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CRUSADE AGAINST CATS

There has been a great deal of anti-dog agitation and legislation in the towns and cities of the country, and now the cat is evidently coming for a share of the unfriendly agitation. The dog is having a hard time, faithful friend of man that he has always been, to hold his own, but the cat, popularly supposed to have nine lives, and all of them charmed, may weather the storm and retain his accustomed place by the fireside, when he isn't busy on the back yard fence making Rome howl. But here are some of the grave indictments against the feline race:

"Over 5,000,000 birds, many of them of rare and almost extinct species, are destroyed annually by cats," says Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon societies. "There is no wild animal or bird of prey on this continent which compares in destructiveness with the domestic cat. It depopulates the woods of our native songsters and left alone, will render silent every grove in America. Game birds have suffered terribly from its ravages, vagrant and so-called 'domesticated' cats together destroy more birds than all the other forces in America combined."

He points out that the common view of cats as civilized household pets is false. The cat that sleeps by the fire in the day time reverts to its primeval instincts at night, and becomes a wild beast. It roams abroad in search of prey. And unfortunately its favorite prey consists chiefly of our insect-catching birds, those most valuable to man both economically and esthetically.

He reports one case in which a large colony of birds, sea terns or sea swallows, on an island near Nantasket, was almost wiped out by eight cats. From several thousand they were reduced to a few hundred before bird lovers discovered the cause of the slaughter and destroyed the cats.

The city of Montclair, N. J., has taken action to lessen this evil, together with the spreading of infectious diseases by cats. It has passed an ordinance providing for the "impounding, sale or destruction" of all vagrant or unidentified cats found roaming at large. The only salvation for pussy is to wear a tag bearing her owner's name and address. If this policy were followed generally, it would result in the decimation of the worthless cats and as a result, the repopulation of bird communities.

LIFE IS NOT A LOTTERY

Life is not a lottery, nor success a gamble.

No statement in the Bible is truer than that man shall reap what he sows.

The figs of preferment are not gathered from the tree of folly, nor the golden fruit of prosperity from the poisonous vine of dissipation.

It is vain to protest against immutable laws, and cowardly to whine because they test the fibre of the man. However desirable it might be to receive a good character ready-made, Nature's canons are against it. They pay a heavy price for fortune who accept it unearned.

There is a career within the reach of every man, a position of honor he may command if he will.

But the way to the career is the road of self-development. The steps to the position of honor are the problems that must be solved.

Every man must build his own character and upon that his career. There is no chance about it. The human life, like all the rest of the great universe, is subject to irresistible laws, and success is achieved through conforming to them.

The United States public health service sends out the following warning which is timely at this season, said to be most dangerous of all the year for typhoid fever, the most dreaded of all diseases: "The eradication of filth is in part the duty of every citizen, and each should see that his own surroundings are in a satisfactory condition. He should guard against carelessness in the maintenance and preparation of food and withhold his patronage from

those who disregard the rules of cleanliness, remembering that the foods which are most subject to contamination are milk and its products, oysters and vegetables. The role of flies in the dissemination of the infection is now generally recognized. The elimination of such fly-breeding places as garbage, manure and filth is most essential, but the proper screening of houses and the adoption of destructive measures are also of great prophylactic value. If, in spite of these precautions, the disease develops, it then becomes the duty of every citizen to implicitly follow the instructions given in order that the safety of others may not be imperiled, bearing in mind the fact that every case of typhoid fever is due to someone's ignorance or carelessness. No higher duty of citizenship than this can be conceived."

One of our exchanges has figured out that the wealth of the United States is \$2000 per capita, and growing daily. Of course, a good many of us haven't got the \$2000 but it is a satisfaction that it is sticking around somewhere in the country. Here is what this financially bent editor says: "America's wealth grows at the rate of \$5,000,000,000 per year. The total wealth of the United States is now in excess of \$200,000,000,000. These figures mean practically \$2,000 per capita. The wealth of the United States is more than double that of the United Kingdom, our nearest competitor, and it nearly matches the combined wealth of England, France and Germany together. Our wealth is 10 times that of Italy, eight times that of Austria and four times that of France. These leading European countries are now tearing at one another's vitals and destroying property probably much faster than they can create it. Hence all Europe is today actually moving backward, while the United States is sweeping swiftly forward to a state of still greater opulence."

Saturday evening the Daily Capital Journal printed an interview with Ambassador Bernstorff, through a third party, in which he stated that the breaking of diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States would mean war. This morning a similar piece of news appears in the Oregonian—showing that the Portland paper is two days behind the Capital Journal on an important news matter. This is not to be wondered at, however, when the difference in hustle of the press associations which furnish the newspapers is considered. The United Press has its competitors in newsgathering beaten a mile.

It has been stated on good authority that every time the American bankers get ready to make that \$500,000,000 loan to the Allies, Germany does something to create a war scare here, in order to hint that we may need the money at home. The events of the last few days give color to this story.

The Charleston News and Courier would be heard long enough to remark: "In view of what Mr. Garrison has done to him, the colonel ought to admit that at least one member of the administration isn't in such a lamentable state of unpreparedness."

The Portland factories want Oregon-made goods boosted, but are unwilling to pay a cent toward doing it. They expect the newspapers of the state to do the campaigning for them free while they rake in the profits.

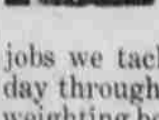
The Georgia grand jury failed to find anything to warrant the return of indictments in the lynching of Leo Frank. It wasn't expected in Georgia or elsewhere that anything would be found in the way of evidence.

General Villa turns up again with the statement that the report of his having been killed once more is absolutely false. He ought to know.



SEPTEMBER

O fair September, I well remember how sweet, in years gone by, did seem your features to weary creatures whom August tried to fry. Your coming teaches all human peaches, as well as human jays, there's compensation for tribulation in summer's burning days. For mornings golden we are beholden to you, sweet month and fair; great nights for sleeping are in your keeping, and slumber's death to care. To bed we mosey and there we're cozy as oyster in its shell; we leave our couches, devoid of grouches, when sounds the breakfast bell. With hunger thrilling we start a-filling ourselves with goodly freight; we eat our vittles, nor jots nor tittles are left upon the plate. Our jobs we tackle with cheerful cackle, and work the long day through, no sluggish feeling our blood congealing, or weighting bone and thigh. September pleases; her zeppin' breezes fill man with snap and vim; he quits intoning his dirges droning, and sings a joyous hymn.



SELL SEATTLE P. O. SITE

Washington, Sept. 13.—Owing to its Seattle soon, and will probably choose inaccessibility the Treasury department another location for a half million dollars to sell the Seattle postoffice building.



A Galley o' Fun!

HER VIEW.
The Brother.—She's got lovable eyes, kissable lips, a huggable shape and holdable hands.

His Sister.—Yes, and she's got removable hair, adjustable hips, colorable brows and a transferable complexion.

PREJUDICED.



The Kid (after his first cigar).— Gee! I wish Wickselham had killed dat backward trus!

DURABLE.

Now a certain Emilius Priscus was of the lobby that year. Meeting Brutus one day, he spoke of a pending measure in which he was deeply interested.

"Of course," quote he, with airy confidence, "you will pass the bill."

"What for?" demanded the no-nonsense Roman of them all, turning upon him fiercely. Emilius perceived at once that the game was up, but he was just sport enough to let fly a Partisan shot. "Why—er—for the usual rates—suppose," he made answer.

Showing that the countrymen of Horace and Cicero not only had a sense of humor, but were perhaps the first to make intelligent use of some of the most durable jokes the world has ever seen.

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

From hand to mouth! a wretched way to live, the slaving, saving say; A shiftless, thriftless way aver. The wise and unwise, too concur, And yet, and yet, perhaps they err. Do not their judgments go astray? Could I not view without dismay, Aye, even welcome life with her, From hand to mouth!

I think I proved it yesterday, When (deep in earnest, feigning play) I kissed her glove. A half demur, And in her eyes a sudden air, And then my glad lips leaped away From hand to mouth!

THAT DECIDED HIM.



Thief (who has snatched a lady's bag).—Two transfers, a powder puff, a recipe for headwash, and a sample of silk! An' I ran two miles wid it! I'm agin votes fer women!

IMMORTALIZED.

Brown.—That's the cuckoo from a clock I used to have. I have the highest respect and admiration for it, because it is the only thing that ever dared to butt in while my wife was talking!

NO WONDER.

Drummer.—Say, what are you people so swelled up about? Last time I went through everybody was congenial, and now I can hardly get a person to speak.

Uncle Eben.—You'll pardon us, but it's our town pride. You see, Si Summers picked up an automobile guide book that fell out of a machine last week and we found that the old tannery swamp is a Mountain Tarn, Simmons's stonequarry a Precipice, the Methodist cemetery a Colonial Burying Ground; Bill Moodler's saloon a Wayside Inn, and the whole darn country check full of historical antidotes and delusions.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Watching her house burn down, the woman suddenly bethought her that she had written out a check and left it lying on her desk. Fortunately she could remember the number of it—281. With rare presence of mind she at once called up the bank.

"Please stop payment on check numbered 281," she directed, with the crisp brevity characteristic of those balanced souls who know exactly what they want.

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Canadian Officers Escape Without Clothes
London, Sept. 2.—(By mail.)—A soldier correspondent writing from the firing line in northern France tells how a Canadian officer escaped from the enemy in his "altogether."
"I was returning from a deserted village near —," he writes, "when I saw a soldier I saw, leisurely stroll along ahead, a man entirely naked. We exchanged greetings and he told his story. He had been captured by the Germans, stripped of his clothing and placed under guard. Eluding his guards he had regained our lines. I loaned him my waterproof and gave him a cigar that he asked for and he coolly continued his journey. I have since had the waterproof returned with a letter of thanks. He was a high Canadian officer."

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