THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL, SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1916.



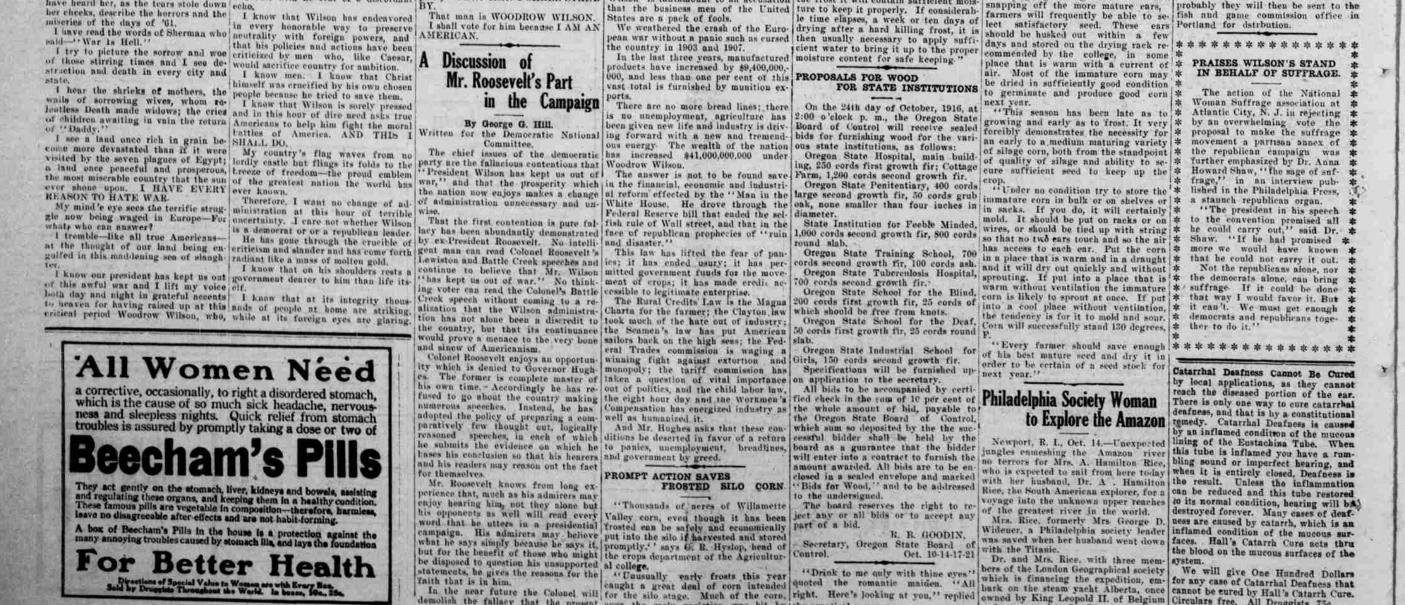
"Eels, yes. Eels and-and such." Anythin marine, you understand. Cer-tainly. Marine food, that's it, such as grows natural on them ther coasts

"Hang th' diet!" speaks up L. B. "Number 1. "I wants to see her stay under water!" "Same here!— An' here!—" persista

of Van-"

<section-header>
A Ward ward of a call of ward of ward of a call of the order of a call of the order of

As a child at my mother's knee, I have heard her, as the tears stole down her checks, describe the horrors and the miscrices of the days of '61. I have read the words of Sherman who said—'' War 1s Hell.'' I try to picture the sorrow and woe of those stirring times and I see de struction and death in every city and state. I hear the shricks of mothers, the walls of sorrowing wives, whom re-leatless Death made widows; the cried of thildren awaiting in vain the return of ''Daddy.'' I see a land once rich in grain be-come more devastated than if it were



And his readers may reason out the factor for the same fo

