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### A HALLOWED DAY

Today the people of the United States, east and west, North and South, one and all, lay aside their usual occupations and devote the day to honoring the memory of those who gave up their lives that the flag might wave over our undivided land. Fifty-one years have passed since the smoke of battle cleared away, and erstwhile foes returned from the battle fields to build up their shattered fortunes and rehabilitate their devastated homes.

It was a peculiar war, and one that from the very nature of things was sooner or later bound to come. As a country we could not exist half free and half slave, and it is a matter of thankfulness that it came when we were a nation of forty, instead of an hundred millions.

Its cost in gallant lives was heavy enough as it was, but nothing to what it would have been had it been put off until the number engaged was twice as large. It was peculiar too in its results. There was no gathering of diplomats to consider terms, no settlements of territory to be made, no war indemnities to be paid, no treaties to be framed, none of the usual formalities that follow the termination of conflicts.

When the gallant remnant of General Lee's army broken in strength but dauntless of spirit were drawn up for the final surrender there was no prison yawning, but they were told to go home and take care of their folks, cultivate their farms, come back into the brotherhood of states and take their old place at the country's fireside.

There was bitterness, of course, for a while, but that passed away long ago and we became a united and stronger national family.

The Spanish war where North and South again fought side by side in generous rivalry removed the last vestige of the struggle and wiped Mason and Dixon's line off the map.

And so today we gather to do them honor strewing their graves with flowers, both Blue and Gray.

And here in Salem the beautiful cemetery is a wilderness of blossom, a field of flowers, for the day has become one in which all those who have passed on are remembered and the tenderness of these memories is typically represented in beauty and fragrance.

May it be long before the last of those who were at the front have passed away, and may the day be one the nation will always remember.

It would seem that our country has always been under divine guidance for on every occasion the man for that occasion has always been provided. Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and now when it requires high moral courage and lofty ideals to guide us through the dangerous pitfalls that a world wide war has dug for the unwary, a Wilson. May his wise counsels continue to prevail and permit our great country to become the friend of all these war torn nations now at each others throats, in bringing peace and good will once more on earth, and to them.

Arrangements have been made whereby Hughes will be the first presented to the convention. Alabama will yield the floor to Whitman of New York who will present Hughes name to the convention. With so many favorite sons, it is not probable a choice will be made on the first ballot, but it would not be surprising to see it go to Hughes at any ballot after that, if the advance stuff sent out from Chicago is anywhere near correct. It is a queer situation. The old liners do not want Hughes, but they want Roosevelt a great deal less, and it is possible that if they see danger of his nomination in delaying to get on the Hughes band wagon they will climb on in a hurry. Teddy sure has a hard game to play with the enemy holding the top hand.

Representative Farr evidently does not believe in halfway measures. Debating the house naval appropriation bill yesterday, he advocated the building of 25 battleships, 250 submarines and 1,000 airships. He stated that in case of war we would spend \$25,000,000 a day, or more if necessary, and insisted it was better to spend half billion for construction to prevent war. Twenty days under the expense England is now bearing would amount to this sum.

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### JUST LITTLE NEGLECTED GRAVES

All day yesterday there was a steady stream of Salem's citizens flowing to the cemeteries, and before night there were few, if any graves, that had not some blossoms at least upon them. The Odd Fellows and City View were veritable acres of bloom, a luxuriance of flowers that only the coast can have, or understand. In the very northeast corner of the Odd Fellows cemetery are a dozen or more tiny graves, where little babies lie huddled together, a nursery of the dead. These little mounds are about all that tell the story that the little human shallops had drifted to earth, wrecked on its harsh shores, and passed out of it almost as soon as they arrived.

They made a pitiful group those lonesome, barren, neglected little graves, marked—some of them—with a little board, from which the weather and the rains had erased the names, even as they had apparently been rubbed out of the memory of the living. But these a great hearted little woman singled out and on each arranged a mass of snowy blossoms. "They looked so pitifully neglected, so lonesome that I just had to do it," she said to another who watched her and wondered. It required no great labor to do this simple kindly act; but in the big book on the other side who knows but her name is written today in letters of gold beside that of Abou Ben Adhem? Poor little babies. It matters not to them whether or not their graves are remembered, but it matters much to humanity. The world is good. It seems harsh and cold and forgetful, but it is so big, that it passes by and heeds not the sorrows and the needs of individuals; but responds quickly and generously when it knows. And so finding these little graves, it dropped on them too a little handful from its wealth of bloom.

With the hereditary enmity between the Greeks and Bulgarians that has existed for centuries, as fierce now as it was before the reason for it had been almost forgotten, it does not seem possible that the invasion of Greece by the Bulgars can result in anything but war. Venizelos' party demands it and it is probable that if King Constantine does not accede to that party's wishes he will be deposed. It is claimed Germany and Austria have promised Greece a slice of Serbia and Albania for remaining neutral, but it is not likely this will make the presence of the Bulgars on Greek soil palatable to the populace. They would individually get nothing by this gift and are not interested so much in extending their kingdom as they are in driving out their hereditary enemy. If Constantine can pull through this trouble without a rebellion he will have proven himself "every inch a king."

The ladies of the national convention of Women's Clubs now in session in New York, are some politicians. The two principal candidates for the presidency are Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Samuel B. Sneath of Ohio. The campaign has waxed warm and charges of wire tapping and little things like that are made. The backers of Mrs. Samuel B. Sneath assert that Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles has not the money or social standing the president of the association should have, but Mrs. Cowles' boosters say she is one of the social elect, even though "she was not invited to luncheon by Mrs. John Hays Hammond." In the present mixup at Chicago the republican convention might take a hunch from the ladies and select a candidate for his money, social position and character of his wardrobe.

If arrangements now underway at St. Louis are completed, President Wilson will address the democratic convention by telephone, when he accepts the nomination. How happy those favorite sons at Chicago would be if they had as solid a cinch on the nomination as Wilson. The only things the democrats have to quarrel over are the platform and vice president.

England says "if President Wilson should undertake any sort of peace meddling, he will provoke an unprecedented wave of resentment." That would be real sad, but we would try to survive. It may be possible that all parties may yet ask President Wilson or whoever is at the head of the government to "meddle" and be glad indeed when he does so.

Mrs. Emeline Pankhurst, speaking at a luncheon given in her honor at San Francisco, Saturday, which was attended by some 400 women, said among other things, "Men think that when women are given the ballot, they are not women any longer. This is false." Mrs. Pankhurst came a long ways to state a self evident fact.

Portland folks are scared about the supply of roses for the carnival being shy. They may quit worrying, for Salem can furnish them several train loads every day and not miss them—  
"In Salem grows the fairest rose,"  
Pronounced so by both eyes and nose.

Coleman Dupont, Maryland's favorite son, was the first candidate to arrive on the grounds at Chicago. As a matter of preparedness he should have plenty of powder, but he is probably short of heavy metal.

Portland flags were at half mast yesterday as a tribute to the dead railroad magnate, James J. Hill, to whom the coast's debt is great. It was a fitting tribute thoroughly deserved.

The rightful duke of Portland was turned up in Oakland which reminds one that "it is a long way to Tipperary."

### DRINK HOT WATER IF YOU DESIRE A ROSY COMPLEXION

Says we can't help but look better and feel better after an inside bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning to flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incandescent material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, form toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to such in only nourishment to sustain the body.  
If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.  
Men and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples or palid complexion, also those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphate hot water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.  
A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and refreshes the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

### DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

(By George H. Baker)  
Lay him low, his work is done!  
What to him is friend or foe?  
Lies of moon, or set of sun,  
Lion of man, or kiss of woman?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? He cannot know,  
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,  
Crowned his truth by his endeavor.  
Lay him low in solemn night,  
Sleep forever and forever,  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? He cannot know,  
Lay him low!

Put him in his country's stars,  
Holl the drum and fire the volley!  
What to him are all our wars?  
What but death beckoning folly?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? He cannot know,  
Lay him low!

I love him to God's watching eye;  
Trust him to the hand that made him.  
Mortal love weeps idly by;  
God alone has power to aid him.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? He cannot know,  
Lay him low!

### THE OLD VET'S SPIRIT

Home, and some tired, I'll allow—  
I've got a bit in my head!  
I've got the old army grit,  
Neighbor, or else I'll be dead!

Durched! With the best of them, real  
Just as I did at Se'en Oaks,  
Say, when I think of that line  
Somethin' right here kind o' choices!

Me! Keepin' step through them streets  
After th' years that's gone by,  
Me! Once in army blue brave,  
Head shouldered, quick, keen of eye.

Seemed like the ghost of myself  
marchin' with more shoulders there!  
Just sort o' comradin' on—  
Not mindin' how long or where!

Thev came the word an' we knew  
Wilson was wakin' our line,  
If we was feeble or stiff,  
None of us gave any sign.

We just bricked up like young  
sprigs—  
Walked right along with new vim,  
But that our swing an' our style  
M' se seen counsin' to him.

He an' this nation well know—  
Though some wild talk has been said—  
If he but needs to call,  
Others would march where we led—  
Ella A. Fanning, in New York Times.

### KILLED BY TRAIN

Oakland, Cal., May 30.—While walking along the Southern Pacific tracks near Sunol this morning, Hugo Asher, San Francisco attorney, was probably fatally injured and his companion, Antonio Leonardo, wealthy Alameda county rancher was killed. Leonardo was ground to pieces by the train and Asher received internal injuries when thrown from the tracks. The details of the accident have not been received. Attorney Asher is at a local hospital.

**The Picture Tells The Story**

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**Rippling Rhymes**  
by Walt Mason

**THE MENAGERIE**  
All living creatures seem to throng the road that I would tour along, in my tin chugmobile; they'll leave their homes and travel far, to throw themselves beneath my car, and bust a costly wheel. All thoroughfares, with mules and goats, and sheep and hens and calves and shoats, forevermore are packed; I just collided with a cow—against her adamantine brow, my radiator cracked. The cows will leave the tender grass to block the road where I must pass, upon my road to town; the hogs will leave their sparkling swill to make a stand on yonder hill, and turn me upside down. Anon I squash a farmer's hen, that surely wasn't worth a yen, when it was in its prime; but now I hear the owner howl, "You killed my rare imported fowl, of pedigree sublime!" I jog along and break the slats of dogs and ducks and geese and cats, and always, when they die, the price goes up to beat the band; "They were the finest in the land," I hear the owners cry. The way the farmers' beasts run loose is certainly a great abuse, it is no more a joke; and if I travel west or east, at every corner there's a beast that's suffering to croak.

The Oregonian cannot contend longer that the democrats have this non-partisan idea in politics cornered. The "Roosevelt non-partisan league" is just now filling the mails with literature and appealing for support from the followers of all political parties.

Matty pitched the Giants to another victory yesterday, score 3 to 0. This makes seventeen straight victories for New York, only two shy of the Chicago White Sox record. Matty seems to be a long way from the retiring point in baseballdom.