

THE DAILY JOURNAL

Scripture News Association Telegrams.
2 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.

Fair tonight, Saturday increasing cloudiness, followed by rain; cooler Saturday.

SLOW, BUT SURE.

The ferry boat's not pretty;
It has no fluttering sail.
It doesn't dash the foam about
Nor scud before the gale.
No poet sings its praises
With sweet insistent note;
Yet we're under obligations
To the good old ferry boat.

Now pause, fair youth and ponder
The moral of this lay;
And don't despise the man who goes
A plodding on his way.
Ambition swiftly soaring—
We cheer it and forget.
The scrap pile's full of Shamrocks,
But the ferry's running yet.
—Washington Star.

VALUATIONS IN OREGON.

The assessment value of this year in the state of Oregon will be the greatest yet recorded. For there is a double reason. The actual value of property in the state is rapidly increasing, while the assessors in many of the counties are endeavoring to get the assessed value of property some what nearer to its true value. The error of the old method of assessment in this state, by which the property is assessed at about one-fourth its value, has long been felt. The intelligent citizen is aware that he has the same amount of taxes to pay whether the taxes be high or low, if the assessment is equitable, and that the low assessment necessitated a high rate of taxation that frightens the Eastern home-seeker.

It is probably a fact that valuations of property in Oregon are very low, compared to other states.

It is probably a fact that a great many corporations have escaped getting onto the tax rolls with much of their tangibles and intangibles.

There is probably a great deal of personal and real property that does not get onto the tax rolls, or get on at ridiculously low values.

What is the remedy for all this? Publicity of the assessments before they are equalized by the courts would be one remedy.

In Illinois that has been the custom and the law for many years, and valuations have been adjusted, until nearly all property is on the rolls.

Publication of the assessed valuations, after they are adjusted and ready for the collection of taxes, has no beneficial effect.

It discloses the success of the tax dodger, and gratifies his cunning and vanity, but puts no property on the tax rolls.

Publication for the purpose of equalization and to disclose discrepancies made before the lists are completed, would put a great deal of property on the rolls. That is what is needed.

Begins at the Bottom.

(New York Commercial.)

Franklin Farrel, Jr., Yale graduate and heir to a fortune estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000, has entered the employ of his father's iron foundry in Ansonia as a toolmaker's apprentice. He is working 10 hours a day at a grindstone, learning to sharpen tools for the machinists. Young Farrel plans to learn the foundry business from the very bottom, that he may fit himself to succeed his father as president of the Farrel Foundry & Machine company, and la-

ter become the head of the extensive Farrel interests in Ansonia, Utah and Cuba.

The position of toolmaker's apprentice is the lowest of the 1500 in the big factory. The wages amount to \$4 a week. The young millionaire is obliged to enter with the other workmen at 7 a. m., and at 6 p. m. he is one of the grimy horde that pours out from the dingy machine rooms.

Farrel graduated from Yale this spring with the degree of bachelor of arts and membership in the Delta Kappa Epsilon society. He was also one of the "jolly eight," a students' club that gained notoriety by inviting Carrie Nation to Yale and inducing her to lecture to a crowd of cigarette-smoking students in young Farrel's suite of rooms in Vanderbilt hall.

In the class history of 1903 he is described as the best dressed man in the class. He is the owner of a 20-horse-power touring car, is a clever whip, belongs to the exclusive New Haven Country club, and moves in the best society in New Haven. His cousin, Alton Farrel, is in the office of the foundry company, learning the commercial end of the business. His sister, Miss Eliza Farrel, created a stir a few years ago by taking a course at a business college and entering the foundry office as a stenographer and typewriter, which idea, however, she later abandoned.

Franklin Farrel, Jr., is estimated to be worth from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000, representing his investments in the foundry company, in Utah silver mines and in Cuban sugar plantations. A few years ago he cleared several millions by the sale of the Parrot copper mine. Tower hall, the home of the Farrel family, is considered the handsomest dwelling in the Naugatuck valley.

GIRLS PUZZLE THE ENGLISH.

American Maidens Are Too Chic for Their Foreign Cousins.

The American girl is an unsolvable riddle to the English. She has manners peculiarly her own, an independence that is beyond comprehension to people raised in the atmosphere where the restraints imposed upon the gentler sex are more rigorous than they are here.

"My American cousin," says a writer in a London woman's journal, "came to call today, bringing her parents along. My trans-Atlantic relative is aged exactly 12. She is called Elizabeth and she lives in St. Louis.

"I had never seen her before, and I felt that I was under the ordeal of a strict scrutiny, but all ended well, and the good understanding between the two countries is happily intact.

"On the whole, I think Elizabeth approved of me, and especially of my drawing-room. She had a good deal to say about the water colors and bronzes, showed a suitable curiosity about my old Venetian copper, and was not above accepting a green majolica frog from the fortress of Gibraltar.

"When the whim takes her, Elizabeth seems to go to school in Paris; when she has had enough of it, she bestows her charming company on her parents and runs them through Italy. She likes London, especially the tower, which seems to have an endless fascination for the American child.

"I could read English history forever," declared Elizabeth with enthusiasm. "Those beheadings are so interesting!" But though she is devoted to the axe and block, Elizabeth, I fancy, intends doing the Norwegian fjords before she sails.

"Her parents are beautifully brought up, and quite docile; they sit and regard her with adoring eyes. On the whole, Elizabeth is a most characteristic specimen of young America—gentle, affable, alert, capable—in short, wholly amazing.

Captive Flying Machines.

(American Inventor.)

Chicago is to have flying machines circling in Sans Souci park while attached to a revolving skeleton tower. They are expected to give the desired thrills without the attendant dangers of aerial navigation. These flying machines travel in fours. They ascend the side of a steel tower 250 feet in height, and while going to the topmost point they scar in circles. The cars are made after the style of typical flying machines, with mirrors to the back which reflect the distance, so that no matter which way the passenger looks he sees nothing but a bird's-eye view of the country.

The invention which is termed the revolving airship tower, will cost \$50,000 said to be the largest sum ever expended in an amusement device. The tower is sixty-five feet square at the base, and tapers to twenty-five feet square at the top. The flying machines are pulled up the four sides of the tower by means of cables, the entire tower revolving all the time. About 150 horsepower is required to operate this amusement mountain.

As the cars move up and down the side of the revolving tower wheels on the cigar shaped cars will revolve adding greatly to the effect of the odd ride.

HANDBAGS STILL THE RAGE.

You Can Pay \$1500 for One—Many Novelties Brought Out.

The craze for bags does not abate. A woman drew about 100 adjectives in the superlative degree in about as many seconds from a group of women the other day when she displayed a gold bag caught with a diamond and sapphire clasp—and the stones were small ones, too—for which she had just paid \$1500.

Big? No, indeed. It was just large enough to hold a few notes, a change purse, a few cards and a handkerchief.

The clasp on the latest novelty in the bag line would puzzle the cleverest of pickpockets, says an exchange. Instead of being on the top of the frame, and easy to pull open, it is on the under side and decidedly hard to work unless one has been initiated. The beauty of it is that it is so constructed that constant opening and shutting will not wear it, as happens in the ordinary clasp.

The bead craze has extended to the handbag, or at least to its handles, for the very swellest now have chains of beads instead of links of one sort or another. Bags of imported alligator skin are quite the rage, and those of pale gray, mounted with silver of a dull gray finish are especially sought. They vary in price from \$40 to \$65, and be it known that the foreign alligator, judging from the beauty of those bags has a hide never dreamed of by the Florida varmint in its lazy philosophy.

Dog Fooled His Mistress.

(Our Dumb Animals.)

This dog learned a thing or two very quickly. A family in Tiffin, Ohio, had moved from the old home, but rented the house furnished through-out, the new tenant being an elderly lady. For some reason the family dog was "let" with the furniture. Now the new occupant of the house liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the parlor, but as the dog was also fond of the chair she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog she did not dare to drive him out, and, therefore, used to go to the window and call: "Cats." The dog would then rush to the window and the lady would calmly take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the lady in possession. He trotted to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.

Sweet, Old-Time Autumn.

The period of pumpkin pies now captures us upon the fly. We munch the chestnut with the joy peculiar to the little boy, and watch the golden leaflets pass in eddies o'er the fading grass. The baseball match is waxing glum, the frost is sparkling on the plum; and while the night winds weirdly moan a weary, dreary monotone, we pop the corn and light the logs, and watch them sputter on the dogs, the while we brew the juicy rum that sends grim care to kingdom come. The bathing suit, so light and frail, is swinging round upon a nail. The inn is closed upon the shore; the bonfire is sad and sore. The woodcock that is not on toast is singing on the old fence post; and while the sylvia its torch is waving 'round the ancient porch we jump and sing, because we know, by all the rabbit stew aglow, to wake our bubbling mirth and cheer, that dear old, sweet old, autumn's here.

How to Tell an Oyster's Age.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover a silver half dollar. The oyster is its own architect, and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small.

It also bears its age upon its back, and it is as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is that of horses by looking at their teeth.

Every one who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically named striae, and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined. Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the striae are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another, so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened.

Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old.

Public Spirited Citizens.

Springfield, Mass., celebrated her golden jubilee by providing for a park along her river front, \$101,291.25 being raised by popular subscription to purchase the land. Happy Springfield, with such public spirited citizens! Was Springfield to invest in beauty for her people!

THE AMERICAN OSTRICH.

Doing a Good Business in Feathers and is Breeding Rapidly.

A recent shipment of 40 ostriches to Nice, on the borders of Italy and France, from California, directs attention to this growing California industry—the culture of the African ostrich in America. Just about 15 years have elapsed since the American ostrich farmer gave their first serious attention to this subject. Now the ostrich industry is well established in the United States, some 800 birds existing in the country, and these will doubtless form the nucleus of that immense number that will one day cover the mesas of Southern California, the meadows of Arizona, the vast plateaus of Texas, and the everglades of Florida, as their kind do the African veldt today.

The ostrich has come to stay, he coats little to keep—not more than the ordinary sheep—and yields an annual value of \$30 to the proprietor. One man can take care of 100 ostriches. The creature is hardy and of a careless appetite. The average increase to the stock is between 15 and 20 ostriches to the pair. Some have been known to produce as many as 37 in a year. The birds are kept in pens in California, and a source of revenue has been found in exhibiting them to many tourists who are attracted there. Incubators, showing the various stages of ostrich life are also on view. A growth from the size of a duck to a height of six feet in a question of only six months.

When the birds are a year old their feathers are ready for market. The cropping is accomplished by covering the ostrich's head with a hood and plying a pair of shears. This process takes place every eight months. The feathers on the large side wings are cut off near the roots, and the smaller feathers on the tail are pulled out without injury to the bird, for on the care now bestowed depends the future health of the coming feather. In the course of three weeks the stems left start to fall out, and a new feather begins to grow, which in due time is taken off for the benefit of the ostrich farmer. The feathers are graded and sent to the feather manufacturers of New York, who make them up in the beautiful articles of dress so dear to the hearts of those who wear them. When the American woman can buy only the ostrich feathers of the American ostrich the most sanguine hopes of Edward Cawston, the pioneer California ostrich farmer, will have been realized. Two million dollars each year will then remain in the country, instead of going to London.—Town and Country.

The Bacteria Lamp.

When we were boys we used to plan how we would scare some other fellow out of his wits with "fox-fire" from a rotting stump. In the dark he'd think a spook had come to get him. Just the other day I read how a miner's lamp had been invented that was entirely safe in the midst of inflammable gases, because its cold shine came not from combustion, but from luminiferous bacteria feeding upon a culture similar to decaying wood. So, with inveterate and unconquerable optimism, we may well believe the wit of man will turn these servitors of death into lamps to light the path of progress. Whether we look outward to the farthest reaches of the universe, or inward to where the microscope falters and turns back, we find tremendous forces working. We may hitch our wagon to a glowing star or to a glimmering microbe, but we shall get on in any case, if only we be set on getting on.

A Freak Porker.

The Fossil Journal says: Young Andrew Clarno has a pig on his ranch, by the John Day river, that is a freak fit for a dime museum. The pig's mother died soon after his birth, and he was adopted by a female dog, which is suckling him along with her pups. It is a funny sight to see the pig and the pups having their breakfast at the same time, and funnier still to see the little porker take after a coyote, along with the other dogs. This dog-gone pig turns up his nose at the other pigs on the ranch and will not have anything to do with them, except to help the other dogs chase them away when they come too near the house.

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