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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

SPORT AND THE BOY.

The boy was not very well when he was a little chap, and as he grew older he suffered from indigestion, and sick headaches which laid him up for days at a time. Because his stomach was disorderly it was difficult to get him to eat proper food, and when he got hungry between meals he munched sweets.

Result--at sixteen he was thin, sallow, his face decorated with unsightly pimples, and he had neither strength nor ambition. But he loved the water, and finally learned to swim. He liked swimming and did fairly well at it, but only fairly. Then he decided to enter a swimming race.

As most of his learning had been swimming-hole splashing, with no expert instruction, he got a book about swimming and began to read it.

The first instructions said nothing about swimming at all, they dealt with diet. No sweets, no coffee, no tea, nor any of a lot of rich, greasy, unhealthy foods.

The boy was in earnest about swimming, so he gave up all the cherished indigestibles, and even the cigarettes which he had been smoking surreptitiously. He walked, as the book directed, and he took breathing exercises, all because he would be a champion swimmer. As a last, finishing touch, he did his swimming.

He won his race, and now holds the gold medal championship for his age and class. But what is far more important, he is as ruddy as an apple, as strong as a young ox, and he likes plain food and is never sick.

What a working interest in athletic sport did for this lad it will do for any lad, for any girl, or adult either. It is not only a card of admission to a world of happiness and pleasure, but to the world of health as well.

The more favorable the crop reports, the higher goes the price of food. Will some economist explain that?

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

FISHING.

I take my patent jointed pole, which cost me quite a hefty roll, and hie me to a sylvan nook, infested by a babbling brook, and there I sit, a patient scout, and fish, and fish, and fish for trout. Oh, my equipment's out of sight, in each detail exactly right. Through Walton's stuff I often toil; I study up the works of Hoyle, to see just what I ought to buy, what kind of bait, what sort of fly. My reel and sinkers and my line imported are, and vastly fine. I bought my raiment at a shop where sporting bestments are on top. And so I sit and fish and fish, and think of what a princely dish we'll have at home when I return, with all the troutlets in the burn. But when at last I homeward go I have no speckled trout to show. I have a frown, a temper sore, my costly rig, and nothing more. And meanwhile Johnson's freckled lad goes toiling homeward to his dad all burdened with a string of trout that weighs a ton, or thereabout. He caught them with a pole of pine to which was tied a cotton line. In agony my voice I lift, and ask you, whether do we drift? There's something wrong with congress, sirs, when anything like this occurs.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

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

PUBLIC WARNED AGAIN.

Once more the government is sending out warnings to the public to beware of commercial exploitation of the soldier's or sailor's uniforms. The New Bedford, Mass., Chamber of Commerce is conducting a campaign to discourage all commercial projects which make their appeal through patriotism. Australia is making a similar stand against the use of military terms and patriotic appeals in strictly commercial advertising.

The war department has announced that no man is discharged from service until he is physically fit to work, to earn his living in some self-respecting way. Appeals for aid because a man has been incapacitated in his country's service are not justified or honest.

The public itself ought to be so tired of this sort of thing, done by a few unscrupulous and dishonest persons, that it would do all it could to discourage such grafting on ignorant sympathy without renewed warnings. It is well to remember, too, when begging is done in the name of patriotism, that true patriotism calls for something quite different. Justice to the man who has actually been in service, and who has played his part honestly and courageously demands that all this faking and sloppy sentiment and alms-giving should be thrown overboard.

Few of those hyphenated Americans who are making such a fuss over the flag of the "Irish republic" now were in the least concerned when the shotted guns of Prussian militarism were trained upon our own Star Spangled Banner and the free institutions of our land. Profession of patriotism by such people is all piffle.

Oriental dancers are to be exhibited to students at Columbia to enable them to get an idea of the customs and ideals of the races represented. That may be all right, but we would hate to think that American customs and ideals may some day be interpreted by its popular dances.

The Pacific fleet started from Hampton Roads for its base on this coast today. The fact is important in that never before was the west coast considered worth guarding to any particular extent. Or has Senator Phelan and his yellow peril scared the naval officials into action?

Those persons who have always contended that the Chinese could never fully assimilate the civilization of the West will learn with surprise that a Chinese kid is now bantamweight champion of the United States.

Obedient the orders of one Julia O'Conner, the telephone girls walked out and then turned round and walked right back again. But the union organizer drew pay while the strike was on and the girls didn't.

What have the people of Eugene got against our governor? They have invited him to take a parachute jump from a balloon for the entertainment of the county fair crowds next fall.

The loganberry industry has proven the basis of far-reaching prosperity. Even the lawyers have profited by the growing demand for this lucious product of Oregon soil and climate.

Work on the new paper mill is now on in earnest, guaranteeing Salem the biggest industry of a permanent nature ever undertaken here.

The late Nat Goodwin is said to have left \$30,000 worth of liquor. Don't believe it--Nat never would have left anything like that.

Sunday baseball is sometimes a sin--for instance, the way it is played in the Coast league.

Hunting a Husbana

By MARY DONGLAS

PREPARATION

The mail brought me a letter today. A different letter, with thick, creamy white paper. I stared long at the envelope, guessing, speculating. At last mother said, "Why don't you open it, Sara? Then you'll know who wrote it."

It was from James Merle! I liked the way he wrote, very black and sparsely, I could feel his personality in the strong way he crossed his "T's."

Dear Miss Lane,

I've discovered a new and fascinating little restaurant in the nekiest part of the city. Would you give me the pleasure of dining there with me to night?

I shall come for you at seven.

Faithfully,

JAMES MERLE.

His first letter. I read it over and over again. I put it in the pocket of my dress, and I carried it with me all morning. All morning I was thinking of some long black pipe and

ing me I did simple little things around the house, dusting, polishing silver, straightening a picture, I could feel his letter give a little friendly shove to my pocket.

I must lend every energy to looking well tonight. Everything will do except my hat. That is passed. It looks as if I had spent a long hard summer. It is my one and only hat. It is too early for a solvent one. What shall I do? I walk of upstairs to the store-room. There stood the old hat trunk. One after another I pulled them out. Old and but loved each seemed worse than the last. Then I had an inspiration. My black Miss of last year, and my black house-lair of three seasons ago.

I carried them down triumphantly to my room. There mother found me, sitting on the floor with two disarranged hats, and my hair. Mother looked puzzled. "Would my simple sister help?" she asked. Help me, why they were again. I put it in the pocket of my dress, and I carried it with me all morning. All morning I was thinking of some long black pipe and

my nail scissors I had made a fetching creation.

I dashed into mother's room, "How do you like it, mother?" I asked. "It is becoming," she answered. It was. My horse-hair crown was now on a Milan rim. A tight row of pearls hid the joining. It had an air! "You have changed, Sara," mother said with a sigh. But she would say no more.

I lay down in the afternoon. I tried to sleep. In vain. I had hazy, fascinating pictures of James Merle--and me. I could see the dimly lighted restaurant. Our corner. His eyes on mine across the table. The savory smell of food. Perhaps at the end he would light a cigarette. Lean back and regard me through lazily-moing blue rings. At this point I sat up. I could not sleep. It was five o'clock anyway. I might as well dress myself.

Never before have I known what fun it is to dawdle over my dressing. To brush and brush my hair. To rub my cheeks until they are rosy.

At last I was dressed. I surveyed myself from well-polished toe to my "new" hat. Yes, I would do. Just a touch of rose perfume and I was ready. The clock struck seven! I am putting on my gloves. My heart beats fast, as I hear footsteps pass the house. A taxi whirs by. Is it he? It is 7:15. I sit down and try to read, the words blur before my eyes. The bell rings. My breath comes in a little catch. Only the laundry. Suppose he does not come? For the first time I think he might not. 7:45. No sign. My face is burning red. Is he coming? (Monday--The Letter.)

WHEAT AND OATS

(Continued from page one)

trict east of the Howell Prairie section, beginning one mile south of Silverton. It is in township 7 south of range 1 west and contains 10,745 acres. Of the 10,745 acres, 1645 are in winter wheat this year, 887 in spring wheat, 1756 in oats, 12 in barley, 140 in rye, 396 in corn, 463 in clover hay and 448 acres in hay crops. Potatoes are receiving some attention in this upland, as there are 172 acres and 5 acres in field beans.

This district is not strong for fruits as out of the 10,745 acres, there are only 50 in bearing apples, no cherries, one acre of peaches, 41 acres of prunes with 35 acres coming on and only one acre of loganberries.

Some of the extensive land owners are Martin Lorenze 368 acres, Peter Zueher 315, W. J. Hahery 310, Allen Huddleston 254, J. G. Kucuzi 247, L. B. Hahery 220, D. C. Davenport 225 and Albert Thompson 240 acres.

Between Abiqua creek and Silver Creek falls, southeast of Silverton down in the Hult country, there is a section that was assessed by Ed. O. Nelson. It is pretty much in the hilly country, although there are some large farms in the district. Here barely over four per cent of the land is in winter wheat as out of a total of 8913 acres in the district, only 386 are growing to winter wheat, with 44 to spring wheat and 900 to oats.

Corn is receiving some attention with 100 acres and hay crops 386. Potatoes grow well in the foot hills and here we find 49 in potatoes and five in field beans. The hills are thought to be good for the growing of prunes and there are now 13 acres. There is not an acre of loganberries in this section but there are 4 acres of strawberries. It is a stock country.

E. S. Foster is the big land owner of this section with 1476 acres. John H. Porter is credited with 320, H. J. Heatley with 250, Mrs. Charlotte Knox 288, H. A. Hartley 210, James G. Gordon 210, Louis O. Davis 210 and L. O. Hartley with 216 acres.

The South Mills section was assessed by George G. Hynes. It includes 87,000 acres and is located between Abiqua creek and Butte creek, the eastern boundary of the county and lays southeast of Marquam.

This gets into the mountain land, where more attention is given to prunes than any part of the eastern section of the county. Here we find out of the 15,999 acres, prunes credited with 311 acres with 152 acres coming on. Walnuts prosper here as there are already 29 acres in bearing and 312 not bearing. Two acres are in loganberries and one in strawberries.

Only two per cent is in winter wheat with 772 acres but oats some stranger in the extreme eastern part of the county with 1482 acres, about nine per cent of the land in the district.

Here also we find potato growing receiving attention as there is now an acreage of 244, with 9 acres in field beans. There are 67 acres of bearing apple trees out of the 11,996, no cherries, no peaches, no pears. But there are four acres of loganberries and one acre in strawberries.

In this woodland district the big land owners are: J. W. Davis 309 acres, C. D. Hartman 370, Adolph Schneider 288, J. B. Zimmerman 258, W. H. Kalle 237, U. S. Husley rents 1200 acres.

Ray Murky is banking on walnuts as he has 90 acres now bearing. E. J. White is in prunes with 40 acres bearing and six acres now bearing. J. D. Worden has 34 acres in prunes. It is developing into a prune country.

All four men who hold up two Centella establishments Sunday night are under arrest and have confessed their guilt.

Open Forum

WATER COMPANY CRITICISED

Editor of Journal, The Salem Water company had too high a rate. The state railway commission investigated and regulated the rates, reducing them. Irrigation hours were from 6 a. m. to 8 a. m. and from 3 p. m. to 9 p. m. seven days a week. Last year the water company played on our patriotism and incidentally did a little profiteering (?) Asked us a war garden favor to irrigate only four days out of seven. This year they demand that we use only four days out seven. Is this a steal?

Last year one of the women in Salem was stopped from washing her front porch because she was using the water out of irrigation hours. On calling up the office of the water company, was told she had no right to wash the porches only in irrigation hours. At the same time, in a polite way, the question was asked why there was a larger charge for a 100 foot lot than for a 30 foot lot, when the same sized hose and faucet were used, and how they figured the difference? The reply was, that it was worked by algebra. That answer would have been a good one for the old man in a minstrel show, but not the way for a Salem business man to talk to a lady.

Draw your own conclusions. "Let the people think."

Yours truly,

W. G. MOREHOUSE.

PERSONAL

A. M. Clough and family are on a ten days' vacation touring the eastern part of the state, and then up into Washington.

Senator L. L. Paterson was among the visitors at the state house today. He tells of a fine crop of peaches on his huge orchard at Eola, and thus far he has been able to dispose of all his crop along the highway.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Maulding of Los Angeles are guests at the Capital hotel today.

Lieut. Dan I. Howard of San Jose Cal., has just arrived in the city, registering at the Marion hotel.

Dr. E. J. Fatts of Dallas City, has been spending several days in the city.

Among the guests at the Bligh hotel are Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkpatrick of Odessa, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Anderson, Eugene; Henry M. Hansen of Portland, representing the Telegram.

A party of automobile tourists made up of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Longworth, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Longworth and Walter Rogers, all of Eugene, stopped off briefly in the city today on their way to Portland.

State Engineer Copper returned today from The Dalles where he met for conference a party of geological experts on their way to investigate a reservoir site at Benham Falls.

Superintendent A. J. Churchill is spending the day in Portland on business.

E. Cooke Patton, who has been in Kansas City during the past five weeks is expected to return to Salem this afternoon, having arrived in Portland last night.

L. L. Jewell, wife and son, driving through from Eugene to their home in Portland, stopped briefly in town yesterday to greet former Grants Pass friends. Mr. Jewell was a former representative from Josephine county.

Mrs. P. M. Williams, who has been visiting for some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Leavelle left yesterday for her home in Portland.

Seven gorgeous settings make up the stupendous production of Charles Dillingham's "Chin Chin" which is scheduled to appear at the Grand opera house one night, Monday, July 28.

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The book is by Anne Caldwell and H. H. Burnside, the lyrics by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea, the music by Ivan Caryll, so well remembered for his ingratiating melodies in "The Pink Lady" and "The Little Cafe."

This riot of sun, fest of music, bevy of feminine beauty with pretty dresses, swift and grotesque dancing, lots of pranks and amusement including Tom Brown's clown band as the famous telephone sextette, promises a most enjoyable entertainment.

In this musically rich show such numbers as "Violets," "The Grey Moon," "The Love Moon," "Good Bye Girls," "I'm Through," and the comedy song "Go For Sig Gong-Joe" always receive spontaneous applause.

\$\$\$--Keep Them Home--\$\$\$

Bargains IN TIRES

- One 30x3 \$ 5.00
- One 32x4 Fabric \$23.95
- 1 32x4 Goodyear Cord \$12.50
- 1 32x4 Goodyear Cord \$15.00
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