

EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY. BY THE Capital Journal Publishing Company, INCORPORATED JAS. R. SHEPARD, Business Manager. Office, 112 Court Street, Opera House Block. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION DAILY. One year, by mail, \$5.00 Six months, by mail, 3.00 Three months, by mail, 1.50 Per week delivered by carrier, 15 WEEKLY. One Year, \$1.00 Six months, .50 Three months, .25 One year, if paid for in advance, 1.00 Six months, .50 Postmasters are authorized to receive subscriptions. Mr. T. D. Porter is our duly authorized traveling agent. Entered as second-class matter at the Salem, Oregon, Postoffice, March 2, 1888. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888. THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM. In discussing the platform adopted by the national democratic convention we can follow the partisan rule of condemning it because it is democratic; or we can throw party prejudice aside and judge it by its merits. As fairness demands such discriminative criticism and usefulness recommends it, we will devote a few paragraphs to its candid consideration. It starts out with indorsing President Cleveland's free trade message to congress, and then devotes several sections to showing the wisdom and necessity of such policy. This is foolish. The American people have made up their minds on this issue, and to convert a declaration of principles into a text book on fiscal science is a striking instance of inappropriateness. Then we are treated to a game of bluff. A searching scrutiny into the conduct of public affairs is challenged, and the assurance given that "fidelity" and "devotion to pledges" will be found. All remember the magnificent talk of Grover Cleveland, when he was elected, about "public office being a public trust," and how he would subordinate party rule to the public interest. It was nice talk. Every political reformer looks forward to the time when merit will rule in the civil service, and the name of democrat and republican will be unknown. Such a practice would remove the chief incentive to place and power, and the country would be delivered from the disgraceful scramble for office which now marks every change of administration. "Devotion to pledges" should not be named in a democratic confession of faith because it calls to mind the thousands of victims sacrificed to "offensive partisanship," and he large measure of liberty allowed those democrats appointed to succeed. Says the old adage, "One man may steal a horse while another may not look over the hedge." Cleveland, no doubt, meant well, but he did not adequately estimate the momentum of a party that had been kept out in the cold a quarter of a century. He was brushed aside like pebbles of onions, and the democratic tiger greedily filled out its gaudy and ravening sides. Credits taken for having "restored to the people 100,000,000 acres of valuable land." There is no over-weening modesty in this statement. The amount is largely overstated, and a good portion recovered as unearned grants to railroads was so worthless that the grantee companies would make no expenditure to secure them. Still credit is due Secretary Lamm for having spoiled many a snug land steal, and his administration of the interior department is on the whole creditable, notwithstanding he retains the instincts of an unconstructed rebel, and his devotion to needy neighbors and first wife's relatives filled every Indian agency with unfit employees. "All unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation," says this democratic evangelist. Hendricks used to shout this in his speeches till his hearers had learnt it by heart. He pointed to the hoard of wealth lying in the national treasury vaults, and promised that if he and Cleveland, (Mrs. Hendricks always declared that her husband was the brains of the ticket,) were elected, that pile of money would get into the channels of circulation, and every working man would have good times. Nearly four years of democratic rule has not shown any successful genius in dealing with the finances. The public treasure is like the snow in New York during the late storm; you may move it from one place to another at whatever cost, but it is still there. We are tempted to quote briefly from the platform: The money now lying in the federal treasury, resulting from super-

fluous taxation, amounts to more than \$125,000,000, and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than \$90,000,000 annually. Debauched by this immense temptation, the remedy of the republican party is to meet and exhaust by extravagant appropriations and expenses, whether constitutional or not, the accumulation of extravagant taxation.

Then comes another drive at "tariff reform." It is a pity that Henri Waterson's statesmanship, (for he was the chief factor in formulating the declaration,) is so limited that he can see but one way out. What with the star-eyed goddess of liberty and free commercial intercourse with all nations, this interesting Kentuckian is perfectly dazed. He insists on fragility, forgetting that Helvetius has said, "When the beneficence of nature shall be fully understood, fragility will cease to be counted among the virtues." Not long since the republicans wanted to relieve the treasury of \$20,000,000 of the surplus by paying back to the loyal states the direct tax they had paid during the war. The democrats deadlocked the house for a week to prevent it. The republicans want liberal appropriations for internal improvements; the democrats want a job, and will devote but a mere dole for such a purpose.

The platform is not well conceived for democratic success. It dwells too fulsomely on the merits of the present administration; it forces free trade down the throats of the people, it holds out no hope to moral reformers, and lacks elasticity, suggestiveness and address.

OF OLD HOMER HIS DUE.

A few captious republicans in Salem took offense at this paper for awarding to Col. Irish's oratory the palm of prevalence and persuasion. They say in derogation of the eloquent Californian that he is constitutionally untruthful, and they rake up an unsavory record that dates back to the war. We notice that the Portland News was just as favorably impressed with the orator's flowing periods, and pays him this handsome tribute:

Col. John P. Irish is known throughout California, as foremost in persuasive oratory and inspiring eloquence. He always attracts large audiences. His canvass of Oregon was without exception, the most attractive that ever has been in the state. The democrats were everywhere delighted with his speeches. Thousands of republicans went to hear him for the charm of his manner and his sonorous flow of exceptional language.

We judge of a man by his present performance, and do not go back a quarter of a century to find out what he was then.

The old Missouri Republican is now the St. Louis Republic, and the rejuvenated organ of the Missouri democracy appears with the name of Chas. H. Jones, late of the Times-Union of Jacksonville, Florida, as editor. In announcing the change of name the editor justly remarks that the paper has long suffered from the disadvantage of having a title at variance with its politics, and it was thought there never would be a better time than now to restore the harmony between the two, inasmuch as it involves only the sacrifice of a syllable. We warmly approve the change, as it not only removes all possible suspicion of republicanism from the paper, but it relieves republicans within the area of its circulation from the necessity of disclaiming it as an organ of their faith.

MADR TWAIN tells how Gen. Sheridan was induced to write his memoirs: "Mr. Webster and I called on Gen. Sheridan at his office in the war department a couple of years ago and made a contract with him for his autobiography upon terms satisfactory to both parties. This was not long after we had published the second volume of Gen. Grant's 'Personal Memoirs.' Gen. Sheridan was as reluctant to try the untrodden field of authorship as had been Gen. Grant before him, but the desire to secure a comfortable provision for their families prevailed with both. Gen. Sheridan's procedure, after he had once made up his mind, was characteristic of him. He went at his task with all his might, and never called a halt until it was finished."

The Portland World attributes the overwhelming defeat of the Oregon democracy to the popular ignorance of the tariff question, and recommends that some literature be furnished the people to enable them to read up. Great Scott! Let us remain in blissful ignorance for awhile. If after having our ears deafened with tariff talk the last three months, we are to be compelled to weary our minds with it, life will be an intolerable burden. All we now ask, is to be given a rest.

If the Portland News could confine itself to decency in its discussion of political events it would show improved breeding and better sense. "The great American hog," it says, its now at St. Louis, made the chief fete of the nation. It should be remembered that Cleveland is our chief magistrate, that his statesmanship is approved by nearly half the nation, and this re-nomination is an endorsement of his policy. Is not so distinguished a character entitled to decent treatment?

Those two lovers in San Francisco who had a hard ring fight to determine which should have the affections of a fair dame, were sensible fellows and tall men of their inches. This mode of settling a difference is manly and beats the revolver all to pieces. After this spirited encounter they will be the best of friends.

As esteemed correspondent in Dayton sends an order for the weekly, and adds in a postscript, "Free wool and Gov. Penneyer did it." Now we want some bright person to explain where the laugh comes in.

Chamney Depew and Wm. Shakespeare were born on the 23d of April. They are both widely known as rare good fellows. Mr. Depew modestly insists that he meant no disrespect to the great poet by being born on the same day of the year with him. There is no political significance in this interesting date, by the way, for Mr. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, was never President of the United States.—Chicago News.

If a delinquent and a half should come up and pay a dollar and a half in a year and a half, an editor and a half would then stand some chance of getting a meal and a half occasionally.—Southville (Ga.) News.

If ever there was a victim of misplaced confidence in this self-seeking world, it is the man who imagines that he is making the congregation believe that he is wide awake while he is taking a little nap in church.—Somerville Journal.

McQuintan—"What's the matter with you, Curt? You're wasted away to a shadow. And you were so robust, too." Curtis (getting his second wind)—"Matter with me? Why, I'm all right. Been reading up on health, you know."—Philadelphia Call.

Second Musical Recital.

Last night fully one hundred and fifty persons congregated in the rooms of Miss Julia Chamberlin's conservatory of music, to listen to the second and closing recital of her music pupils. The entertainment was very pleasant, and highly enjoyed. Following is the program rendered:

Jubel—Overture, Weber.—Hannah Chase, Kate Ladue, Rita Lowndale and Mabel Gray.
 Allegro, Emery.—Greta Strickler and Maggie Hodgkins.
 Little Gipsy Girl, Randall.—Mabel Hutton, Oskie Mathews, Edna Knight, Ethel Hughes, Lucy Williams, Linnie Stutsman.
 G Flat Mazurka, Muller.—Nannie Wagner, Lucy Williams, Maud Martin.
 When the Dewdrops Kiss the Daisies, Blake.—May Chapman.
 Andantino and Allegro.—Sonata No. 3, Mozart.—Mabel Gray.
 Old Folks at Home, arr. for ladies' quartette.—Misses Lindsey, Hall, Scriber, Dearborn.
 Tripping Thro' the Daisies, Sudds.—Maud Martin, Cora Newell, Linnie Stutsman, Oskie Mathews.
 Answers, Blumenthal.—Mrs. B. B. Broomell.
 Grand Waltz in A Flat, Chopin.—Hannah Chase.
 The Heart Bow'd down, Balfe.—Mr. J. H. Ross.
 Invitation a la Danse.—(Duo), Weber.—Rita Lowndale and Kate Ladue.
 Di Quai Seavi, Donizetti.—Mrs. J. H. Strickler.
 Coronation March, "Flower Queen"—Ladies' Chorus.

Woodburn Locals.

It has been an attack of fever and ague, or bilious remittent never don't resort to quinine, a cumulative and pernicious drug that has ruined many constitutions. Use without delay a remedy which the leading physicians of America have recommended for over thirty years past—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Bile, ague and ague cures, no less than the actively heroic, banish all malarial disease, are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by it. In the tropics, where febrile complaints of this sort are more prevalent than in the temperate zone, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has established a reputation for preventive and remedial efficacy which competition has not been able to affect prejudicially. It may have even served to strengthen. Disorders of the stomach and bowels, particularly those in which malaria gives rise, are speedily relieved by it. Kidney complaints, rheumatism, nervousness and sleeplessness, sick headache and constipation yield to its appetite and sleep are both improved by it.

Fruit ice cream, at Strong & Co.'s.

DIED.

KIRK.—John George Kirk, aged 2 years, 2 months and 9 days, Saturday morning, June 8, 1888. Funeral service, July 10th, at 2 p. m., from residence of parents in North Salem.

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