

Editorial Page of The Daily Capital Journal

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MUCH TALK ABOUT PEACE.

It is easy to say "Let us have peace," but how is it to be brought about? A newspaper now is publishing articles of fury demanding that the United States stop the war in Europe. The headline over this article reads: "Let the United States give peace to Europe." All very well, if anyone can tell how it is going to be done. It is not an original thought on the part of newspapers which are crying for peace when there is no peace to say that the United States should attempt to stop the fighting. People in this country wish the war would end tomorrow, and wish with all their souls that it never had started. But no one, with the exception of the foolish few, believes for a minute that America can end the war in Europe.

How would we go to work to stop it? Send over a few millions armed men to fight back both sides? It is unthinkable. Russia and Germany and France and England are not going to quit fighting because we ask them to do so, and we are not going to make the request, not having lost ordinary common sense. Reading through the long article headed "Let the United States Give Peace to Europe" to see how the writer would have this desired and reached, this suggestion was found—and it was the only one: "Let the president offer mediation at once." When swords were first drawn, President Wilson did offer mediation, and not at the promptings of any newspapers, but because it was the desire of this country, and mediation was rejected. The offer still stands. If any of the fighters wish to accept it, the president will hear of it.

In the meanwhile let all of us continue to long for peace. But let us also bear in mind the kaiser will not quit fighting because Woodrow Wilson tells him he does not like war. The United States cannot "give peace to Europe"; it cannot even offer advice. All we can do is to saw wood and keep as still as we can. It's not a good time for hot air or foolish suggestions.

HUMAN LIMITATIONS.

"Overconfidence and overwork of their army," says a London dispatch, "undoubtedly caused the Germans their heavy reverses."

German overconfidence, however, is an article that was not altogether made in Germany. For years the military writers of practically all countries have exhausted the superlatives of their vocabulary in describing the German military machine. More than that, a whole school of novelists, mostly English, in their campaigns of jingoism have pictured the German army as something superhuman, not only in its military intelligence but in its capacity for action. There were no limits to its possible achievement except the limits of the human imagination.

In the main test the German army has been found to be like other armies in its chief particular. It can do only what flesh and blood can do. Flesh and blood were equal to the marvellous advance through Belgium and across Northeastern France; but after such an unprecedented dash, flesh and blood were no longer equal to the task of fighting an offensive battle against equal or greater numbers in strong positions on ground of their own selection.

If the German staff believed that men were no longer merely men when they had been fitted into the kaiser's great war machine, it believed only what the world in general believed. In the future there will be fewer writers and military experts who suffer from the delusion that drill and iron discipline can overcome all the natural physical and nervous limitations of the human animal. The most tremendous war machine that the mind of man can fashion is only flesh and blood, and subject to all the vicissitudes of flesh and blood.

THE SAME OLD COMBINATION.

The Evening Telegram has joined the Portland Oregonian in its dirty fight on Senator Chamberlain and Dr. Smith. This is the old combination and it is pretty good evidence that the reported sale of the evening sheet to outside parties is only a repetition of the gag, the Telegram having been "sold" a good many times in the past. There is, however, one good thing about this Oregonian-Telegram political combination and that is that a large ma-

jority of the people of the state vote on the opposite side. They have come to learn that when these papers advocate anybody's election it is a good time to line up with the people who are being abused and vilified. They undoubtedly elected both Senators Chamberlain and Lane and Governor West because of the unfairness of the fight waged against them by the Oregonian and Telegram, and they will proceed now to give Chamberlain and Smith a rousing majority for the same reason.

The political insincerity and dishonesty of the gold brick twins of journalism in Portland are known to every voter in Oregon. Like the old man of the sea, they cling like grim death to the republican state organization and drag it down frequently to undeserved defeat.

Rev. Father Molloy, an American priest, of evident Irish descent, and who has for years been stationed in New Zealand, gives the lie to statements of German cruelty, and pays a glowing tribute to their tender and humane treatment of British prisoners, which was better even than the treatment given their own wounded. Among the charges and counter charges of interested parties, the statement of an unprejudiced onlooker must carry great weight and be practically convincing. The truth no doubt is that outside of a few isolated cases, the present war is as humane as other wars, and perhaps as humane as human butchery can be made. Solicitous crippling and affectionate assassination are sentimentally beautiful, but practically impossible.

Each of the warring nations apparently wants to capture the other fellow's capital. If it was the financial capital, there might be some reason for this, but the other kind is of no more value than any other city. The British captured Philadelphia when it was the capital of this country, but like everybody else that ever hit that place, they got out as quickly as possible. They could not take the town with them—it was too slow to keep up when they left.

Speaking of battle songs, it is related on apparently good authority that during the Spanish war the favorite song was "A Hot Time in the Old Town," and this the Filipinos believed from its popularity was the national anthem, and at their request it was played at Filipino funerals. For once the song was probably descriptive of the things to follow, being a case of "coming events casting their shadows before."

The Stayton Mail is of the opinion the republican county candidates have an easy thing and says they are resting on their oars. The Mail is correct. As a matter of fact, there is but one democratic candidate for any county office, and it does seem that they can take things easy and feel reasonably certain of election.

An eastern Oregon paper says Colonel Hofer spoke so convincingly in his debate with Dr. Clarence True Wilson, on the wet side of the prohibition movement, that he broke a six weeks' drouth and started the rains. The colonel is a powerful speaker, but we rather fancy that paper's news statement was not censored.

Wonder if the Oregonian would make so much objection to "grape juice policies" if Mr. Bryan should change drinks and tackle the incarnadine loganberry juice? Would it smell as bad under any other name, or would state pride compel silence about "loganberry juice policies"?

Oklahoma has discovered that statehood comes high. Her taxes are eight times as great as they were under territorial government despite the increasing of her property valuation several times since that period. They are nearly four times as high this year as in 1907.

With 29 initiative measures to be voted on in November, it is suggested that the voter tackle one every morning before breakfast and try to digest it during the day. There will be a few extra days under this plan, but the voters will need them to rest up.

From reports coming in from all parts of the valley as to the young Oregonian's industrial exhibits, pa and ma had better begin to get ready to take a back seat, while little Johnny and demure little Susie walk off with the big prizes.

The war may come to an end before many months have passed, but the identity of the man who threw the first brick will not be settled for some years to come. Not until historians instead of partisans get a chance at it.

One of the justices of the supreme court of Ohio calls attention to the fact that "the law's delays," of which so much is said, is often only the judge's delays. There is probably considerable merit in this statement.

If those British censors had drawn a blue pencil through the war poems instead of war news, the world at large might have a better knowledge of the war and a higher opinion of English poets.

Down at Springfield, Missouri, an active educational movement is on to teach the difference and distinction between mushrooms and toadstools. Up to date only about half a dozen dead are reported.

A friend suggests concerning the candidacy of Earl Race for the city recordership that when Race gets in the race there should be no "Race prejudice."

THE ROUND-UP

Mrs. Mabel Simpson, one of Albany's most prominent women, died Thursday following an operation for appendicitis. She was 48 years old.

Louis H. Howe, aged 20, wanted in Brownsville on a statutory charge is under arrest at Wenatchee, Washington, and will be brought back to stand trial.

George M. Brown, candidate for attorney general, has been quite ill for ten days but is again able to be out.

The Josephine fair closing Thursday night was the best and biggest ever held in the county.

Astoria opened its county fair Thursday and La Grande closed that of Union county. The latter was a great success.

Glady's Hardy, the young woman who is making a horseback trip from Spokane to Maine, while in Eugene Thursday said: "It was real mean for the Oregon papers to criticize Oswald West for taking my pony through the state house." Ah there Oswald.

Mrs. Mary A. Bonser, aged 74, a pioneer of 1844, died at the Good Samaritan hospital, Portland, Thursday. With her husband "Bert," Bonser, she resided on Santitas Island for many years.

The registration on Monday at the Oregon Agricultural college had reached 1115, in comparison with 1085 on the same date last year.

The Woodlawn Independent believes it will be "only a matter of a short while before we have a full merchant marine bringing to Oregon certain raw products from South America and taking back Oregon manufactured goods."

Estancia Progress: The members of the George Commercial and Social club are working overtime on the erection of their new club house. The foundation is already up and the building will be finished in time for their county fair, September 25.

Promoting an interest in eucalyptus will be one of the purposes of a eucalyptus contest to be held in the Presbyterian church at Albany under the auspices of the ladies of the church on October 7, 8 and 9. Professor Back with and Miss Thayer, of the O. A. C. will serve as judges.

Cost of living at Corvallis is illustrated by a list in the Gazette-Times. Twenty six households have board and rooms, at prices ranging from \$16 to \$26 a month; 65 have rooms alone, ranging from \$7 to \$18 a month, and 25 have board alone, ranging from \$15.00 to \$22.50 a month, and \$4.25 to \$5 a week.

Hood River Gleaner: A new religious sect, of the militant order, and known as God's Army, has been in the city, having come with the street carnival. The members of the Army, who seem to be also the members of a large family, are garbed somewhat similar to the Salvation Army workers. They have a drum and other musical instruments and attract a crowd with their music.

Miserere

Now this mighty war is over, and upon fair Zenda's shore the invader steps no more, we shall sing! Now the war dogs hide their teeth and the sword has found its sheath, I shall place a gorgeous wreath on our king. He has laid all Graustack low, he has squelched the haughty foe, but he doesn't seem to know why he fought; he is trying to recall what it was that stirred his gall, why his soldiers, heroes all, have been shot. Ah, it is a frightful strain on the monarch's weary brain, and he sits in previous pain, thinking hard: "what had Graustack done to me, that I seized my snickersnee? Hung her washing on the tree in my yard? Now so many men are dead, and the land is painted red, I must harbor in my head some excuse. Now the victory is won, I must think what she has done, that I made the carriage run like the dunces!" While the monarch thinks and thinks, with a brain that's full of kinks, all his strikers-country sinks in despair; for the fields are white with bones; orphans' cries and widows' moans, and the old men's sobbing groans fill the air. On the farm the starving cow licks the empty manger now, and no more the shining plow claves the soil; for the men who tilled the fields and brought home the golden yields now have journeyed on their shields to their God.



The spacious home was profusely decorated with red vinnias, a radiant fall flower, and Oregon grape, intertwined with rich red asters. Cards were played and as many of the guests were musical, solos, duets and instrumental numbers were given in a pleasing manner. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Fred Stewart and Mrs. Gervais Benjamin and the Misses Veda Cross, Helen Wood and Lillian Slater.

STATE FAIR NOTES

Fair Grounds, Friday, Sept. 25.—The Tented City boasts of two physicians—Geo. Hoeye, Oregon City, and A. G. Smith, Portland. Their services are free to the campers. They tell the campers to be free to call upon them. Three families that drove in from Bend and went into camp a week ago were so well pleased with Marion county that they invested \$2,000 in Marion county and are now citizens of this county. So much for kindness bestowed upon passing strangers who were tired and chilled by the heavy rainfall through which they came en route to California.

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last night and gave a concert to the villagers. Fair grounds post office will be made a station after October 1st. People attending the state fair will find mail on the branch office in the administration building. Let all interested persons bear in mind that times beyond a future to conduct business on the state fair grounds will be protected from solicitors. There are restaurants that pay a license, stores that pay a license, straw and feed vendors that pay a license, a meat market that pays a license, and people must not molest or interfere with the business of those who pay for this privilege. All persons except those paying a license to do business must assist booths among last year's campers are reported as follows: F. M. Sharp, Tangent; Mrs. J. B. Knoules, Silverton; W. B. Francis, Salem. The illness and infirmity of Wm. Powers may detain him at his home in Albany this year. For 50 years "Uncle Billy" has been a faithful attendant at the state fair, and he and his wife have for ten years had the distinction of being the oldest couple in camp. The patients at the state hospital certainly have transformed the grounds. Praise is heard on all hands. A thousand thanks to these unfortunates, Superintendent Steiner.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Steeve A. Sanford are spending the week in Salem. Before their removal to Roseburg, the Sanfords were prominent in Salem society. Before her marriage, Mrs. Sanford was a popular Salem girl. Mr. Sanford was formerly on the banking staff here.

THE VILLAGE ORACLE.

Old Dan! Hanks he says this town Is just the best on earth; He says there ain't one up nor down, That's got one-half her worth; He says there ain't no other state That's good as our'n nor near; And all the folks that's good and great Is settled right 'round here. Says I, "D'jer ever travel, Dan?" "You bet I ain't," says he; "I tell you what! The place I've got Is good enough fer me!" He says the other party's fools, "Cause they don't vote his way; He says the 'foolish-minded schools' Is where they ought ter stay. If he was law, their mouths w'd shut, Or blow 'em all ter smash; He says their 'emulation's nothin' but A great big mess of trash. Says I, "D'jer ever read it, Dan?" "You bet I ain't," says he; "And when I do—well, I tell you I'll let you know, by gee!" He says that all religion's wrong, "Cept just what he believes; He says them ministers belong In jail, the same as thieves; He says they take the blessed Word And tear it all to shreds; He says their preachin's just absurd; They're simply leatherheads. Says I, "D'jer ever hear 'em, Dan?" "You bet I ain't," says he; "I'll never go to hear 'em, no; They make me sick, ter see." Some fellows reckon more or less Before they speak their mind, And sometimes calculate or guess— But them ain't Dan's kind. The Lord knows all things, great or small; With doubt he's never vexed; He in His wisdom knows it all— But Dan! Hanks comes next! Says I, "How d'jer know you're right?" "You bet I ain't," says he; "How do I know?" says he; "Well, now, I vum, I know, by gum! I'm right, because I be." —Joseph C. Lincoln.

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