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SHE TOOK HIS SPEECH

Then the Bright Girl Got Work as His Stenographer.

She was riding into the city on the morning train in search of a position as a stenographer. Having seen the large, florid man in the seat in front of her cut an advertisement from his newspaper and put it away in his pocketbook, she was just curious enough to look up the corresponding place in her own paper. Finding there an advertisement for a stenographer, she noted down the address and thanked her feminine curiosity.

She then turned back to her pencil and notebook. It seemed as if, practice as she might, she never could keep her speed up to 100 words a minute. She tried copying from the newspaper, but the motion of the car made the words dance before her eyes until they hurt her. She tried making up sentences as she went along and failed. Finally she resorted to taking down the incessant chatter of two women behind her, but their talk was often drowned in the disturbances of a number of young people still farther back, who were riotously noisy.

The young lady struggled with a tirade on the servant girl problem, timing herself by the distance between stations—two minutes from Sherwood to Sherwood Corners. Could she do 200 words? As her hand dashed madly over the page a large wad of newspaper flew past her and struck the florid man in the neck. The laughter behind subsided into dismayed giggles.

Slowly the large man turned his injured neck. He was redder than ever as he started to speak. The words fell from his lips, hot but distinct, swiftly but smoothly. He was telling the bolsterous young people seven seats back just what he thought of them.

The young woman with the pencil saw her chance and took it. Here was glorious dictation. Her pencil flew. The speech lasted a minute and a half and was cut short then only by the arrival of the train at the terminal. The stenographer slapped her book shut with a comfortable feeling of having done even better than a hundred words per minute and set off in search of her position.

When she arrived at the address she had noted down, she was ushered into a private office, where sat the man of the speech. She stammered a little until she saw that he did not recognize her. His mind had been full of bigger things. Then she smilingly told him her errand.

"Do you think you can take my dictation?" he said, frowning.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think so? I talk very fast."

"But very distinctly, sir." She produced her notebook and laid it open before him. "Here's a sample." She began to read her notes.

His jaw dropped. There was his masterpiece of the train, complete and unabridged. It really sounded very well, so full of fire.

When she finished, he looked at her sharply. His face was very red, but his eye twinkled.

"The job's yours," he said in a subdued voice.—Youth's Companion.

SOME NEWSY ITEMS.

From the Coast as Told by the Gold Beach Globe.

Grass is growing and range stock are looking extra well. The lambing season has commenced, and if the mild weather continues a good crop of lambs is assured.

If the beautiful spring weather of the past few days continues a week longer it will so lessen the water supply that it will drive the beach numbers from mining to making early gardens.

The old residents of Coos and Coos counties learn with regret of the death of Father Heinrich, the pioneer priest of this section in the early '70s. He was a man among men, liked and respected by members of all creeds. His death occurred at Baker City, and was caused by paralysis. He was 60 years old.

The cruiser California on her trial trip went as far north as Cape Blanco, on an average speed of 22 1/2 knots per hour. She fired each of her 18 guns three times during the trip. While off this place she fired several shots, the jar of which was perceptibly felt here.

C. H. Crew succeeded in killing and securing a very fine and valuable sea otter off Cape Blanco, the skin measuring over six feet. This is not the first sea otter secured by Mr. Crew, he being one of the best and oldest otter hunters on the coast. This otter was killed a week ago last Saturday during one of the severest southwesterly at a range of over 300 yards, and three out of four shots found their mark inside of as many seconds, testifying to his skill.

FELL FIVE AND A HALF MILES IN A BALLOON

One of the most terrific experiences in the history of ballooning was that of three aeronauts who in 1875 made an ascension in a large and well made balloon, the Zenith. In this voyage the object was to reach the greatest possible altitude. The balloon rose to a height of 28,000 feet—that is, about five and a half miles from the earth. At this point something happened—what, no one will ever know, since the only surviving balloonist, Tissandier, was at the time insensible. But the balloon began a rapid fall and finally struck the ground with such a frightful shock that Sivel and Croce-Spinelli were killed instantly, while Tissandier's life was spared by a miracle.

The account of this voyage is perhaps best told in Tissandier's own words: "At 23,000 feet we were standing up in the car. Sivel, who had given up for a moment, was reinvigorated. Croce-Spinelli was motionless in front of me. I felt stupefied and frozen. I wished to put on my fur gloves. But without being conscious of it the action of taking them from my pocket necessitated an effort that I could no longer make. I copy verbatim the following lines which were written by me, although I have no very distinct remembrance of doing so. They are traced in a hardly legible manner by a hand trembling with cold:

"My hands are frozen. I am all right. We are all right. Fog in the horizon, with little rounded cirrus. We are ascending. Croce pants. He inhales oxygen. Sivel closes his eyes. Croce also closes his eyes. Sivel throws out ballast. Sivel seized his knife and cut successively three cords, and the three bags emptied themselves, and we ascended rapidly.

"When Sivel cut away the bags of ballast at the height of about 24,000 feet I seemed to remember that he was sitting at the bottom of the car and nearly in the same position as Croce-Spinelli. For my part, I was in the angle of the car, thanks to which support I was able to hold up, but I soon felt too weak even to turn my head to look at my companions. This was about 1:30 p. m. At 2:05 p. m. I awoke for a moment and found the balloon descending. I was able to cut away a bag of ballast to check the speed and wrote in my notebook the following words:

"We are descending. Temperature 5 degrees. I throw out ballast. Barometer, 12.4 inches. We are descending. Sivel and Croce still in a fainting state at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly.

"Hardly had I written these lines when a kind of trembling seized me, and I fell back weakened again. There was a violent wind from below upward, denoting a very rapid descent. After some minutes I felt myself shaken by the arm and recognized Croce, who had revived. 'Throw out ballast,' he said to me. 'We are descending.' But I could hardly open my eyes and did not

see whether Sivel was awake. I called to mind that Croce unfastened the aspirator, which he then threw overboard, and he threw out ballast, rugs, etc.

"At 3:30 p. m. I opened my eyes again. I felt dreadfully giddy and oppressed, but gradually came to myself. The balloon was descending with frightful speed and making great oscillations. I crept along on my knees and pulled Sivel and Croce by the arm. 'Sivel! Croce!' I exclaimed. 'Wake up!' My two companions were huddled up motionless in the car, covered by their cloaks. I collected all my strength and endeavored to raise them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, and his mouth was open and full of blood. Croce's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was bloody.

"To relate what happened afterward is impossible. I felt a frightful wind. We were still 9700 feet high. There remained in the car two bags of ballast, which I threw out. I was drawing near the earth. I looked for my knife to cut the small rope which held the anchor, but could not find it. I was like a madman and continued to call, 'Sivel, Sivel!' By good fortune I was able to put my hand upon my knife and detach the anchor at the right moment.

"The shock on coming to the ground was dreadful. The balloon seemed as if it was being flattened. I thought it was going to remain where it had fallen, but the wind was high, and it was dragged across fields. The bodies of my unfortunate friends were shaken about in the car, and I thought every moment they would be jerked out. At length, however, I detatched the valve line, and the gas soon escaped from the balloon, which lodged against a tree. It was then 4 o'clock. On stepping out I was seized with a feverish attack and sank down and thought for a moment that I was going to join my friends in the next world, but I came to. I found the bodies of my friends cold and stiff. I had them put under shelter in an adjacent barn. The descent of the Zenith took place on the plains 155 miles from Paris as the crow flies. The greatest height attained in this ascent is estimated at 28,000 feet."—W. R. C. Latson in Minneapolis Journal.

X-RAYS.

Taft is showing Missouri Republicans. It is hoped he will make a better showing than he did in Oklahoma.

The detectives in Portland have made the astounding discovery that "Frita's saloon is a wicked place." Some time these detectives will learn that water flows down hill, or that part of the city of Portland is on the East side of the Willamette.

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WHEN THE PRONOUN "IT" WAS "HIT"

The neuter pronoun of the third person was originally not "it," but "hit." The latter etymologically correct form maintained itself in the standard speech down to the sixteenth century. But even then, whenever it appeared, it must have been generally looked upon as a mere survival of a generally abandoned usage. Even by the beginning of the thirteenth century the initial "h" had begun to be dropped in writing, as it previously must have been dripped by many in pronunciation. Doubtless there were men in those days who saw in its disappearance evidence of influences that were then corrupting the speech. Their forebodings had justification to this extent. Had it not been for the dropping of the "h," "its" would never have made its way into the language. The tendency to discard the aspirate, once begun, kept on increasing. By the time the reign of Elizabeth was reached "it" had become the accepted term. "Hit" was hardly known at all, save as it was retained in the dialects, especially those of the north.

Another agency now came forward to pave the way for the introduction of "its." "His" had been the common genitive of both "he" and "hit." Of the two it was and originally must have seemed nearer to the neuter nominative than to the masculine. But when in the course of time the progress of what we call coeknessism had caused the initial "h" to disappear from "hit," the condition of things underwent a complete change. The possession of the same vowel "i" could not save its genitive for the neuter pronoun. For the consonant is always more dominating than the vowel in speech, and the aspirate is the most dominating of the consonants. It always makes its presence or absence felt. When it was lost both to sight and memory by its disappearance from "hit," consciousness was also gradually lost that there was or ever had been any close connection between the genitive "his" and the nominative "it."—Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's Magazine.

British Rule in India.

An English paper reproduces from "The Chinese National Reader," used in the elementary schools of the empire, the following description of British rule in India. The excerpt is not calculated to make the average Briton over-enthusiastic for the further westernization of the Chinese:

"The English knew that the Indians were ignorant of combined patriotism, and, moreover, devised plans to keep them divided, so as to hold the various principalities in subjection. They caused the Indians to fight and slay each other, and, as opportunities served, annexed some of the country. They also raised armies of Indians and eradicated (literally, 'dug up with a hoe') those who did not submit, till by degrees they pacified the whole of India. After a rebellion about the middle of the nineteenth century, the queen of England in due course assumed the style of the empress of India. The British government in India drills the natives as officers and soldiers, but employs Englishmen as generals. It permits the employment of natives as subordinates, but with Englishmen to oversee them, and no Indian is ever granted any civil or military post that carries influence. According to ancient Indian custom the walls of houses were usually hung with swords, but the English, fearing rebellion or resistance, have seized and destroyed these weapons. Whoever conceals swords or firearms is liable to the penalty of death. The taxes are also very numerous and heavy. The classes who live by manual labor have to give half their annual income to pay their rent and taxes, thus spending their lives in a state of constant oppression. Thus the people of the whole of India are compelled to bask their heads and humiliate their hearts in submission to their fate.

"The English who live in India do not condescend to speak to the natives. When renowned princes of the various states come to pay their respects at the court of an English official (the Chinese word for official here employed implies that he is a person of small importance) they

bend their bodies low, and with ing head perform the most respectful obeisances, to which the English official simply replies with a When the ceremony is over, the English official presents each of feudatory princes with some money or candied fruits, and feudatory princes lay their hands on their foreheads to express their gratitude as if they were the fortunate recipients of an infinite blessing. Alas! is it not terrible to think that the misery of a ruined state can sink to this?"

THE PARADISE OF THE "BOOZE FIGHT"

Here's a Problem: Who Paid for Cowboy's Whiskey?

A London paper, which is enough away to be safe, starts Mary Ann problem thus: In United States the Mexican dollar an exchange value of 90 cents. Mexico the American silver dollar has the same value. On the front of the United States, where Texas joins Mexico, there are two saloons on each side of the frontier. cowboy buys a 10-cent drink of whiskey at the American saloon and for it with an American silver dollar receiving a Mexican dollar as change. With this he crosses the border into the Mexican for a 10-cent drink receives an American dollar exchange. It is evident that the length of time he can stand finally wakes up with a bad headache and with the American dollar with which he started. Who paid the whiskey?

ASK SUSPENSION OF DEMURRAGE LAW

The Oregon Electric Company has petitioned the railroad commission for a suspension of the demurrage provision of the railroad commission act for 30 days. The commission claims it is not, as yet, in a position to handle all of the freight which is offered it, as it has at this time a few flat cars. The manager asserts, however, that they will try their best to haul all freight offered them between here and Portland.