

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

L. S. BARNES, President CHAS. H. FISHER, Vice-President DORA C. ANDRESEN, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per month .45
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per month .25

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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WAR FROM THE SOLDIER'S STANDPOINT

The following description of war, as it is being carried on in Europe is from the diary of a French soldier. It is valuable because it gives the impression that the soldier in the ranks acquires after he has experienced the horrors of the fighting line and realizes that it is all a senseless nightmare of butchery—a carnival of savagry which mocks the boasted civilization of the Twentieth century. Jean Gigot's narrative of his experiences at the front is a classic:

The baptism of fire that others received in past wars was far different from mine. How there is no rosy flush of excitement, none of the glory of war, no charges of cavalry, no pretty marches and counter-marches of regiments and battalions against another marching enemy. There is none of the physical exercise which warms your blood, gives you courage to stand and fight. You rarely go forward and you can't run away. If you tried to run it would be committing suicide at the first jump. The best you can do is to sit down in the mud at the bottom of the trench and pray that a bomb from a cannon or an aeroplane won't get you.

That first night we could hear the Germans talking in their trenches across that little patch of ground torn up by the shot and shell of a month of mining and counter-mining. They must have known we were a new regiment and entertained hopes of driving us out. We had hardly got settled before they began on us with mitrailleuse, rifle, small mountain cannon, and the rest.

All night long it was a series of such attacks, counter-attacks on our part, hand-to-hand fights outside our trenches when the Germans tried to rush us—killing, stabbing, wounding, amid the deafening roar of the supporting artillery, during which it was next to impossible to hear the cries and groans of the wounded, the terrible shrieks of men cut in two by vicious pieces of bursting shell. A friend of mine and a good comrade was shot in the head beside me, yet I didn't have a minute's time to care for him. To top all, with the morning came a cold, dreary rain, just heavier than mist.

Was I frightened? I can't say, but the final impression left on me was one of supreme disgust, unspendable misery. It's like living in a huge morgue for the drowned. Up to our knees in mud and water, every thread of clothing wet, our rifles sticky, rusting already, refusing to explode their cartridges, we must keep an aching cold, pneumonia, perhaps, and continue firing, killing, as if we were butchers. What a life! And this is the twentieth century!

It is in such times as this, with death rubbing elbows on every side, that I appreciate the wonderful gift of a life of peace. This death, it hums and crashes over our heads, it whistles in our ears, it lies at our feet when the trench is dynamited. And when I see my comrades drop at my side, dead or wounded, how I thank God for his protection, how I begin to love the home life that once seemed without end!

WILSON AND INTERNATIONAL LAW

Some newspapers are devoting a good deal of space to setting forth the diplomatic attainments of Robert Lansing, acting secretary of state, who is supposed to have received his training from his father-in-law, John W. Foster, whose experience in statecraft was long and varied. Some of these editors, however, overlook the fact that President Wilson himself is no novice in the matter of international law, having devoted years of study and research to the acquiring of such knowledge.

Before he was president of Princeton Woodrow Wilson was a professor of jurisprudence and international law in that university and in 1898 he published a condensed history of all the governments of the world under the simple title "The State," which has been since used in Yale and other universities as a standard textbook.

As one of our exchanges remarks it is a book that should be in the home of every American citizen. Now is a particularly good time to read it, or to re-read it, if by chance you were so fortunate as to have studied it in your earlier years. The chapters on the governments of England, France and Germany will give a better idea of the conditions which led up to the present upheaval of Europe than almost any other available book because it was written in times of peace when such questions could be calmly and impartially analyzed.

The Oregon Farmer talks most sensibly when it calls attention to the fact that it is quite a temptation, when one reads that the United States egg crop sold for seven hundred million dollars last year, to lay glowing plans for getting rich from the product of the poultry yard. Yet comparatively few succeed in making chickens pay on a large scale, but small flocks are nearly always profitable. This is the difference between theory and practice, for on paper the big poultry farm always pays. The trouble lies in the fact that comparatively few people are fitted by nature and practice to specialize in this particular branch of livestock. Some are, and they succeed. For those who are not, it is better to have several strings to their bows. A few cows, a few hogs, enough fruit and some chickens will support a family comfortably on a small place. Until one's ability along one particular line develops strongly, it is wise to go slow on the specializing.

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SIGNBOARD REGULATION

New York's recent enactment of a more stringent law against highway advertising, with similar legislation in other states and a determined effort to enforce the Pennsylvania law, shows that the disfiguring signboard is becoming more and more unpopular.

Whether we shall ever attain as much courage as Great Britain or Switzerland, where it is generally unlawful to exhibit an advertisement visible from any carriage-way, bridge-way or foot-way, and injurious to the landscape, remains to be seen.

Maybe there is something in the American temperament which delights in such disfigurements. Formerly the signs chiefly lined the railways' path; with the advent of the automobile those crying the merits of tires, oils, horns and brakes along the roads have multiplied. The pace of the motorist being rapid, these have to be glaring, and therefore hideously disfiguring to scenery.

It has been suggested in France that the "artists" return to old-fashioned designs. Watteau painted a "Faithful Shepherd" sign, still preserved as art, and Boilly a "Gourmet" advertisement that was delightful. But art seems divorced from modern sign boards.

There were 3857 copies of the Daily Capital Journal sent to regular subscribers and sold on the streets Saturday. That's a circulation which the publishers are not ashamed of and best of all it is growing steadily and surely without the aid of any special campaign methods. The second city in the state in size and commercial importance ought to have the best and biggest newspapers outside of Portland, and the Capital Journal is proving that it has acquired that distinction already.

The campaign for a greater army and navy in this country is on in earnest. Press headquarters have been opened and ready-made editorials and news stories are being sent out to the newspapers. The manufacturers of war material are no doubt paying the freight. One Richard Wayne Parker, whose address is Prudential Building, Newark, N. J., a congressman, has just sent a lot of this kind of stuff to the Daily Capital Journal.

Why Wm. J. Bryan likens Colonel Roosevelt to Helen of Troy is not as clear as it might be. According to Homer, the only historian of that remote age, it was Helen's great beauty that caused all the trouble.

Carranza is evidently preparing to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors. He has already left the mainland of Mexico and has taken up a position where the route to Europe is open.

The Pheasants and Fallisarians are coming to the Salem cherry fair for sure and more than likely the Rosarians and Radiators will be here, too. The Cherrians we have with us always.

STATE NEWS

Copville Herald: M. Deadman, a Curry county trapper, caught a wild cat near Fairview, by the toes of one foot and managed to get it into a large cage. He was exhibiting it today in front of Shores' pool hall. Mr. Shores is figuring on purchasing the animal and making a pet of it. He is welcome to the job, as the cat is certainly a mean animal.

Woodburn Independent: Oregon won the gold medal for her horticultural exhibit at the Panama-Pacific international exposition. This state was pitted against the whole world and won out. What a glorious victory. It means just recognition, pronounced superiority and thousands of home-seekers coming from the exposition to see more of the Oregon that got the gold medal.

Grants Pass Courier: Grants Pass roses are bringing fame to themselves and glory to the city that produces them through the free distribution of the blooms at the Southern Pacific depot on the arrival of the passenger trains. Already the travelers are learning that the flowers are there for them, and they eagerly seek them on the moment the train comes to a stop. Grants Pass has roses and to spare. Give some of them to brighten the traveler on his way.

Persimmon in its farms-for-farmers propaganda, the Woodburn Independent says: "The northwest has been waiting for the colonists to come, and instead is getting a little of the tourist travel, which does not count for much when it comes to buying farms. The best thing the farmer can do is to forget his speculative dreams and keep right on farming and going at it with a view of profiting."

Eugene Register: The new jetties at the mouth of the Siuslaw river have resulted in an increase of seven feet in the depth of the water on the bar, with the prospect of much greater depth when the project is completed. This is the faith of those who believe in the future of Lane county's seaport justified.

The East Oregonian touches an additional phase of the home patronage problem when it says: "If local people would devote to a new Pendleton theatre fund the money they spend on gasoline and show tickets in Walla Walla, it would not be long until we had a first class playhouse and the good road troupe would come here."

No better booster for Oregon's matchless climate exists than the edi-

tor of the Copville Sentinel, who has a previous experience as a Kansan to furnish him with all the contrasts he needs—and he is always drawing them.

"Astoria's reclamation service," says the Budget, "is attracting widespread attention. Even old-time residents wonder why the work was not undertaken many years ago. All confess the future of Astoria has a permanent forecast for a substantial development."

QUICKLY STOPS HEAD COLDS AND SNUFFLES

Catarrhal Germ Cause of Most Colds—New Germicidal Air Treatment Best Remedy For These Common Ailments

Reliable authorities say that upwards of 50 per cent of the so-called colds in the head and throat are in reality dangerous indications of the presence of acute catarrh. When you hear a person sneeze or cough its almost certain they are throwing catarrh germs into the air for some other persons to breathe and its just as certain that the person breathing these germs will soon have catarrh of a catarrhal cold. The time to make these germs harmless and drive out your catarrhal cold is the very instant you feel a desire to sneeze or cough, or start to snuffle and wipe your nose every few minutes.

The quick and surest way to stop a head cold and drive catarrh germs out of your system is to pour a few drops of the oil of Hyomei (pronounced High-ome) into one of the Hyomei inhaling devices which comes with each large package and place the inhaler between your lips and breathe the germicidal but pleasant smelling air into your nose, throat and lungs. This air utterly destroys all catarrh germ life, quickly opens the closed air passages, makes breathing easy, clears your stuffed up head, cleans out your throat and ends your snuffling and nose blowing. There certainly is no quicker or more satisfactory way of breaking up a cold, even after it is well started, and a few weeks use will do away with all danger of chronic catarrh. Sold by druggists everywhere including Daniel J. Fry, who agrees to return the full purchase price to any who use it and are not satisfied. In buying Hyomei for the first time be very sure to get the large size which contains the inhaler as this is very essential for best results.

LOYALTY.

DISPATCHING DIVISIONS ON S. P. ORDERED MERGED
Roseburg, Or., June 21.—The train dispatching divisions here will be transferred to Ashland and a consolidation of divisions made so as to effect economy in operation. The entire dispatching force will move, with exception of three operators to transact regular business.



A Galley o' Fun!

HE PROBABLY WAS.

Leap year! She was seated in a rocking chair in the parlor and he was seated in her lap. She had but just served him with refreshments and, man-like, he was for the moment quite content. Outside the wind howled gleefully, but the occupants of the rocking chair cared not. Both were quite satisfied with the situation inside.

"... slowly she kissed his forehead. "Dearest," she said, "I love you. No one else can ever know, not even yourself, just how much I love you—how much I have always loved you—always will. You must succeed in the world for my sake; but whether you do or not I will always love you just the same, and I hope that we will always—always be together!"

He did not at first reply to her, or respond in any way to her message of endearment. Instead he looked straight before him into the bright sunlight with a dreamy, far-away expression in his eyes. She seemed no longer to be there, and he was after a few minutes continued:

"It will always be a pleasure and a delight for me to serve you in any and every way that I can, and in the years to come, dear, you will find that I'll have said to you is true."

Again she kissed him, not once, but many times, and drew him close to her heart.

Man-like he did not understand all that the full meaning of her words stood for. He simply accepted her love as quite the natural thing he made no promises as to his future—whether he would try his best to succeed in the world or not. Instead he stirred a little, and said something she could not quite understand.

"What is it, my ownest own?" she cooed lovingly, pressing her velvet cheek rapturously against his.

He returned her caress almost mutely, yet certain murmurings sounds came from his lips which the woman's unutterable love interpreted aright.

She looked into his eyes, her own full of concern.

"Are you hungry again?" she asked.

"Goo—goo!" repeated the baby.

BELOW STAIRS.



The Spokeslady—I beg pardon, missus, but would yez mind making a little less noise while we are eating of our dinner?

FULL FARE.

Caroline.—How do you like George Susan?

Susan (not yet out).—Not at all, he has the manners of a street car conductor.

Caroline.—Why, what do you mean?

Susan.—He is always saying: "Let's see, little girl, how old are you?"

HIS WATERLOO.

He would face without a flicker. The destructive cannon's mouth; He would sit and lick up liquor With a Colonel from the South.

He was never known to falter, Even on the witness stand; Fate itself could hardly alter Anything he took in hand.

When they made him gush and drive In a garbled interview, He just smiled and acted civil Without threat to kill or sue.

Even the sudden auto-siren Couldn't freeze him or appall, And we thought him made of iron With no weaknesses at all.

But, alas! his end was simple— Weep your hardest for the brave! For one tiny, twinkling dimple Made him run around and rave!



"So lightning struck Speeder's automobile?"

"Well, Speeder claims it was his automobile that struck the lightning!"



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Children Cry for Fletcher's



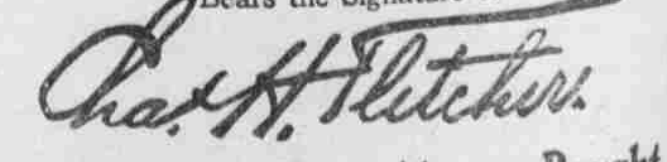
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