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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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FRACTIONAL COINAGE.

There is a demand in some parts of the country for new coins of small denomination. It is due to the unsettlement of prices. Many things that formerly cost a nickel now cost six or seven cents; things that used to cost a dime now cost 12 or 13 cents, etc. One city wants a seven-cent piece to facilitate the payment of street car fares. Other suggestions call for the revival of the old two-cent and three-cent pieces.

This, however, is rather futile. Experience in the past has proved that all ordinary needs of currency can be met by the simple system of ones and fives. It is no great hardship to use two, three or four pennies for the fractional parts of a nickel and one-dollar bills for fractions of a five dollar bill. The two-dollar note survives, but it is used comparatively little. Larger payments are generally in even multiples of five or ten. This system is the product of evolution, resulting from billions of experiences in making change. It will hardly be altered now.

The minting of new fractional coins would probably be useless for another reason. There is no assurance that the prices are going to stay where they are. They keep right on mounting. Thus a street-car fare which is seven cents now may be 10 cents next year.

The nickel may practically take the place of the penny. A cent will then amount to about as little as it has for years in Holland, where it takes 100 "cents" to make 40 cents in American money, or in Germany, where it takes 100 pennies or "pfennigs" to make an American quarter-dollar, or the farthing in England, which is now little more than a tradition.

There are parts of the country where the nickel is already virtually the minimum coin. It may soon be so everywhere, and pennies and other subordinate coins will

cease to pass current and will exist only in literature and museums.

TOY SHIPS.

If toy soldiers contributed to the militarization of the German people, and helped to spread false ideas of the glamor of war among other nations surely a general distribution of toy ships among children will stimulate a wholesome love for the sea-faring life.

This is the belief of Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, psychologists will agree with him. Having busied himself for the past two years with the production of ships, until the United States has the second largest merchant fleet in the world, Mr. Hurley is devoting his attention to the problem of getting sailors for the ships.

It is a big and growing task. A generation of sailors cannot be produced in a day or a year. Men may be obtained somehow to man ships now ready, but what is needed is assurance of a steadily increasing supply of bred-in-the-bone sailors hereafter—young men who long to go to sea, who love the poetry and adventure of it and who by play, study and experience have fitted themselves for a sea career.

It is an excellent plan. Ships or boats always appeal instinctively to children. It should be easy, with large numbers of little Americans, to turn that instinct into permanent love for water craft and all they represent, and thus furnish inspiration for the skill and knowledge that can be acquired as the boy grows up.

In the case of lads destined to enter other pursuits it will do no harm. It will make good boatmen or yachtmen of thousands who otherwise would like their lives without the wholesome pleasure of water sports. And it should catch the lad cut out by nature for a sailor and put him eventually where he belongs, to the mutual benefit of him and his country.

SILLY BUT SEASONABLE.

The Southern hotel of Baltimore reports that on July 17 there registered among its guests: James Pepper, of New York; L. A. Egg, of Syracuse; W. A. Starch, of New York; J. A. Sugar, of Chicago and W. W. Salt of New Jersey.

All that was needed to complete the combination was Mr. Milk of Dairyville, and a human omelet or blanc mange pudding might have been the result.

Anyhow, this Baltimore hotel could safely brag that for one day at least it had everything appropriate for the season.

If the church choir should sing "This is the Land of Corn and Wine", would it be guilty of violating the prohibition law?

Hereafter we should choose our United States senators with reservations.

MARION NEWS.

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Marion, Aug. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Hong left for a vacation in the mountains last week. They expect to be gone for a month or more.

Rev. Williams from Albany has been preaching at the Presbyterian church the last few Sundays. He expects to have charge of the services now on Sunday evenings.

Will and Ivan Hadley and Mr. Hodson from Claverdale were in Marion a week ago Sunday. Mr. Hodson will be the pastor at Claverdale now.

Otha Hadley is expected home any time and the Marion people are looking forward to having him over to the Friends church to give us an account of some of his experiences in France. Later announcement will be made as to the date he will be here.

Enos Prussall hurt his head quite badly in Salem Thursday but we think it will not be serious. He fainted while in the bank building and when he fell bruised his head quite badly.

Blaine Branner is the owner of a "Tin Lizzie" purchased in Salem Tuesday.

Calvin Farlow, Paul Ray and Ernest Curry have gone from Marion since the news items were sent in last. We miss them.

Ray Russell and family are living in Marion again, they are living in one of Will Hadley's houses.

Mary and Amy Thomas were Salem visitors Thursday, also J. A. Colgan and family.

The loganberry growers of Marion can boast of a fine crop this year.

Law Protecting Elk Is Made Perpetual

There is to be no shooting of elk in Oregon during the year 1919. Such was the declaration made by State Game Warden Carl D. Shoemaker, who has received a number of inquiries as to the date of the opening of the season for hunting elk. In order that the misunderstanding may be corrected, the game warden explained that the 1909 law protected elk until August 3, 1919, but this law was repealed by the 1915 legislature and perpetual protection was provided for this noble animal. "There will be no open season on elk in this state at any time unless the legislature fixes one at some future session. We only have a few elk in the state and an open season would kill practically all of these off," said Mr. Shoemaker.

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

PART I—DOLLY LEARNS WHY SEEDS OBEY.

You will be sorry to know that Dolly had been naughty. Not very naughty, but enough to make her unhappy. Mothermine was trying to make Dolly careful and neat in her habits. She was taught to brush and braid her hair every morning and to brush her teeth and her finger nails. She knew she must put on a fresh gingham apron, too. But this morning she had slept late. She was afraid the dewdrops would all be gone, so she just tied a bit of string around her hair and let it stick out behind. She buttoned one shoe, and had fastened four buttons of the other when she dropped the button. She was in too much of a hurry to hunt for it, so she let the shoe go unbuttoned. She had on yesterday's apron with two jam spots on it and—worst of all—she did not brush her finger nails nor her teeth.

She slipped down the back stairs and was just running out the door when Mothermine came out of the pantry right in front of her. Mothermine looked at her. Dolly felt her loose shoe flapping against her ankle. She knew her hair was sticking out behind like a rooster's tail. She hid her soiled finger nails in the pocket of her jammy apron, and tried to go past Mothermine.

"Aren't you going to tell me good morning, Dolly?" asked Mothermine. "Good morning," said Dolly, very fast.

"But is it really my own Dolly or has some one else come in by mistake? I thought my little girl liked to be clean and neat. This little girl doesn't seem to care how she looks."

"I'm in a hurry," said Dolly. "I'm afraid the dewdrops will all be gone."

"Do you think the Fairies will be glad to see you with soiled clothes and finger nails, and with your shoes like that?"

"I don't know," said Dolly, quite crossly. "I don't see why I have to be so 'fixy.' I don't believe the Fairies have to bother about being clean."

I am afraid a weed had blown in to Dolly's hair.

"You must go back to your room and make yourself tidy or you can not go into the garden at all today," said Mothermine.

"I don't want to go back—I can't you might let me go this once—I think it's 'fixy'—but Dolly couldn't quite bring herself to say that, after all."

"Do just as you please about changing your things," said Mothermine.

"But remember—you can not go into the garden until you do as I tell you."

Well, Dolly went slowly back up

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stairs. She dragged her apron off and put on a clean one. She brushed her hair and braided it and put a ribbon on it. She scrubbed her teeth and her finger nails. She found the shoe button and buttoned her shoe. But she did not find her sweet temper. When she went into the garden she scuffed her feet along the neat path. Her back hung down and her lips stuck out. She was sure it was too late for any dewdrops.

"Good morning," said the cheerful voice of the Dewdrop Fairy Queen. "What is the matter, Dolly?"

"Oh," cried Dolly. "I thought it would be too late to see any Fairy this morning."

"I was waiting for you. But why do you look so"—the Fairy was too polite to say "cross," so she said—"unhappy?"

"I just don't see why I have to mind all the time," Dolly burst out. "I have to keep my room clean and fold up my clothes and brush my hair when I want to go out here listening to your stories. You don't have to obey anybody else all the time—you can do just as you please."

"You are very much mistaken, if that is what you think," said the Fairy. "We all have to obey—and be very careful about it, too."

"I don't see why."

"Listen. Suppose, when you put a seed into the ground, it should insist on sticking its roots into the air and trying to make its leaves go down—wouldn't that be funny?"

"Yes; but they don't do that."

(Continued on page six.)

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

THE JOURNEY

When I reached the station, there was Tom. Dear old Tom with his arms filled. He had a book, two magazines, some chocolates, and a tiny bunch of yellow roses.

"Tom, don't you realize that people will think you are my lover," I said teasingly.

"Your porter, more likely," said Tom, beckoning a red cap.

In spite of my protests Tom bought me a Pullman ticket. When he left me in the car, piled with the assiduous attentions of the porter; my little roses in my belt, a velvet cushion at my feet and a magazine open in my lap, I felt like a spoiled child.

There was no one more interesting in the car. I waved to Tom. He strode off down the platform. A nice husband—for some other girl.

Then I swung round in my seat. I faced directly a laughing boy. Or so he seemed at first glance. Of course I swung back at once. Coloring up to my ears. In a minute I heard a voice. A gentleman's voice.

"Beg pardon, you dropped this," it was my magazine. He picked it up with his left hand. His right was in a sling.

"Thank you," I said, and turned back. He was such a nice boy. Perhaps twenty-three or four. I should have liked so much to have talked with him.

The train swung out of the station. Past buildings, through tunnels—and we were in the open country.

Chin on hand, I was looking out over the country. The same old problem. Had I been right? Should I consecrate my life to the memory of Jim?

How foolish! Better marry him. But no—then it must be another. I have only one year. My time is fast flying. Yet I caught myself up with, "How can you be so heartless, Sara Lane?"

I glanced at my neighbor. He was glancing at me. No, looking with a steady look.

A few months ago I would have lowered my gaze. Turned discreetly away. So a gentleman acts when traveling. I knew it then. I know it now. But he was such a nice boy. I glanced just a quarter of a second more.

He said, "I am so bored."

Then I heard my own voice. Sara Lane, proper, prim Sara Lane, who had never before spoken to an unknown man in her life, saying, "So am I."

We laughed. That laugh cleared away our doubts. I knew he was a nice boy. He knew I was a jolly traveling companion.

And he had so much to say. He had been in France. Was just back now. He held up his hand in his shirt. He was going to see his mother, near Fairly. What a coincidence, for I was going to Fairly!

How fast the morning passed. I told him about myself, too. Myself—with no reservation.

"After you've played a while, go over there," he said. "They need your kind there!"

We had lunch on a little table placed between us. We made our choice with much laughter.

It was his station. I waved goodbye to the nice boy. He waved his hat. I hope I shall see him again.

The porter stood beside me with his whisk broom. My bags were piled near the entrance way. Then I leaned from the window.

There was Harriet. Dear, old dependable Harriet, with little Tod on the platform! (Monday—Beginning Over.)

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

HARD TIMES.

The Germans are disgusted, their blood for weeks has boiled; their fondest hopes are busted, their faith in man is spoiled. They say, "Our luck is rotten; we thought our wartime sins and crimes would be forgotten, if we wore pious grins; we thought our protestations of sorrow and regret would cause the allied nations to wilt, already yet. Instead of which they soak us, demand our stock and store; upon the field they broke us, in peace they break us more. And so the German barbers his future for his past; we are the modern martyrs, ach himmel and dogdast." We hear the German whining, who swaggered every hour, when on his helm was shining the sun of pomp and power. If he had been the victor, if he had done us brown, dog-gone his ugly pictur', what terms would he lay down? Would he be strong for mercy? He's not that kind of gent; but, swollen up and puffy, he'd take our bottom cent. He'd shoot us full of bullets, and give us grievous hurts, and eat our best spring pullets, and swipe our Sunday shirts. With Germans for our masters we'd know what hard luck is; envired by disasters, we'd sadly sigh, "Gee whiz!" We hear the German grumbling and beefing at his lot; he thinks the terms are humbling, and all that kind of rot.

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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	\$1,366.16	\$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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