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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

LIGHTING THE SKY.

Twenty-two airplanes starting from Long Island to the Pacific coast will have their path lighted by enormous searchlights all the way. The lights are to go ahead during the daytime, so they may be at the proper point to give their assistance at night fall.

The searchlight unit will have a wireless outfit. More than 100 men are in the company engaged in this work, with thirty-two officers, and a kitchen with a serving capacity of 220 is with them. There is also a special photographic outfit.

It may seem rather cumbersome to take the transcontinental flight with so much terrestrial impediment, but this means keeping on the safe side in a new field where, after all, little is really known yet of the possibilities.

The slowness, the apparently fussy details which attend such an expedition correspond to the chain of naval ships which held the path for the seaplane venture. They may seem less "sporting" than blind jumps into the unknown. Dredging a channel is less of a sporting affair than diving into the channel; but it is probably more productive in the long run, and is apt to increase the pleasure and safety of future divers.

A GAME WORTH PLAYING.

Among the mountains overlooking the harbor at Vancouver, Canada, are two peaks which resemble crouching lions. It is only recently that the newspaper-reading public has had an opportunity to see a picture of those peaks. The man who has at last secured a good photograph of the stone crouching lions tried for that picture for fifteen years.

His many efforts met with continued failure. Atmospheric conditions and shifting clouds, constantly altering light effects, spoiled his negatives time again and again.

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The common people round me troop, the Toms and Dicks and Harrys; one builds himself a nice new coop, one dies, another marries. The banker's clad in gaudy rags, his bank has marble portals; the hostler carries down his nags, and both are common mortals. The tinsmith makes our motor cars, the blacksmith works his hewells, the poet soars among the stars, and all are common fellows. We all are equal at our birth, one kid's just like another; and when we tumble off the earth, what man's above another? I walk along the churchyard aisles, and, pensive, muse and ponder; the granite's reared in costly piles above that grove o'er yonder; and there a poor man sleeps alone, a friendless wight and daffy, above his head a simple stone, devoid of epitaphy. And both are sleeping just the same, the poor man and the Croesus; on earth they played the common game, and now they're gone to pieces. In youth we all are gay and vain, in middle age we're sober; and all of us have ache and pain when life has reached October. The king, who has God given right to be a nation's master, must leave his downy couch at night to hunt a porous plaster. It makes me tired to hear the talk of strata and of classes; we're just the plain old human flock, we're just the common masses.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

Established 1868

General Banking Business

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

But his perseverance finally won out. He "shot" the two lions and has produced a fine picture of one of nature's wonders.

Perhaps there are men and women who will think the man foolish for trying so long to secure a mere photograph. But there are others who will appreciate both the gift he has made to the many people who will never see those twin peaks at first hand and the pleasure the photographer himself must have derived from his camera quest. It was a kind of a game for him, and there was as much fun in the playing as in the winning. In those fifteen years he must have learned a great deal about mountain photography. He has seen the twin peaks under many conditions and in varied aspects, a joy to the true lover of mountains and sky and clouds. He probably has secured many interesting and beautiful photographs of other views. He has got out of his quest a big fund of health and natural enjoyment, and added vastly to the interest of life.

A good many persons who are inclined to stick too close to business and the humdrum things of the daily routine would be healthier and happier if they would go out on a similar quest, adapted only to their tastes and ability, and the opportunities at hand.

Just how the daylight saving law works to the great disadvantage of the farmer has never been made convincingly clear, but the representatives of the rural districts in congress mustered sufficient strength to repeal it and over the president's veto. One thing, however, is certain: millions of workers in the cities of the nation are by the repeal deprived of long evening daylight hours for recreation and little home labors such as they have enjoyed during this and last summer. And by the repeal the United States slips back to a program of waste. Economies running into millions of dollars have been effected through the saving of fuel and artificial light by means of regulating industrial operations to the daylight hours.

Hard on their protest against the Plumb plan of railroad administration, or any other system favoring of other than private ownership, the owners of the railroads through the Association of Railway Executives are asking that the present rates and government guarantee of a standard return be continued until conditions again become normal. In short, the railroad owners, seeing a stormy period of readjustment ahead, are asking the people of the country to underwrite their fight and take whatever the railroads wish to offer in return. Such a proposition would listen good to almost any business man with a large capital invested just at this time, but it doesn't sound just like good government.

The United States merchant marine is surely on the map at last. In July, 1916, 48 per cent of the vessels that passed through the Panama canal were British; 10 per cent were Japanese; 13 per cent, only, were American. In April, 1919, the per centage had shifted to 35 per cent British, 5 per cent Japanese and 40 per cent American.

After January first the state highway commissioners will be Benson, Booth and Burgess. And if they carry out all the work planned by that body they will be the veritable busy Bs we are so frequently told about when we show a disposition to loaf on the job.

We may never know just how many of those Mexican bandits are bagged during the present raid. The boys will probably be too busy to keep accurate count, and one greaser more or less of that particular brand is not worth bothering about.

There is too much oil being poured on the Mexican waters—in Tampico and elsewhere. And these efforts of the oil interests have precisely the opposite effect to that usually expected. They invited not peace, but war.

Hunting A Husband

BY MARY DOUGLAS

THE AMETHYST RING

CHAPTER XLVIII

I sat on a pile of old magazines. The bell rang. I blew the hair out of my eyes. I tried to clear my snuggled face with a dusty handkerchief. I tore off my apron and flung it behind the door. It was Jeanne, Jeanne at her loveliest—so carefully dressed, yet with such care. She was in black. From it, her blonde prettiness stood out in charming contrast. Beautiful face full away from her slender throat. Her hair gleamed under the soft darkness of her hat.

She sat on a straight chair in the curtainless room. Its bareness made her the more bewitching.

Her hands were clasped listlessly on the black dress. On one finger was a ring, beautiful and odd.

"What an unusual ring," I said.

"Oh, that, that is my engagement ring," her voice was emotionless.

"Your engagement ring?" I could not repress the little gasp in my voice.

"Yes, didn't you know that I'm engaged to Tom Angus?"

It was not she that colored. It was I. Tom engaged! I had an awful feeling—as if I were left alone in an empty world. Though, of course, Tom is only my old pal.

Then I forgot myself. For across Jeanne's face had come a look of eagerness—the first feeling she had shown.

"Miss Lane, Tom always says you're

so sensible—to come to you if I want advice or anything. You're like his sister. And I do want you to help me. Can't you just tell Tom—not from me of course—but, well—you fix it up—that I just can't stand this old ring. It was his mother's. Just an old amethyst. Who cares if it was his mother's. I want a great, big, sparkling diamond. I won't go on being engaged if I can't have a stunning ring!"

What came next was so sudden—so unexplained—that it scarcely seemed real. I know I clutched the side of my chair.

For there stood Tom! At the end of the room. His face was inexplicable, white with anger—cold, terrible anger.

"Give it to me!" he said. Then again, "Give me the ring!"

"O Tom, dear, I didn't mean—"

Tom's face had changed. But I did not like to see the look in his eyes. A disillusioned look. A bitter look.

He held out his hand. His lips were closed in a straight, hard line.

Jeanne pulled off the amethyst ring. She looked at Tom with a little curl of those pretty lips. She just nodded to me. She was gone.

I could say nothing to Tom. I did not know what to say. No banalities, no sympathy would suffice. Still the hard look on his face. The tight line of his lips had not relaxed.

Then, before I knew it, I said the words out loud, "I'm so glad Tom!"

His whole expression changed. Surprise swept over his face. He turned. The front door closed behind him. He, too, was gone.

And I was left on a pile of dusty magazines. With a crumpled handkerchief clasped tight in my hand.

Tomorrow—The inspiration.

CITY NEWS

After running two or three blocks ahead of the fire chemical auto when it was responding to a fire alarm call yesterday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock, the Studebaker of Henry Steel of Woodburn was slightly damaged on State street when the car struck the rear wheel of the chemical. The Studebaker was thrown to the parking, striking a telegraph pole which was broken by the impact. Fortunately neither Mr. nor Mrs. Steel who were in the car were injured. The only damage to the chemical auto was a dent on the hub. It seems that the chemical auto was making about 35 miles an hour and was sounding the siren, but the Studebaker ahead driven by Mr. Steel did not turn out to give way until the chemical almost reached it. In turning out, the Studebaker was swerved a little to one side just as the chemical passed. The fire was just south of the Epey store on State street in a pile of old shingles that had been stacked under an apple tree.

It really is a fact that, beginning with the new shipments of stock for fall and winter wear, shoes will retail from \$2 to \$3 higher. As a greater part of this new stock will arrive about Sept. 1 this date has been set as the time when prices will advance, but it is understood this refers to new shipments, where shoe dealers have been obliged to pay the higher wholesale price. But the fact remains that this fall it will require a few more dollars to buy a pair of shoes than it did last year at this time, notwithstanding all investigations on the high cost of almost everything.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Trover narrowly missed serious injury last evening when their car in which they were driving skidded so suddenly that it crashed into the vacant building at Miller and South Commercial streets, smashing the front plate glass window of the store but doing no serious damage to the car or occupants. They were on their way to their farm south of the city and when about opposite the stone building at Miller and Commercial, in attempting to get the wheels of the car out of the rut of the street railway track, the car skidded and crashed into the building before Mr. Trover could shut off the motor or apply the brakes.

Several contingents of convalescent soldiers arrived in New York yesterday, among them the following boys from Salem and the Willamette valley: J. P. Boguska, Salem; Earl S. Moore, Newberg; Lieut. John G. Manning, McMinnville; Sergt. P. O. Frazer, McMinnville; Sergt. Roy C. Hubler, Corvallis; Neil L. Buchanan, Independence; J. G. Schabel, Canby; F. R. Frakes, Dallas; Geo. C. Matten, Salem; Homer J. Brown, Dallas; K. E. Burtness, Silverton; John O. Priesen, Dallas; Wm. O. Rogers, McMinnville; Claude M. Hannon, Eugene; Frank L. Wagner, Corvallis; Frank M. McCann, Dallas; Sergt. Allen H. Cady, Corvallis; Sergt. Ralph H. Feeley, Dallas; Sergt. F. W. Poorman, Woodburn; Loran M. Randall, Newberg; Sergt. John T. Haley, Eugene.

Tell your troubles to the police. Last evening about 7 o'clock a telephone message came to the police station from a woman living in north Salem with the alarming news that a hob was milking her cow and that she wanted an officer sent out immediately. He was. It seems that frequently the wandering Willies who happen this way reduce the high cost of living out in the open by appropriating the evening supply of milk of some genteel Bossy feeding in the pastures in the north part of the city.

Cooperation by the Commercial club in labor day activities was promised by directors of the club at the meeting held last evening. To represent the club in its activities of the day committees were appointed as follows:

Job Printing PHONE 199
The Quickener Press
193 N Com'l-over Gale & Co.
G. E. Brookins, Proprietor

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If its glasses you need we can fit you no matter how difficult your case may be. We guarantee every pair of glasses we make. Come in and have your eyes examined.

HARTMAN BROS. CO.

Jewelers and Opticians
Northwest Corner of State and Liberty Streets
HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR

Parade—J. J. Simeral, William McGillchrist, J. C. E. Knowland, Barbee—W. Gillingham, I. Greenbaum, Program—C. E. Barbour and J. W. Todd. Concessions—J. E. Meehan and J. F. Hatchassa, Music—John Graber and Ivan Martin. Finances—L. J. Simeral, C. W. Gillingham, Ivan G. Martin, C. E. Barbour, J. E. Hoeman and P. E. Fullerton. There will be an industrial parade at 10 o'clock in the morning with the greater part of the program at the fairgrounds during the day.

Picking green berries without the permission of the owner or renter of the land is plain larceny, according to the opinion of quite a number of farmers who have been telephoning in lately to city Recorder Race, complaining of the city folks coming out and not only picking berries for their home use, but getting enough for commercial purposes. It is understood that owners of several fine patches of berries have suffered from the predatory city folks who were laying in a winter supply without even asking permission, and that plans are now under way for swearing out warrants for trespass and larceny.

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Good assortment real values. Plaid percale aprons, at \$1.00; Indigo blue aprons, \$1.45; big girls aprons at \$1.25; Ladies' aprons, special, at \$2.00; small aprons at 50c; Ladies house dresses at \$2.25.

LADIES AND GIRLS WOOL SWEATER COATS
Nice colors, new styles and popular prices

LADIES AND GIRLS NEW FALL COATS
The newest nice cloths, good quality, very latest styles, classy coats and reasonable prices.

SHOES

The Washington shoes for boys and men
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Our shoes are guaranteed. The dependable line.
You take no chances

HOSIERY--THE BLACK CAT BRAND

None better Ladies lisle hoes at 45c and 50c, fast colors; Ladies out sizes or sizes 10-12 and 11 at 50c
Ladies' silk lisle, fast black, at 75c
Misses silk lisle, fast black, 40c to 60c (according to size)

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The genuine Levi Strauss Koveralls for children.
Lee's Unionall for men or boys, best made.

Bread is your BEST FOOD--

It is your Cheapest Food--
Eat more of it.

When buying bread ask your grocer for HOLSUM; And be assured of getting the home-baked quality and food values that are characteristic of the perfect loaf.

See that you get HOLSUM--there is a difference in buying a loaf of bread and HOLSUM BREAD.

In favor of HOLSUM.