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Editor and Publisher

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau Of Circulations

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Insurance companies have their uses beyond the enforced esaving and the payment of benefits. In the course of years of accumulating statistics about human life and health they have formed tables which are a pretty accurate guide if one wishes to preserve both.

According to the records of one powerful company, the man who is married, who works hard six or eight hours and plays comfortably the rest of the day, who is neither very rich nor very poor, who is not too fat and who does not eat too much, who does not drink and does not worry, stands the best chance of long life and competence to see him through to the end of it.

It is what the doctors have been telling people right along, and teachers and ministers and all who are concerned with human welfare.

"Neither riches nor poverty give me, O Lord," sang the psalmist. Greek philosopher and Roman poet praised the "middle way."

The common life is best---good work during working hours, good play and good sleep. Good, simple food taken in moderation, the simple human joys of home and family---thrift enough to get ahead for the future. And this is best not only for the insurance company, but for all human growth and happiness.

HORSESHOES.

Lorain, Ohio, is to be the scene of a great sporting event, August 10. Horseshoe pitchers from all over the country are going to assemble and compete for the championship. It is an annual event in Lorain county, though it was omitted last year on account of the war. It may be of casual interest to know that the present champion is a man named C. T. Short.

Many a man will smile at this announcement. But the smile is apt to end in a wistful backward turn of memory to barefoot days when much of the joy of life lay in the simple, old-fashioned game, and when he could put over a "ringer" twice or thrice in succession he was a hero comparable to John L. Sullivan or the man who walked the tight-rope at Niagara Falls.

The game isn't obsolete, at that! It has survived unimpaired in many a rural community, and is regaining popularity in many a place that would resent any imputation of rusticity. It is being played, indeed, in some very dignified city clubs, though one blushes to report that the game is staged on an ordinary floor, instead of good honest ground, and the peg is a fancy, movable thing and the shoes all made of rubber. Still, it is better to pitch horse-shoes in that mollycoddle way than not to pitch them at all.

And now that the smile over the aforesaid sporting event is entirely gone, wouldn't the middle-aged male reader honestly give $100 to be the horse-shoe champion of his own country?

Representative Gallivan of Massachusetts announced the other day that some congressmen have enough liquor stored away to last them thirty years. We thought congressmen were heavier drinkers than that.

The federal treasury department is about to issue a new $100 bill---something that will come in mighty handy in paying for a steak or chop at the butcher shop.

Speaking of aircraft for hostile operations, and particularly the heavier-than-air type, what is more effective than the mosquito?

Mr. Bryan's suggestion of government-controlled newspapers does not strike us favorably. There is the the Congressional Record for example.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

BACK TO NATURE.

Willard journeys back to Lawrence, to his priceless Kansas farm; holding strife in deep abhorrence, husbandry has added charm. Now among his pigs and chickens he will find a calm delight, and he'll wonder why the dickens men should wish to train and fight. For his heart was never burning with a lust for blood of foes; he would rather far be churning than be punching someone's nose. When the white race lost its laurels, and the soul Caucasian sighed, and we undermined our morals cussing Johnson's brunet hide, Jess was butler of a stable, feeding hay, and blame the cost; and he said, "Mtehinks I'm able to bring back the bays we've lost." Though his heart was not in fighting, he went to the work with vim; now that epitaphs we're writing, let's remember that of him. Now that he is whipped and gone, son, this much to his credit place: In the days of too much Johnson he redeemed the poor white race. On his costly farm in Kansas he is packing swill to swine, and I hope, in flowing stanzas, that his future may be fine. Let the men who lust for battle gain their triumphs in the ring; Jess is chasing errant cattle and is happy as a king.

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THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

FATHERBOB MEETS THE FAIRIES

"What fine beets these are," said Fatherbob one night at dinner, He was called "Fatherbob," so you could tell him from "Justbob" or "Sonbob." "Justbob" and "Sonbob" were two names for the same person. Some people called him by one and some by the other.

"I'm glad you like them," said Mothermine, "these are almost the last of the beets we canned from last year's garden. You see they will carry us on until the new crop is here this spring. That is why I am so glad we have plenty of beets in the garden this year."

"Yes," said Fatherbob, "it is a good thing to have a lot of beets and turnips and parsnips and such things in the garden, because they last all the winter through. I hope our boys have seen to that."

Billy and Bob both spoke at once: "Sure we have."

"Yes, sir; we've got six rows of turnips and six rows of beets and five rows of cabbages. We'll have enough for all next winter, and maybe sell some."

You see Bob and Billy had learned all about beets through the United States School Garden Army

"Fine; it's a mighty good thing for you boys to have your garden; keeps you out of mischief and you might make some money out of it, too. Run along now and get your lessons, and you, Dollykin, come and tell father what the Dewdrop Fairy told you this morning."

Now, the funny thing about it was that Dolly had been talking with a fairy who had told her something about beets—the very thing they had been eating for dinner. He was a very handsome fellow. His complexion was rather dark, perhaps, but his cheeks had a fine color. He was dressed in a rich, red coat and had a wide ruffle of dark green around his neck. She had found him very nice to talk to. Now she felt quite proud to tell Fatherbob what the fairy had said. Her brothers had sometimes laughed at her for believing in fairies, but Mothermine and Fatherbob never did that.

"Well, Fatherbob," said Dolly, "I did see a fairy this morning, and he was telling me about beets. He said that the beet is one of the very best vegetables for young gardeners to raise He said you could get greens from them in the spring and summer, and then, as soon as the first crop was gone your second crop would be growing up. He said beets were very—oh, it was such a long word—something like 'nursing.'"

"Nourishing, perhaps," said Fatherbob.

"Yes, that was it. He said it meant that people would get fat and be healthy if they eat plenty of beets. He said they had lots of sugar in them; have they?"

"Yes, indeed; more than any other vegetable, I believe."

"He said you planted the first crop late in March or early in April, and then you must plant some more in July to put up for the winter. He said that beets could not grow well in a 'sour soil.' What did he mean by 'sour soil,' Fatherbob?"

"Sour soil is the kind that has no food in it for the seeds and plants. It means the same as poor soil. People use many different things to 'sweeten' the ground. They use leaf mould and manure, and a good many people buy stuff made just to feed the ground with. It is called fertilizer."

"Oh, I know!" cried Dolly, quite pleased to be able to understand this long word; "the fairies have told me about that."

"What else did they tell you about beets?"

"Well, the fairy said the seeds should be soaked in warm water for about eight hours. He said the seeds were really little pods with a lot of seeds in them. That makes them come up very thick, and you have to pull up some of them to make room for the others. You can use those you pull up for greens. He said they must be kept free from weeds; oh, Fatherbob, did I tell you about the weed Imp?"

"Yes, you did. I liked the story very much, but now I think it is time for Dollykin to be in bed if she is going to get up early and see a Dewdrop fairy tomorrow. So good night, little daughter; sleep sweetly, good night."

Try Salem First In Buying

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

THROUGH ANOTHER'S EYES

CHAPTER XXVII

I think I have settled my problem. I love Jim. I care too much to think of myself. I believe I can help him. I know I am strong. I know that he depends on me. Perhaps our marriage can right all that. If I am with him when he needs me. If I can be strong enough for two? And if I give him up? It may ruin him. He will never have the same reliance again.

I told it all to mother this morning.

"I knew it, Sara" she said. "I was only waiting for the time when you would know James Merle drank." So that accounts for mother's anxious looks.

At least I am glad that the ecstatic happiness of these first days was not destroyed. These shall always be like starlight in the darkness to me.

But before I told Jim of my decision I was going to see Martha Dunston. Martha is older than I—thirty. And she against the warnings of her family and friends had married a drinker. A splendid, hopeful fellow, but a man whose inheritance was too strong for his will. A man—who drank.

Gradually Martha had slipped away from her old circle of friends. We only met casually and seldom.

I was not going in the spirit of prying into her secrets. But to a woman who knew.

These last few weeks have made me realize that I am no longer a girl. But a woman. This problem has taken me out of myself. Sara Lane is no longer the center of her own universe. For she has learned that there are finer things than caring for one's own happiness.

Martha Dunston lived at the south end of town. Her house had that feeble pretense of gentility. Yet the ribs of poverty peered through. I climbed the steps of the porch, which was sorely in need of paint; and almost fell into the baby in her go-cart. Such a wan, old faced baby with pale blue eyes and a wizened expression.

Martha met me at the door. Her look had something of the baby's in it. Old before her time but still putting a bold front on her trouble.

Somehow I found myself telling this woman everything. For I know she had been through it all. She had loved, too. She was to be strong enough for two!

"Sara," she said when I was thru, "I am going to speak to you as I have not spoken to anyone in all these years I want to spare you. I want you to see exactly into what you are going."

She told me of her hope for her husband when they were married. How at first she could hold him. Then habit stronger than her love caught him again.

"It was not that, Sara, I could have stood that! But the children. My little sickly children who were not ready to face life with their weak bodies. Sara," she ended, "for your childrens sake do not do it!"

I left Martha. Stumbling down the steps. I came to little Martha, five. Martha, whose baby face and tiny body held none of the joy of childhood. She did not answer when I spoke to her. She looked at me out of sad world weary eyes. And she is five!

I have more than myself to think of. More than Jim.

The problem is not settled. It looms larger than ever. But I seem to know what I should do.

Tomorrow—Settling the problem.

Constipation causes headache, sallow color, dull, sickly eyes—you feel out of sorts all over. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will banish constipation, regulate your bowels, purify your stomach. You'll feel better all over. D. J. Fry.

Umpqua Fruit Growers Join State Association

Roseburg, July 28.—At a meeting of the Umpqua Valley Fruit union, held at the association offices Saturday afternoon, the session being called especially to consider the question of affiliation with the Oregon Growers' association, it was unanimously voted to merge its interests with the state-wide association.

The Umpqua Valley Fruit union is a pioneer organization of Douglas county and has filled the needs of growers in past years, providing markets for fruit and broccoli and producers here have been greatly benefited through membership therein.

Only recently the union voted to build a $10,000 packing plant for handling green fruit and ground for this improvement already has been broken in order to get ready for handling the fall crop. At the meeting yesterday the stockholders also voted to turn the new warehouse and packing lant over to the Oregon Growers' association, which latter concern will complete the buildings according to the original plans.

HOUSE VOTES RECESS

Washington, July 28.—The house today voted to recess from August 2 to September 9. It passed a resolution which must have the approval of the senate before the recess is authorized.

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$2.00	$105.57	$214.32	$326.36	$ 441.78	$ 560.70	$ 683.21	$ 809.43	$ 939.46	$1,073.42	$1,211.43
$3.00	$158.34	$321.47	$489.52	$ 662.65	$ 841.02	$1,024.78	$1,214.19	$1,409.22	$1,610.14	$1,817.14
$4.00	$211.13	$428.65	$652.74	$ 883.60	$1,121.43	$1,36646.	$1,618.90	$1,878.96	$2,146.88	$2,422.90
$5.00	$263.90	$535.78	$815.88	$1,104.45	$1,401.74	$1,708.02	$2,023.55	$2,348.61	$2,683.50	$3,028.93

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