

THE DAILY JOURNAL

Scraps 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.
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The Weather.

Tonight and Tuesday, fair.

THE PRAYER OF BLACKMAIL.

(Richard M. Bradley in the October Century.)

(Dedicated to those American-born citizens in New York when under Tammany, and in other cities, who have compounded with official rascality for the sake of their business interests, and recommended to prominent Portland citizens.)

You paid them! You, whose fathers

braved

The wintry ocean and the unknown

shore

To serve their God and save their

souls from hell!

Pray God they sleep unconscious of

your shame!

But you can have no blood from 'em

like these.

Who was the slave that stole into

his bed

Whose Pilgrim name you bear, and

gave you life?

So cried my shame and scorn, but

reason said:

Not he alone, but many of his kind,

In this great city at the nation's gate,

Have paid the price that smooths the

path to wealth;

These are no ill-got spawn of faith-

less wives,

True as their sires they serve their

chosen lord,

With altered service suited to his will.

Unchanged in race, they have but

changed their God.

For Mammon is their god, the hell

they dread!

Is failure in full service at his shrine.

They fear not want, but only lesser

wealth.

So, at their god's behest, they pay

the price.

Bowing their necks to dastard feudal

lords,

Who muster voters now in place of

blades.

So for his sake, with humble cheer-

fulness,

Along with gambler, pimp and pro-

stitute,

They buy the right to ply their trades

in peace.

Full service this! No more can mas-

ter ask;

No more can servants in devotion

pay.

Their fathers' God was seldom served

so well.

It is the permanent use to the people living in the region." No one would hardly take issue with the professor on such statements. The facts that they were created is evidence enough of some intended use. The creation of the reserve was certainly made to serve some intended purpose, but such statements bear little relevancy to what has been agitating people of the West. Its not the use but the abuse of reserves and withdrawals that the people of Oregon want to hear discussed. Too much acreage has been withdrawn and parties have been given tips in advance so as to permit their making of money through withdrawals.

H. G. McKinley, a well-known timber land speculator, has stated that parties of no less prominence than State Senator Pierce Mays and Representative A. N. Jones, of Multnomah county, were among those who engineered the Blue Mountain reserve. Senator Mays, so McKinley alleges, complained to him on the ground that he, McKinley, had purchased a few thousand acres of school land within the reserve without any expense, while Mays and his crowd had worked up the withdrawal and were therefore entitled to the privilege of purchasing the school land within the reserve boundary as base land. Prof. Pinchot could have made his talk more interesting by touching upon practices of this kind. He could have satisfied a great many people also by explaining how, when withdrawals have been released, of they ever are, bona fide settlers wishing 160 acres of land are to be protected from scrippers.—Daily Astorian.

It is interesting to note that the above is written by Walter Lyon, private secretary to Governor Geer, who is well informed about public land operations.

Professor Pinchot has evidently not been successful in turning public sentiment in favor of forest reserve policies as they have been promulgated in the past.

At Tacoma a dozen well-informed men jumped on his statements about lien lands, and at Portland Senator Fulton took issue with him squarely.

The administration of public lands is getting into deep water trying to force upon the people of the West a land policy that has to be defended by a string of professors from Washington sent out to enlighten the people.

Professor Pincher will have his hands full trying to explain all that has been done in Oregon, and the Oregon delegation does well to stand for a cessation in creating reserves.

Of course, the scrippers have everything to gain by creating reserves in the first place and then by throwing them open afterwards. The government will have to return to the ancient policy of homesteads direct.

The entire scrip and lien land fraud should be abolished, and the trip of Governor Chamberlain to Washington ought to throw some light on the whole controversy if that official goes to the bottom of the matter.

ANOTHER ADVERTISEMENT OF SALEM.

Under the above caption the Salem Journal indulged in some harsh words because the United States census reports credits that city with but a little over four thousand population.

Our sympathy is extended, but the blame for such showing should be placed where it belongs, on Salem instead of Uncle Sam.

The population as returned by the census officer was for the four city wards of Salem and in the territory as now embraced in Greater Salem.

Blame is deserved, but it should be given to those non-progressive and selfish individuals who for so many years refused to permit the boundaries of Salem to be extended as they now are, who, for the sake of a few pennies saved because a municipal tax was evaded, brought discredit upon the Capital City of our state.—Albany Herald.

A Hidden Picture.

The Jefferson Review has the following concerning a well-known county official. As will be seen, the Review carefully refrains from giving him away, but the astute reader may be able to guess to whom the paper refers to. It says:

"County Judge Scott may know something about good roads, but his knowledge of Chinese pheasants seems to be limited. A few days ago he was hunting on Will Winterman's place, near this city, and, spying a bird, he carefully crawled up to within about two feet of it, and killed it the first shot. That pheasant proved to be one of Will's chickens, so the judge promptly hunted up the owner, and paid for the fowl, that is he paid for one, but Will says he is shy six more hens since that date, but thinks perhaps they have only hid in the woods until the judge went home."

Oregonian Full Page Cartoon

Further Libelous Matter on Salem's Water Supply ATTEMPT TO BE HUMOROUS AT CAPITAL CITY'S EXPENSE

Trying to Forever Stamp the Reputation of Unsanitary Conditions on This Vicinity

There is general indignation among Salem people at a page cartoon and attempted humorous reading matter at the expense of the Salem water supply, in connection with the charge that it has been the cause of typhoid fever. People generally took it for a deliberate slap at this city, and a wholesale continuance of the agitation that stamps Salem as an unsanitary community, anything but funny, and showing utter ignorance of what is proper to attempt to be funny about. The honor of a woman, the attributes of Delty, the character and reputation of a whole community, are supposed to be out of the domain of humor. But what are you going to do about it? People asked themselves in vain, because no other paper can reach the public as the Oregonian does, and as it employs a large number of persons on its staff, and the Almighty cannot furnish all with intelligence at \$20 a week, there was a disposition to look upon it with charity. But the people were mad, and are getting madder.

The Sunday Broadside.

The Oregonian devotes a full page to the subject of Salem's water supply; fully illustrating germs, bacillus and microbe of measles, scarlatina, typhoid, chickenpox, and whatever else the fancies of artist, poetaster, historian and dog might suggest. As a literary skit it might be passable, but its history, as all contemporaneous histories are, is false, its jingles rather uncertain on their feet, and its illustrations the delirium tremens of outbuilding art. As for the dog—well, she couldn't choose her company.

The Facts Admitted.

As to the conditions, it is frankly admitted that there has been a number of cases of typhoid fever in Salem; more than there should have been, yet is this not true of the valley generally, of all the Pacific coast and Eastern states, and also of Portland, regardless of water supply? And if true, is that any reason Portland's big daily should undertake to wipe the city of Salem off the map? Is it any excuse for publishing the statement that Salem's water supply is impure? There has never been, and there is not now, a scintilla of evidence that will bear out the statement. There has never been an analysis of the city's water, or none made public, at least, showing that the water is not pure and wholesome. There has not been, and is not now, a case of typhoid fever in this city, that has been traced directly, or indirectly, to the water supply. There has been nothing to show that the water supply is responsible for such cases of typhoid fever as have appeared, any more than there has been to show that the hundreds of copies of the Oregonian coming to this city are responsible for them. There is absolutely nothing but the naked assertion of the state board of health, that typhoid existed here, and that the water supply is responsible therefor. If it is true, the state board of health has not shown it, or attempted to show it. It has simply made the assertion.

State Board Prevaricators.

We might add here for the consideration of both the board of health and the Oregonian, that the axiom of the law is, that "He who swears to that which he does not know to be true, is as guilty of perjury as he who swears to that which he knows to be not true." If either party can derive any consolation from that view of the case, they are welcome to it without charge.

That there has been and is typhoid fever is frankly admitted. That the water supply is responsible for it is emphatically denied. The board of health has asserted it, but it will please remember that a large immigration from Missouri settled in this neighborhood.

The Oregonian's Attack

On this city is without the shadow of a shadow of excuse. That it was moved by malice we cannot conceive; it had nothing to envy and nothing to gain; and things are not done by business men without a reason. Malice

can, therefore, be eliminated. There is but one explanation, and that is that the whole miserable affair is the concentrated essence of what doctors called "damfoolishness." Bottom has jumped his job, and has been employed by the Portland paper on its editorial staff, and for a starter has probed to the profoundest depths the bathos was abyss of asininity. It has not been an enemy that has done this thing; it has been a fool.

A Calamitous Jolly.

But to go back to Sunday's contribution. The conglomeration of doggerel dirt and daub, would have been turned down by the office devil, had it been submitted to him, as an "olla podrida" too utterly rank for public use.

Reading between the lines, Salem people consider the effort was intended as a sort of jolly, a farewell skit with which the whole subject should be dropped, and that it was written, perhaps, in a not unfriendly spirit. It was intended as humor. If it were harmless it might be let go at that, but it is not. It has put the matter in such a shape as to still more widely advertise its assertion that Salem's water supply is bad, and has simply emphasized the original wrong.

Few people will outlive the arrival of home-seekers who will say, "I like your city and its people and location, but what about your water supply?" Is that a nice name to brand upon any city?

A Villainous Screech.

It begins like the Eneld, "arma virumque cano," and ends in horse play humor (if such it can be called) that would put to the blush the delicate refinement and literary instincts of a Booraboola Gha negro. The Oregonian is too elephantine for that kind of literature. It is dangerous simply from its ponderosity, but when, (with some self-inflated intellectual attenuation at the helm) it gets playful, and undertakes to roam into the unknown fields of fancy, it becomes deadly. Its humor is of the stone-throwing kind, which was fun for the boys, but death on the frogs, or of that playful kind so aptly illustrated by Esop's fable of the ass and the dog, in which smile it, of course, represents the former.

Dismal Canine Humorists.

Lute Pease, Wexford Jones and John Fleming Wilson are evidently proud of their work, for they take the trouble to have their names printed as the collaborators of this masterpiece of humor.

Women—of a certain class—advertise their shame, but it has been left of all the other sex for Lute Pease, the artist; Wexford Jones (sweet little Wexy), with his splay-foot rhymes, and John Fleming Wilson, historian, to rob the class of women aforesaid of their immemorial privilege, and arrogate to themselves the already pre-empted right to use an abundance of muck. As for the dog, she couldn't help herself. She was sinning against, and Wexford Jones did her singing for her—an ignoble proxy.

A Body Blow to Salem.

Salem has received a blow from which it will take her years to recover, and the Oregonian delivered it. It is probable, in the Sunday's issue, that the Oregonian's intentions were good, but, according to legendary lore, good intentions take the place of asphalt—in some places. If its intentions were friendly, then may Salem well exclaim: "God save me from my friends." Salem people seem to have plenty of that sort on the papers they import for their money from Portland.

The editor responsible for permitting the article to appear in the columns of the Oregonian, should be vented, and turned loose, ownerless, to rustle for his provender in the thistle patch where first he browsed. Salem has paid for and deserves the best of treatment from down the creek, but is constantly getting the worst. Of course, Salem will turn the other cheek, and take punishment with equanimity and increasing good humor, at 85 cents a month.

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