

A GREAT VITAL ISSUE

Mr. Dolph has gained a victory in winning a senatorship in a state, where if the people had a direct choice in the matter they would defeat him by twenty to one majority. But the people have also won a victory. Such a selection does more to hasten the day when the people shall elect their senators by direct vote than anything that could happen.

The forty gentlemen who voted for Mr. Dolph were comprised of several classes. There were men who honestly believed they represented the wishes of their constituents, or their supposed best interests. There were men nominated known to be friends of Mr. Dolph, or selected by friends of Mr. Dolph for the purpose of electing him to the senate. Others were elected unpledged and decided the question as a personal matter.

But how do members assume to know what their constituents' best interests are? A senatorship, as now created, is composed of an aggregation of supposed best interests and expressed dislikes, or an estimate on the part of representatives of the actual sentiments of their constituents. In many counties this expressed opposition in the case of Mr. Dolph was strong that men had no difficulty in comprehending it.

The question recurs: How can any man cast a vote supposedly to represent another man's interest? The man may not know his own best interest, but that is all the more reason why he should assume the primary responsibility of casting his own vote and not delegate so delicate and doubtful a proposition to another. We can delegate authority in certain matters but we cannot delegate our individual judgment.

We are far behind England in growth of public sentiment on this question. Whenever Lord Rosebery, the present hereditary lord who is prime minister of Great Britain, makes a public address to a liberal audience the one sentiment that is applauded to the echo is contained in the proposition that they abolish the house of lords and establish an upper chamber more near to the people. The time is hastening by when men can go to the United States senate who do not represent the people on vital issues.

Hearts are light and eyes shine bright where Dr. Price's Baking Powder is used.

LIMIT THE CLERKSHIPS.

No fair-minded man is opposed to the employment of a limited number of men and women as clerks in the legislature. A legislative clerkship is a valuable experience for any young man or woman. It gives one a lift in life, a brighter hope for the future, to say nothing of a valuable schooling for future citizenship.

But an expense of \$27,000, as incurred by the last legislature, or of \$31,000, as incurred by a former legislature, is too costly an elevation of our young people for the taxpayers to stand. There must be a check and a limit placed upon this abuse of a legislative prerogative. No clerk, unless an expert, should receive over \$12 a day, the pay of a member, and many should serve for \$5.

The state tax levy just made includes an estimate for expense of legislature of only \$40,000 and a bill appropriating that sum has passed both houses. The bill for legislative expense two years ago, as passed was \$50,000, of which \$24,000 it was expended. The state tax levy this year provides for only \$20,000 for the legislature and when this is exhausted its own warrants will be issued.

The state board estimated that the expense of clerk hire by this legislature would be not one-half that of the last session to exceed \$14,000. This is a liberal estimate and no doubt a justifiable expenditure in the eyes of the governor, treasurer and majority of state, although their feelings will not be hurt if it is not all used. They estimate a reduction of \$12,000 in clerk hire and \$2,000 in salaries, or \$14,000 in all.

OBJECTIONS TO DOLPH.

THE JOURNAL has urged no factious objections to Senator D. Dolph. It does not care how he trims his whiskers, or how frigid or how cordial, or how reserved or aristocratic he may be toward others. Those are matters that may add to or diminish his personal popularity or attractiveness. But they do not concern the people of this state whom he represents in his public and political capacity in the Senate.

But as THE JOURNAL has repeatedly shown, Senator Dolph is so closely identified with corporations, with Wall Street financial ideas and Cleveland goldbugism, but worst of all with the treacherous corrupt old Portland machine, that the people have largely lost confidence in his ability to do anything for them if he were so disposed.

But these objections can also be raised to other senators, Republican and Democratic. We believe there is nothing inconsistent in being a party man and also being a loyal defender of the people. It would be easy to prove that Mr. Dolph is a loyal partisan, but that he loyally represents the people of this state on vital issues would be a stretch of the imagination. At least no one would undertake to make the people believe it.

UNLIMITED JOINT NUISANCES

The Oregon legislature can save the people of Oregon many thousands of dollars by limiting the expenditures that joint visiting committees and joint legislative committees may incur for clerk hire. The house upon meeting Monday afternoon will have to consider whether it will concur in the demand of the senate for a score or more of these joint committees. These joint committees have been asked for almost every conceivable subject, and involve expenditures for clerk hire, expenses and mileage, amounting, as Chairman Loog says, to \$20,000 or \$30,000.

The main trouble with these joint committees is that their license to expend money is without check by either house. Unless limited as to number of clerks, length of time to serve, and pay of clerks before they are created. If the house or senate create a committee they can call for a report and an accounting. But with these joint committees it is different. Neither house can recall alone. Neither can call to account. The chairman simply audits bills to both houses and the secretaries of the respective houses must issue vouchers therefor. The unlimited joint junket is an unlimited joint fraud on the taxpayer.

HELP US ROLL A LOG.

(Written and dedicated to the Oregon legislature this 15th day of January, 1905, by one who means no harm.)

Help us roll a log, please, neighbor John, Just a little lift, 'twon't take you long, Help us, if you will you'll get your pay, For we'll roll for you some other day.

Help us roll a log, you're just the one, For you lift and know just how it's done.

Turn it over thus, 'twill fit the best, So it's right for us, you know the rest.

Thank you neighbor, a splendid man, And I'll return this when'er I can.

Get your plans complete and set the day, Then dear sir it's any thing you say.

A contest you need hardly begin, For he who helps neighbors will surely win.

Rolling! rolling! yes, an easy way We have found in life to win the day.

An invariable guide to success in cooking—Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

The Eugene Guard speaks in the highest terms of Hon. Sidney Dell's lecture on free silver before the state university class in economics, and suggests that he should be invited to address the legislature upon the subject before the senatorial vote is taken.

No more stinging between Guild Beach and Fort Stevens.

Pains and Aches

We all have pains and aches, but they need not last long—get rid of them with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. The only thing to look out for is that you get the right powder, for when you use a powder you need it, and there's no time for experimenting and finding out mistakes. Ask for Allen's Cream Baking Powder and see that you get them. If they say that some other is just as good, tell them that only the best is good enough for you. Allen's Cream Baking Powder is quick and sure, and acknowledged by the highest medical authorities to be the best outside remedy for pains and aches of every description. Breadstitch's Pills investigate the diagnosis.

THE ROMANCE OF A CARRIER BOY.

[Copyright, 1904, by American Press Association.]  
There's a time of the year when we pause on the brink of the new one to come, and the pause makes us think of the past and the years that we've lived through before. And wonder just what in the future's in store—When we cast up accounts with a dubious eye, Resolving hereafter much better to try, And then when we've settled this point in our mind We turn with our thoughts retrospective to find Some sad scene in scenes that we've lived through before, Though the joy may be less and the grief may be more.



For even in sorrows gone by, as we look, We get the same pleasure as reading a book. That, always familiar, still makes our hearts burn As over its pages at New Year's we turn. So Arthur Munroe, as he trudged down the street, Wrapped up in his greatcoat, his face to the sled, With crowds all around him and yet all alone, Dwelt on scenes of the past and the years that had flown. And so, my dear reader, if you will draw near, I'll give you a glimpse of Munroe's past career.

RETROSPECTIVE.  
If you'll travel all night in the fast mail express On the A. and B. road to a point—I confess I've forgotten the name. It's a junction, you see, And it's down in some maps just as plain as can be. And then, changing cars, if you'll ride half a day, You will come to the beautiful village of Clay. It was here in a quaint little cottage one morn That Arthur Munroe, our young hero, was born.

They say, and with truth, that the ocean-try's the place Where a man in the years that come after can trace The rich drafts of health that have been such a blessing To help in his life work. But I am disagreeing.



And so, to be brief, I will merely remark That the boy's early life was indeed all a lark. He ran in the fields, and he grew stout and tall, With skating and swimming and playing basketball. And his mother, dear woman, was proud of her boy. And he loved her a blessing—in fact, her own joy. But, alas for our story, the truth must be told, She was not overstocked with the metal called gold.

And the time came when Arthur, by his turn to shirk, Was obliged to stop playing and go right to work. Which he did with a will, though the pay was just a trifle small. On The Herald, a weekly sheet taken by all In the village of Clay, and, 'tis needless to state, More popular paper 'twould be hard to find.

And so our young hero, to whom type was struck, Began on The Herald as so much a work. A fact so distinctive, I must allow, 'Twould be quite too justly to mention it now. And his duty was this—in deliver each week The Herald in all of the town and creek. And those who were not much to him, I may say, To all the subscribers who paid up in advance. Among these subscribers was one named John, Who spent certain days in the truck night by night. Nothing out with his daughter, a dark-eyed girl, With a face that was sweet, an expression as mild. As the seasons passing grandmothers please to bid adieu. There was an other girl who needed her looks.

And Helen Green's eyes, and her nose, and her hair, And her old-fashioned ways were beyond all compare. 'Twas natural, then, when Munroe every week Left his paper at Green's, he should linger to speak. Just a word or receive just a wonderful smile. From the sweet little girl with the old-fashioned style. And 'twas perfectly plain—it is nature, not art— That in time young Munroe should find lacking his heart. And then came the offer from New York one day. And Arthur Munroe and his mother left Clay. And the boy found himself, with his youth and ambition, A rising young man with an envied position.

Reporter and editor—thus had he grown To be quite a power in the time that had flown. Since he loved Helen Green, yet he felt an odd thrill When he pictured her face, for he loved the girl still. And so on one summer he sought compensation For years of hard work, and he took his vacation In Clay, where the love of his life might be seen. And he went up his card, if you please, to Miss Green. She was so glad to see him. 'Twas striking how tall He'd grown in the years that had passed! That was all. And then the door opened. She turned, with a smile, "My friend from New York—Mr. Sidney de Lisle."

The two men both bowed. They instinctively knew It was war to the death, and their faces both grew Quite set and determined. Few men can conceal Like women so suddenly just what they feel. The fatal day came when Munroe must return. He resolved to stake all. Oh, dear reader, discern Why it is that the heart of a maiden's so flighty And clings to the weak when she could have the mighty. And so it came out, as you may have expected, That Munroe turned his face back to work, crushed, rejected. To have such a setback was not a light blow. To a man of the stamp of young Arthur Munroe. But work helped him greatly. Then after awhile He learned of her marriage to Sidney de Lisle. Though his face turned quite pale, he resolved to forget. And harbor no feelings of hopeless regret. So now that I've shown you the past of his life, Dear reader, you'll know why he hasn't a wife. And you'll know why it is that his head's slightly bowed. As he walks in deep thought through the New Year's eve crowd.

THE MEETING.  
Have you ever walked Broadway at night, When the snow Has turned into sleet and the winter winds blow. From all quarters at once in a frenzy of sport And cut off the breaths of the passerby short? Have you seen the lights glimmer, as if through a fog On a night when you'd gather in even a dog. Though the sorriest pup that you ever beheld, Or the worst looking tramp that, by hunger compelled, Ask food as he cringes in front of your door? While the storm howls around him as never before? Have you seen the shop windows all glitter with glory On the night before New Year's? If so, then my story Will bring back the scene. Have you gone with the throng Of bundled up humans, the weak and the strong. The rich and the poor, the sad and the gay. As they hurry along in the night on Broadway? Have you noticed the beggar, whose acted despair Gives color at night to that great thoroughfare? So Arthur Munroe walked along in the night. But recollected, so that little appealed to his sight. And his ears were quite deaf to the beggar's faint cry. As they touched his greatcoat or in vain caught his eye.

What He Needed.  
The man was melancholy, and when he called on the doctor for advice that artist thought he had his man sized up on the first turn. He told the doctor his symptoms, and the doctor asked a lot of incidental questions. "How long have you been here?" inquired the physician after finishing up the regular list. "Much longer than I have wanted to be," replied the patient wearily. "That's it. I thought so," exclaimed the doctor brightly. "What you need is a change of scene."

The patient threw up his hands as if to ward off a blow. "Oh, doctor," he wailed, "I belong to a theatrical company playing a Repertory of five act plays."—Berat's Free Press.

Disappointed.  
"Our hero sat in the corner of the railway compartment devouring his newspaper," read Miss Myrtle Indian from the latest acquisition to her paper cover library. "He was devouring what?" asked her father, with sudden interest. "His newspaper, the book says," replied Myrtle. "So an wild zeal of I fought 'twas a soon as we were made about, an now, in the presence, he talks out to be a great!"—Washington Star.

The Worst Foundation of Time.  
Lawyer—Come, leave up man. They can't do any more than impress you for 10 years or so. Your offense isn't a capital crime, you know. Criminal—(rubbing)—Yes, I know, but they'll print "Hushmore" of me in all the daily papers.—Honesville Journal.

Blind.  
Closed human circles, with small slender eyes, set, set, set.



Rev. C. W. Clapham

A highly esteemed clergyman of the M. E. church, pastor of the Church Creek circuit in Dorchester Co., Maryland, writes: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'I feel it a duty to the public to send this certificate. I saw in a Philadelphia paper a letter from a man who had suffered from Muscular Rheumatism and had been restored by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had the grip in the winter of '91 and '92 so severely that it deprived me of the use of my arms so that my wife had to dress and undress me, and when away from home I had to sleep in my clothes. I tried five doctors and not one accomplished anything. Then I saw the letter alluded to and determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's. Before I had taken a bottle I had the use of my arms, thank God. These are facts and can be verified by many persons here. J. M. Colston, Church Creek, supplied me with Hood's. I am pastor of the M. E. church here.' C. W. CLAPHAM, Church Creek, Maryland.

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Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists.

WHEEL HILL THIS.

A Bicycle Will Not Run Down It, but Goes Up Easily.

"There is a hill in Ulster county that bicycle riders find no difficulty in ascending on their wheels, but which their machines won't descend by their own gravity," said a New York wheelman. This mysterious hill is the last one of the numerous hills on the route between Lake Mohonk and the Hudson river.

The moment he takes his feet off the pedals to let the machine toboggan down by force of gravity it slows up and begins to wobble, and if its rider doesn't brace up and take it in hand and foot again it will topple over and tumble him in the ditch. He has to work the wheel for all he is worth to get it down the hill. On the contrary, the wheel will mount the hill with less effort on the part of the wheelman to propel it than it requires ordinarily to move it along on the level.

The theory is that there must be a big mass of magnetic ore under the surface near the top of the hill which influences the action of the bicycles. However that may be, the fact exists that here is a hill that a bicycle won't run down of its own gravity, and which the wheelman can mount as easily, if not more easily, than he can ride the level road.—New York Sun.

Eggs and Microbes.

Dr. M. Clintock of the University of Michigan has performed experiments which indicate that eggs may become infected with microbes before they are laid. A healthy hen, after repeated washings in sterilized solutions, was placed in a sterilized cage. As soon as possible after being laid a portion of her eggs were placed in sterilized cotton and then in a sterilizer. All these eggs decayed and contained with bacteria. The remaining eggs were taken as soon as laid, and cultures were made from their contents. Some of these culture tubes developed other organisms. After some days the hen was killed, and with proper aseptic precautions culture tubes were inoculated from various portions of the ovipositor. Most of these tubes developed. It would thus seem probable that the putrefactive bacteria entered the egg in its passage down the ovipositor and before the shell was formed.

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Blind.  
Closed human circles, with small slender eyes, set, set, set.

Hades  
Wouldn't be  
A Bad Place  
A Bonanza Every Day  
of the Year.

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TO CURE THE BURNS AND SORES.

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Box 28, Salem, Or.

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The undersigned offers \$1,500 reward for the recovery of the party or parties who burned his barn and horses on the night of December 12, 1902. He will pay \$300 for each acre of the crime. I own two good ranches and am able to pay this reward.

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Salem, Or.

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has opened up a shop north of Mize's mill, in South Salem, where he is prepared to make and repair all kinds of cooperage, such as pails, tubs, kegs, barrels and casks. Only the best seasoned stock used. Prices reasonable. 7-13-04

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J. W. SHAFFER, Director.

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A Bonanza Every Day of the Year. Could not find a gold mine. But struck a Rich Weekly Find of Silver.

A man who cannot find a gold mine and bring its rich yield into his daily stock of wealth, is very glad to strike a silver mine.

The man who strikes THE ONE CENT DAILY has got a gold mine of news for \$3 a year. But if he is not so situated as to get a golden harvest of news by daily mail, or to get mail two or three times a week, he can strike a silver mine and be made happy.

OUR SILVER MINES. Oregon must encourage the use of more silver. We must do all in our power to have capital invested in our thousands of undeveloped silver mining properties. All silver men should use silver. Buy and sell in silver, pay your bills in silver, pay the minister and read silver papers, send in a silver quarter for three months, a silver half for six months, or a silver dollar for a year of the

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