationally or individually? We do not. China, an independent nation, is treated in practice as inferior and incapable of managing her own affairs. Korea, under a fiction of helpful development, is reduced to servitude. Neither Chinese nor Koreans are treated in any way as the equals of Japanese, at home or abroad. Moreover, Japan has land and mining laws that bear heavily on all foreigners, including Americans.

To be sure, our own skirts are not altogether clean. We do discriminate against other nations, especially certain groups, including some of our best friends in Europe. But we have never argued for race-equality. And we do not discriminate against the Japanese anywhere so much as the Japanese themselves pretend, and certainly nowhere near so much as they themselves discriminate against races which seem to stand in their way.

The Oregonian has a "special" dispatch displayed on its front page today, in which it is asserted that the telegraph lines refused to carry newspaper stories criticising Postmaster General Burleson. If this is the policy of the government-controlled lines, then how did the Oregonian get the story over the wires that it printed this morning? It contained a "roast" for Burleson in every sentence, and reads like the kind of stuff that is being sent out from J. Bourne's Washington bureau of political mis-information.

The Italians have left the peace conference because they were not allowed to dictate, and annex all the choice territory they coveted. Now if the Japanese should leave the meeting it would pave the way for consummation of an honest and just peace. We can get along very well without the Japs and Dagos.

And speaking of the proposed German indemnity, you remember that the Kaiser was going to make the United States pay the cost of the war.

The baseball season opened in Portland yesterday just as usual, except that it didn't rain. Portland lost.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

FISH.

The fish again are in the brook, from distant waters faring; and I must take a line and hook, and catch a cod or herring. When spring arrives I always feel an idiotic longing to go abroad with rod and reel, where other sports are thronging. My wife remarks, "To streamlet's short I beg that you don't beat it; go, buy canned salmon at the store, and stay at home and eat it. You're always grouchy as a bear when you come home from angling; the way you rave around and swear sets all my nerves a-jangling." I know she's right; the fishing game I ought to call a halt on; I'll never duplicate the fame of good old Izaak Walton. 'Twere better far to plant some spuds, or prune the growing carrot, or gather up my winter duds, and store them in the garret. And yet the mighty urge I feel would make the dearest swab stir; I'll have to try to catch an eel, a dolphin or a lobster. I ought to trim that stately tree, whose life is plainly failing; but oh, the brook is calling me, and I must catch a grayling. I ought to grind the reaping hook, and toil like thrifty brothers; but there are suckers in the brook, and wall eyed pike and others. So I'll forsake the growing greens, and leave the rhubarb dying, and go and catch some canned sardines, or break a fishpole trying.

### LEAGUE CONSTITUTION REVISED.

With the amendments to the League of Nations constitution announced in recent dispatches, it may be taken for granted that the League is assured. The chief objections of American critics have been met.

There is express reservation of the Monroe Doctrine; it is provided that any member of the League may withdraw after two years' notice, if its obligations have been fulfilled; the functions of the executive council are more clearly defined; the first draft has been thoroughly overhauled and the language made more explicit in many particulars. Not all of the suggested changes have been made, but the improvement is so great that public opinion, already favorable, may be counted to support the plan, and continued opposition in the United States is wholly unfavorable.

It looks like a victory for nearly everybody concerned except those champions of old-fashioned "nationalism" who will not approve the international under any conditions.

### AVIAN ACES FROM FRANCE.

Twelve hundred American aces have just arrived in this country. Each one holds a record for altitude and speed. One is minus a leg. Another has a bandaged eye. One is slated for D. S. O. There is not so much as the stump of an arm in the whole squadron. They had to be carried ashore but they did not mind it.

You see, they are carrier pigeons returning from France, where they added pages to history and bird lore beside which the adventures of Noah's dove pale into insignificance.

Known for ages as the harbingers of peace, they became over-night the messengers of war, and to their bravery and faithfulness many thousands of our soldiers owe their lives.

They were shot at, bombed and gassed, many of their mates were killed. Surely America owes to those who return the best of care and a place in her history and her heart.

Secretary Lane might well include plans for them in his farm scheme.

The soldier vote in New Zealand defeated prohibition. Wonder what the soldier vote in the United States would do if it had a chance?

A bumper crop in rye is forecast this year—but what need has a dry nation for rye?

## THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

NEIL LAUGHS AT BARBARA'S FEARS.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

After dinner Neil announced that he had intended to go down town, really to meet some men at the club, but he was so tired they could get along without him. I was delighted. He was at home so little, we had so few of the long quiet evenings together which to me meant so much.

We talked of his aunt's approaching visit, of our boy, his coming ways, and what we hoped to do for him. It was a never failing source of pleasure for Neil to plan the education of his small son. Then after a while I introduced the subject I knew would be distasteful to him.

"Neil we MUST talk things out. I shall be sick if you put me off any longer, I haven't had a decent night's sleep for a week. Won't you explain things to me—your business, so I can refute the stories about you?"

"So here Bab, you wouldn't understand if I tried to explain. And really there is nothing to tell you. Everything is going along all right."

"I know it is as far as money goes. Neil dear, but won't you stop associating with these cheap common men whom you go to Blanch Orion's with, and whom her servants talk of as being so common and cheap in their actions?" I had no intention of telling him anything I had heard through Mr. Frederick, I had mentioned he had called, but that was all.

"What a lot of cats women are! I thought Lorraine Norton was above gossiping. If some of your other friends had brought you that yarn I should not have been surprised. You wouldn't have my business friends here—I had to entertain them somewhere. And?"

"Bring them here now, Neil! I'll do my best to make it pleasant for them—and you," I said impulsively. I had no idea of making such a proposition when I commenced to talk.

"Not on your life!" he quickly replied, then flushed. I knew he was thinking of those women Mr. Frederick had spoken of, and that he knew he

could not bring them to meet me.

"But why?"

"Lots of reasons. We will not discuss them please. It will not be necessary to entertain them as frequently after a bit. We have this deal nearly finished. I shall take a vacation from work for a while although I have to stay in town."

"Is it true, Neil, that you sell stock in mines and things when you haven't any mines to sell, and that you give pretty engraved certificates for the money people trust to you—and nothing else? Is it true that we are living upon the money of widows and orphans who have trusted you? Be honest with

## Have You Seen Your Banker?

We didn't print those Gilt Edge Bonds for Uncle Sam but we're interested in seeing him sell them—and in you getting a Good Thing.

The Quickener Press  
193 N Commercial—up stairs  
Phone 199

### Heal Skin Diseases

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blotches, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. Zemo, obtained at any drug store for 50c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching, burning, and other troubles. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases. Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disappearing liquid and is something to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, it is easily applied and costs little. Get it today at J. C. & Co. 211 Commercial, or at the W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, Ill.

me Neil. I can bear anything, will help you all I can; but tell me what all this talk about your crooked business methods means?" I had gone on desperately, not daring to look my husband in the face while I questioned his honesty. For that was what I was doing; questioning the honesty of my boy's father.

"Now see here Barbara! I may have done some things that old foggies like Powers call 'crooked.' But they aren't up in modern business methods. I don't MAINTAIN anyone give me money. I give that there is a certain risk involved in them stock with the understanding that there is a risk; it may turn out well, probably will. But they all understand or ought to, that they are taking a chance. I wish you would butt into my affairs. You have enough to do to run the house and take care of the boy."

"I read about that promoter—his name was Carter, the other day. They have arrested him, because he sold oil wells stock in them when he didn't even own the land. It has frightened me terribly, Neil. I would not plead with him to do right just because it was right and because I believed in him—not yet. I would try other things first."

"The cases are not similar at all. My deals are all right." Yet even as he answered he flushed painfully.

"We have been extravagant, Neil. I know we haven't run any bills you don't intend to pay; but there are a lot of them, some of them for big amounts. Can't we economize a little?"

"And give people the right to think I am hard up! I guess not. Now see here Bab, you attend to your own affairs, and give me the same privileges. I shall forget that I have a sweet, pretty wife soon, and think only that I

Complexion Rosy.  
Headache Gone.  
Tongue Clean.  
Breath Right.  
Stomach, Liver and  
Bowels Regular.



**Cascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC.  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

\*\*\*\*\*  
have a middle-aged person named Bab who won't mind her own business." He kissed me, laughing then changed the subject. Again I had accomplished absolutely nothing.  
(Tomorrow—Barbara Is Distressed At What Lorraine Tells Her.)  
\*\*\*\*\*  
The Journal Job Department will print you anything in the stationery line—do it right and save you real money.  
\*\*\*\*\*

## BIG CLOSING OUT SALE

of the Joe Haines' entire stock of first class merchandise lasts only a few days more at these low prices

Buy Now---Your Time Is Limited

Remarkable values in 'Arrow' Dress Shirts, 49c each.  
Rocking chair Union Suit (Same as B. V. D.) special, 98c.  
Mixed lot of Arrow and other brands soft collars, 2 for .....25c  
Men's high grade Furnishing Goods, Hats, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Working Men's Clothing, etc., appeals to the careful buyers.

Regular silk sox, value \$1 for.....49c	Heavy cotton rib, 2-piece suit, regular \$2.50 for.....\$1.65
Buster Brown, all colors, regular 50c, for.....25c	Cooper's regular \$5 union suit \$3.75
Cooper's light weight union suit, regular \$2.50 for.....\$1.65	Cooper's 2-piece, \$5 suit for.....\$3.75
Heavy cotton rib union suit, regular \$2.50 for.....\$1.75	Hanes 2-piece suit, regular \$1.50 garment for.....89c garment
\$2.50 Straw sailors.....98c	\$5 silk dress shirts.....\$3.98
\$4 Panama hats.....\$2.49	\$2 dress shirts.....\$1.24
\$3 Men's cloth hats.....\$1.74	\$2.50 dress shirts.....\$1.49
\$4 and \$4.50 dress hats.....\$2.98	\$3 flannel shirts.....\$1.98
\$2 and \$2.50 wool caps.....\$1.49	25c soft or stiff collars.....19c
\$1.00 silk and canvas hats.....65c	75c men's neckwear.....39c
75c leather belts.....49c	25c men's neckwear.....15c

A few uncalled for  
**Men's Tailored Suits**  
At very reasonable prices

75c B. V. D. shirts and drawers.....39c	\$2.50 khaki pants.....\$1.85
\$1.75 B. V. D. union suits.....\$1.34	\$3.50 whip cord pants.....\$2.49
\$1.75 Derby rib union suits.....\$1.25	\$1.00 leather gloves.....65c
75c Balbrigan shirts and drawers 39c	\$4.50 khaki coveralls.....\$2.98
\$3 Jersey wool sweaters.....\$1.98	15c canvas gloves.....10c
\$1.25 heavy work shirts.....85c	10c hemstitched handkerchiefs.....5c
75c heavy suspenders.....39c	\$2.25 heavy blue and blue and white striped overalls.....\$1.65

**Director & Breall**  
305 STATE STREET  
SALEM, OREGON.