CHARLES H. FISHER
Editor and Publisher

Editorial Page of The Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

A GROWING CIRCULATION

Week before last the circulation of the Daily Capital Journal averaged 4515 daily circulation; last week, the average was 6434. This decided increase was no doubt due to the absorbing interest in the news from the European war zone. Here is the record by days for last week:

Monday, March 25	4,560
Tuesday, March 26	4,660
Wednesday, March 27	4,610
Thursday, March 28	4,645
Friday, March 29	4,580
Saturday, March 30	4,750
	27,805
Daily average for week	4,634

The Daily Capital Journal is the only member of the Audit Bureau of circulations in Salem; its circulation reports are guaranteed by the bureau and accepted by national advertisers as absolutely correct.

The Capital Journal has by many hundreds daily the largest circulation of any newspaper publishel in Oregon, outside of the city of Portland.

THE ONE GREAT PROBLEM

Practially all the problems confronting the United States on account of the war, when traced down to their real cause are found to be the result of ship shortage. The throwing of a million more men into the trenches on the western front is a question not of getting the men, but of getting the ships to carry them and the supplies and munitions for them. The demand that the whole nation go on short wheat rations is caused not by wheat shortage, but by lack of ships to get the world's wheat to the points where it is needed. Argentine has 150,000,000 bushels of wheat that is unavailable just now because it requires twice as many ships to haul a given quantity of wheat from that country to the war zone as it does to haul the same from the United States or Canada. India has a hundred million bushels of wheat for which she has no market, and Australia has other millions of bushels so badly needed by the world, but which is rotting in the fields. In Australia there is a shortage of labor, but this is due to the fact that ships are not available by which Hindu or Chinese labor could be imported.

Here in Oregon our greatest industry, lumbering, is badly handicapped because while cutting lumber for ships and aeroplanes produces an immense quantity of lumber not suitable for these purposes, this lumber cannot be sent to the markets clamoring for it, Australia, for instance, because we have no ships to carry it. Had we these not only would the problem of market for surplus lumber be solved, but the same ships would be bringing back the wheat so badly needed, and so relieving all the allied peoples.

There are many other things necessary adjuncts to the business of winning the war that are held up by this same ship shortage. The rubber of Brazil, the hides and cattle of Mexico, the nitrates of Chile, the tin of Australia, dozens of other things of which there is a shortage, and all because there are not ships enough to do the world's carrying. For this reason it would be well for all interference with the building of wooden ships by the government to be stopped, and private capital permitted to handle the mercantile shipping business as best suited it. The old fashioned sailing vessel fast becoming obsolete would prove a blessing these days, and these can be built despite the shortness of machinery which by some is alleged to exist. There was a time when the United States lead the world in the building and sailing of merchant ships, and our flag was seen in every port of the world. That era passed long ago, not as some fault finding pessimists would have us believe because of laws inmical to American shipping; but because capital found there was a better field for investment in developing our almost unexplored country. Great farming areas were brought under the plow; a railroad system equal to that of all the balance of the world was created. Mines of coal and iron were opened and the great seas of mineral oil thousands of feet under the surface were tapped with their undreamed of wealth. These were the things that drove American sailing vessels from the seas. Now that this great work of developing a continent has been successfully accomplished, capital must find other places for its investment and this it will find in creating a new system of ocean transportation. America once abandoned this field to others, for the reasons above given, but she has taken hold again and before many years will be in condition not only to carry all her own products to market but to do a large portion of the carrying business of the world.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

The Third Liberty Bond Sale Will Begin April 6th. One of our Tellers will be stationed in our Lobby to explain to those wishing information and to receive Liberty Bond Subscriptions.

CHANGING THE TIME

If changing the time a single hour, and this for the period of six months only, caused so much discussion, it is no wonder that when Pope Gregory in 1582 changed the calendar by ten days and decreed that October 5 should be called October 15, that the ignorant populace kicked strenuously. They asserted the pope had robbed them of ten days and had shortened their lives by that much. The change became necessary because the old Julian calendar made the year about 11 minutes longer than the astronomical year. Gregory corrected this by making the hundredth years non leap years unless they were divisible by 400. This made the difference at the time of the change 10 days. As under the Julian period the calendar gained a day every 100 years, the difference at this date between "old style," and the present calendar is 13 days. England and her colonies in America adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1752 at which time the difference between the old style and the new was 11 days. This difference in time came near putting the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln on the same day of the month. The former was born February 11, Old Style and Lincoln February 12 under the present calendar.

The question of what to do with property owned by Germans and situated in this country should not be a very difficult one to answer. It should be taken over by the government and sold. The money should be held for the owners and delivered them after the war. At present much of this property consists of interests in factories and such which are making unusually large profits owing to the war. It is not in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that Germans should be making profits off our manufactures on account of the war started by them and forced on us.

To date none of the Hohenzollern family have paid any of the cost of war. It is not they who started the war that are willing to bear their share of the cost. "My valiant soldiers" are patted on the back for making cannon fodder of themselves for the junkers, but "my brave children" come in for praise for the way they send others to death. The crown prince a few days ago was made duke of Courland as a special honor to his grenadiers. At the time of conferring the title on his son and the distinguished honor on the soldiers he stated he thought the latter would fight that much the harder to defend the crown prince on account of the honor conferred on them.

It is claimed now by the food administration leaders that congress made no provision for fixing the price on anything but wheat. If that is correct then it is high time that congress which organized the system in such shape as to permit of the greatest amount of profiteering get busy and change the law.

It is announced that the Turks and Tarters have combined and will kill off all the remaining Armenians. If the reports sent out for the past year or two are correct, there should not be many left to kill.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CARRY ON

Have you bought two bonds or seven? Carry on! Go and buy another 'leven! Carry on! Don't remark "I am a beauty, I have surely done my duty, I have jarred the foeman Teuty." Carry on! Doubtless you've been doing splendid; carry on! For your duty's never ended; carry on! Till the tyrant autocratic, who has blow-flies in his attic, finds his kultur stalled and static, carry on! What though you've been digging dollars? Carry on! No one but a piker hollers. Carry on. Oh, the soldiers over yonder, they don't hesitate or ponder when they're told their blood to squander! Carry on! Till the armies cease their shooting, carry on; till the Teutons quit their tooting, carry on; till the world is war-disgusted and the swords and spears are rusted, till your bank account is busted, carry on. Till the kaiser has been crated, carry on; till our cause is vindicated, carry on; till our boys are homeward striding from the land where death is riding, having made a peace abiding, carry on. Dig up all your hoarded treasure! Carry on! Give, with never stint or measure! Carry on! What is good when flags are flying? What is coin, with mothers sighing? What is wealth when boys are dying? Carry on!

Our Daily Story

STILL UNPAPERED.

Dolphin Comma was nuts about music although never yet had he been able to scrape together money enough to satisfy the ambition of his life—to attend a performance of grand opera. He would hang in ecstacy over a canary's cage, waiting raptly for the slightest note from the little insect. He would follow a hurdy gurdy for miles and miles, down hill and up dale, returning footsore and weary, his stomach full of emptiness but his head full of melody.

He was a paper hanger. One Tuesday the manager of the Hotel Perkle sent for him to paper a hall closet on the twenty-ninth floor.

"I want the ceiling in closet drab," he was explaining, "and I want one wall in Persian drip blue, another wall in hiccough pink, another wall in——"

At that moment a gorgeous burst of sound filled the air and the intervening spaces.

"What's that?" whispered Dolphin Comma ecstatically.

"Parsonby Timbre, the great Danish male soprano, has his bathroom on the left side of this closet, and naturally he sings while he is bathing," explained the manager.

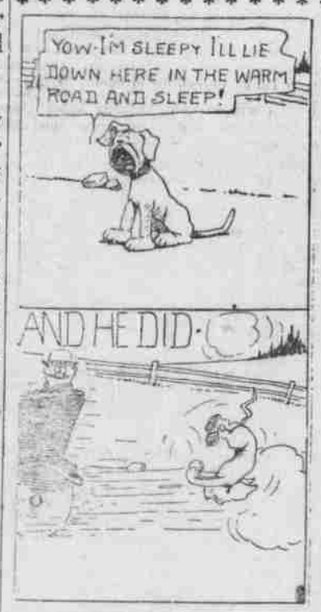
Just then an even gorgeouser burst of sound flooded through the partition on the right side of the closet.

"Y-w-what's that?" breathed Dolphin Comma swooningly.

"That's from the bathroom of Madame Tooterbeeni, the marvelous Finnish female baritone—hear her splashing?" replied the manager.

And he left, shutting the door of the closet after him so that Dolphin Comma wouldn't be disturbed at his work. And for six days and six nights not a minute passed during which either Ponsonby Timbre or Madame Tooterbeeni was not taking a bath and singing, and on the morning of the seventh day Dolphin Comma was found dead on the floor of the closet, starved, but with the most unimaginably beautific expression on his face, and the closet was still unpapered.

And He Did



Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

KILLED NEAR SCIO.

The community was shocked Tuesday morning when word was received that Chas. Cheffings, who has been working in the section crew had been thrown from one of the motor cars in a collision near Scio, and died of the injuries received before he could be rushed to Scio for medical aid. The accident occurred in the early morning hours. His machine getting out of commission rendered him unable to stop in time. The men on the other car, which had broken down, foreseeing the danger, were all off their car and shouted for him to stop, but he could not control his machine and smashed into the other car.

The funeral services were held Thursday March 28th at the Christian church Rev. Oscar Lewis of Woodburn officiating. Interment was in the Aumsville cemetery.—Aumsville Record.

DELICATE GIRLS IN Business or School

who have thin or insufficient blood or are physically frail will find

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a rich blood-food and strengthening tonic. It is so helpful for delicate girls it should be a part of their regular diet.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 17-53

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

Atrophic Rhinitis.

In moist climates diseases of the mucous membrane, particularly that of the nose and throat, are very prevalent, and in winter and spring it seems as if everybody suffered more or less from them.

This is partly due to sudden changes of temperature or to inadequate protection.

It is often a wonder to me that women who go about so scantily clad in winter and wear furs in summer do not all have diseases of the nose and throat.

Changes from the heat of the home, or place of occupation, to the cold of the street—changes from dry to wet—produce shock and irritation to the ever exposed mucous membrane; and this constantly results in running from the nose and often from the eyes.

Under suitable conditions in the individual and in the atmosphere, this discharge becomes thickened, or purulent, drying the mucous membrane and forming crusts or scabs.

Together with the running from the nose, there may also be a dropping of mucous into the throat or even into the stomach; and this constitutes nasal catarrh or rhinitis.

It is very obstinate, sometimes produces great changes in the tissues of the nose, and may undermine the health to a serious extent.

One of the varieties of inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose is atrophic rhinitis(also known as dry catarrh and azoena) the mucous membrane being dry and covered with scabs; the fragile bones in the nose, the turbinated bones, becoming atrophied and wasted, and the odor very offensive.

Besides, there may be loss of smell; catarrh of the middle and internal ear; deafness and interference with breathing.

Frequently there is constitutional disease, like tuberculosis, associated with it; it may involve one or both nostrils, and when the nasal septum is deflected, there may be atrophic rhinitis in one nostril while the other is healthy.

There may also be polypi on the turbinated bones, and the disease may extend downward to the larynx and windpipe.

A tendency to this disease may be inherent—for instance, in a child who is born with a flat nose and defective nasal passages.

Such children have adenoids and diseased tonsils. This causes imperfect breathing, purulent catarrh results, the bones of the nose and the mucous membrane do not develop properly, and they have atrophic rhinitis from almost their earliest years.

Bacteria have more or less influence in producing this disease, as they do in producing others.

Those who smoke and inhale cigarettes, and those who use alcohol freely, are very often victims of atrophic rhinitis.

When the mucous membrane in this disease has been destroyed, or replaced by scar tissue, it cannot be made healthy again.

The best that can be done is to accustom the patient to the situation and relieve the dryness and bad odor.

The fragrant antiseptics: thymol, eucalyptus, tar, and pine, are much used in the form of sprays for this purpose and often very effectively.

If the general condition of the victim is good, he will suffer much less than if it is not good; hence it is desirable from this point of view, if from no other, to maintain as excellent a degree of general health as may be possible.

Questions and Answers.

G. F.—In one of your answers to a question concerning the use of acid for the stomach, you advised dilute hydrochloric acid. Is not this a poison, and would you tell me how to take it?

Answer—Please remember that the object of this column is not to give prescriptions or to take care of those who are sick; for that purpose you must consult your doctor. The object of this service is to give general information and, while certain remedies of the simplest character are sometimes suggested, it is not intended that this should serve as a clinic or do away with one's consulting his physician—who is the proper one to look after his ills.

Dr. Currier will answer all signed letters pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Currier will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address Dr. Andrew F. Currier, care of this newspaper.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

A HAPPY EVENING

"I am delighted that you came," I said to Merton Gray when he expressed his regret that George was not at home. "I should have had a long, lonely evening, had you not called."

"Then I too, am more than pleased that I came at this time."

I told him that a woman was staying with me, not mentioning her name, but that she was not feeling very well and had retired to her room. I thought perhaps he would ask who it was, but, to my relief, he only said:

"Don't expect me to say I am sorry, for I'm not."

What a good time I had. I think he also enjoyed himself. We talked and laughed. I told him of Signor Torretti and that I was going to spend a lot more time at my music than I had done since I married; that the Signor had encouraged me to new effort. Then, I played for him. All his favorites. Strange, many of them were also mine. It was ten o'clock before I knew it. I rang the bell and asked James to bring us a bite of something for supper. Merton said he wasn't hungry, but I noticed that he ate heartily of the unusually attractive and tasty meal James brought to us.

Ever since the day I exploded wrathfully before him and Mary, James had been singularly thoughtful and accommodating. Instead of disliking him, as I did at first, I had begun to depend upon him and to value him greatly.

Artistic Place Cards.

I told Merton that as soon as George returned I was going to give a dinner.

"Just the kind I want to. George said I might plan it all myself." I said forgetting that Mr. Gray knew nothing of my position as regarding entertaining; that George thought me incompetent.

"Please invite me!"

"I intended to—if you are a good boy."

"Oh, I'll be very good."

"Very well, then you may come."

This foolish badinage almost made me forget that I was an old married woman; mistress of a beautiful house. I felt as I used to, when I joked and talked nonsense with the boys at home.

"I am thinking of a costume dinner. We had such a good time at Evelyn's party. I should like to do something, too. Something different, I mean."

"That's a good idea—a costume dinner. When you decide upon the period, let me know. If you will accept them, I will paint the place cards for you."

"Really! Oh, that would be lovely" then, suddenly, I remembered what I had heard about the extravagant prices this young artist received for his work. It would be expecting too much of him. He probably had only offered out of a spirit of politeness, and had not expected me to snap him up like that. So I added: "But Mr. Gray, you really must not think of doing so much for me. Your time is very valuable, I know".

"If you will trust me, I will make them as artistic as I know how," he said in return, entirely ignoring my last little stilted speech.

"I would trust you with anything," I exclaimed delighted that he had not changed his mind.

"You are saying a good deal when you say that," he said very seriously, then lightly, "I'll try not to spoil your dinner."

After that we discussed the different periods which would give my dinner either the quaintest or the prettiest setting. Finally he rose to go.

"If I may run in again, in a day or two, I will bring you some pictures I have—a book or two, also, showing the dress of the different periods. They may help you to decide."

"Thank you so much! Please do!"

After he had gone I went back into the library—we had gone in there for our little supper; it was smaller and more cozy than the drawing room—and curled up in the big leather chair and thought over all he had said. What a charming man he was. I had so enjoyed my evening with him.

It was long after midnight when I finally crept softly upstairs so as not to waken Mrs. Sexton. I was so happy, myself, that I felt an unusual thoughtfulness even for her.

(Tomorrow—Mrs. Sexton Is Amazed at The Artist's Offer)

Expect President Will Deliver War Message

Washington, April 1. — The white house let it be known today that President Wilson plans to speak in Baltimore next Saturday at a giant celebration opening the third liberty loan campaign.

It is "very probable." the president will deliver an address, it was stated officially. It is believed here he will seize the opportunity to drive home a strong war message.

STOLE EASTER OFFERING

Seattle, Wash., April 1.—Burglars entered the home of Rev. F. R. Bateman here last night and stole the Easter morning collection of $50 that had been taken at St. Clement's Epicopal church.