

THE DAILY JOURNAL

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BY HOFER BROTHERS.

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The Weather.

Tonight and Wednesday, cloudy to partly cloudy, with occasional rain.

CHESTNUTS.

Fshaw.
I don't like 'em cooked,
Gimme my chestnuts raw.
They tell of the country
Of the red and yellow hills
Where the trees grow,
Where the sharp frost falls
On the burs
And split 'em open,
And they drop on the ground
Among the leaves
That hides 'em and tries to keep
Them there asleep
Till the spring
And then sprout
The raw ones taste like the keen air
And the purple haze
The fall days
Wear;
And the whoopin' shout
Of the boys and girls goin' out
Nuttin' all day in the woods
To bring back the goods
At night,
That's right;
That's the way the raw ones taste
Like to me;
See?
Gimme mine raw;
These here cooked ones
Tastes like the town,
Dinky and brown,
And big buildin's for bills,
And a sewer for air.
By gee,
No cooked chestnuts for me.
Gimme mine raw,
And let me chew
On 'em slow and steady,
And shut my eyes to see
The trees and the woods and the
country
They taste like so much to me.
—New York Sun.

NOMINATE GOOD MEN.

Under the system of direct nomination of candidates for aldermen, at the coming city election, it is up to the people to nominate good men.

Nominate men who wear no man's collar, and who have the business intelligence to work for their constituents and the advancement of Greater Salem.

Nominate men who have independence of character, and will not be the creatures of any boss or ring in municipal affairs.

Nominate men who have faith in the Capital City, who believe in its future, and will work for its promotion as the second city of Oregon.

Nominate men who are heart and soul in favor of Greater Salem. If it pays Portland to incorporate forty-nine square miles of territory, it will not ruin Salem to take in about six square miles.

Nominate men who are not afraid to stand for a policy of public improvements. This city needs two things, and needs them badly.

It needs a sewer system to drain and sanitize the whole of Greater Salem. It needs municipal ownership of water. The two things are indispensable to good sanitary conditions in a Capital City.

Those who say we can't have sewers, who say we can't have city water are merely echoing old cries that mean nothing.

A BRIGHT JOURNALIST.

Horace Mann has started the Oroville, Cal., Journal. He was formerly

in Marion county, and then in Jackson, and now goes to the Golden State for inspiration.

He was originally from Florida, and if he could survive among the alligators and Florida crackers, he ought to stand California fleas and two-legged tourist-devourers.

Well, California people deserve to get bright young men from Oregon. Their state is well advertised, if we do send them all the spuds and other coarse fodder we can spare.

Oregon takes, in return, oranges, lemons, cauliflower, olives and other tropical fruits. That state occasionally takes one of our bright young men, and gives us an occasional starved-out immigrant, who has been stripped to the bone.

Flare's luck to Horace Mann, and his pretty little wife—too good looking for a country editor, homely as a mud-fence. His new paper is a very neat publication.

FIX THE TRANSFER PLACE.

The editor of this paper wants to register a regular "holy roller" kick against the muddy condition of the transfer point on the street car lines in front of this office.

The crosswalks of the city are often the scene of skirt displays.

There is no planking between the tracks, nor between the cars, and ladies have to raise their skirts and sink up to their ankles in mud on a rainy day, walking around the end of the cars.

Either the car company or the city council should come to our relief.

Many of the public school teachers take these lines back and forth to the various schools of the city, and it is not necessarily educational that an editor should know the kind of hosiery everybody wears.

His mind should not be harrowed with inventories of lace underwear.

A few dollars' worth of plank, a few loads of gravel, or something, should be done to relieve the situation, as the Journal office will not be moved if all the Roman stripes in creation march past our windows every day in the year.

This is a matter of public importance, or it would not be mentioned editorially. But the truth requires a protest be entered, and, for want of a better peg, we hang it upon the hosiery display.

No lady, no matter whether she wears any hose at all or not, should be obliged to step out of a car into two or three inches of the kind of mud that prevails on our streets in winter.

WATCH THE STATE PORTAGE.

The people should keep on the sharp look-out for what becomes of the state portage railway.

The Portland canal push proposes to build a five-million dollar canal around the dailies of the Columbia.

It is to be ten miles long, and God alone knows when it will be built. The state portage road will haul all the freight, and can be built next year in time to handle the fall crops.

Here is the Roseburg Plaindealer asking that the state portage appropriation be repealed. Read what it says:

"There is another piece of legislation needing attention of the legislature to save the state expense, and that is the repeal of the portage railroad bill. The federal government is going to dig a canal so that steamboats can pass around the falls of the Columbia river, but Governor Chamberlain wants the Portage railroad to be built as well, and he does not want the appropriation to be spent under his administration to be interfered with, and here is the milk in the coconut, regarding the pledge."

Does the editor of the Plaindealer not know that the federal government was twenty years building the canal and the locks at the Cascades of the Columbia?

Does he not know that this proposed canal now to be built is three times as big as the Cascade canal, and would be, at the same rate, sixty years in building?

Go on, governor, with the portage road. It is the only relief that the farmers of the Inland Empire will ever receive. Besides there are two Republican state officials and a Republican state attorney back of the state portage road, just as much interested as the governor is.

If they proceed to do anything in the proposed canal the state cannot build a portage railroad, and that is doubtless the corporation's plan to rob the farmers for the next twenty years.

Let the people watch how many generations that canal will be at building. Watch how it will be used to shut off the Portage railroad. We say to the people, keep your eyes open on this matter.

CLEVELAND AT HIS WORST.

In his great desire to remain in the public eye as a possibility for 1904, Grover Cleveland is not above appearing in the role of calamity croaker and disturber. Bryan "got there" in the struggle for the nomination in 1896 by the "crown of thorns" route.

Why may not Cleveland hope to be his party's Moses in next year's emergency by preaching discontent and predicting catastrophe? The ex-president worked this vein in his speech of October 14 before the commercial club of Chicago, thus:

"We are told that the national splendor we have built upon the showy ventures of speculative wealth is a badge of our success. Unsharable contentment is enjoined upon the masses of our people, and they are invited, in the bare subsistence of their scanty homes, to patriotically rejoice in their country's prosperity. This is too unsubstantial an enjoyment of benefits to satisfy those who have been taught American equality, and thus have arisen, by a perfectly natural process, a dissatisfied insistence upon a better distribution of the results of our vaunted prosperity."

Never in the history of the human race did labor demand and receive so large a share of what it produces as at the present day. Never in all time or in all the world was labor so completely employed and so highly paid as in the United States on the very day when Grover Cleveland gave this exhibition of partisan pettifoggery.

Contrasting the condition of American labor in October, 1903, with its condition during any portion of the Democratic period of 1892-97 ought to make the ex-president blush for shame. Under his administration occurred some of the worst labor strikes ever known. But they were strikes against reduction in wages, and not strikes to gain higher wages as in 1903. To invite a comparison between the horrors which his election inflicted upon the wage-earners of this country and the tremendous boom of prosperity which straightway followed his retirement to private life is an act of folly. To endeavor to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction and revolt at a time like the present is an act of mere demagogism.—American Economist.

LATE LITERARY NEWS.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's new story, "Rebecca," found a place among the best selling books from the very moment of its publication. The publishers report that in two weeks four editions, making a total of 25,000 copies, were called for—Houston, Milfin & Co, Boston.

The most popular fiction today seems to be what may be called the business story, showing men who do things in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. Just such a book is to be found in Will Payne's latest novel, "Mr. Salt." It is a thoroughly American story, with its scene laid mostly in the tall office buildings along LaSalle and Dearborn streets, Chicago.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co, Boston.

Readers, beware of the Woman's Farm Journal, of St. Louis. It is only 10 cents a year, but on the cover page is a get-rich-quick ad that may cost any family hundreds of dollars. There are scores of other ads that are equally nefarious.

Good Housekeeping for November has a charming Thanksgiving cover design in blue and orange. The array of autumnal cookery is a notable one. Ten cents a copy, one dollar a year.—The Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

Roadwarmer a Bearwarmer

A Ukiah, California dispatch of Nov. 3rd says:

Roadwarmer, the well-known race horse, killed a bear on Sanhedrin hill last week. Roadwarmer was one of a string of racers Ralph Vernon was taking to Covelo for the winter. Vernon was riding Roadwarmer, and when they were about half way up Sanhedrin, near Twin Bridge, a young black bear was cabled near the road. Vernon, who had a small-calibre pistol, took a shot at the animal.

The bullet of course, only wounded him, and he charged his assailant. Vernon was depending on the well-known speed of the racer for safety, but for the first time Roadwarmer refused to start. The bear kept coming and Vernon thought his time had come and was about to make his escape on foot, the other horses having stampeded.

When the bear was within reach the horse squared around and a battle royal commenced, the horse using his hoofs to good advantage. When Vernon managed to get the horse away the bear was lying in an unrecognizable mass and the horse was uninjured. The bear weighed 125 pounds.

Have You

Tried our cakes. Our line of fruit cakes can't be beat. Also a fine line of mince pies. California Bakery, on Court street.

JOURNAL X-RAYS

The Eugene Register says: "The Examiner, San Francisco's yellow sheet, supported Lane for mayor, and their man was third in the race, while Schmitz, the fiddler, won to the tune of a big plurality."

It is true, but we might as well "tote fair" the Chronicle, Call and other yellow sheets on the other side supported Crocker, and the fiddler beat him to the same tune.

Mr. Moody's Explanation.

The transaction on which the charge arises relates to the final payment to depositors of the Dalles National bank at The Dalles, Or., of which Mr. Moody was an officer. The department at Washington had declared the final dividend and sent letters to the depositors, addressed to them at The Dalles, notifying them that the final dividends had been declared. Numbers of the persons to whom the letters were addressed did not live at The Dalles, and the postmaster asked Mr. Moody to assist him in finding their addresses. This he did.

There remained some letters addressed to persons whose addresses were not known, among others one to Mrs. Conroy. Upon inquiry, Mr. Moody learned that she lived at Albina. The day of the presidential reception last May, the letters having come the day before, Mr. Moody came to Portland, called upon Mrs. Conroy by telephone and notified her that the final dividend had been declared. He made an appointment to meet her the following morning at her residence, but, being at the presidential banquet that night, he did not rise in time to see her before catching the train back to The Dalles. Upon reaching this place he phoned her, excusing himself for being unable to keep the appointment. She replied that she would be in The Dalles in a few days and asked if she could get the money there. He told her "No," that the money was in Washington. She said she was disappointed, as she was closing up some business in The Dalles and needed the money, and asked Mr. Moody if he could procure it for her. He replied in the negative but informed her that the First National bank of The Dalles had formerly taken up some of the certificates, but was not doing so at that time. Upon her request, however, Mr. Moody asked the bank if it would cash her certificate, and the bank agreed to do so. Mrs. Conroy went to The Dalles and called upon Mr. Moody and at her request he calculated the interest on her certificate, which she assigned to the First National bank, and secured a written request from Mr. Moody to the bank to pay her the money due. Some time later in the day she met Mr. Wilson, who had been the receiver of the bank, and he informed her that she had not received the full amount due her. Mr. Wilson went to Mr. Moody and informed him that Mrs. Conroy was not satisfied, and Mr. Moody told him that as the bank had not been anxious to cash the certificate, he had no doubt it would return the certificate and take the money back. This was done the same afternoon.

Mr. Moody opened the letter which was addressed to Mrs. Conroy, in her presence, and gave her the receipt which it contained for her to sign. This she did. She then took the receipt, mailed it to Washington herself, and received the money in due course of time.

At his own request Mr. Moody appeared before the grand jury and explained the entire transaction and his part in it, as has been set forth above.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the over-fed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over 35 years. August Flower rouses the torpid liver, thus creating appetite and insuring perfect digestion. It tones and vitalizes the entire system, and makes life worth living, no matter what your station.

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