

## DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.



## Republican National Ticket

For President,  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,  
of New York.  
For Vice-President,  
CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS,  
of Indiana.  
For Presidential Electors:  
G. B. Dinsick, of Clackamas.  
A. C. Hough, of Josephine.  
J. H. Hart, of Polk.  
E. A. Pee, of Malheur.

## ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

(The Gael.)  
"Ah, sweet Kitty Nell! rise up from  
your wheel;  
Your neat little foot will be weary  
from spinning;  
Come trip down with me to the sycamore  
tree—  
Half the parish is there, and the dance  
is beginning.  
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest  
moon  
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-  
whitened valley;  
While all the air rings with the soft  
loving things,  
Each little bird sings in the green-  
shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose  
up the while,  
Her eye in the glass as she bound up  
her hair, glancing;  
"Tis hard to refuse a young lover  
now,  
So she couldn't but choose to go off to  
the dancing.  
And now on the green the glad groups  
are seen,  
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of  
his choosing;  
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet  
Kitty Nell—  
Somehow, when he asked, she never  
thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his  
knee,  
And with flourish so free sets each  
couple in motion;  
With a cheer and a bound the lads  
patter the ground—  
The maids move around just like swans  
on the ocean,  
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light  
as the doe's—  
Now coyly retiring, now boldly ad-  
vancing;  
Search the world all around, from the  
sky to the ground,  
No such sight can be seen as an Irish  
lass dancing!

## TOMMY'S SUSPICION.

(Leslie's Weekly.)  
My daddy says that when he was  
a boy, he never cried  
Ner run away from school to go  
a swimmin'; never tried  
To cut a lickin', never failed  
To do as he was bid—  
(Well, maybe daddy didn't then—  
But gran'ma says he did!)

My daddy brings a lot about  
The way boys acted when  
He was a boy. (Gee! but they must  
'A been most angels then!)

He says he never dared to peep  
Beneath the cake box lid—  
(Well, maybe not; but, anyway,  
My gran'ma says he did!)

"I never tied a tin can to  
A dog's tail in my life,"  
Says daddy. "Au! I never carved  
My initials with a knife  
In great big glarin' capitals  
On the piano lid!"

(That's what he told me solemnly—  
But gran'ma says he did!)

"I never cared for fireworks  
An' brass bands and such things"  
(Say—honest! that's just what he  
said!)

"An' tops and devil slings,  
I never waited after school  
To lick some other kid,"  
(He says he never done these things  
But gran'ma says he did!)

Say! but my gran'ma's mighty wise;  
She knew my daddy when  
He was a little runt, an' says  
He was a terror then!  
He says he never cut up none  
The times he was a kid—  
(I know I ought to believe him, but—  
But gran'ma says he did!)

## MR. DALRYMPLE RETIRES.

The retirement of J. J. Dalrymple  
from an active mercantile career will  
be regretted by many people, who have  
traded with him for a quarter of a  
century.

He will be missed from business circles  
because in his line he was thorough  
and very successful as a business man.  
Mr. Dalrymple was public-spirited,  
and has always taken an intelligent

interest in promoting whatever he  
thought for the welfare of the commu-  
nity.

He is a man who made many warm  
friends with people he came in contact  
with, and will long be remembered as  
one of the older generation of Salem  
merchants.

The Journal hopes he may live to  
enjoy many happy days, and if he gets  
lonesome will be glad to welcome him  
back into active business circles.

## CITY WINS GRAVEL SUIT.

The city of Salem wins the suit for  
its right in the Minto island gravel bar.  
The result will be that the city will  
use gravel under the old contract.

Indications are that not as much  
gravel will be used in future as in the  
past for street work.

More gravel will be used than ever  
before for the construction of founda-  
tions of houses.

The old plan of putting gravel from  
two to six feet deep on streets is about  
as antiquated an idea as living in a  
dogout would be.

Unless gravel can be screened and  
put on the roads so that the goose-eggs  
will not come to the top, its use should  
be prohibited.

Judge Galloway deserves credit for  
just about getting at the common sense  
of the matter. He is what Judge Boise  
would call a pretty good guesser.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT GAMBLING.

There is not a particle of restraint  
placed on gambling games in this city,  
and not much at the state fair at present.

In the saloons and other places money  
games are running openly, and doing  
some business, but mostly patronized  
by idlers and sightseers.

The horse races, as usual, are the  
fruitful cause of much gambling, pool  
selling and betting on the alleged races.

As far as this city is concerned, there  
is no pretense at driving out these  
gambling devices, and at the fair not  
much more.

Now, whether people like this or not,  
there is an element of humanity that  
will gamble, whether in wheat options,  
race pools, or wheel games.

Whether a city or a fair can prevent  
these persons from gambling, is an  
open question. The Journal does not  
pretend to know.

The Journal believes in the creation  
of a sound public sentiment against  
gambling, and in educating the individ-  
ual not to gamble.

In the face of a state law, and city  
laws that make gambling a crime, and  
every man who gambles or permits  
gambling on his premises, a law break-  
er, there is gambling wide-open and on  
a large scale.

In spite of the laws there is prostitu-  
tion and drunkenness, just the same as  
gambling, and there will be until individ-  
uals are shown the error of their  
ways, and no longer believe there is  
pleasure in these things.

Merely prosecuting individuals and  
convicting them, and throwing them in  
to jail does not reform them or take  
away the desire for these things.

It is a question whether open  
practice of these things, that shocks the  
public sense of decency, is not better  
than if all these vices were carried on  
in secret.

The Journal lays down no law for  
others in these matters. It takes human-  
ity as it finds it. It does not be-  
lieve that society can be purified by  
brass-band crusades against vice.

Reformation must begin in the individ-  
ual. If he is right he needs no en-  
forcement of laws to keep him from do-  
ing wrong. If he practices wrong-do-  
ing, he will be punished by inevitable  
justice that spares none.

## GRANITE ROADS.

Edwin M. Stone has done a great  
favor to Oregon by delivering several  
carloads of the Santiam granite for the  
rock crusher at the fair grounds.

W. E. Coman, of the Southern Pacific  
Company, also deserves credit for pro-  
moting the test of granite for roads.  
Both roads hauled it free.

Broken granite will prove the finest  
material for road building. There is  
nothing superior to granite for base or  
top dressing.

The use of granite will depend on the  
freight rate that can be made over the  
two roads, but a favorable rate will  
probably be reached.

For this city the best engineers recom-  
mend the use of basalt from the  
quarry south of the city for a base,  
with granite for the finish.

With the street railway lines to dis-  
tribute the basalt in the city, and the  
finely broken granite for the surface,  
fine streets are possible.

Granite for roads and streets means  
more to Oregon than anything that has  
yet been proposed, because it can be  
more widely distributed.

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

The modern man has precisely one  
source of enjoyment—in action.

He has forgotten how to think, or  
dream, or rest. But he knows better  
than ever men knew before how to  
keep busy.

He was never matched in deeds; he

has no interest in anything but deeds.

The world's work is the most elevat-  
ing topic that attracts his mind—not  
the world's history or its meaning or  
destiny.

He is happy only in the midst of  
activity. What he wants is "some-  
thing doing." It has come to pass  
that it doesn't matter what.

It is the display of energy itself  
that fascinates us. We don't inquire  
whether or not the end is worth while.

We confound change with improve-  
ment. It isn't the goal that inspires  
us; we are absorbed in pride at each  
tiny step, one after another.

We are victims of a passion for de-  
tails. We can't realize that we are  
strong, that we have energy, unless we  
prove it to ourselves by constant little  
feats. We go about, therefore, lifting  
weights, doing pole vaults, throwing  
hammers and applauding one another  
as if this were trundling the world  
along some glorious path of destiny.

Here is Roosevelt, who deems it  
necessary to get up at 2 o'clock in the  
morning and ride as if for life across  
the country to get his blood in circula-  
tion. And we make him President and  
exalt him as the true type of our mod-  
ern manhood.

Now, the plain truth is that energy  
displays itself far more impressively  
in repose than in action. It was  
Amiel's remark—that was one of the  
Genevan philosopher's favorite themes—  
that Napoleon with his arms crossed  
over his breast is more impressive of  
power than the furious Hercules beat-  
ing the air with his athletic fists.

The modern spirit has no apprecia-  
tion of the energy of concentration. It  
can understand only movement, acts,  
effects, noise.

The calm sea, the poised eagle, si-  
lence, equanimity, contemplation—  
these things do not speak of strength  
to men today.

The Indian in his blanket, the Arab  
of the desert, in serenity, in indiffer-  
ence to turmoil, has a personal dignity  
that shames the man of civilization in  
the midst of the electric devices which  
enable him to do in a day work for  
which his grandfather would have re-  
quired weeks and months. How much  
of that work is worth while!

These summer days, generous, slow-  
passing, reluctant to die in their splen-  
dor of sun and air, give a new mean-  
ing to life, making vain the fevered

G. W. JOHNSON & CO.  
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## WHAT'S THE USE WAITING

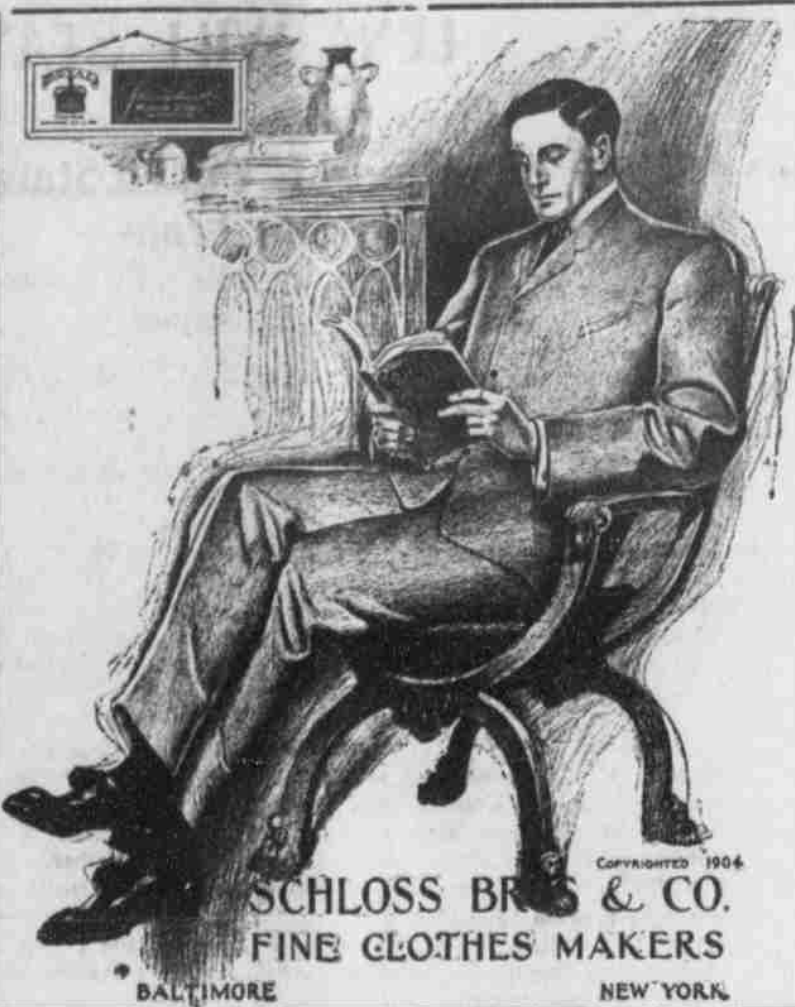
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