

PAGE TWO.

We Are Not Big But Oh My!

Some stores boast of their bigness, others of their wealth, and others of their spot cash system (which, by the way, is the most windy of them all). Now this is all wind pure and simple. What you want to know, have they got what you want, at the price you want to pay? We claim to have the largest selection of clothing and furnishing goods in Salem, and we claim to run under less expense than any other house doing the same amount of business. And we might make numerous other claims that to you is nothing but wind. What you want is a suit of clothes, hat, shoes or some other article carried in a gent's furnishing store, and you are looking for what you need. So come right along and call at G. W. Johnson & Co's, No. 257 Commercial street, the oldest established clothing and furnishing house in the city, and we will agree to show you as good a selection of men's and boys' clothing and furnishing goods, hats, caps, trunks and valises, at as low prices as any other house in Salem. The fact that we are now enjoying the best business that we ever had is evidence that we are not mistaken as to our ability to carry out the above obligation. In shoes we are more than satisfying our customers; that the Packard Shoe is the best shoe for the money on the market today.

Remember, we are giving one-third off on a line of children's clothing. Many very nobby patterns. You make a mistake if you fail to see this line before buying your little boy a suit. Don't be afraid to come in and take a look through our stock, whether you are ready to buy or not. We will take the greatest pleasure in showing you through.

G. W. JOHNSON & CO.
257 Com'l St. Salem, Or.

THE DAILY JOURNAL

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3 and 5 o'clock Editions.

BY HOFER BROTHERS.

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OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

The turning of the business man and the professional man to nature as a relief from the drudgery of the office and the counting-room is an indication of clear-headed, wholesome sanity. Why any man of reasonable intelligence should enclose himself in a poorly ventilated room, and only leave it long enough to eat his meals and sleep at home, or go to the club for a few hours at night to inhale cigar smoke, and call that living, is a mystery. Let us reflect that the whole world was made to live in, that the world is outdoors, not in the dingy, half-lighted apartment where we transact business. The world with all its beauty of landscape, its wealth of flora and verdure of meadows and forests, as the reflection of the Divine Goodness, was made for the use, habitation and enjoyment of man. If rejected and not appreciated by him—why should such an ungrateful creature not suffer punishment? And he gets it. He grows prematurely old, bald, nutty and incapacitated for enjoyment before his time. The old words, "Turn, slacker, why will you

die?" has peculiar application to him.

All our present disjointed social conditions, and the sacrifices that are demanded by society of the business and professional man, are the result of the inherited bad educational system. The social provision of the past are that dedicated one son to a military career, another to a learned profession and a third to the clergy, still too much prevails. There are too many professional men in the world. When we add the teaching occupation as a profession, and then add the large demand for business men, who are today a distinctly professional class, we grasp the widening demand for the world's best brains and abilities. If we consider that this whole segment of the world's working force pays little or no attention to the life spiritual, and has less regard for the necessities of natural living in actual contact with the world as God made it, we begin to realize what a drain there is on humanity, and how lopsided our so-called civilization becomes. What is the remedy? There is none but for the above class, from whom the rest of mankind demands the highest service, to put in less hours of secluded, indoor, sacrificial labor, and devote a reasonable share of their existence to cultivation of the lost point of contact to the earth to which we return for inspiration.

What refreshing influences flow from a two-hours' intercourse with a beautiful May morning! The sun rises about 5 o'clock, and to get the full strength of the daybreak into your system, anticipate the dawning of his solar majesty by ten or fifteen minutes. The birds will be up before you, and the sleepiest hired girl has not yet begun to think of arising and kindling the kitchen fire. Meadow larks, robins, bluebirds and the challenging call of the Mongolian pheasant cocks for a half mile in every direction will salute your ears. The perfumed breath of morning is balm to the asphyxiated lungs and the cooling green of the trees and the turf can be felt as a quality of the atmosphere. Still better if a spacious garden or strawberry patch invite your attention and the music of the hoe ringing on the clodded field mingles with the morning chorus of the songsters. The tonic of the sunrise is not less invigorating because honest toil starts a slight perspiration or makes your back and sides ache before breakfast. From 5 to 7 in the morning the field is a good start for the day, clears the colic and vermin from the brain, and puts the blood in circulation.

A good two-hours' honest application to weed killing and careful tilling of some useful crop, followed by a warm bath, fits any man, no matter how jaded by too close devoting himself to office duties, for a breakfast such as would make several meals for the ordinary palled and dry-mouthed appetite of the non-industrial occupation. It fits a man for the business of the day, and gives him an edge like a well-ground scythe for the day's competitions. Try it, Mr. Lawyer, Mr. Doctor, Mr. Preacher and Mr. Merchant, and see if you will not look out on the world with more sympathetic and appreciative eyes. You may not make as much money. Your strawberry patch and your garden may cost you more than you get out of them, but what you need is to cultivate, not the soil as much as an able-bodied enthusiasm, doing something for the pure love of it and for the dollar there is in it, and you will get not more dollars, but more health, clearness of vision and sanity of intellect. All your purely selfish money-making schemes are destroying the sap of life, making you smaller, instead of bigger, contracting the valves of your heart until the stream of warm, generous, red corpuscular blood in your system would trickle through a pinhole.

The average city and society woman's condition in this matter of severing all physical contact with nature is still more deplorable. What society needs is not more women's clubs and trained nurses, but more rational daily life for women, who are now confined altogether too much to the domicile. Even the old-fashioned custom of going on a daily marketing trip for the family supplies was conducive to better health and morals than the present inactive telephonic seclusion and confinement within doors. Now when the average society woman goes forth she wears a swell street dress with sweeping train, an unnaturally elongated, inexpressive waist, strapped into a straight-laced corset, a tight-fitting collar, holding her neck so that she has to turn her whole body to look to either side of herself, her whole compressed corporeity under such

tension that any free movement of the body is impossible, and if she had to run three steps to save her life she couldn't do it. Talk about your freedom of intellect, of free circulation of blood, of free expansion of the lungs; you might as well expect it of an Egyptian mummy in its glass museum case. That freedom of the body and the soul that is only possible from wholesome, unhampered contact with nature is an undreamed of impossibility with the modern society and club woman, and yet after all they are the women of culture and influence in the community, whom the young women and growing girls are to pattern after.

Would you prescribe field work and gardening to society women? Well, no; not to society women exactly. But to any good, honest sensible woman, who does not want to become a chronic invalid, who would steer clear of becoming a patent medicine fiend or worse, I would say get at least two hours a day in the open air. If you can get it at the end of a hoe handle or the hayrake, all the better. Hire out to pick fruit. Take your vacation in the berry patch. There is health and wealth of beauty in the bloom and bronze the field will put on your complexion, and the good red glow of honest industry and appreciation of nature's restorative power will shine underneath your tawny cheeks and sparkle in your eyes, and the man you love will give you a wealth of affection he cannot bestow upon the anemic products of hothouse civilization. The suicides we read of in the newspapers are not one to the million of self-destructions caused by indifference to the life God would have us to lead. There is nothing incompatible in living with our heads in the clouds, our hearts and hands in touch with tolling humanity, and our feet firmly planted on mother earth. It is the only all-round life for men and women of intelligence to lead. Any other is a defective existence.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local application as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Hose Cart Cut Bias

An alarm of fire, turned in at 7:30 this morning, was caused by a defective fuse, which refused to take the smoke away as fast as an over-sized fire in the grate created it. In consequence the attic filled with smoke, which oozing through the roof, caused the alarm.

The fire department responded with its usual promptness, but, with the temporary hose cart, it reminded one of the outfits belonging to the "Darktown brigade." Since the accident a few days ago the running gears of an old dead-axe farm wagon have been used to carry the hose, and it is so constructed that the boys have to drive out to the state fair grounds to turn it around. That is the reason this morning that, while the driver was vainly trying to guide it over to the Eugene Freyman property, where the fire was supposed to be, it landed at Werner Freyman's, where there was no fire at all, except in the kitchen stove. The driver of the cart explained to The Journal reporter that the wagon was all right, only its longer axis was not parallel to the plane of the ecliptic, which he further kindly explained was that peculiar habit of canines, that traveled diagonally to the direction their bodies pointed; or, expressed politically, talked one way and voted another. Any way, the old stocking cart had all those afflictions, and will soon be returned to the boneyard.

In Memory of Confederate Heroes. Baltimore, Md., May 2.—The handsome Confederate monument erected in Mount Royal Avenue by the Daughters of the Confederacy was unveiled today with interesting ceremonies, and in the presence of a large throng of spectators. Captain G. W. Booth, of the Maryland Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate states, made the presentation speech, and the oration of the day was delivered by Captain McHenry Howard. The monument is the work of Sculptor F. W. Ruckstuhl. The base is of highly polished Missouri granite. The monument itself is of bronze, and consists of the figure of a young soldier, wounded and dying, but supported in the arms of Fame. On the front face of the base is the inscription: "To the soldiers and sailors of Maryland in the service of the Confederate states of America, 1861-1865."

MORMON AGAINST GENTILE

Strike Threatened on Sumpter Valley Road

Would Also Include Hood River and Viento Plants

The camp of Sumpter is probably on the verge of a labor strike, for it is reported that the Sumpter Lumber company will fight the unions in the matter of the Japanese woodcutters recently employed by that concern, a proceeding which has brought down the wrath of the Federated Trades and Labor Assembly upon the lumber company, and particularly upon the head of Manager J. B. Stoddard. As related a few days ago Mr. Stoddard, after a fruitless conference with the unions went to Tacoma to report the difficulty to H. H. Hewitt, who is the millionaire vice-president of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber company and also the head of the Sumpter company.

Mr. Hewitt came back with Manager Stoddard and has gone to the upper camp to see how things are for himself. Open war is in immediate prospect, for it is reported that all work on the grading for the dam and mill site of the proposed \$20,000 mill is to be stopped pending a settlement or the reverse of the difficulties. Meanwhile all union men in any capacity at the mill are to be called off by the president of the union, and just where the fight will end is hard to foretell. There is strong possibility of its spreading to the miners in which case Sumpter would "be a dead one," to use a current expression, and this place wouldn't be so infernally lively.

The view of affairs is extremely bad just now when spring is here and prospects of all kinds, which have been lying dormant all winter waiting for a rejuvenation, are liable to smoulder for some time yet instead of being put on an extended working basis. The amount of harm which a general strike in Sumpter and vicinity could do this section is incalculable at this time of year, and conservative people are in hopes that the trouble may be peaceably settled without tying up all or any of the county's industries.

The Excitement Not Over. The rush to the drug store still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 25c and 50c.

Banner Divorce Day. San Francisco, May 2.—Yesterday was the banner day in the divorce courts. Twenty-eight decrees were granted, and the court had a short session at that.

Acker's Blood Elixir positively cures Chronic Blood Poisoning and all Scrofulous affections. At all times a matchless system tonic and purifier. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. 50c and \$1.00. D. J. Fry, Drugist.

Boys and Horses Burned. New York, May 2.—Two colored boys and 20 horses were burned in a fire at the Brokaw estate this morning the loss being \$50,000.

Attack

Of Fast Heart Lasted 160 Hours.

Doctors Didn't Know What To Do.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine Cured Me.

"For seven years I have been troubled with what the doctors called a 'fast heart,' going at once from the usual beat to twice as fast, which is a short one would exhaust me terribly and only after treatment by a physician it would get back to normal speed. These attacks increased in frequency and severity until December, 1901, when they came on once a week. Each attack would last me up a day or more. The attack beginning January 13th, 1902, lasted 160 hours (almost a week); my heart beat almost one hundred and fifty per minute and some times more. During this week my physician consulted with four other doctors, but all to no purpose. My heart finally slowed up, and it was then a serious question with my family what to do next; as for me, I was too far gone to care much what happened. Dr. Miles' Almanac said, 'write for advice' and my son wrote, receiving a nice reply. A neighbor told me he had used your remedies with great benefit. I took courage, I was in the use of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and Restorative Nervine until I had taken eleven bottles of the Heart Cure and seven bottles of the Restorative Nervine. I had two slight attacks after I began the use of your medicines the last one lasting only thirty minutes. For more than three months my heart has run without a flurry. I am cured, and Dr. Miles' Remedies did the work. I have been postmaster here for more than ten years."—M. T. CANTRELL, P. M., Fredonia, Kansas.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. J. F. Cook

Has come to the conclusion that all profession of the healing side of the vegetable kingdom is a failure. When your system is run without pure blood. You will only find vitality in the vegetable kingdom. Poisonous drugs nor doctors' knives nor thunder and lightning will not remove the cause, but lay the foundation for all kinds of disease. Those poisons go into your bones, and kill the life of the bone diseases, etc. You must bear in mind that his medicine is a poisonous tonic, nor a stimulant, nor temporary relief which you get from poisonous drugs, where the results are sure death sooner or later. He blames the medicine, when it takes an effect and stirs up the poison disease in the system. You must not expect to be cured in a few days your sickness or disease has been a long time coming on, and it will a long time to get it out of your system. It will take months or a year to build a new body from the bones up. This is what the people do not understand. They are used to being humbugged. His medicines are composed of Nature's Herbs—what the human system requires. When the mals get sick they will help themselves to those herbs, for they have been a life study with Dr. Cook. Do not get weary; this life is too and too sweet to worry out of this world.

Dr. Cook Cures All Kinds of Diseases
301 Liberty Street, Salem, Oregon.



Is Appreciated

Our Carpet and Drapery department is appreciated. we may judge by the amount of business we are doing in these lines. People take kindly to the Goods and our honest manner of disposing of them. See our great 30c suburban for matting.

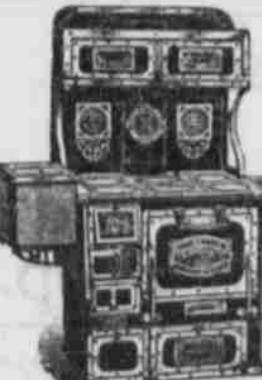
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