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The Weather.
Tonight and Thursday, fair.

SHIP SUBSIDY IN DISGUISE.

The New York Board of Trade and Transportation is sending out to the newspapers of the country some facts and figures as to the condition of ship-building and ship owning in the United States, with an invitation to a general discussion as to the means by which American deep sea commerce can be re-established.

The proposition is very fair on its face, but is seems to the Mail that just beneath the surface is whittened "Ship Subsidy," in letters at least a foot long. This may be a wrong impression; but it is a safe proposition to look with suspicion upon these highly disinterested proposals which involve the expenditure of a small mint of money in the circulation of printed matter alone. The people may rest assured that the ship subsidy matter is neither dead nor sleeping, and that no effort will be spared to give the great shipping corporations a chance to reach into the United States treasury. As the front attack failed it seems that they will make a flank movement, trying to work up sentiment among the people in favor of a subsidy. A graft of many millions a year is well worth going after, even at large expense.

No matter how strong the subsidy proposition may be in theory, it simply resolves itself into a graft in practice. The lion's share of the money would go to swell the profits of corporations who would not be in the shipping business if it were not already profitable.

An analysis of the last ship subsidy bill presented showed that while it was ostensibly intended to encourage the shipment of freight in American bottoms the most of the money would go to the great passenger lines which do not carry freight.

The American people have been and are being bled enough, without adding a ship subsidy to their burdens. —Daily Coast Mail.

Brides Bold at Auction.

Seven gypsy beauties who were sold at auction to the highest bidder in the camp at Twenty-ninth street and Archer avenue are on their way to St. Louis as happy brides. The weddings, which always occur on the eve of moving in gypsy land, took place immediately after the lucky suitors had satisfied the commercial demand of the beautiful fathers.

Myddi, an eighteen-year-old girl of unusual comeliness, brought \$1,200 into the parental coffers when she was affianced to a member of the tribe of the name of Jale. The cheapest bride in the lot went for \$80. Marriage prices for the others ranged between the same named.

It is the custom for tribesmen to marry all the eligible couples before undertaking a long journey in order that the girls may have some one to care for them during the trip. The Archer avenue camp had not moved for two years, and in that time several of the girls had grown to womanhood and acquired the fortune-telling and money-making knowledge necessary to make them good wives in the eyes of the young gypsy men.

Courtship in gypsy land is carried on between the young man and his future father-in-law. Sentiment gives way to prudence in the suitors, and they dicker long over the prices they will pay for their brides.

In every instance they demand more than beauty or fascination, and it is those maidens who are more proficient in extracting money from the public that are the most sought-for brides.

The gypsy leader, "King" Stanley, was the auctioneer. The gypsy camp was given over to festivity all night long in celebration of the weddings, and at sunrise the wagon started on its

AS A LAXATIVE

Hotsetter's Stomach Bitters is without an equal. It will not gripe nor shock the system, and make you feel sick all over like most cathartics do, but has a firm and gentle effect on the constipated bowels, stimulating and assisting them in the proper performance of their functions. Then an occasional dose is all that is needed to keep the bowels regular and the stomach strong. A trial will convince you of its value.

HOTSETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

long journey to the Missouri metropolis.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Papa Was Thankful.

Nelly had been waiting in the parlor for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to bloodstone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness, cloistered alone with her stern father in the grim old library!

The door opened at last, and he stood before her unscathed, a flush on his cheeks and a strange expression in his eye.

"Did you see papa, Will?" she asked, with trembling eagerness.

"Yes, dearest," he answered.

"And what did he say, Will? Tell me what he said. He refused; oh, your eyes tell me he refused; he will not give me to you. But I will be. I am yours! I do not fear his harshness—we will fly."

But he only looked down into her pleading face like a man in a dream.

"Tell me, then, for I cannot wait," she burst forth again. "Was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?"

William Lounston drew a long, deep breath and whispered slowly, "He only said 'Thank heaven!' and went on writing." —Stray Stories.

Cruelty in a French Convent.

It is amazing what horrors can be perpetrated, even in this twentieth century and in the center of civilization, in the name of religion or reform. Vast indignation was created in France some time ago by the exposure of the shocking and abominable cruelties practiced in the House of the Good Shepherd, an industrial convent at Nancy. Now investigation has brought to light an even more terrible and disgusting condition of affairs in a branch establishment of the same institution at Tours. Some of the details contained in the court proceedings cannot be hinted at, let alone printed. It appears that the wretched inmates had to work for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, except in busy times, when work was continued indefinitely. If the girls exhibited symptoms of collapse, they were put into strait waistcoats and dosed. On becoming rebellious, as not a few of them did, they were shut up in a damp cellar until they were tamed. Two stout lay sisters administered castigation with knotted whipcord, when stronger measures were deemed advisable. One form of punishment compelled the offender to crawl on her knees around the main hall and make the sign of the cross with her tongue on the dirty floor at the feet of each of her assembled companions. Other penalties are quite indescribable. The particular case under investigation was that of a wretched girl who was so misused that she contracted hip disease, which was neglected until it became incurable. The sister who presided over the inferno was known as Mother Sainte Rose. An association now of some sort is evidently needed. —New York Evening Post.

POULTRY POINTERS.

A healthy fowl will drink fifteen or twenty times a day.

Sharp gravel should always be supplied to fowls that are fattened in close confinement.

Box nests are all right if made large enough, the size depending upon the breed of fowls.

Linseed meal is excellent as an egg producing meal, but it should be fed in connection with coarse or bulky foods.

Soft eggs laid before the shell has formed are caused by overfeeding. Give less food and more pounded shells or lime water.

A varied diet for poultry is a necessary help to their general health and has much to do with their value as breeders.

If disease appears and resists remedies, it is better to begin with new stock than to breed from those that have been sick a long time.

A light, sandy soil is always best for a poultry yard. A heavy clay soil is always damp and, unless care is taken, will cause roup, while a sandy soil, being dry, will promote warmth.

SOMEBODY ELSE PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Two beings only of the mob. They might have died any day, either of them or both, and the manager would merely have written a letter or nodded a word, and hardly a soul in the next night's audience would have known that there had been changes in the chorus.

And yet these two of the chorus were set far above the common lot of mums and onlookers alike.

They were lovers. When the opera demanded that they sing the chorus of a drinking song, the eyes of these two met and drank to each other the intoxicating wine of silent love. When their hands met in some stately minuet or merry peasant dance, the thrill of shrinking, fearfully sweet pleasure coursed through both their bodies.

Every night he waited until she came from the big dressing rooms. He opened the big gloomy door of the stage entrance to let her pass out, and with a smile and a tender adieu she was gone into a world he knew not. Several times he had tried when it had been fierce weather to accompany her to her home, to lend her aid, protection, but no, she had always sweetly declined these proffers, and so they both came nightly out of the unknown, danced awhile in the light of a love that never spoke and went out again into the unknown.

But one night he was waiting for her sooner than usual. Eager and trembling, he waited for her coming. The others had nearly all gone. There was a patter of feet. She was coming.

He held out his hands to her. She hardly knew why, but she took them in her own and looked into his face wistfully. "Well," she said timidly.

"Oh, Fan," he said, "you know what I mean. I love you. That's all. Long ago I told you with my deeds, and you understood. But that is not enough. Now, Fan, I must know. Will you be my wife?" Strange, is it not, that a member of the chorus, which is merely an entry, should wish to marry? Yet—

Pain crept slowly into her face as she listened to him—pain that struggled with joy. "Yes," she said, then in her low, sweet voice: "I knew you loved me. I knew, and I loved you, too, dear—yes, I love you now. But marry you—no, I—oh, I cannot."

She sank upon his breast, sobbing a little. Then she tore herself away and wiped the tears away quickly. "Do you hear?" she continued. "I cannot."

An awful thought came to him as she spoke. Could it be that she was already another's? How should he have known? Had she not gone always into the unknown and forbidden him to follow? And there came to his lips that insane cry of thousands like him—thousands of lovers in whom a sudden jealousy creates a frightful monomania of suspicion. "Ah, then—there is—somebody else?" Why is it that lovers must always think that because they are not chosen some one else must needs be? Is there no such thing as a woman who refuses to love simply from disinclination instead of from a previous exhaustion of the sentiment?

In this case the girl nodded her head and said, "Yes, there is somebody else."

"Then why," he returned fiercely, stung suddenly out of his passive grief into quick anger, "did you not tell me so before—with your eyes? Why did they always say 'yes' if your lips were to say 'no'? Cruel you are. How is it possible? But he—how is he? Ah, well, what does it matter? You have turned my day into night. I will go away into it. He turned to go.

"Stop!" she cried. "Come with me. I will show you somebody else. And it is you who are cruel. Did I not say that I loved you? Come."

So for the first time he accompanied her into what was to be no more the unknown.

The house at last! She opened the door and beckoned him to follow her. In a dim, shabby room he saw a figure lying on the bed a wasted, shrunken figure that breathed heavily. "This," said she, "is my mother. She is dying inch by inch of a wasting disease. Every moment that is not spent at the theater I must devote to her. Every thought of mine must be for her and her comfort. See, she has so little left of life! Would you have me deprive her of the care she needs?"

A big lump came into his throat and seemed to wish to stick there forever. He choked a little with a hoarse sound, and then his voice came. "And is this the somebody else?"

She nodded and turned to the bed, but the other member of the chorus suddenly picked her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "For," he said, and his voice might have been suspected of having tears in it, "you're an angel on the stage and off. But why didn't you tell me at first?"

"Because," she said, "you wouldn't let me."

And I am told that a certain member of the chorus is daily trying to postpone his marriage by his self sacrificing tenderness in nursing the somebody else. He does it to ease Fan's burden, and he's not thinking of himself very much, I'm afraid.

But poor somebody else has already heard the voice of the Father of us all, and I fear there will be a wedding in the chorus after all.

Australian Rabbits.
A few years ago the rabbit was a plague and dread of the whole pastoral class in Australia. Australians are learning now to turn the rabbit itself into a commercial asset. Twenty millions of Australian rabbit skins were sold in London last year, while nearly 3,000,000 rabbits, frozen in their furs, were sent to the London market from Victoria alone. The Australian rabbit is thus supplying the tables of the United Kingdom with food and the wardrobes of the civilized world with garments.

She Was a Poor Soldier.

The Earl of Rosebery's eldest daughter, Lady Sibyl Primrose, was married at Epsom recently to Lieutenant C. J. C. Grant of the Goldstream Guards. The wedding was quiet, only relatives and intimate friends of the family being present. Nevertheless the bride was attended by eight bridesmaids. Lord Rosebery gave away his daughter. Quite a flutter was occasioned in London society circles by the announcement early in the year of the engagement between Lady Sibyl and Lieutenant Grant. While Charles Grant is a young officer who has already made a good military record and is the son of Lieutenant General Sir Robert Grant, he is comparatively poor. Hence the surprise when the engagement was made public. However, there will be no lack of funds in Lieutenant Grant's household, as his bride is a very rich woman in her own right.



LADY SYBIL PRIMROSE.

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Reed as a Talker.

William Allen White of Emporia, Kan., took luncheon with Thomas B. Reed at the Century club, New York, the day President McKinley died. "After a simple meal had been put away," Mr. White relates, "Reed pushed back his chair and began to talk. For three long hours he discoursed most beautifully upon life, its uncertainty, its real rewards and its checks and balances, upon fame and its accidents and its emptiness, upon death and immortality and God and all his ways and works. It was a kind of funeral oration the like of which few men are privileged to hear. At the end of it all the big man threw back his head and looked up at the great oak rafters of the room for a long while and then let his hands fall heavily on the short arms of the chair as he sighed: 'Hi, ho! What does it all mean? Where is it going? Who are we? What is this unfathomable mystery we call life? God knows! I don't.'" —Kansas City Star.

Boys' Zangwill.

Zangwill for a man of such subtly intellectual parts can on occasion descend to the most boyish frivolity. The daughter of a certain rabbi was told that she was to sit next to him at a dinner party. For days beforehand she trembled with mingled anticipatory delight and dread and sought to sharpen her wits by dwelling on every learned subject, possible or impossible, which she thought he might be likely to talk about. Imagine her amazement when as soon as dinner was begun Zangwill drew a small India rubber doll from his pocket and began telling fortunes with it, talking the whole time nothing but the most irresponsible nonsense. She said afterward that she felt very much like the girl who was taken in to dinner by Tennyson and hung with trembling rapture on the inspired words which were to fall from his lips. "I like my mutton in chunks," said Tennyson.

Mayor of World's Fair City.

When President Roosevelt reaches St. Louis for the special purpose of dedicating the world's fair grounds and buildings on April 30, he will be tendered the freedom of the city by the mayor, Rolla Wells. Mr. Wells was elected mayor by the Democrats on a reform platform two years ago and has still two years to serve. He is a large



ROLLA WELLS.

steel manufacturer and is quite wealthy. His father was formerly an extensive owner of street railway property, and Mayor Wells was brought up in that business. Several years ago he invested his capital in the steel industry and has thrived thereat. Mayor Wells is popular with all classes of citizens, and his administration has so far been very successful. As mayor of the Mound City during the Louisiana Purchase exposition he will probably come prominently before the whole country.

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