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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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CHINERICA.

Columbus, Leif Ericsson and Amerigo Vespucci, please step back to the end of the line!

Ancient Chinese documents lately discovered seem to indicate without doubt that a Chinese monk discovered the West Coast Centuries before the modern young upstarts mentioned at the head of this article were even born or thought of.

The documents contain descriptions unmistakably referring to Mexico, also to points all along the coast, as far as Alaska.

Just what the Chinese are going to do about this if it proves to be true, we do not attempt to foretell. Possibly it will mean that the Peace conference will have to decide whether to return us to China or give us into the mandatory control of Japan.

In the meantime all good Americans will just go on discovering America every day—its soundness and its saneness, its possibilities and its promise. And we just wish to say to any old explorer, be he Italian, Norse or Chinese: "Maybe you discovered it, but if you want to know who runs it—start something!"

PEACE FLAGS.

Everybody should have his peace flag ready for the glad day when the peace terms are signed.

The peace flag is made by putting around all four sides of any flag a border of white. On the American flag the border should equal four stripes in width.

This use of an emblem signifying a nation at peace with the world is not confined to the United States alone. Before the war forty-five nations displayed flags of this type at the Stockholm Peace conference.

One of the most famous occasions on which the American flag was displayed thus bordered was when the first ship, the Cristobel, sailed through the Panama canal.

The idea is a beautiful one, and be the flag large or small, every home and public building should have one prepared for display on the Day of Days.

When the women get the ballot in Florida, they are given the privilege of wearing trousers. Right in line with the masculine idea that anything in trousers is good enough to vote.

Yes, indeed, an enduring peace will be the worst thing the Prussians have to endure.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

LIBERTY BONDS.

We bought our bonds in times of stress, to help our Uncle Sam's fight; war being done, we say, "We guess we'll say to all our bonds 'Good night!' We need the coin for gasoline, for suits of clothes and shoes and lids, for playing on the slot machine, and buying fireworks for the kids." Folks are so anxious to unload their precious bonds, they scarce can wait; they want to scorch along that road that takes them to the poorhouse gate. And so the price of bonds is down, to figures low I've seen them skid, and gents are hawking them in town, and asking us to make a bid. The wise man buys in all he can, he'd rather have those bonds than wheat; the seller is an also ran who'll never live in Easy Street. A little while and men will wish to buy the bonds to have and hold, and owners will remark, "Odsfish! They're worth more now than minted gold!" How foolish are the sons of men, how fatuous, so help me John! If they have fourteen bonds or ten, they're frantic till said bonds are gone. They care not for the rainy day—the day they're living is serene, and so they throw their bonds away, that they may burn more gasoline. All heedlessly they whoop along, and put a mortgage on their coops, and sell their thrift stamps for a song, that they may gayly loop the loops.

THE DOLDRUMS.

A recent letter to the New York Times, entitled "The Doldrums", is worth quoting for its bearing on present conditions:

"One with yachting experience," says the writer, "knows the depressing effect of tossing about helplessly in a tideway without wind enough to keep the boat on her course. Minutes seem hours. The best of friends harp at each other yet without spirit enough to resist in manly fashion the other's abuse.

"Suddenly the wind springs up. The landlubber lounging carelessly on the main sheet barely escapes disaster as the rope becomes taut. The boat plunges through the water, and presently the harbor which all had given up hope of reaching in any reasonable time is entered.

"The ship of state encounters similar conditions. At times she also is in the doldrums, seemingly drifting aimlessly at the mercy of every current. Then all at once a new spirit appears. Negotiations that seemed in a hopeless tangle unravel, and the desired goal is attained.

"Gloom is for the defeated. It is not a fitting role for the victors."

A short year ago and the Belgians would have been glad to have had only their ravaged country back again. Now, flushed with victory, they are demanding all the territory adjoining them, following apparently the lead of the spaghetti imperialists.

Belgians and Italians, who are living mainly on American charity, are now indulging in abuse of this country because President Wilson is insisting on their exhibiting some decency and modesty around the peace table.

Another of the great engineering feats of the war will be bridging the gulf between the man who is working for a Peace of Europe and the man who is working for a piece of Europe.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

MRS. POWERS HAS DROPPED NEIL AND BARBARA FROM HER LIST.

"What do you mean, that Mrs. Powers asked her husband to look Neil's business up?"

"Yes." Then: "That is, his business record."

"Why should she interest herself?"

"Because she liked you, and was hesitating about asking you and Forbes to one of her select affairs. It sounds awfully harsh, but she told him after he had made his report that she should drop you from her list."

I almost groaned aloud. This was the woman whom I had hoped to have help in my social aspirations; the woman whom I had planned to invite to my home in the hope she would give my party a cast. Thank God I had a friend like Mr. Frederick. Mortifying as it was to have him know it was better than the embarrassment which would have been mine had I tried to put my plans into effect. Lorraine Morton had been careful not to hurt me too much. Perhaps Mrs. Powers had talked of us. Mr. Powers had warned her father, perhaps his wife had warned Lorraine.

"Please don't look like that," Mr. Frederick said after a moment. "I had to tell you—that was why I went to Powers after you told me of your intention to try to get into society. I considered to save you. I have seen, even where I live, how it has hurt women when they tried to get into certain sets and failed. Why do you care about it?" He spoke fiercely, as if he resented the fact that I wanted to be somebody, instead of my father, although I knew he did not mean it that way. "What does society do for you women anyway? It makes slaves of you, dressing, entertaining, and going here, there and everywhere, not because you care for it but because Mrs. Somebody else does it, and so it is the thing to do. It doesn't amount to much in the long run. I can't believe it would hurt you. You have your lovely home, your boy, your friends. Why not be contented?"

"If all you indicate is true I shall have no beautiful home, no friends."

"Nonsense! Don't talk like that, nor allow yourself to feel that way. Your true friends are still the same when you do not need them. As for your home, it is too early to think of losing that—it may come, I don't know of course to what extent Forbes is involved; or will be before he either calls a halt himself, or is compelled to. I hope he will do it himself. He is very stubborn, very impatient of not only reproach but of advice. I can appreciate how hard it is for him to give up such a source of wealth; but unless he goes straight he will have to. He can be a promoter and go straight. I have known many who did—but they never were very rich men. At times they would make considerable, at others scarcely a living; 50 per cent men are not honest men in any business. What a dry person you must think me. What a creature I would have made." He smiled whimsically at me, then: "Come, take a ride then meet me and your husband at Mr. Morton's at lunch. I have an appointment with him. Perhaps it would be as well to say nothing of what we have discussed to him. I will say I dropped in and invited you to join us."

"Thank you, I will be glad to come."

I said absent-mindedly. I scarcely heard his good-bye, or felt his hand clasp, so intent was I upon my thoughts. Not agreeable ones, as you can well imagine. I dressed simply, but carefully. I wore no jewels, not even a brooch. I would not give people occasion to talk of my extravagance. Just as I was about to start Lorraine came in.

"Drive down with me, then Thomas will take you home," I urged.

"That will be nice. So that Mr. Frederick is here again. I liked him immensely that night I met him at your dinner party. He rang true. Something a good many do not now-a-days." She bit her lip, and immediately commenced to chat of something else. It wasn't like Lorraine to make such a tactless remark.

(Tomorrow—Lorraine Makes a Fourth at Luncheon.)

Alleged Murderess Laughs While Jurors To Try Her Are Selected.—Insanity Plea

Seattle, Wash., May 5.—Smiling—at times even laughing—Ruth Garrison, 19-year-old girl, sat in superior court today closely watched the process of picking jurors that will decide her fate on first degree murder charges. It is alleged that she placed strychnine in the fruit cocktail that killed Mrs. Grace Stora on March 18 when the two women dined together in the Dan Marcha restaurant. Ruth Garrison was in love with Dudley Stora, the husband of the dead woman.

That the exact procedure will center upon a conflict of experts as to the girl's sanity was clearly indicated during the opening hours. The state has the report of an expert alienist declaring the girl sane at the time of the crime. She is pleading temporary insanity. Four jurors had been chosen up to noon.

League of Nations Meets For First Time In Paris

Paris, May 5.—The first business of the League of Nations was to be transacted today. What in effect will be the executive council meeting of the league was scheduled for Colonel House's apartment at the Hotel Colonne at 4 p. m. to take up organization work.

HAWLEY DEPARTS FOR WASHINGTON TODAY

Congressman Investigates 19 Harbor Projects On Tour Of State.

Congressman W. C. Hawley and wife left this afternoon for Washington, D. C., after one of the busiest outings he ever spent in his district. Since arriving in Oregon he has visited nineteen out of the 22 river and harbor projects which have been demanding attention, some of the most being entitled to special consideration. He visited a number of points where cities were demanding protection for water-sheds, including the city of Dallas. While in the city he has entered up first-hand information regarding the needs of ships on the Pacific coast and will urge that the shipyards be given every opportunity for building ships on private account, to furnish employment for labor and a market for the lumber output of the state.

Relative to the projects at Astoria, he expressed the belief that there will be established at that point a fully-equipped naval base, and that the river and harbor improvements, so necessary to the development of the western part of the state, will be adopted as rapidly as they are favorably reported by the engineers.

Aside from these material demands from the district, he has devoted much time to the matter of securing the immediate release of Oregon soldiers and sailors who are not actually needed in the service and promises that in co-operation with other western representatives, he will endeavor to secure for the returning soldiers preference in securing rights on public lands, believing that a large number of them will seek homes in Oregon.

In this connection he expressed the opinion that discharged soldiers should be furnished transportation to their homes instead of being dropped at the point of enlistment or in a cantonment. As a final word in leaving the city he said:

"I have received a most cordial welcome by the people wherever I have gone, and wish to express to them my sincere appreciation for the help and assistance I have received in obtaining the information necessary in the discharge of my public duties. If, in any way, I can serve any man, woman or child in the district, I shall take great pleasure in so doing."

Willamette Track Men Victors Over Chemawa In Saturday Track Meet

The track events of Saturday afternoon, winding up the May Day festivities were between Willamette University and Chemawa, resulting in a victory for Willamette with a total score of points of 69 to 55. Choate, of Chemawa, was the winner in the 100-yard dash; Choate, of Chemawa, took the 220 yard dash; Fisher, of Willamette, took the 440-yard run, and the 880-yard run was won by Oling, of Willamette; in the mile-run, Spearman, of Chemawa, was winner; Bartholomew, of Willamette, was first in the 120-yard hurdle. In the high jump, Tazker and Nichols, of Willamette, tied for first place, while the broad jump was won by Choate of Chemawa. The javelin throw was won by Dinick, of Willamette; the discs by Choate, of Chemawa; the pole vault by K. Lyman, of Willamette, and the shot-put by Nichols, of Willamette.

In the tug-of-war, between the sophomores and freshmen resulted in a victory for the sophomores.

Salem Woman Is Named On Committee For Memorial

Governor Osofi announced today that Allen R. Joy and Geo. B. Funk, of Portland, Mrs. A. N. Bush of Salem and Mrs. Ben Selling, of Portland, will comprise the committee which will be entrusted to carry out the wishes of the men of the 116th Engineers in providing appropriate bronze, silver or other plate to be erected to the memory of the officers and men from Oregon who served in that regiment in the World War. These appointments were made by the Fathers of Soldiers and Sailors Club and by the State War Mothers.

While in France the 116th Engineers accumulated a regimental fund in which a balance of \$574.00 was left. As the men comprising the regiment were from three of the northwest states they voted to apportion the money in equal amounts among these three states for the purpose of providing some suitable memorial for the members who made the supreme sacrifice in France. The governor has received a bank draft for Oregon's share of the fund which will be turned over to this committee as soon as it is organized and ready to receive the same.

AUSTRIANS INVITED.

Basle, May 5.—(United Press.)—A dispatch from Vienna today reported the allies had invited the Austrian peace delegates to come to St. Germain on May 12.

A railrover hunt last Sunday on the Amos Wilkins ranch a few miles from Eugene ended in a big success. Orders for 450,000 railway ties have been placed with the mills in Lane county. The price paid will be \$378,000.

Violation of Memorial Day Spirit Resented By Patriots

(National Tribune.)
Every newspaper you pick up these days advertises some kind of sport that will start May 30.

Why May 30? What on earth makes all the ball players, foot fighters, tennis champions and golf fiends want to start on May 30.

Some fool women in New York have a new fad. They want to have a parade of broken-down work horses on May 30. A lot of these sporty, goat-brains come right out and say "on Memorial Day." We will be glad and don't glad rags and root for our favorite fad in sports.

All this is deplorable. Not the sports themselves, but the tendency to fasten in the minds of the American people the idea that Memorial Day, May 30, which is a legal holiday in 40 states in the Union, is established for a joyous holiday, much play and more eating. We have about 20 joy days; I guess more when you add them all up, so why settle upon the most sacred of all our holidays to start the sporting season.

May 30 has come to be really southern states as the national sabbath of patriotism. A day when men, women and children should pause and gather in social centers to tell the tales of heroism of the men who wore the blue, and to reflect on what that heroism means to us who are living today.

The day was established by the Grand Army of the Republic, May 30, 1868, for the purpose of commemorating the ideals of the dead of the Union army, a day that has been held in such tender respect that 40 of the greatest states of the Union have gravely incorporated it into their laws, not for "sports," but that the people of the state might pause for a day and think of their mighty dead.

A veteran soldier said of Kansas: "States are not great, except as men may make them. Men are not great, except they do and dare." But for the men who fought the battles for the Union, and their sturdy contention for right and justice for many years after the battle-flags were furled, the United States would be only a third rate nation today.

But for the four years of awful fighting, when the nation's life was in the balance, there would be no nation today. We would be in the condition of the wretched little nations controlled by cannibal overlords. The right won at a cost in lives and money that staggered the nation. The United States government did mighty little for the returning veterans compared with what is being done today. There were no triumphal arches in enduring marble, no pensions commensurate with the perils endured, no waiting jobs, no soft berths for returning soldiers. The returning armies passed in review in ragged regiments, an army of tramps, in appearance, and went home in that plight. The fires were dead in the forge, the farms had grown to weeds, the carpenter's tools were rusty, and the boys were on odd to take up the dog-eared school books they had left in the knife-scathed desks. There were no "vocational" schools, no schools for blinded soldiers. The shell-shocked went on in that condition of shock in insane asylums.

Yet out of all this riot of ruin the men who made the Union rise supreme, and for more than 40 years since the war were the guiding element in our nation. They opened the great west and followed the sun to its setting out over the Pacific. They penetrated the forests of the north into the gold fields of

the Yukon. They builded great factories in the east, and made the middle west the granary of the world and gridironed it with railroads, with telegraph and telephone wires.

There were two and a half million men in the Union army, and only a little over half of these came back. The rest of them

"Rest where they wearied And lie where they fell" under southern skies, thousands of them in unknown, unmarked graves. Their comrades have followed them till a scant 200,000 are left. These walked wearily and alone toward the west.

Soon they, too, must go to rest.

"In the little green trees, For these men, dead and living, Memorial Day was established. Isn't it the very least that any of us can do to let the world slip out of sight for a little while—just a day—and remember for that one day of the honors, all the material wealth, if you will, that these two million and a half have brought to us and ours?"

Al, but that isn't all! The Spanish-American War laid tribute at the feet of a reunited country. Over in Arlington I saw one day 209 flag-draped coffins, besides 200 open graves. They were the dead of the Maine, and I had the honor to be one of five who held the first commemorative exercises over the Maine dead.

We honor all the Spanish War Veterans wherever we find the little mounds.

And the dead of this war: They are blades of grass for number, over 2,000,000 sleeping here and overseas and 'neath the ocean's waves. Fully 100,000 of them so deep because America had them or die.

And in spite of all these millions of dead, whose names the people of the country will honor in their hearts on Memorial Day, the miserable, short-sighted, unparitotic, sport-drunk men and women will "open the sport season" on Memorial Day.

I remember one president of the United States who declined to visit Arlington on Memorial Day, and who went fishing instead. His name was held up to scorn and obliquity. The country never forgot or forgave.

Yet it is openly advertised that golf and tennis and baseball and a work horse parade will open on May 30. And two million and a half of Union veterans, many thousand Spanish War Veterans, and 900,000 men of all countries, hardly cold in their graves.

"Ho dead for me and you" this May 30. Isn't there enough real honest-to-goodness patriotism in this country to call off these dogs of sport and permit the country to get back to the spirit of the elder days?

ISABEL WORELL BALL.

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WHO IS STILL AFTER THE AMERICAN RACING CUP