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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

LET JAPAN SPEAK.

It rests with Japan to settle the unpleasant Shantung controversy, and the thing can be done simply, easily and quickly.

All that Japan has to do is to make a formal public announcement that she will keep her word, and do so within a specified time.

There seems to be no question of the assurance given by the Japanese delegation to the other delegations at the Peace conference. Verbally, and also in "informal notes", the Japanese diplomats are said to have made an unequivocal promise, corroborating similar promises previously made by the Japanese government, that Shantung would be returned to China.

It is not evident what period of occupancy the Japanese may have had in mind. But if it is a long period, surely the present disagreeable situation should move them to abridge it; and if it is a short one, why delay the revelation of that pleasant fact?

The whole Shantung business has been exaggerated and distorted. Still there is a real wrong there which, so long as it exists, is sure to be a wall of alienation between Japan and China and a source of criticism and suspicion on the part of millions of Americans. If Japan is sincere, why not cut the knot into which Japanese silence has tied the peace treaty?

MUSCLE VS. BRAINS.

A cartoon in a New York paper represents a slender intellectual looking young man as applying for employment at a factory office, and asking about the rate of pay. The boss replies:

"Twenty dollars a week for brains; forty-two dollars for muscle."

In the same paper appears side by side, in the "Help Wanted" columns, two notices, one offering \$18 a week

for a "bookkeeper with long experience" and the other offering \$23 for a bootblack.

These facts might be duplicated almost anywhere. The old standards seem strangely reversed today. Is it going to continue so?

DRINK ONLY PURE WATER.

If people want to come back from picnics as well as when they left their homes they should carry their own drinking water with them.

It is one of the ironies of fate that the pleasantest pastime which summer affords is fraught with a danger of menacing as typhoid fever.

Country wells frequently, clear, tempting brooks and inland lakes, all are likely to be germ-laden. Unless the picnicker knows for certain that the water is pure he is taking a serious chance in drinking it.

In these days of thermos bottles it means very little additional weight or labor to carry water known to be safe for drinking purposes, as part of the luncheon.

Swimmers, too, should bear in mind the uncertain quality of unknown water, and try to refrain from swallowing it, even if they take it into their mouths in the process of swimming.

It is a temptation to relegate those who warn of the dangers which lurk beneath our pleasures to the final abode of joy-killers, but a case of typhoid is more easily guarded against than cured.

Some Western politicians and newspapers are contending that a Western man may be elected president. But when one looks at what the West has to offer in the way of candidates—Johnson, Poindexter, Chamberlain and Borah—the less said about a Western man for president the better for all concerned.

There are just two kinds of highways in Oregon this year—one kind that is impassable because of improvement work going on and the other unfit to travel because no improvement work has ever been done upon it.

John D. Rockefeller ate a luncheon the other day in Worcester, Mass., as follows: Frog's legs, clams, peas, beets, salad, blueberries, pie and coffee. And they used to say his digestion was ruined!

Pennsylvania refuses to surrender Harry Thaw to New York. And New York retorts that Pennsylvania is welcome to him. Which seems to show some signs of sanity on the part of New York, at least.

Some of the legislators want an extra session of the legislature to pass more laws, all of which add their quota to the high cost of living.

Most of the men whose presidential boomlets are lusty and promising now will be forgotten before the campaign really opens.

Final Action On Request For Kun's Resignation Up

Vienne, July 31.—(United Press.)—Final decision is to be taken at 11 o'clock tomorrow on the demand of the allies presented by British Commissioner Cunningham that Bela Kun abdicate as Hungarian soviet leader.

Embassies of Bela Kun, it was learned today, have offered Cunningham great concessions if the soviet is undisturbed, but the British commissioner on behalf of the allies, demanded Kun's abdication and removal of the soviet power.

Star Swimmers Compete In Portland Marathon Today

Portland, Ore., Aug. 1.—Star swimmers who are nationally famous will participate in the one mile marathon championship which will be staged in the Willamette river here this afternoon by the Multnomah Amateur Athletic club. Among the entries will be W. L. (Buddy) Walker, star swimmer of the Illinois Athletic club of Chicago, present holder of the A. A. U. one mile title; Harold (Squibb) Krueger of Oakland, Cal., holder of several world's records; George Schmitt of the same city, who has won several Pacific coast marathon titles, and Mitrie Konowaloff, Seattle's 16-year-old swimming wonder.

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THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

PART II—THE VERY TALL FAIRY

"Oh, who are they?" cried Dolly, almost frightened.

"Those are Indians," said the Fairy. "Don't be afraid of them. They will not hurt you. They are dancing the Harvest Dance. Sometimes they call it the Corn Dance. Long years ago there were many Indians in this country. They had dances of different kinds. In the fall, when the corn was all gathered they would dance to show how glad they were that they could have plenty of food for the winter. The women—they are called squaws—dressed the corn and then ground it up into meal."

"I didn't know there were any Indians in our garden," said Dolly.

"They are only in the dewdrop," said

Postal Telegraph Makes 20 Per Cent Cut In Rates

New York, Aug. 1.—With the return of the telegraph and telephone wires to private control at midnight, Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Postal Telegraph company, announced a 20 per cent reduction in rates throughout the country, effective immediately. This restores the rates effective before the government took over the wire system.

Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union, said it would be impossible for that company to reduce rates under present circumstances.

Will Hays Refuses Indiana Gubernatorial Nomination

Brookville, Ind., Aug. 1.—Will H. Hays, republican national chairman, cannot accept the Indiana gubernatorial nomination, he told republican editors of the state at Magnesia Springs near here today. Hays says "the national political situation is so complicated and the potentialities are so great" he cannot desert his post.

Friends of the chairman long ago connected his name with the governor's chair and he had been urged editorially and by political leaders of the state to accept the nomination.

BUTTE RAISES CAR FARES

Butte, Mont., Aug. 1.—Seven cents was the price paid by every person who boarded a car of the Butte Electric Railway company today. The fare was formerly six cents, but the public service commission granted the company the right to charge seven cents beginning today.

Job Printing

PHONE 199

The Quickener Press

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O. E. Brookins, Proprietor

the Fairy. "I just wanted you to know why it is called 'Indian' corn. The Indians had a funny way of knowing when to plant their corn in the spring. They said—'We plant it when the oak leaves are as large as squirrels' ears.' That means you must not put the grains in the ground too soon. They should be planted about May or June. Some vegetables, you know, can be planted as early as March. The radish is one. But then you can keep on planting radishes and gather one crop after another."

"The Potato Fairy told me just how to plant potatoes. Next year I shall be big enough to have a garden and I should like to know what the different kinds of seeds like."

"Well, I'll tell you how corn likes to be planted," said the Fairy.

"In the first place the ground must be plowed. I hardly think you could do that, but I will tell you so if any one asks you, you can know what to say. Then the ground must be made into good food for the seeds. People buy what they call 'fertizer' for that. Can you remember such a long word?"

"I'll try," said Dolly.

"Then the corn must be planted in rows about 3 feet apart. I notice that the corn in your garden is put in just right. In a big field it can be planted in long rows, but in a smaller garden like this it is best to have it in a kind of block. You see, there is a fine yellow powder that grows on the corn stalks. It must fall on the silk of the young ears so they will have plenty of grains on them. Unless the stalks are near enough together this powder is wasted and then there is no good corn."

"Is the corn silk like your hair?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, just like it," said the little girl.

"Thank you very much. Well, when you get the first roasting ears from your corn do you think you can remember all I have told you?"

"I think I can," said Dolly. "And I shall never forget those funny Indians. Just to think how many wonderful things there are in a garden. How glad I am that I can see the Dewdrop Fairies."

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

THE SKY BEGINS TO CLEAR

CHAPTER XXXI

It seems almost too good. I have been thinking lately if I could only get away. A new place, new faces

would help me to blot out the memory of my happiness. I do not want to forget him. But I want to forget the bitterness. The memory of him, as he

turned aside his head and left the room—without a word.

Today as if my little affairs were worthy of a special providence, a letter came. It was from my old friend, Harriet Wilson. We were in school together. We graduated in the same class from high school. She was eighteen then. And before that first summer of "our freedom," as we called it, was over, she was married. Not at all according to our romantic school girl notions. But to a farmer. "He's a civilized farmer," I remember Harriet saying. He was a man of twenty-four then. He had chosen to farm his land. Harriet and I had written intermittently these seven years. I knew she had a little boy. I knew, too, that she was happy. Her letters had radiated content. Not a wild exuberant happiness, but a pleasant content. Now she wants me to visit her. She knew that I am at home for a year, "and Sara dear," she wrote, "I do so want to see you and have you see my darling baby, and my home and my husband. The country will be a nice change for you."

I did not have to decide. When I had finished my letter I found I was planning my trip.

"It's just the thing for you," another said.

So now I have only to look over my clothes and pack. And select something to take to Harriet and little Tod, the baby.

I chose a very simple but beautifully made table square of Madeira work for Harriet. I knew it would please her, for I loved it for myself. Though I shall probably have no need of such things now. It took ten of my precious dollars for that. For the baby, I am knitting a little sweater, the softest shade of blue.

Before I leave I shall go over my accounts to see how I stand. I had five hundred dollars to begin with and now I have only a little over three hundred and fifty left. How could I have spent so much! Then I remembered my black evening dress, which cost me seventy-five dollars—my greatest extravagance. My pumps, my shoes and stockings. The blue taffeta, I had made myself. The grey crepe de chine I had made over, with some new georgette. And my earrings. Oh, yes and the tips to the servants at Merle House. Altogether it has eaten a huge hole in my savings. If I keep on at this rate, I shall not be able to get through the year without borrowing. But I shall need very little at Harriet's. She has asked me for two weeks. I shall take some simple morning dresses and white skirts, my taffeta and crepe de chine, and all my shoes. For I know what country walking is. And I do not know if the Wilsons have a horse.

How nice it is to have something to look forward to! And perhaps I can come back a different person, without this thinking—a continual thinking to make me unhappy.

Tomorrow—The journey.

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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	\$1,366.46	\$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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