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THE BALKANS AND THE WAR

Balkan was the name of the range of mountains which forms the watershed between the lower Danube and the Aegean, but has come to be applied to the peninsula of Southeastern Europe which lies south of Russia and Austro-Hungary and east of the Adriatic sea.

This territory is now divided among seven nations: Rumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania, Greece and Turkey; but within its limits are found 38 different peoples. Hence the constant troubles that have made the Balkan peninsula the puzzle and dismay of the statesmen of Europe.

By the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 the six Powers of Europe thought they had settled the Balkan question by dividing the territory among the peoples chiefly populating it. But they made the mistake of leaving Macedonia in the hands of Turkey; and the two Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 upset the balance of power, and left unsatisfied Bulgaria, which is the most truculent if not the most powerful of the Balkan states. By the strategic position of its territory Bulgaria holds the key to the situation in the Balkans.

The present situation is that Rumania wants Transylvania, which is peopled largely by Rumanians but is ruled by Austria. Bulgaria wants the part of Macedonia which it lost to Serbia by the second Balkan war and also the territory down to the Schatalja lines, not far from Constantinople. Greece wants the Greek cities on the eastern shore of the Aegean sea. Serbia and Montenegro want ports on the Adriatic. Italy wants the control of the straits of Atranto, so that the Adriatic may become practically an Italian sea. Albania doesn't know just what she wants, but she wants it very much.

Italy was already at war with Austria and declared war on Turkey on August 21; but, curiously, she is not yet at war with Germany, having no cause of quarrel.

The Balkan nations, at the outset of the war, were apparently united in sympathy with the entente alliance, but for several months past discord has been apparent among them. The success of Germany in the Russian drive and the natural enmity existing between the Greeks and Bulgars have probably had much to do with this change in sentiment. Bulgaria seems about to side with Germany and Austria, while Greece and Rumania will probably take up arms on the other side, Rumania because of close relationship with the Russians and Greece to get another chance to humble an enemy of long standing.

The effect of the entrance of the Balkan nations into the war is problematical. Germany would gain a road through to assist her ally, Turkey, but on the other hand it would enable the entente powers to drive at Constantinople by land without violating neutral territory, overcoming a condition which has forced them to attack by way of the Dardanelles with its almost impregnable fortifications.

There is a movement on foot to "standardize dances." Fine scheme. Next thing in order will be a salaried commission and inspectors for the tango parlors to see that all the rules and regulations are properly followed out. At present there is still a small number of people who are not on the public payroll and they should be taken care of very speedily or face the dread necessity of going to work.

Portland's big brewery is to be converted into a near-beer factory when prohibition becomes effective next year. This fact will naturally arouse interest in the subject of the value of near-beer as a beverage and many residents of Salem are strong for it—especially when it is as near as Independence.

The "dollar day" is becoming almost as popular as the "dollar dinner" was when Bryan was at the height of his popularity and fame.

What's the use of worrying? William Jennings Bryan is going to Europe to stop the war.

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ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

The Medford Mail-Tribune is very much opposed to war in all its forms and in any circumstances. Here is a typical editorial from that paper:

"In the Illustrated London News there is published every week a shocking series of pictures.

"There is nothing immoral or disgusting about it—it is merely a double page full of small photographs of fine-looking young men. The shock comes when one reads the words printed boldly above the pictures—'Dead on the Field of Honor.'"

"Dead on the field of honor!"

"All the pictured faces you see are dead. A fine, up-standing lot of young Englishmen they were—intelligent, clean, brave and gay—but they are all dead. That boy, with the eyes full of glorious youth and the mouth still sweet and whimsical—he is dead. There is a man with the face of a chief—firm lips and steady eyes and square chin—but they led him to death. This one must be a poet, the beauty of his face revealing his mighty visions for the future—but he is dead, too. And there is a face from the Canadian prairies, a face that is strong and gentle and clear-eyed with looking out across mighty acres of wheat—eyes dull now, and dead. It is all dead—the youth that pushed us up and on, the laughter and courage that sweetened the world, the dreams, the strength, the man-power—all dead on the field of honor.

"On the field of honor."

"The field of honor is a field in a strange land. The marching men thought it was a green field, full of music and glory, but it was just a sugar beet field, very muddy and full of trenches that in time made good graves for the honored dead. On the field of honor there was no music—only a roar and a shrieking; no marching of brothers banded—only lying flat in the mud to shoot brother men; no glory—only hate, and dirt, and horror, and real pain. It was the field where men threw away life work, homes, the love of women, the future of children, the existence of a race, and then—beautiful creative life itself—the field of honor!"

"We look at these pictures of the men who died on the field of honor and offer a prayer for their souls and the souls of those dead whose bodies yet live.

"Then we make a prayer for ourselves.
"Lord! What shall we do to be saved?"

Most of the New York banking and financial interests are in favor of making the big foreign loan. Here is a sample of the argument put forth by the circular review issued by J. S. Bache and Company, which represents pretty well the Wall Street viewpoint: "New York alone could underwrite a loan of \$1,000,000,000 on its present surplus reserve, which last Saturday was nearly \$225,000,000. In fact, on a basis of 18 per cent reserve, this surplus would warrant a loan of \$1,250,000,000. But there is no reason why New York alone should undertake this operation, because the country—every part of it—is interested, and on the whole, much more interested than New York. And the country, as a whole, is abundantly able to take care of this financing. The combined surplus of the National banks and the State banks of the country is estimated to be over \$1,500,000,000. As an 18 per cent reserve, this would warrant loans of over \$8,500,000,000. So that a \$1,000,000,000 loan would be a comparatively small matter. Furthermore, it would be a benefit, insofar as it would reduce this enormous credit power which the country now possesses, and which is, in itself, a menace and an invitation to wild speculation and tremendous credit inflation. For many years this country has been cut off from participation broadly in the business of the outside world. Since the Civil War, our banking system, and our navigation laws practically destroying our merchant marine, have made us, in a sense, a narrow commercial nation. Here is the first great opportunity for us to take a commanding position."



Rippling Rhymes
by Walt Mason
TALKING TOO MUCH
The man who's always talking will some day talk too much, and with disaster shocking he then will be in touch. You jabber like a lawyer about the blooming war; is that what your employer is paying money for? You talk a lot of Bryan, who jumped the ship of state, when you should be a-tryin' to make your record straight. Great truths you are parading, and ologies profound, when you should be out spading the fertile garden ground. You talk about the neighbors, and charge them up with crime; are there no wiser labors to occupy your time? Go, mark the down-and-outers, who throng the booby hutch; the most of them were spouters, who always talked too much. Go, watch the bums who slide around with empty maws; they let their arms hang idle, and labored with their jaws. The man who still discourses when there is naught to say, until his larynx hoarse is, will get the bounce some day. The boss will bar and ban him, and brand him as a chump, and shoo and fire and can him, and send him to the dump.



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A Galley o' Fun!

A SHORT STORY.
(From the Lawyers' Magazine.)
Comes now Ignatz Waldo, who complains of Miss Lucetta Smythe and declares that because of her grace, beauty, and general loveliness he has lost his heart to her, wherefore he prays the said Miss Smythe that she take pity upon him and accede to his request, to wit, namely, that she join him in the bonds of holy wedlock.
Whereupon the hereinbefore-mentioned Miss Smythe treats the complainant in a cruel and inhuman manner, in that she laughs scornfully at him as he rests on his knees before her, and declares that she will never marry him because of a previous conviction in that she saw him kissing another girl at the railroad station on a day and date which she does not at the time recall to mind, all of which she swears is true to the best of her knowledge and belief.
In reply thereto the complainant prays for a writ of error, and states that the aforesaid Miss Smythe was in error when she made the kissing of the girl at the railroad station a cause for action, inasmuch as the young lady in question was and is a sister to the party of the first part, and under the Constitution of the United States and the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission (A.H. 2-34-6) such kissing cannot be made the basis of a complaint for unjust discrimination by the tancee of said kisser. Whereupon Miss Smythe reverses her decision and orders that, after being signed, sealed, and delivered with a kiss, the marriage decree be duly and fully promulgated.

IN NEW YORK.



First Life-Insurance Agent—How about Smythe? Is he a good risk?
Second Life-Insurance Agent—He couldn't be better if he was under indictment for murder.

TOO MUCH.

He plucked the dandelion and blew upon it.
"She loves me—she loves me not!" he muttered ineluctably.
Now, the flower had suffered long and if its patience hereupon broke down under the strain, what wonder? "O, ask me about Schedule K, or something relatively easy!" he exclaimed bitterly.

WHERE?

"And where," demanded his wife with flashing eyes, "would you be now, only for me?"
The man glanced at the clock. It was verging on midnight. He sighed, and was silent.

UNREASONING CHILDHOOD

Mother (to five-year-old daughter).—Yes dear, Heaven is the most beautiful place there is—every one is happy there—and if you are good some day you will go there.
Daughter.—Well, mamma, if it's as nice up there, why did you have to doctor come and save your life when you had such a good chance to die?

A GOOD REASON.

My Mabel cannot sing a note, She writes no verses free, She cannot paint a little boat Upon a waveless sea.

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

Mrs. Henpeque.—Were you going down for the third time, John, when the life-guard saved you?
Mr. Henpeque (regretfully).—No, my dear; it was the thirteenth!

THE HORROR.

"We had an Uncle Tom's Cabin company at the Op'ry House night before last."
"Ah!" returned the facetious drummer. "Did the venerable drama seem to depict the horrors of slavery as vividly as it used to?"
"Well, it depicted the horrors of Uncle Tom's Cabin as vividly as ever."

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

Employer.—I hope you save something out of your salary, James?
Office-Boy.—Yes, sir; most all of it, sir.
Employer (eagerly).—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?

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TEAMS WILL TOUR THE COAST.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—President Dan Johnson of the American league, and member of the National commission, expressed the opinion today that permission will be given for the two teams in the world's series to go to the Panama-Pacific exposition after the big games, for a post-season series with a picked Pacific Coast league team. It is understood a delegation of San Francisco men will come east soon to make the request.

WELCH WILL SOON RETIRE.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—Declaring himself in perfect condition after his long rest and ready to don the gloves as soon as cooler weather prevails in the east, Freddie Welsh, lightweight champion left with his family today for Chicago. Welsh said he is figuring on retiring from the ring at the end of a year.

Information for Lung Sufferers

The makers of Eckman's Alternative will be pleased to send reports of recoveries from tuberculosis and a booklet of interest to sufferers with information about diet and fresh air. Investigate this case—
2141 Susquehanna Ave., Phila., Pa.
"My Dear Sir:—For two years I was afflicted with hemorrhages of the lungs, and later I was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia. When I recovered sufficiently to walk about the house I was left with a frightful, hacking cough, which no medicine I had taken could alleviate. It was at this time, March, 1902, that I started taking Eckman's Alternative. In a short time my cough was gone and I was pronounced well. I cannot speak too highly for the good it has done."
(Abbreviated.)
(Signed) HOWARD L. KLOTZ.
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