

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

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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 CALIFORNIA PROBLEM.

When Senator Phelan recently made some rather startling statements on the floor of the United States senate regarding the yellow peril in California, eastern newspapers criticized him for exaggeration.

His figures showing the per centage of increase of the Japanese population in Los Angeles county were indeed alarming, but they seemed to be discounted by the known totals and the small population of Japs to whites in that state.

A somewhat different aspect, however, is given to the situation by comments from California newspapers that are known to be calm and conservative. The editor of the Woodland Mail, in a characteristic statement, recognized that Senator Phelan's presentation may have seemed overdrawn, but thinks he was justified in bringing the subject to the attention of the public "in a startling way."

"Those of us on the ground," says the editor, "are convinced that the 'gentlemen's agreement' by which Japanese laborers are supposed to be kept out is worth little. It is conceded that hosts of the little brown men are coming to the state across the Mexican border. And 'contract wives' are coming in by hundreds, apparently for no other reason than to become bearers of children."

"Japanese laborers are creating disaster for the white race in scores of districts, their mode of life making it impossible for white men and women to tolerate them. They have gradually possessed themselves of whole sections in both city and country, and where they locate the value of property immediately depreciates. Possessing themselves of a house in the middle of a block, for example, it is only a matter of a short time until the whole neighborhood is under their control."

"Men, women and children who a few years ago made

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walf Mason

TIMELY THEMES.

The day is hot as melted lead; I place some ice upon my head, and seek the shade outdoors; and there I read some cooling book--the voyages of Dr. Cook along the arctic shores. The doc is held to be a fake, but in his writings he can make a man forget the heat; with him I walk where blizzards roll, discovering a pipe dream pole among the framed up sleet. My reading takes me further back; I follow Sir John Franklin's track, to where it has an end; he vanished in the storm and rack, and never sent a message back to any mortal friend. Somewhere the polar night wind moans above Sir John's heroic bones, all buried deep in snow, the bones of others by their side, but how the heroes wrought and died we nevermore shall know. I read of Greeley's hunger camp, and feel a tear in either lamp, for that's a frightful tale; and as I read I seem to hear the ice floes crashing far and near, and feel the bitter gale. A neighbor comes along and cries, "Gee whiz! Our Augusts and Julys are getting worse and worse; this heat, if longer it persist, will get my goat, I wot and wist, and put me in a hearse." I hear his words in mild surprise; I've been abroad 'neath arctic skies, among the endless snows; and I am feeling just as if my ears and nose were frozen stiff, and I had chilblained toes.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

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General Banking Business

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

A success of berry and small fruit farms have practically been crowded out of that industry by the Japanese, and the consumer pays more money for inferior products.

"I can realize that the people of the East and Middle West may feel that the Coast people are making a great ado about a small matter; but if they knew the true conditions I am sure they not only would agree but would become aggressive propagandists against a very apparent menace."

It is quite evident that whether Americans of other sections can argue with the Californians or not, the latter have a genuine grievance and a big problem on their hands, and deserve at least respectful hearing.

THE FAMILIAR MIRACLE.

The air mail service keeps right on developing. The New York-Philadelphia-Washington and New York-Cleveland-Chicago routes have been operating like clock work, except for a one-day strike lately on part of the air-pilots--a fact in itself which seems to show that the service has "arrived."

A branch service is to be started from Chicago to St. Louis in September. The hangars are already being constructed at the latter city to house the six planes required. The distance is to be covered in one "hop."

Next summer extensions are to be made from Chicago to Omaha and St. Paul, and from Cleveland to Cincinnati. Some additional southern routes are contemplated. Next year, too, will undoubtedly see some air-mail lines established on the Pacific coast. There is even prospect of through service from New York to San Francisco within a year. And every route started will be the foundation for another route.

Already the hum of the air-postman is a familiar sound in dozens of American communities. It is becoming so regular that many people set their clocks by it. There is no more excitement when it passes--only the same interest that a small town takes in an express train. Before many years, it will probably attract no more than passing notice in any American community. Thus miracles grow commonplace.

The air service at Washington has decided to use the word "airship" to designate only dirigibles and lighter-than-air craft. All heavier-than-air machines are "airplanes." It is a weighty matter, to be sure, but anyone who has mastered the difference between a fish fork and a salad fork ought to be able to tell at a glance whether it is an airship or an airplane.

The speed cop on the roads in this district is probably there to see that motorists do not go slower than the law allows--it would be impossible in the present condition of the roads to exceed the legal speed limit. But the road hog with the spot-light is allowed to endanger life on all the roads at night without let or hindrance.

Rumania has a practical way of settling the bolshevik question. She told the pin-headed leaders of the movement in Budapest to get out--and they made their exit in record time in order not to get in the way of advancing Rumanian troops.

Italy wants American coal and American shoes. There is an old proverb which says "the worth of a thing is learned by the want of it." But will Italy want these things when she finds out how much they cost?

Deportation and execution have reduced the population of Petrograd from 2,000,000 to 800,000. Apparently "free" Russia means Russia freed of her population.

"Now that we are getting ice and potatoes by weight, why not eggs?" asks a correspondent. How has he been getting ice in the past--by the dozen?

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

MAKING A START

"We're going on a picnic, today, Sally," said Harriet at breakfast. It was a bright sparkling announcement. The trees were lusty in their new colors. "Who's going?" I asked. "Dr. Bixby, John Carewe, the little Frazier girl, and that lovely Constance Dwight." It sounded interesting. I looked at myself critically before we started. I wore a white skirt and waist and rose-colored sweater. My face was quite burned by my first week of country life. My hair was brushed in a shining mass into the knot behind. My rose-colored tam was tilted on my head. "You look awfully well," said Harriet as we went out to the little Ford. She carried a big basket of luncheon. I led little Ted.

"Do tell me what they're like, list," I said, as we were driving over the country roads. Dr. Bixby is quite the catch of Fairy. He is a bachelor of thirty-five. You saw that old place on the hill. That's his. He's awfully attractive to women. But quite indifferent. Constance Dwight is just what I need. She's supposed to be a beauty. I've heard that she is keen about the doctor. John Carewe is a poet. Yes, a real one! But you wouldn't know it. For he never talks about it. Except that he's the best read man I've ever met--he's quite normal. Oh, and the little Frazier girl. Dot Frazier is not exactly pretty. But she is the flirt of Fairy. She lives here. We had come to the woods. As we drove through the quiet green vista, I knew what I had moments worthy of my ideal. I felt I must be clever to prove myself as charming as a beauty and a flirt! The car stopped. Harriet called: "Oh--ee!" I saw coming toward us the red-haired man of the laughing eyes! Harriet introduced him as Dr. Bixby. "I think I've seen Miss Lane before," he said relieving Harriet of the lunch basket. Only a few steps and we were in the midst of the picnic party. Constance Dwight was all that Harriet had said--and more. She was really beautiful. Dot Frazier, however, was

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THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

THE SONG OF THE GARDENS

"I feel so happy this morning," said Dolly. "I am sure something very nice is going to happen."

She had hardly gotten the words out of her mouth when she saw the Queen of the Dewdrop Fairies--for by this time she was quite sure that this must be her name--standing on the vine leaf waiting for her.

"I am glad you are happy, Dolly," said the Fairy. "And I am glad that the garden makes you happy--it does, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes! I never was so happy as I have been since I have been seeing the pictures in the dewdrops and hearing about all the things that grow in our garden. I hope the fairies will go on showing me all those things."

"I think they will. Should you like to hear a Song of Gardens?"

"Yes, indeed, I would--please let me hear it," cried Dolly, very much pleased because she loved to sing.

"Well, this time instead of looking into my dewdrop, just put your ear down and listen."

Dolly leaned over and listened with all her might. And this is what she heard, sung by a chorus of the sweetest little voices you can think of.

Oh, sing a song of gardens,
Of ground so warm and sweet,
Where grow the pretty flowers,
And things for us to eat.

The rosy, round tomatoes,
The cabbage and the beans,
The good Irish potatoes,
And spinach, too, for greens.

The earth is the kind of mother
Who nurses baby seeds;
She gives us many blessings,
And all the world she feeds.

She makes the grass and clover
For all the cows to eat,
And then she gives us butter,
And milk, so rich and sweet.

The sun is the good father,
Who sends his golden rays
To help his growing children
Through the spring and summer days.

And, sometimes rough, but friendly,
Is good old Uncle Rain;
He brightens up the flowers,
And freshens all the grain.

So sing a song of gardens,
Places of health and joys;
The happiest places in the world
For little girls and boys.

"Oh," cried Dolly, clapping her hands. "I never heard anything so lovely. It is beautiful. Couldn't I learn that song?"

"Perhaps, some time," said the Fairy. "If you study your music you might be able to sing it and get your music teacher to write it for you so all the little girls and boys could sing it."

"That's just what I will do," said Dolly. And because Dolly wanted the 2,000,000 soldiers of the United States school garden army to know the "Song of the Gardens," it is being told to you today. Little girls and boys in Texas and Michigan and Maine and California and other states, and even a far away Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, are wearing the same insignia of the United States school garden army.

Are you a little soldier in this great army? If you are not, you should ask your teacher to tell you how you may enlist.

quite confident of her own charms. She was using her eyes to good effect on Mr. Carewe.

"Dr. Bixby," called Constance in a soft voice, after we had been introduced to the party. "I want to ask you--" Her voice trailed off. She began a low-toned conversation meant only for his ears. Once he glanced in our direction, she drew him back with a touch on the arm.

My fighting blood was up. I did not know how yet, but before the day was over Dr. Bixby should be interested in me.

In the meantime I devoted my attentions to John Carewe. I saw after a few minutes that Dot Frazier's maneuvers were merely to look at him with a "come-hither" expression, and to use many little affections of manner.

But I knew something better than that. I would flatter him! I did. Quite ruthlessly. I was almost surprised at my own boldness. But I found it was far more attractive to John Carewe than all the little flirt's taking ways.

By the time Constance Dwight and Dr. Bixby, joined us for the picnic lunch, John Carewe was listening to me eagerly.

"You'll do, Sally," whispered Harriet, as she passed me the sandwiches. I smiled back at her.

Mr. Bishop Gives Reasons Why Clothing Prices High

Causes That Have Contributed To Condition Unprecedented In World.

Editor Journal: I have been asked by so many people during the past six months to give some understandable reason why this high cost of clothing. That I have consented to make public some suggestions pertaining thereto from my own point, not assuming that they are absolutely correct, but are my own personal conclusions.

First, the greater portion of the manufacturing world has for the past four years been fighting and over-consuming the reserve as well as that manufactured during the progress of the war of all kinds of apparel fabrics, wool, cotton and leather, to the extreme that the supply of almost all kinds of textile fabrics at the close of the belligerent countries were almost denuded; they had felt the high cost of clothing for months, the U. S. had only begun to feel it the latter part of 1918.

Furthermore, the textile equipment of all the belligerent countries was practically all in operation on war fabrics, and in the U. S. only about 90 per cent of the equipment could be kept in operation in account of labor shortages, and fully two thirds of that in operation was on war supplies of one kind and another, leaving only a very small comparative portion for the supplying of civilian use. The foregoing were about the conditions of the textile supply at the expiration of the war. The U. S. having her equipment all intact every country turned to her for supplies to replenish their war-worn robes, to find that the machinery of the U. S. would need from one to four months to finish up their war orders, also to learn that the government owned all the wool (the cotton being in the hands of cotton merchants, manufacturers and a few growers). The government owned the wool at a cost of from \$1 to \$2 per secured pound, as against pre-war prices of from 40 to 85 cents per secured pound; then with as above stated, from one to four months to change from war manufacturing fabrics to civilian uses, the purchasing from the government and assembling of all pieces of wools for the manufacturing of the different classes of fabrics, with an advance in wages of 60 to 80 per cent, with a decrease in production on account of decrease in the hours of labor. Then was the advance in wages in the wholesale clothing and manufacturing of garments more than 100 per cent and a shortage in production on account of

a decrease in working hours from 48 to 44 hours per week, freights contribute a little to additional costs; before the war I paid 90 cents per dozen on overalls, from the east, today I paid 90 cents per dozen on 50 dozen; every little element of detail pertaining to the cost of production from the raw material to finished garments has been incurred, even to wrapping paper and twine, both in wool and cotton fabrics.

Then in April, May and June buyers from every corner of the earth rushing into the manufacturing centers of the U. S. ready to pay cash and buy by one car load or still larger quantities. One buying corporation from Holland recently bought 250,000 dozen business suits on purchase, on top of all the foregoing was the unprecedented demand by our own people of the U. S. and forgetting the possible incidents of occasional profiteering, it is not to be wondered at the high price of all manner of wearables; another potent element contributing to high prices is the over abundance of money (if such a thing can be possible); how long such conditions may prevail is the problem for all to make a guess at. My own views are that it will be some time before a material reduction will be manifest.

Just now our government is making an effort to determine the causes of high prices and I assume suggest some relief. I do not believe the government will find out very much that will avail anything, or that they will be able to suggest much; it is well known that there are now millions of people on reduced rations with thousands actually starving, say nothing about empty granaries; with these conditions the great life saving element wheat is sure to be high. It is now predicted that the 1920 crop will not supply all with a full loaf. And I think that the government was very wise in taking over the wheat assuring a fair price to the grower, and also the consumer, otherwise we would doubtless be eating three or four dollar wheat.

The investigation by the government of the causes of high prices is, I think, timely and proper, it will enable them to disclose all cases of profiteering and exorbitance whereby they can bring prosecutions if so minded. So far as our own business is concerned full and ample arrangements have been made and are now working out, whereby our patrons will be well taken care of in all the lines in which we deal and reasonable prices, quality of merchandise considered. So far we have refused to lower qualities and substitute cheaper fabrics.

Yours,
-C. P. BISHOP.

Find All Your Friends at Y.W.C.A., Army Nurses in Paris Discover



It is furnished in yellow and brown. There are always yellow flowers blooming in the sunshine. The dishes are the quaint pottery style of Brittany. Everything about the room says "made in France," even the little black-haired maid who makes sandwiches and tea at the stove in one corner. But the food is American and the guests are American.

While American nurses are waiting their turn in line, or are putting in time until they can get a fitting at the Nurses' Equipment Bureau in Paris, they drop into the yellow and brown corner of the big office building for a cup of tea, a rest in a real chair or a chat with friends.

This is out of the Y. W. C. A.'s clubs for nurses. Just now it is busier than usual for nurses are coming into Paris from all sections of France and Germany for their summer outfits. It is in the heart of the Paris business district and the honk of taxis and rattle of traffic goes by its doors all day long. There is a leather guest book which each nurse signs. The other day a nurse found the name of a friend, whom she had not seen for 20 years, registered in the book. A reunion in Paris resulted. News of the meeting spread in nurses' circles and now the club room is used as a general information center. It is a post office too, for nurses leaving notes for friends in other A. E. F. stations, whose addresses they do not know. Practically every nurse comes to the Equipment Bureau at least once during her service, so the note is sure to reach her.

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