

TEMPERANCE WORKERS NATIONAL MEETING

Philadelphia, Nov. 26.—Noted women interested in temperance work are arriving from all parts of the country to attend the annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which meets in this city next week. Tomorrow will be observed as world's temperance day and the pulpits of many of the Protestant churches will be occupied by prominent preachers and other speakers who are among the delegates and visitors to the convention. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, the national president, and Miss Anna A. Gordon, the national vice-president, together with other officers and members of the

executive board are already here completing the arrangements for the convention. Tuesday morning the business of the convention will begin and continue morning, afternoon and evening until Saturday night. All these meetings will be held in the Temple, except the one on Thursday evening, which will be a great temperance demonstration by 1000 children. This meeting will be held in the Academy of Music. Prominent among the speakers to be heard during the week, in addition to the British Woman's Temperance association, Mrs. Harrison Lee, of Australia, and Miss Ellen Stone, the noted missionary.

KANSAS EDITOR HAD FIGHTING REPUTATION

That a man who had been cowed, beaten, shot full of holes, carved by Bowie knives and "left for dead," should die at 80 in bed was the late Colonel Dan Anthony's way of illustrating "life's little ironies," says the New York World. Anthony, a brother of Susan B., was a Kansas editor. He went to the state 50 years ago, when it was one big fighting field. Once his paper, the Leavenworth Times, bitterly assailed a local editor. The men met on the street, pistols drawn. Afterward people came from behind the trees and picked Anthony up. His aorta was cut, and as no one had then survived that wound—or so it was thought—the doctor said he would die soon. The bitter cold of winter checked the flow of blood, however, and he was put to bed.

After a short sleep Anthony awoke to ask the nurse what time it was. "Six," she replied. "Say, that's a good joke on Doc," chuckled the editor. "He said I'd be dead by 5:30."

Once, in 1875, a rival editor, Mr. Embry, "shot Anthony up." He thrived on the treatment. During the

war he was knifed while trying to rescue a slave, but lived. As Mayor of Leavenworth, years ago, he was a favorite target for the turbulent. Cowhiddings and beatings with heavy canes were incidents.

Anthony's last encounter was in 1899, when he was 76 years old. Ex-Sheriff Bond, a giant in stature, helped by another man, got the old editor down and beat him and stamped upon him. He drew a revolver, but the friend saved Bond by knocking the weapon up. Anthony recovered. "I'm going to die of disease or old age," he said.

Anthony wasn't always blood-thirsty. An actor, angered by Kansas criticism, came to his office one day to "lick the editor." He turned the hose on the visitor and went back to his desk. Once he was arrested for carrying a revolver wrapped up in paper. The lethal weapon turned out to be a piece of lead pipe bent pistol shape—not a bad defense weapon. Curiously enough, Anthony wasn't a good shot. He never killed any one but a man named Satterlee. Once a gang of 15 men opened fire on him, and he emptied two six-shooters in their direction. "Upon my honor," he said, "I never touched a man. I concluded that bricks were much more deadly weapons than pistols."

Washington Filling Up.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The five hundred senators and representatives who will sit in the approaching session of congress have turned their faces toward Washington. Most of them will be here by the middle of next week. They bring with them several thousand camp followers, who have or hope to have government employment of some kind during the session. There may also be noticed a distinct movement in this direction of representatives of special interests of many kinds which need watching at the national capital while the legislators are here. All told a session of congress brings to Washington anywhere from 300 to 5000 transients.

Dog Poisoned.

Jas. Wilson had a fine Australian bird dog poisoned last night, and would give something for the satisfaction of knowing who did it.

Humors of the Blood

Cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the most effective alterative and tonic medicine, as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

- Scrofula
- Psoriasis
- All kinds of Humor
- Blood Poisoning
- Catarrh
- Salt Rheum
- Boils, Pimples,
- Rheumatism
- Dyspepsia
- Debility, Etc.

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

YOUNG WIFEHOOD

Boston, Mass., 152 Shawmut Ave., Oct. 25, 1902. After I had been married about four months I felt my health generally decline. I seemed to lose the light step and dragged wearily along instead. My appetite failed me and I lost health and strength. I was nervous and had shooting pains through my limbs and stomach while bearing down pains and constant headaches added to my misery. The menstrual flow became more and more profuse and I was unfit to attend to my daily duties. My husband called in three different physicians and I took enough medicine to kill or cure a dozen women, but it all had no effect on me whatever, until I took Wine of Cardui. In a few days I felt a change for the better, my general health improved and at the next time of my periods my flow was more natural and I was in less pain. Gradually I recovered my health and strength and am now in perfect health. I take an occasional dose of Wine of Cardui which keeps me well.

I am happy to give you this endorsement.

Beth Ricker
President, Back Bay Women's Club.

Why don't you try for the same health Mrs. Ricker has? It is easy to secure if you take Wine of Cardui according to directions. Wine of Cardui strengthens weak and worn-out women of any age and assists the mother and housewife to bear her exacting duties. Wine of Cardui makes women fit for all the duties of womanhood.

It will relieve the pains of irregularity, cure falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, ovarian troubles, and has been known to remove what physicians considered dangerous tumors. Women who use Wine of Cardui do not suffer at the monthly periods. They do not suffer hysterical attacks, because Wine of Cardui gives them strong nerves freed from the irritation of female suffering.

A \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui purchased from your druggist will keep you free from pain.

WINE OF GARDUI



Always at the foot of the class

Do not blame the boy for being dull and stupid. You are the stupid one! Stupid because you never thought about his liver. There is where all his trouble lies. A sluggish liver makes a sluggish mind. A boy cannot study when his blood is full of bile!

Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. They are all vegetable, sugar-coated. Dose, just one pill at bedtime. Sold for 60 years. Always keep a box of these pills in the house.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S SANSAPARILLA—For the blood. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—For coughs. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.

AMERICAN METHODS DISTASTEFUL TO ROYALTY

(Written for Saturday Journal.)

How little foreign people appreciate American methods and styles. They feel that because we don't spend most of our time counting uncles and aunts, and trimming the ancestral tree, we are poor genealogical gardeners. They do say that we Americans are great on the rush. Always in a hurry. Everywhere you see an American, you see a rush. Every time you see a rush you will see an American. They go hand in hand.

A good many things are accomplished by "rushin' em" that could not be otherwise. If you want to borrow a dollar, the safest and best way is to "rush" a fellow for it. That is, to get from him before he has a chance to get over his surprise, think twice and refuse. Sometimes these "rush" acts don't go, as for instance, the "rush" net played on the unsophisticated voters by the Prohibition party, under the guise of local option. Still with all the pros and cons to the matter of American rush, the thing is entertaining.

Have you ever been to an American theatre? The morning the box sheet opens hundreds swarm around the office. Some come early to get the best seat? Not much. They come to get a cheap seat and early for fear they might all be gone if they went at a really reasonable hour. The selling of the tickets is the same old story. The back rows go first and usually to those who could afford to sit in the front ones. Then the rest of the house goes to those who can afford to sit in the gallery, and those who have company. Then the show comes on. After the first act you see the people begin to squirm. You wonder what it is. Well, it's only the American energy coming to the front. This energy grows upon the audience and about the time the last act is half over, all the women have their hats on and some are in the aisles and others clear out in the street. The rush to get out is even greater than the rush to get in.

I remember attending the theatre one time. The occasion was a musical concert. The Italian band played American airs American style. The principal number on the program was the Sextette from Lucia de Lammermoor. Anybody with ears enough to distinguish the difference between a Chinese fiddle and a buzz-saw, couldn't help but be transported out of the common throes of musical combustion, into the serenity of a perfectly executed harmony. As the richly woven and intricate measures were brought out with a stirring precision of melodious modulation, with its ever varying crescendo and accelerando, and as each subject of the theme was produced in its order, so did the musical sensibility of the enraptured listeners, (except, possibly, Que, who was up in the gallery) gradually take on the inspiration until at the grand climax the audience arose with a single impulse; a sort of reaching up after the musical altitudes, as it were, and when the music actually stopped, when the piece was over, when the piece was done, the audience was a sight to behold. The applause was deafening, prolonged, sincere and from the head, heart, hands and feet.

Gradually, however, the stimulated condition relaxed and several were retaking their seats. As one thing leads to another, so all the people finally got seated again, except, of course, those

who were sitting in the standing room. Even after getting seated, the furore and heat of the ascension and parachute leap mastered the feelings and attention of the audience. They were now getting back to normal breathing, getting so they noticed others, commencing to say, "Oh!" to those around them.

Just as they got settled down to dream away the few remaining translations, and feeling they were getting their money's worth and to really forget all the horrible things of earth, they had seen before they came in, just then, when the time was, above all other times on earth, that "man wanted to be alone" then the sublimity of the occasion, the serenity of the atmosphere, the harmonic chords connecting every heart in the theatre, the quietude, in short, the very Heaven those Italian cheese-eaters and beer-guzzlers had made for our elite, fashionable and charming audience, were all broken into with a truly American innovation. We couldn't let the Italian music heaven last too long. We had to get in our Americanism before the people got too badly saturated with musical ideas, a thing not overly tolerated in this country.

The dreadful thing which happened was the fault of no one man. It was not the fault of the theatre management for we know of no more congenial and accommodating staff of officers, nor was it the fault of the audience. It was the fault of what we can call only Americanism. It was that same thing that happens in every theatre of the land every night in the week. It happened because we live in America, and America happened because Columbus discovered it. Nobody is to blame, and yet everybody is to blame, too. By this time you would like to have an inkling of what the terrible calamity was that befell the audience so bewitched by the mellifluous Dago. This was the crime.

An army of ushers was loosened onto the unsuspecting audience with arms full of yellow dodgers announcing the next performance of a real "nigger" show. When you were awakened from your sweet reverie by the dodger presented you, you looked down expecting to see something in harmony with the "happy thoughts" you had on. Men folks instinctively grasped the dodger, imagining it might be a nice long pipe, with the bowl in the middle, or an Egyptian cigar, while the ladies intuitively knew it must be a charming pink tea stunt got up for the occasion. But who on earth, while yet in heaven, would have expected to have a yellow con-shov dodger waved through their musical inspiration? Con shows are all right, and so are musical concerts. But the two won't mix, neither will their programs. To see Sambo doing a cakewalk with Lucie would be a sight to make the angels weep. Yet the Sambo dodger in one hand and the program of the genius of centuries in the other makes us all feel like obeying the Scriptural injunction to "Let not the left hand know what is in the right."

This crime, of course, was only committed to a few. There were many who, doubtless, were glad to see the dodger come along to keep them awake. For these the Italian dulcimer, with his inimitable Creator to peck the mystic strings, hath no

chairs. Sousa, when he plays public concerts, will give us an encore to "William Tell," "Dixie Forever," or "Coons, Chicken and Apple Pie." There is no relationship whatever to the contrast. No sense of the general appropriateness of things, or, if you please, no propriety. It's like putting on a plug hat to carry an armful of wood. If you will have noticed, the Italian master played oncores which were somewhere in sympathy with his leading numbers. Of course, we wouldn't dare to assert the glaring breach of musical etiquette charged against the greatest march king of America and the world was due to any oversight on his part. He knows he does it. He knows it is the wrong thing to do, too. But, he says, in reply to critics, that the public demands it. They don't want all one kind of music. They don't care anything about the ethics of the matter; it's the music they are after. So Sousa finds it better policy to break all the rules of ethical musical science and pander to the public taste.

Florence Roberts regrets to say, in an interview, that the public will not patronize her good plays, but they must have "Zaza" and a few other similes. According to this consensus of opinion it would appear the public are to blame for the whole trouble. Therefore, there remains three solutions: Either the musicians must have exclusive music, the non-musical must have their kind, and the general public must have both. It's no disgrace to like catchy music, for General Grant, who was so noted for his musical ability, always said there were only two tunes that he really liked. One was "Yankee Doodle" and the other wasn't.

Getting back to the show again, we must let the curtain down, and as we watch the fashion plates retire be glad to be Americans, even if we are always in a rush. FRED R. WATERS. Salem, November 18, 1904.

Disastrous Wrecks.

Carelessness is responsible for many a railway wreck, and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg, of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by J. C. Perry, druggist. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free.

Mexico's New Gunboat.

City of Mexico, Nov. 26.—The secretary of war has received information that the new gunboats Bravo and Moroles, contracted for by the Mexican government in Italy, will leave Genoa tomorrow for this country. On their arrival at Vera Cruz Minister of War Mena will personally receive them.

Suicide

What Drives so Many People to This Dark Path, and Why.

If a man—before taking a step made possible only by brooding and despair—would consider that his feeling of darkness is only a question of nerves—he would be saved.

For, the depression leading to self-destruction is truly a disease of the nerves. This nerve depression or melancholy is often accompanied or preceded by severe or constant Headache, Dizziness, Dullness, Loss of Memory, Sleeplessness, Muscular Twitchings, Nervous Prostration, Spasms, Brain Fag, and other signs of serious nerve trouble.

The cure is Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic. It is a nerve medicine for weak nerves and can be depended upon to make you well.

No matter what form of nerve trouble you may be suffering from, you can depend on Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic. It will do what no other medicine or treatment may be able to do for you—save you from that black hour of brooding, which so many of us dread.

"I had several attacks of nervous spasms, and for a long time could get no relief. I saw Dr. Miles' Nerve Tonic advertised and bought a bottle. After using the first bottle, I was much better, and when I had taken six bottles was entirely cured. I have never been troubled since."—MRS. W. A. BIRD, Stillmore, Ga.

The first bottle is guaranteed to benefit you, or druggist will refund your money.

FREE Write us and we will mail Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank for our Specialist to diagnose your case and tell you what is wrong and how to right it. Absolutely Free. Address: DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

NEW STOCK DRESS AND HIGH-TOP BOOTS AND SHOES—

Wear like iron. Repairing a specialty.

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UNHAPPINESS DISPELLED

Men and Women Unanimous Agree to be comforted because their eyes faded, the flies bite through the mesh on their craniums. It will be learned that Newbro's Herpicide has placed upon the market. This is the scalp germicide and antiseptic that is the underlying cause of all the trouble. Herpicide is a new tonic, made after a new formula entirely new principle. Anyone who tried it will testify as to its worth. It yourself and be convinced. Send for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Daniel J. Fry, Special Agent

Y. M. C. A. NIGHT SCHOOL

Fall Term Opens Monday, September 26th.

| | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Subjects | Fee 3 |
| Arithmetic | \$2 |
| Bookkeeping | 2 |
| Penmanship | 2 |
| Grammar | 2 |
| Reading and Spelling | 2 |

Other subjects taught if requested. For particulars call at

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A FULL STOCK

We now have a full stock of acinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Snow Drops, Jonquils and a large assortment of Chinese Sacred Plants. Would be pleased to have them call and inspect our stock at

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The Salem Steam Laundry

Umbrella Covers

from \$1. to \$4, put on. Dime pocket banks, just the to save money with. 10c each. BICYCLES REPAIRED.

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Paul H. Hauser, Proprietor. One Door South of Bash's

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FILL

A Safe, Certain Remedy for Intestinal Troubles. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Each 25-cent bottle contains 100 pills. For \$1.00 per box. Will send three bottles for \$2.50. Write for particulars. Send your name and address to the UNITED MEDICAL CO., 200 N. E. CORNER OF 10th and Commercial Streets, SALEM, OREGON.

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