



Boys' and Childrens' Department

We have a stock of 250 Boys' and Childrens Suits, all sizes, and the very CHOICEST PATTERNS. In order to dispose of this broken lot and make room for our spring goods we will cut the price 33 1-3 per cent. If you want a suit for your boy now is your chance. This is not a lot of shelf worn goods, but a great many of them are from lines of our new spring goods that have been sold down to one or two of a kind. Don't fail to see this line before you buy.

Remember we are
at the old stand

Men's Clothing

Our clothing department is complete. We have the largest stock of Men's Clothing in Salem, and we have got them for sale. We guarantee a perfect fit at prices that cannot be beat. We are now just at the close of the twentieth year of the clothing business in Salem and we are happy to say that at no time during all these years have we enjoyed a better business than now. We would kindly ask you to call and investigate our mammoth stock and get our prices and then act as your better judgment would dictate.

HATS

As we have intimated before, we are leaders in Salem for Men's Hats. We carry the JOHN B. STETSON Hat. No better hat in the market anywhere than this. If you want a hat call and see us, and we will do the rest.

SHOES

We are proud of the PACKARD SHOE and our customers are satisfied. Try a pair and you will be our customer for shoes ever after.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS



Our store is full to the ceiling of Men's Furnishing Goods, all weights and quality. We are anticipating a large business in this line and we are ready with prices that cannot be beat by any house in Salem. In fact, our stock is complete in every line usually carried in a first-class Men's Furnishing store. All we ask is a chance to show our goods and give prices and then if you can do better you will have satisfied us and we will be as good friends as ever.



SECRETARY

G. W. JOHNSON & CO.

257 Com'l St.
SALEM

THE DAILY JOURNAL

Scripps News Association Telegrams.
3 and 5 O'clock Editions.

BY HOFER BROTHERS.

Daily One Year, \$4.00 in Advance.
Daily Three Months, \$1.00 in Advance.
Daily by Carrier, 50 Cents Per Month.
Weekly One Year, \$1.00 in Advance.

JOURNAL SPECIAL DELIVERY.

One Week \$ 19
One Month 35
Three Months 1.00
At Journal office.
At Dave's Grocery, South Salem.
At Bowersox Grocery, Yew Park.
Asylum Avenue Grocery Store.
Electric Grocery, East State St.



OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

The floral season of the year is here in all its thousand charming manifestations of beauty. Humblest flower of all, the ground ivy, that borders our footpaths with its tiny purple stars all through the winter, is faithful still, but attended by such attractive companions as to be forgotten. The wild strawberry blooms are scattered everywhere like artificial snow. The Easter lily, growing in some form the world over, is in its rankest flower, even stealing up on long stems through the copse and tangled masses of briar in the fence corners. In many pastures this most delicate spring flower is being sadly decimated, generally being pulled by those who gather it, leaves, stem and all. As the bulb of every lily is renewed by the returning of the sap to the part underground, pulling them up to get the flower destroys the whole plant. Break the stem nearer the ground and next year there will be two lilies where one bloomed this year. Another beautiful wild flower, the changeable blue primrose, that has the fatal gift of beauty, is also being exterminated by the too great fondness of the school children, who tear it up entire. This flower has great spikes of bloom, almost as fragrant as the hyacinth, growing out of the center of a cluster of leaves at most as green as those of the rubber tree, and nearly as large. The root is a long, juicy affair, growing in joints, and running two feet under ground, and very hard to dig up. Like all things very beautiful, it will finally be transplanted, and made a joy of the cultivated garden, and placed in the settings of civilization, if that has not already been done. There is nothing prettier than a bed of those primroses growing on a cool northern

slope in the early spring, piercing any snow that falls, and deserving their French name, "perce-neige."

Poor old Tom McNary! This well-known derelict on our little social ocean has been sent to the asylum, for hopeless inebriacy. Insane with the hopelessness of his struggle, giving way to the worst, and yet with a hope of bettering himself, he destroyed property in the spirit of a madman, and with method in his madness had himself committed to the only place where a man with the drink-habit can escape from himself or society. And who that knows him does not love old Tom McNary? A man as gentle as a child, as kind as a woman, as faithful as a dog, as industrious as a beaver, and with the strength and activity of ten ordinary men when at his best. As a nurse, Tom McNary has brought more than one man back from death's door. As a friend he has risked his life and divided his last dime with any friend for the time being. No introduction or social perquisite is needed to get into that man's good graces. He loves all men as brothers, and yet is one of the weakest of human beings. To what extent are we all responsible for Tom McNary? So long as the world teaches the magnificent and enticing lie that there is good in stimulants, strength in intoxicants, relief for disease in alcohol, there will be victims of drink strewn along the wayside of life. There must be better education, eradication of the lie of this life of this belief before society shall see the last of its victims. The only regret is that a lie always claims its victims among the world's big-hearted men and women.

A hanging is an unfrequent occurrence in Oregon, and is a shocking event to contemplate. In the case of Lyons, at Eugene, the execution seems to have been conducted with as little of the unseemly as is possible, and the fact that it is probably the last public execution to take place outside of the walls of the state prison marks it as a stepping-stone in the line of progress. The quiet disposition or irremediable criminals inside the penitentiary and at a date not widely advertised will relieve the horror of the occasion and lessen the degradation of the public mind, and bring the lesson home where it should be impressed. Lyons was a man of criminal tendencies, and they remained unchecked by education or religious influences. A man of violent temper, of strong will and animal magnetism, his energies run riotously through the current of his stormy life and resulting finally in the shipwreck of his soul. Whatever was good and might have been the ul-

timate best of the man, and which exists in everyone, was obscured and in the end submerged and obliterated. The impulsive criminal, sorry for his crime the moment it has been committed, is indeed an object of charity, and ought to impress all with the sacredness and tremendous responsibility of educational systems. And what of educational systems that leave labor, morality the facts of the life spiritual out of their reckonings, or only treat them as incidents subordinate to some alleged "course of study?" Let us think about these things before we condemn men and women who are not as good as we happen to be.

The future of our city is a subject worthy of any reader's religious contemplation. If you can't go to church Sunday, supposing you give this matter a thought. Or if you can go, between reading of the hymns or any other unoccupied moments, do a little thinking on this line. It will tend to keep you awake, and when your mind goes out unselfishly toward the common interest, and the making of this city a little more like the divine ideal of the New Jerusalem, you will enjoy an expansion of heart, and along with the smooth dime or nickel that goes into the contribution box will come a loosening of the heart strings, and possibly of the purse-strings, that may give some laboring man employment, and benefit the community and beautify your own premises. If you can't do any better souter around your premises and dispose of a few rocks, brickbats, pieces of old stove-pipe, tin cans, chunks of board, bark, old rubbers, whatnot, that adorn your street and public premises. The very barbarous Indian-village-style of trimming your hedges, and slashing your trees, and raking up rubbish in your garden, and then piling it up in a heap out in the public road—well, we will not say what ought to be done with a person guilty of such a proceeding, for we have done it ourselves. But remember, the President is coming, and while he may not look at the rubbish piles along our principal streets, it would be easy on one Sunday to do a whole lot of quiet picking up of rubbish while taking a walk to settle our dinner, and serve the Lord of the New Jerusalem just as well as moping in a corner, and going to sleep indolent and lethargic about our municipal appearance. N.B. If there are any rubbish piles too big to hide or burn, send for the S. I. L. cart.

An exchange writing up a marriage, speaking of the bride's going away said: "She will be sadly missed from both social and church circles where for so many years she has been prominent." It is all right until she "comes back," but when she does, it will be a good time for that reporter to take his vacation.

The most amusing thing in Oregon newspaperdom just now, is to see our Democratic brethren taking the Oregonian's really delicious congressional bait, in dead earnest.

A BANQUET IN JAPAN.

Talking and Amusements Are More Important Than the Eating.

Dining is not in Japan a serious business. The Japanese do not meet to eat, but eat because they have met, and conversation and amusements form the principal part of a banquet. Conversation need not be held only with your neighbors, for if a man wishes to speak to a friend in another part of the room he quietly slips the paper panel behind him, passes into the veranda, enters the room again and sits down on the floor before his friend. Exchanging cups is the chief ceremony at a Japanese dinner. Sake, a spirit made from rice resembling dry sherry, is drunk hot out of tiny lacquer and gold cups throughout dinner, and the mimeses, who sit on their heels in the open space of the floor, patiently watch for every opportunity to fill your cup with sake.

When a gentleman would exchange cups, which is equivalent to drinking your health, he sits down in front of you and begs the honor. You empty your cup into a bowl of water, have it filled with sake, drink, wash it again and hand it to your friend. He raises it to his forehead, bows, has it filled and drinks. As this ceremony has to be gone through a great many times drinking is often a mere pretense. Eating is, however, but a small part of the entertainment. We must be amused, and to amuse is the business of the geishas, the licensed singing and dancing girls who are attached to every tea-house.

But the singers at a Japanese dinner only take the part of the chorus in a Greek play, and they sing the story which dancing girls represent or suggest by a series of gestures or postures. The dancers are splendidly dressed, and their movements are so interesting, so unlike anything seen in Europe, that we watch them with a curious sense of pleasure.

"LOST MONDAY."

A Popular Fete Day in Belgium Whose Origin is a Mystery.

The first Monday after Epiphany is a fete day throughout Belgium. "Lost Monday" it is called; exactly why no one seems able to explain. The origin of the fete is lost in the legends of the middle ages, but the modern acceptance of the day is certainly lost to no one here. Like Mardi Gras, Lost Monday is a day of general merry-making. Every cafe and restaurant in Brussels keeps "open house," and free drinks are on hand for all patrons of the establishment, and as a matter of fact for many others as well who are not regular patrons.

On Black Monday, then, as it is ironically called by some of the natives not overenchanted with the day, the streets of Brussels are given over to the people, and the adventurous foreigner, who, ignorant of the country's customs, ventures out, is apt to find that the Belgian populace is no respecter of persons. On this day the shopkeepers, sighting behind their counters, find themselves compelled to hand over to their customers' servants a forced contribution, amounting to a certain percentage of the year's purchases, while the bakers, too, have a contribution to offer in the shape of cakes specially made for the occasion and offered as gifts to their clientele.

In this manner the unique fete is perpetuated, though the calendar does not note in any particular manner the first Monday after Epiphany.

—Ocean Steamer.

The average life of ocean steamers is only twenty-six years, although some reach an age of a hundred years.

OUR LINOLEUMS IN GREAT FAVOR

Have just received a new line of patterns in both printed and inlaid. Some fine things in Florals Standard American made and unsurpassable anywhere.

The House Furnishing Co.,

Stores at SALEM and ALBANY

Super-Heated Air for Disease.

The latest and greatest cure for Chronic Diseases. SOMETHING NEW IN MODERN SCIENCE OF HEALING

I have just put in a complete system of Super-Heated Air for curing chronic diseases of all kinds, such as rheumatism, catarrh, kidney and liver trouble, stiff joints, etc., without medicine or torture of any kind. Call and investigate.

W. G. ROBBINS, Osteopath.

On Court Street Just North of the Opera House.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year

THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

M. J. Petzel,

(Successor to Knox & Murphy)

Plumber and Gas Fitter

Steam, Hot Air and Hot Water Heating.

Electrical Supplies, Batteries, Bell and Battery Sales

—ESTIMATES FURNISHED—

292 Commercial St.

SALEM, OR.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

THE OLD CAPITAL BREWERY BAR Has been re-opened to the public and the FRESHEST BEER in the city will be found on tap there

CAPITAL BREWERY

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Nearly everybody knows how it always restores color and checks falling.