

Women in Our Hospitals

Appalling Increase in the Number of Operations Performed Each Year—How Women May Avoid Them.



Going through the hospitals in our large cities one is surprised to find such a large proportion of the patients lying on those snow-white beds women and girls, who are either awaiting or recovering from serious operations.

Why should this be the case? Simply because they have neglected themselves. Ovarian and womb troubles are certainly on the increase among the women of this country—they creep upon them unawares, but every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, leucorrhoea, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the womb or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the ovaries or womb, and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation.

When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from surgical operations.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervous-

ness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy.

The following letters cannot fail to bring hope to despairing women.

Mrs. Fred Seydel, 412 N. 54th Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I was in a very serious condition when I wrote you for advice. I had a serious womb and ovarian trouble and I could not carry a child to maturity, and was advised that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I could not bear to think of going to the hospital, so wrote you for advice. I did as you instructed me and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and I am not only a well woman to-day, but have a beautiful baby girl six months old. I advise all sick and suffering women to write you for advice, as you have done so much for me."

Miss Ruby Mushrush, of East Chicago, Ind., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I have been a great sufferer with irregular menstruation and ovarian trouble, and about three months ago the doctor, after using the X-Ray on me, said I had an abscess on the ovaries and would have to have an operation. My mother wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and it not only saved me from an operation but made me entirely well."

Lydia E. P. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice and medicine have restored thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Cabinet May Resign.
London, Nov. 23.—Tonight the sole topic of conversation is the possibility of the Balfour cabinet resigning. The ministry is summoned to meet tomorrow. It is thought the meeting will be followed by this stupendous announcement.

Will Re-Elect Gompers.
Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 23.—The Federation of Labor today expected to nominate officers, but the old fight of the brewery workers, longshoremen and engineers occupied the time. It was

decided today there would be open opposition to the re-election of Gompers. It will not complete the business before Saturday.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

HUIE WING SANG CO.

All kinds of Chinaware, Japanese fancy goods, silk handkerchiefs. Make up new line of gents' and ladies' furnishing goods, silk skirts, white underwear, wrappers, wool and silk dress goods, blankets, umbrellas, gents' coats, shots, waists, kimono, full stock of holiday goods. Cheap sale at east, 346 Court street. By alley, Salem, Oregon.

Huie Wing Sang Co.

Harmony

You can account in many ways for the exceptional power of the Daily Capital Journal, but there is one solid, substantial reason—Harmony!

Harmony of aim—of editor and advertiser—to reach every home in Salem and surrounding country.

Harmony of matter—news and advertisements—for the profitable enjoyment of the home circle—day in and day out in nearly every Salem and Marion county home.

Both have been accomplished, and there is a tremendous interlinking power here, so Strong, so Strident, that a merchant may know that his product, exploited in the Daily Capital Journal, will be read by all with all the avidity of the liveliest topic of the day. Facts prove this.

Get your own results—through the

Daily Capital Journal

WHAT IS LIQUOZONE?

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams in an article published in Colliers' of November 18, pays his respects to Ligozone. After a preliminary round in which he shows it claims to cure anything from abscesses to quincy, he says: "Yet the Ligozone company is not a patent medicine concern. We have their own word for it."

"We wish to state at the start that we are not patent men, and their methods will not be employed by us."

"Ligozone is too important a product for quackery."

"The head and center of this non-patent medicine cure-all is Douglas Smith. Mr. Smith is by profession a promoter. He is credited with a keen vision for profits. Several years ago he ran upon a worthy ex-piano dealer, a Canadian by the name of Powley (we shall meet him again, trailing clouds of glory in a splendid metamorphosis), who was selling with some success a mixture known as Powley's Liquefied Ozone. This was guaranteed to kill any disease germ known to science. Mr. Smith examined into the possibilities of the product, bought out Powley, moved the business to Chicago and organized it as the Liquid Ozone company. Liquid air was then much in the public prints. Mr. Smith, with the intuition of genius, and something more than genius' contempt for limitations, proceeded to catch the public eye with this frank assertion: "Ligozone is liquid oxygen—that is all."

It is enough. That is, it would be enough if it were but true. Liquid oxygen doesn't exist above a temperature of 220 degrees below zero. One spoonful of it would freeze a man's tongue, teeth and throat to equal solidity before he ever had time to swallow. If he could, by any miracle, manage to get it down, the undertaker would have to put him on the stove to thaw him out sufficiently for a respectable burial. Unquestionably, ligozone, if it were liquid oxygen, would kill germs, but that wouldn't do the owner of the germs much good because he'd be dead before they had time to realize that the temperature was falling. That it would cost a good many dollars an ounce to make is, perhaps, beside the question. The object of the company was not to make money, but to succor the sick and suffering. They say so themselves in their advertising.

EVER WATCHFUL.

A Little Care Will Save Many Salem Readers Future Trouble.

Watch the kidney secretions. See that they have the amber hue of health.

The discharges not excessive or infrequent. Contain no "brick dust-like sediment."

Doan's Kidney Pills will do this for you. They watch the kidneys and cure them when you're sick.

Olof Johnson, who is a gardener by occupation, living at the corner of 15th and B streets, North Salem, says:

"Kidney complaint is no new thing to me. I have been bothered off and on for tenor twelve years. I did not suffer so much from backache as most people do who have kidney complaint, but the principal annoyance was a weakness of the kidney secretions, which was both distressing and aggravating. There was a scalding sensation in passing, and a heavy brick-dust like sediment appeared after standing in the vessel over night. I had attacks of dizziness in my head and oftentimes a blurring would appear before my eyes and I could scarcely see. I tried numerous remedies, but all in vain, until I saw Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended for just such troubles and procured them at Dr. Stone's drug store. Now, I don't want to tell the people something that is not true, but I will say that in all my experience with doctors' prescriptions and different kidney remedies nothing has given me the amount of relief that I have received from Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

FOR SALE.
Four-room cottage, Morningside addition. Plastered walls, lot 20 by 150. Just the place for small family. Will sell for cash or easy payments. Price, \$550. Stop paying rent, own your own home. Address C. M. Lockwood, 214 N. Commercial st., Salem, Oregon.

For Destitute People.
Any one having any cast-off clothing for destitute families will kindly leave them at Mrs. E. A. Crossan's, 430 Winter street, for the Woman's Relief Corps, to distribute.

STOCKMEN'S DILEMMA

Oregon is confronted with a serious problem in the way of providing a market for her varied products, in the opinion of Dr. James Withycombe, of the experiment station of the Oregon Agricultural College. Dr. Withycombe has made a close study of the status of the Oregon producer, and the commercial interests of the state, and says it is impossible for Oregon to forge ahead to the position she should enjoy unless her agricultural resources are developed and a market provided. He points out that there is no profit in the stock line at below \$4 a hundred.

"The Chicago packer can well afford to pay \$6 a hundred on foot, yet the Oregon stockraiser cannot see a profit in shipping to Chicago at \$2.75 in competition with others. What is needed is the establishment of meat packing plants in the state, so we can send our product out in the dressed form," he said.

Institutes are being held in Multnomah and Clackamas counties, and Dr. Withycombe was in the city last evening arranging details regarding the sessions.

"Instead of boasting of the preponderance of her banking wealth, Portland's commercial factors should bestir themselves to open up new avenues of consumption for the agricultural and horticultural products of the state.

"Another serious condition is that with which wheat producers of Wheeler, Grant, Gilliam, Morrow and other Eastern Oregon counties are confronted—the danger of wearing out the soil in the perpetual production of wheat. It is only a question of time when the life-giving properties of the soil will have been exhausted, and the industry will suffer a serious slump. What would then become of Oregon's wheat trade with the Orient is apparent. These farmers should rotate their wheat crops with such products as alfalfa, peas or other forage crops, in order to preserve the fertility of the soil.

"There is no present inducement, however, for the Eastern Oregon farmer to produce these classes of products, but, if it were encouraged in the stock industry for the consumption of such crops, the question would be solved, and two giant industries will have been preserved."

The Preacher and the Bench-Legged Fists.

It was away back in the early sixties of the past century when the now hoisted Waldo Hills region of western Oregon was still a frontiersman's paradise and dogs went to church, that a backwoods preacher, with a mournful twang to his voice, was holding forth in a little board school house which stood on the most abrupt portion of the uplands and well on the outskirts of civilization.

After the preacher had given out the first two lines of that grand old way-side hymn, commencing, "When I can read my title clear," and hidden his congregation "rise and sing," he sang in an mournful a tone of voice as he could possibly command.

A few of the older brothers and sisters joined in the singing, but they did not get far with their titles before a bench-legged fete, being touched by the tone of the melody, smoldered out to a point directly in front of the preacher and lifting its voice to the proper pitch howled an accompaniment to the remainder of the lines with never a break.

But the preacher, nothing daunted, read the remaining lines of the stanza and proceeded to sing, but when he discovered that he and the fete were the only singers he paused and with one hurried glance took in the situation.

Some of the less serious of his congregation were actually crawling out through the windows, while many of his staid and earnest co-workers acted as if suddenly stricken with shaking palsy.

But "that mild faced man" proved equal to the occasion for the time, for turning to a favorite old deacon he said in a unshaken voice, "Brother, please escort that bench-legged worshipper out into the open air that he may give full vent to his pent up feelings."

But his courage failed there, for finding him to his little flock, with the big tears jumping the furrows of his venerable face, he repeated in a tremulous voice the familiar words, "If all minds are free we will look to the Lord and be dismissed."

R. P.

Not a cent wanted unless you are cured. If you are sick or ailing take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. A great blessing to the human family. Makes you well—keeps you well. 25 cents, tea or tablets. Dr. Stone's Drug Store.

"Ah! I have got Beecham's Pills

this time."



What They Say.
The American and the Englishman say: How do you do?
The German: How do you find yourself?
The Frenchman: How do you carry yourself?
The Italian: How do you stand?
The Spaniard: Go with God, señor.
The Russian: How do you live on?
The Hollander: Have you had a good dinner?
The Chinese: Have you eaten your rice?
The Egyptian: How do you persevere?
The Mohammedan: Peace be with you.
The Persian: May thy shadow never grow less!
The Burmese rub their noses against each other's cheeks, exclaiming: Give me a smell.
Arabs of eminence kiss each other's cheeks and say: "God grant thee His favor and give health to thy family."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
The Katsenjanmer picnic at Albany last night was a success in every way. It was under the direction of Clara Louise Thompson.

You Cannot Buy Purer Whiskey

than HAYNER, no matter how much you pay or where you get it. We have been distilling whiskey for 39 years. We have one of the most modern and best equipped distilleries in the world. We know of nothing that would improve our product. Perfection in the distiller's art has been reached in HAYNER WHISKEY, which goes direct from our distillery to YOU, with all of its original purity, strength, richness and flavor. It doesn't pass through the hands of any dealer or middleman to adulterate. You thus save the dealers' big profits. You buy at the distiller's price, at first cost. Don't you see the economy in buying HAYNER WHISKEY, as well as the certainty of getting absolutely pure whiskey?

"I have used HAYNER WHISKEY for medicinal purposes in my family and have found it very satisfactory. I believe it to be a number-one medicinal whiskey."
—James S. Martin, U. S. Senator from Virginia.

HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS \$4.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

20 FULL QUARTS \$15.20 FREIGHT PREPAID

Send us the above amount and we will ship in a plain sealed case, with no marks to show contents. Try the whiskey, have your doctor test it every bottle if you wish. If you don't find it all right, ship it back to us at OUR EXPENSE and your money will be promptly refunded. How could any offer be fairer?

You save money by ordering 20 quarts by freight. If you can't use so much, get a friend to join you. You can have either Rye or Bourbon. Remember we pay the express or freight charges.

Write our nearest office and do it NOW.
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn. St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, O. Atlanta, Ga.
Distillery, Troy, O. Capital, \$500,000.00, paid in full. Established 1866.



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Distillery, Troy, O. Capital, \$500,000.00, paid in full. Established 1866.

If you sit on the fence and chew a straw at planting time you aren't liable to be so awfully rushed at harvest time—increased business is the harvest from good advertising—the Capital Journal kind.