

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

W. D. Ward, New York, Tribune Building.
W. H. Stockwell, Chicago, People's Gas Building

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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 OLD IS JOHN?

A native mountaineer of Leslie, Kentucky, is now the subject of investigation by the National Geographical Society. He claims to hold the modern record for longevity. John Shell—that is the old gentleman's name—says he is 130 years old. His eldest son is in his ninetieth year. Including great-great grand children, John Shell is said to have 200 descendants living in his section of the country. He has always been an outdoors man of temperate habits. Today he is said to have excellent eyesight, steady nerves and general good health.

George Washington was in his first term of presidency when this ancient man was born. When the civil war broke out John Shell was already too old to fight in it. The changes that have occurred in the progress of civilization during the course of his life are too numerous to mention. History, invention and science have made such progress as it would take volumes to describe.

With all due deference to Mr. Shell's years and veracity, it is quite possible that he has made a mistake about his age. Even if he were a quarter of a century younger than he asserts, he would still have been born in a day when people were much less particular about recording births than they are today. Unless there is an authentic family record to be found somewhere it will be difficult to verify John's age. It is an interesting point, nevertheless, and the Geographic Society is doing well to learn the facts.

ONE CENT IN FREIGHT RATES.

There is a current impression that much of the increased cost of commodities to the consumer is due to the higher freight rates. Needless to say, it has been cheerfully fostered by dealers in many lines.

Just how much effect this particular factor has had on the situation may be learned from a statement made by Julius Kruttschmitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific in his annual report.

"No coin," he says, "is small enough to represent any

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

ENVIRONMENT!

I hear men say, sometimes, "Great Scott! This is the village God forgot! There is no chance for me to rise, in this old burg of mossback guys." Then they go forth, upon a day, to fairer pastures far away; and there they find things just as bad as in their own abandoned grad. It cuts no ice where genius dwells; we'll always see it wearing bells. The man who has the goods may go to desert waste or arctic snow, and there hang out his modest sign, and he will find that trade is fine. Ours is a quiet dreamy town, but it would hold no fellow down. If some youth shows the proper fire, with wrench or hammer, brush or lyre, men drop their work for half a day, to help him upward on his way. With proper stuffing in your head, there isn't any town so dead that you can't cut a swath right there, and nineteen kinds of laurels wear. And in the dearest, grayest town a man may win a world renown. If you, fair reader, where you are, can't hitch your wagon to a star, you couldn't do the trick in Cork, in Boston, Joplin or New York.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

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

of these increases in cost. But if the dealer should add one copper cent in each case to the 1910 price to reimburse him for the increased cost of his commodity due to increased freight rates, he would grossly overcharge the purchaser in every case. He would make him pay nearly double the proper amount in the case of a pair of shoes and over six times the proper amount in the case of a pound of ham or bacon.

So far, then, as this factor is concerned, there is ground for the New York World's suspicion that "the ordinary American is the victim less of oppression higher up than of extortion lower down on his own level."

It is clear that the burden of carrying the railroads, of which so much has been made, is far less due to the sums actually obtained by the roads through higher rates than to the multiplication of those sums by manufacturers and dealers in the process of passing them on to the consumer.

Charging that American labor is too conservative, Jean Longuet, French deputy and pan-European labor leader, says "Gompers is too conservative. We are unable to reach common ground for action. I find him entirely out of sympathy with our cause." And the chances are good that Longuet and his fellow radicals will have further ground to mourn the lack of sympathy for their cause among American workers. Whatever may be its grievance against present economic conditions, the thinking portion of American labor is not yet ready to add revolution and bloodshed to the existing chaotic conditions in an effort to attain the state of anarchistic freedom that is represented by Russian bolshevism.

An Iowa newspaper tells of a family of Hollanders by the name of Damm which came to that state four years ago with a capital of \$80 and rented a farm. And just the other day this same family bought the farm of 400 acres, paying \$60,000 for it—which is a Damm good example for other renters to follow.

The federal grab-net has reached out and collared its first profiteer, a retail grocer in one of the smaller New York towns. Now that we know the principle is workable let's see if the net is not strong enough to hold some of the big fish in the puddle.

The Oregonian says an agreement is near on the peace treaty; that only 20 more republicans are needed to ratify the pact. How they reconcile the two statements is as clear as mud.

The vaudeville actors of New York and other cities have organized a union and struck. Theatre-goers generally will entertain the hope that the strike in a majority of cases will be permanent.

Somebody says that cotton will go up to \$1 a pound unless the government regulates the price. Remember when the cotton belt was pleading "Buy a bale at ten cents?"

Airplanes are being used to locate "moonshine" stills in the mountains of Alabama, according to press reports. Seems like a rather flighty idea.

Chile and Spain have just added their o. k. to the League of Nations. Not great powers, perhaps, but respectable and in every way eligible to membership.

Anybody who can lick old General High Prices now will be as big a man as Foch.

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

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

DOLLY MEETS THE GARDEN 'ACE'

Dolly was finding the garden more and more interesting. She heard other little girls talking about their gardens. That made her very anxious that this garden which belonged to Billy and Bob and a little one—herself—should be a very fine one—as fine as any garden cultivated by a soldier of the United States school garden army.

But none of the other children seemed to know anything about the Dew-drop Fairies. When Dolly told them about the stories the different fairies had told her, some of them laughed—which hurt her feelings. Some of them said she dreamed it all—which she knew was a mistake. And some begged to be allowed to come to her garden and see the fairies for themselves.

Dolly thought it would not be polite to invite any of the other children until she had asked the fairy queen. She did not know how to find the queen, because she only came when she had something particular to say. Before Dolly went to bed at night she was wishing hard that the queen might be in the garden in the morning. She had a feeling that if she wished hard enough the beautiful fairy would come. Sure enough, there she was!

"Oh, dear fairy queen," cried the little girl, "did you know I wanted you?"

"Of course I knew—I always know

when children want me. And I know why you wanted me, too. You want to know if I am willing to tell the other children what I—and my fairies—have told you—isn't that it?"

"They want to come here and see you—they say there are no fairies in their gardens."

"I am sure they could not have looked in the right way, or they would have found fairies just as you did. Each child must find the fairies in its own garden—not in another's. Ah," she cried, standing up and waving her hand at something high up in the air. "There goes our 'Ace'."

"Our what?" cried Dolly forgetting her manners.

"The garden 'Ace'. See him skimming through the air. How fast he goes and how beautiful he is!"

"Why that is just a Swallow," said Dolly. "What makes you call him an 'Ace'?"

"Because he is one of our best help in fighting against our enemies," said the Fairy.

"Have you enemies up in the air?" asked Dolly much puzzled.

"Some of them manage to get up in the air," said the Fairy. "But the 'Ace' doesn't stay up there all the time. Don't you see him swoop sometimes? Then he is catching bugs and small flies that lay dangerous eggs on our leaves or sometimes he gets the aphids—you know what they are—off the leaves."

"What does he do with them?"

"He feeds them to his little birds. He fills his mouth as full as it will hold of insects and then carries them to his babies in the chimney. I wonder if you would be surprised if I should tell you how many insects one person found in a swallow's mouth as it was on its way to feed the little birds?"

"Oh, do tell me!" cried Dolly.

"Well, in the first place there were

fifty six aphids, or plant lice."

"Oh, what a big mouth he must have—he didn't have anything else in it did he?"

"Yes he did—he had fifty-nine leaf hoppers—you know the aphids and leaf hoppers—you know the aphids and leaf hoppers—had sixty-three little two-winged flies—mean little pests they are too."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Dolly. "Don't you think he had killed a lot of our enemies? Think—almost two hundred at one blow. You know the plant-lice alone do a lot of damage, and you see why I call the Swallow the 'Ace'. The 'Tank' you saw the other day—the Tank—is our great helper on the ground, and the 'Ace' is in the air. Both of them are soldiers in the School Garden Army—just as much as you are."

"Isn't it wonderful to know all those things?" cried Dolly.

"And it should make you very careful too," said the Fairy. "I am sure you and Billy and Bob would never want to hurt any of the creatures that help us so much—but some boys, who are either wicked or thoughtless, shoot birds with slings or with stones. Whenever you see a boy doing that, tell him the story of the 'Garden Ace' and I am sure he will not want to do it again."

HUNTING A HUSBAND

BY MAY DOUGLAS

WAYS AND MEANS

I walked to the postoffice this afternoon. The crickets kept me company with their steady chirring. The breeze blew the corn-tassels, nodding toward me.

It was a long walk. But—usually Dr. Bixby got his mail at four o'clock. I should see him again.

Lately I have seen him often. We have talked of many things, life—and art—and doctoring. But never love.

I don't believe the doctor can love. I have seen interest in those red-brown eyes. I have even awakened enthusiasm. But besides that—nothing.

"Sara Lutz," I said to myself, "what have you done in these weeks at Harriet's? Almost a month. I have made one friend—Norma Carewe. I checked it off on my fingers. And I have learned more about men."

A man may think it cute if you shudder at a mouse; but he is disgusted if you fail in a crisis. Yes, Constance Dwight and the accident—she, with all her exquisites, had lost Dr. Bixby. Because she had no self-control. She had screamed and moaned when little Tod hurt himself. She had covered her face with her hands.

Yes, pluck is essential. And flattery. What a wonderful weapon! If it is followed by a delicate, laughing railleury, flirtation with another man and flat-tying again.

How I had laughed in my sleeve, the afternoon the doctor spent in explaining the working of sublimates to me. I knew as much as he. But I swallowed all my knowledge. I listened with wrapped interest.

A game—a game all of it. But a fascinating game. And in the end I came to a dead standstill in the ratty road. If I knew so much about it, why was the doctor not at my feet? He likes me. He is interested in me. But that is all. I have more to learn—much more.

I looked up. Dr. Bixby was striding up the road toward me. The color flushed to my cheeks. I felt—"caught in the act."

"Why so gaily-looking, Miss Sally?" asked the doctor. So my face was telling.

But he had said, "Miss Sally." Perhaps—

"I'll go along with you to the post-office," he said. And we walked briskly along the sunny road.

I am going to be absolutely natural for once, I thought. I have used all my little dodges. Now I shall be myself. Simply Sara—

What fun we had! The doctor threw aside his dignity. We raced down the road. We filled apples from Farmer Brown's. We imitated an ugly flock of geese-freak children!

When we came out of the postoffice, the doctor raised his hat.

"I must leave you here," he said. "I'm going to see Constance Dwight. Beautiful girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, lovely," I answered throwing all the enthusiasm I could into my voice.

And I took the road home. I wondered along forlornly. So I had failed! I was just some one to play with—a jolly companion to be forgotten as soon as made.

My throat felt as if I could not swallow. It was not the dust. I have used my best efforts. And all for what? (Tomorrow—Facing the Truth.)

Sein Finn And Sediton Will Be Her Mission

(Portland Oregonian)

To promote Sinn Fein propaganda, Miss Kathleen O'Brennan of Ireland, arrived in Portland yesterday. She is the woman representative and speaker for the Irish republicans selected by the Sinn Fein movement. The organization of the Women's Irish Educational League will be her work in Portland, she declared. During the past several months, Miss O'Brennan has been active in pleading the support of California women to this league.

She is a sister-in-law of Eamon Ceannt who commanded the South Dublin volunteers during the Easter week insurrection in 1916 and who was ex-

ecuted by the British government.

"We hope to mobilize 1,000,000 women in America to help save Ireland," said Miss O'Brennan. "From the way the league is spreading through the west the task does not seem difficult. In our first meeting at San Francisco 1500 women, including many well known suffrage leaders, signed cards of membership. My first work in Portland will be to enlist the cooperation of suffrage workers, among whom will be Miss Clara Ward."

Miss O'Brennan also she believed help in America will not be gained through President Wilson. "President Wilson," she explained, "received an appeal from the women of Ireland almost a year ago. The message was delivered to him in person by the petitioners among whom was my sister, a member of the executive council of Sinn Fein. That appeal was never answered by President Wilson. He thinks the Irish question a British question."

"The women of Ireland today are appealing to their sisters here in America and to the women of the world." Miss O'Brennan is known in Portland as the advisor and friend of Dr. Marie Equi during the latter's trial for sedition. Miss O'Brennan left Portland following a hearing brought by the board of immigration on the charge that she was an undesirable alien.

HAZEL GREEN NOTES

(Capital Journal Special Service)
Hazel Green, Or., Aug. 14.—B. C. Zellinski and family motored to Stayton Sunday to visit relatives. Mrs. Zellinski's aunt and uncle of Salem accompanied them.

Mrs. White and three grand children Anita Malcolm and Bert Looney of Salem spent Sunday at G. G. Looney's. Alvin Van Cleave and Miss Luella Eaton were united in marriage Sunday at the Baptist parsonage in Salem. The bride is a daughter of Thomas Eaton while the groom is the only son of A. T. Van Cleave a prominent loganberry grower of this vicinity. The best wishes of their friends go with them.

Guy Sleppy and family started by auto last week on their return trip to California.

Miss Emma Fisher went to Philadelphia Tuesday to journey for a few days with friends on Cedar creek.

Mrs. Gregory of Salem spent Monday with her father, Dan Rogers and a sister, who just arrived from New York state.

Mrs. Buell who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Rose Chapman returned to Sheridan Friday.

Mrs. Adah Jones returned Thursday from Portland.

Miss Mildred Williamson returned Friday from Stayton.

Mrs. W. W. Rosebraugh, Mrs. Richmond, Eliza Hoxie and Mrs. Loter of Salem attended the W. M. A. picnic here Friday.

Mrs. Martha Wolf recently celebrated her 67th birthday. Her three sons and one daughter were home for the festive occasion.

Mrs. Mary Seville, Robert and Henry Sims, and Archie Putman came from various points to attend the funeral of Lawrence Sims Sunday.

Mrs. Alice Parmester's sister and little daughter are visiting at the home of George Parmester.

Mrs. A. Nettken of Eugene while traveling to Portland had the misfortune to bend the radius rods in his Ford which overturned their car smashing up the top and wind shield and steering gear. John Inliah put the car into shape after several hours delay and they went on their way. No one was hurt.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Luffy and little daughter of Stayton, Mrs. Luffy and Mrs. Manna of Salem were guests of D. B. DuRette's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Parker made a business trip to Brooks Saturday.

Mrs. H. E. Wrightson of Portland and son Herman, who recently returned from France and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. H. Gill of Woodburn were visitors at John Inliah's Monday.

Miss Merle DuRette spent the first of the week visiting friends at Corvallis. The Inliah family reunion was held Sunday on the river. A bounteous picnic dinner was served of which 36 members of the family were present. A dip in the river was enjoyed by old and young.

Those in this section who are owners of Fordson tractors are Lenard Mahony, Max Lenard DuRette Bros. Frank and James Mahony, each purchased one Tuesday.

EXTRA SESSION UNLIKELY
Spokane, Wash., Aug. 14.—Governor Hart will not call a special suffrage session of the legislature "until it is apparent there will probably be a reasonable number of states to ratify this year."

The governor told George S. Canfield, democratic chairman here, that the session will be "given due consideration."

Medford's airplane has carried 195 passengers, the oldest being D. H. Boyle, 80, and the youngest Barbara Owens, 5.



The good man is always sincere

IMPERIALES MOUTHPIECE CIGARETTES

are made of good things. Good tobacco, perfectly blended—pure mais paper to wrap it and a mouthpiece to cool the smoke of it. A cigarette manufactured to excel.

10 for 13c
The John Bullman Co. Branch
Manufacturers

WRECKERS ATTACK LAND MARK ERECTED IN 1857 TO CLEAR PROGRESS WAY

Another old land mark is being torn down in the progress Salem is making to become a modern city. This is the old two story frame building at the corner of South Commercial and Trade streets, now owned by the Salem Water Light & Power company.

The building in which the present office of the water company is located is owned by the Oregon Pulp & Paper company and will be used this fall by the paper company for an office. Finding it necessary to secure other quarters, the water company decided to build on its property just across the street from its present office. The building will be of concrete and brick and will face 25 feet on Commercial with a depth of about 50 feet.

The old frame now being torn down is one of the land marks of the city. It was built about 1857 by W. K. Smith, a wealthy druggist of those days and for a short time used as a hotel.

Along in 1862, about the time of the great flood, when boats ran up as far as Willamette University, the building had been made into a home and was occupied by the mother of former Governor T. T. Geer and the mother of Mrs. George J. Pearce.

In later years, along in the early '90s the building was used by Maurice Klinger as the first brewery in the northwest. After serving as a brewery many years, it became a lodging place for Charles Walker, a carriage painter, well known throughout this section of the state.

In later years it was acquired by the water company and for some time stood vacant until occupied recently by an automobile firm.

To Improve Your Digestion
"For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods. I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a year ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them did I find the right treatment. Since taking them my digestion is fine."
Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa.

Larue Curbs Ambition Of Meehan To Meet Dempsey

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 14.—A real icing with all the trimmings and knowdowns was given Willie Meehan by Pat Larue, whom Willie and most of the fans picked as pie for the fat Prizeman. Entering the ring in perfect shape Larue plastered Meehan the entire route, and in the fourth, Meehan was groggily hanging on.

VIOLATED GAME LAWS

The Gold Beach Reporter has the following to say concerning a farmer resident in name Warren Adams broke the Sabbath by arresting a party consisting of Wes Hill, "Butch" Ramp, his father, A. Ramp of Salem, and also a younger Ramp, far having in their possession the carcass of a doe. The elder Ramp, being an old soldier, the charge against him was dismissed while the younger Ramp was also let off with an admonition, but Hill and "Butch" Ramp were arraigned before Justice Dye and given the limit in fines, \$500 and costs. With the exception of \$25, however, the fine was suspended pending good behavior.—Rooseburg News.

FORD JURY CHARGED

Mount Clemens, Mich., Aug. 14.—Judge Tucker began charging the jury in the Henry Ford-Chicago Tribune million dollar libel suit here, shortly after 9 o'clock today. The court room was packed.

"Forget It"—Buy At Home

PHONE 199
The Quickener Press
193 N. Com'l—over Gale & Co.
G. E. Brookings, Proprietor

Job Printing

PHONE 199
The Quickener Press
193 N. Com'l—over Gale & Co.
G. E. Brookings, Proprietor