

# THE DAILY JOURNAL

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BY HOFER BROTHERS.

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### OREGON COMING EVENTS.

National Livestock convention, Portland, January 12-15.  
Azora goat show, Dallas, January 14-15.

### The Weather.

Tonight and Tuesday, occasional light rains.

### THE LINE OF MUNICIPAL DUTY.

The twelve Republican aldermen, who become the legislative department of the city government, have a line of duty to perform.

In the election of employees this evening they should make no changes. If the incumbent is a Republican, who is giving good service.

As the people ordered a Republican city administration, there is no excuse for electing any but Republicans to city offices.

The Citizens' administration employed some good men, who have been life-long Republicans and some of these should not be removed.

But in all cases where there has been any neglect of duty by a Republican, under Citizens' rule, there should be a change made.

Progress demands that men be elected who will get out of the old ruts and look to the building of the city along new lines.

Efficiency, honesty, integrity and progress are the watchwords of good government, and the people will put up with nothing else.

### FREQUENT CHANGES

#### NOT AN EVIL.

The frequent changes that have been made at the state prison are not to be regarded as entirely an evil, as some would have it.

Whenever employees at a state prison come to be too well acquainted with the prisoners it is time to remove them.

Supt. James has shown no partisanship in removing men who proved unsatisfactory—Republicans and Democrats have gone the same way.

Men who come to think they have a permanent lease on a position grow careless, and that is dangerous to such an institution.

Some of the positions in a state prison would be better filled if there were an absolute stranger put in every year.

An uncertain tenure would work as beneficial on politicians as it does on convicts.

### SOUTH SALEM STREETS.

There is talk of the people of the seventh ward—South Salem—organizing a good roads league to look after their streets.

A portion of South Commercial street, now resembles the grand canal of Venice, with chunks of driftwood floating about in it.

A good roads meeting might consider what the available revenues are, and what can be done with the money to be paid for road and streets.

That ward will have several thousand dollars each year to spend on roads, and the money should be used to make permanent improvements.

The greatest trouble now seems to be, no one knows what the revenues are to be, nor what can be done with them, nor how to do it.

Until the people or some part of them gather together and learn to master the fundamental facts in the problem, they will get no progress.

Certainly there should be no more money spent to maintain the present antiquated state of street navigation. Let us get out of the ruts.

### MARION COUNTY POLITICS.

With the city administration fairly launched, there is now a moment for the local politicians to turn their attention to county matters.

Most of the county officials are serving first terms, and will be renominated by the Republicans.

There are going to be a number of aspirants for the office of sheriff, and the indications are that it will be between a Salem man and the north end of the county.

For county judge it is assumed that

Judge Scott would take a second term, if he could get it, but is making no fight for the place. It is stated that ex-Judge Hubbard and ex-Judge Terrell will both be in the field.

As three state senators are holdovers there is no senatorial element to enter into the legislative ticket, and hence it will probably be made up on merit from the standpoint of an efficient working delegation.

### Let It Go.

(O. S. Marden, in Success.)

If you have had an unfortunate experience this last year, forget it. If you have made a failure in your speech, your song, your book, or your article; if you have been placed in an embarrassing position, if you have fallen and hurt yourself by a false step, or if you have been slandered and abused, do not dwell upon it, forget it. There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of their ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind forever. Drop them. Forget them.

If you have been indiscreet or imprudent, if you have been talked about, or if your reputation has been injured so that you fear you can never outgrow it or redeem it, do not drag the hideous shadow or the rattling skeletons about with you. Rub them from the slate of memory. Wipe them out. Forget them. Start with a clean slate and spend your energies in keeping it clean for the future.

Resolve that, whatever you do or do not do, you will not be haunted by skeletons nor cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sunshine. Determine that you will have nothing to do with discords, but that every one of them must get out of your mind. No matter how formidable or persistent, wipe them out. Forget them. Have nothing to do with them. Do not let the little enemies—worry and foreboding, anxiety and regret—sap your energy, for this is your success and happiness capital.

A gloomy face, a sour expression, a worrying mind, or a fretting disposition, is a proof of your failure to control yourself. It is an earmark of your weakness, a confession of your inability to cope with your environment. Drive it away. Dominate yourself. Do not let your enemies sit on the throne. Do your own governing.

Dismiss from your mind every suggestion that has to do with illness. If you have had an operation—it is over; let it glide into the shadows—the background of memory. Do not dwell upon it. Do not talk about it.

Whatever is disagreeable, or whatever irritates, nags, or destroys your balance of mind—forget it. Thrust it out. It has nothing to do with you now. You have better use for your time than to waste it in regrets, in worry, or in useless trifles. Let the rubbish go. Make war upon dependency, if you are subject to it. Drive the blues out of your mind as you would a thief out of the house. Shut the door in the face of all your enemies, and keep it shut. Do not wait for cheerfulness to come to you. Go after it; entertain it; never let it go.

A dependent young writer says that while he was in the West he used to watch the cows on the prairie, and could not help envying them. "I used often to heave a sigh and wish I were a cow," "What keeps them so contented?" he asked a farmer. "Oh, they are enjoying themselves chewing their cud," was the reply.

The trouble with many of us is that we do not enjoy chewing our cud—letting go of our aches, pains, and anxieties, and just enjoying ourselves. We can not bear to let go. We cling to them like a thrifty housewife, who cannot bear to throw away a rag or a scrap of anything but piles useless rubbish in the attic. We cannot bear to let our enemies go. We can not seem to kick out of doors the things that worry and fret and chafe, and yet never do us any good.

### Coast Line of the Philippines.

(Harper's Weekly.)  
A geographical magazine makes the interesting statement that the Philippine Islands have a coast line double that of the main part of the United States. The measurement given is 11,444 square miles while the total area is stated as 115,924 square miles. In the Philippines there is one mile of coast line to every ten miles of area; in the United States the proportion is 1 to 555. It is said that 3000 islands and islets can be counted on the charts.

### Vote to Promote Wood.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The senate military committee today voted to report favorably on the promotion of Wood to be a major-general. Scott and Blackburn were the only ones who voted against it. Minister Allen cables that the state department from Seoul that the Korean dowager em-

## JOURNAL X-RAYS

The latest Atlantic coast fish story, (editor probably uses Hostetter's Bitters) is that twenty sharks were caught on one hook. Ought to try a few such hooks on some of the land sharks.

The best business year in history—and prospects excellent for 1904.

With chips on the shoulders of both the Tsar of Russia and the Emperor of Japan, it is interesting to watch who knocks off the chip first.

Journal advertisers tell good luck stories—all had a good trade and are prosperous.

All the Oregon girls escaped from the Chicago theatre fire. They do not burn readily.

Registration for the June election begins Monday, Jan. 4.

The handsome young bachelor editor of the Newport news is trying to shift a responsibility. He says: "January 1st, 1904 ushers in another Leap Year. Its up to the dear girls now."

Arrest Chicago theatre employees after the lives are lost. Hunt down the man who stole the gambling bill after it has disappeared. Lock the barn after the horse is stolen.

The record of rainfall at Albany the past year was 37 inches. Less than Iowa.

W. F. Matlock is the new Mayor of Pendleton.

Let Salem start off the new year with a successful popular loan. The Republican city administration ought to do as well in this respect as its hayseed predecessor.

When Geo. C. Brownell lunches at a Salem restaurant he always calls for those jack-rabbit mince pies, because they are made up on an animal that runs well before the people.

Hearst expects a solid delegation for president from Missouri because his father once lived in that state. That is the best thing that has yet been claimed for Hearst.

The bulk of the American people will not clamor for the return of "prophet Elijah" Dowle from his trip around the world or weep if he never gets around.

Salem has a Grand Opera House and a Waterbury.

Salem has a third lumber yard opening and no one need refrain from building on account of the lumber supply.

Hundreds of Salemites go to the 4:30 Sunday afternoon train—"to see a friend off." That is Salem's Sunday theatre.

Rev. W. M. Case of Sacramento is in hot water because he protested against the Tuesday club, Sacramento's leading social organization, dancing generally. The ladies of Sacramento are giving him a verbal mauling that of its kind out classes Jeffries' fist efforts.

Alfred Austin, English poet laureate, has again erupted, but then he is only a mud volcano, smelling of sulphur, offensive, but not dangerous.

The Journal enjoys the distinction of being about the only paper in the state that ever differs from the Oregonian.

The Oregonian never copies anything from The Journal or refers to Geo. C. Brownell without paying them the compliment of a slur. The Journal can stand it and as Geo. C. has no newspaper he'll have to.

Colonel A. B. Gillis, of Salem, hardly recognizes himself in the guise of a high private, since he has been superceded on the state military board.

It is believed now that Superintendent Lee, of the state prison, would have done better if he had made changes more frequently in the employees at the state prison.

There are still a few people in Oregon who imagine the Mays law for the election of United States senators was enacted for their special benefit.

The editor of the Statesman is very severe on the gamblers just now. He ought to remember that it is not so long since he opened a senatorial jackpot himself.

(Eugene Register.)  
After all they are trying to count Representative Edwards out on that Chinese pheasant bill. A Salem report

declares that the journal shows the bill failed of passage by one vote, and that the error was not discovered until checked up. If this is true the sports will continue killing the birds. Mr. Edwards should find out whose vote was lost. The special session seemed to have a faculty for losing things, including the anti-gambling bill.

## LAST OF THE FUR TRADERS

(Kansas City Star.)

Muskogee, I. T.—More than 35 years Joseph Sandheimer has been an exporter of furs and deerskins at Muskogee and the old Creek agency, which was about five miles west of this place. Thirty-five years ago a home anywhere west of the Missouri and Arkansas and east of the Rocky mountains was practically in the wilderness. When Mr. Sandheimer came from St. Louis to Indian Territory, he rode a stage from Rolla, Mo., by way of Fort Smith, Ark., to Fort Gibson, and thence to the Creek agency. He engaged in the fur business, and dealt with traders and trappers who came from as far southwest as Fort Sill, 225 miles and 100 miles from the northwest. Northwest his territory extended to Kansas; eastward to Fayette, Ark., and southward to Texas. The "Katy" reached Vinita in 1871, and was built to Denison in 1872.

"The fur trade exists now only in remembrance," said Mr. Sandheimer. "In the old days, I bought in abundance the pelts of bear, deer, badger, beaver, wildcat, otter, panther, wolves, coon, foxes, civit and opossums. Strange as it may seem, there were never many mink there. They have increased rapidly in the last few years, migrating from Missouri and Arkansas. In 1902 I bought 1200 mink pelts, as against 200 in 1898. They are not so good in size and color as the Northern mink skins. I bought quantities of buffalo robes from the Osages, Shawnees and Sac and Fox Indians, paying from \$3 to \$5 each for the Osage robe, which was hard and not so well tanned as the Shawnee and Sac and Fox robes, for which I paid from \$5 to \$10 each. It has been 20 years since I bought a buffalo robe, and now I do not know of one in the whole country.

"Fifteen years ago I seldom heard of a red fox in the Indian Territory; now they are fairly numerous. In one season I shipped 12,000 pounds of deer hides to Germany, and in a single year I bought 10,000 hides. I received from 25 to 35 cents a pound. Its use in Germany then, as now, was mostly for gloves for the army. Last year I succeeded in buying only 600 deer hides. I got four small bear skins last season from the Klamitia mountains in the Choctaw nation, where there are still a few bear, panthers, beaver and otter. The trappers in the old days were mostly white men. A favorite route for beaver trapping was to float down the Arkansas river from Colorado and Kansas. I knew one man who took 100 pelts on a single trip. A trapper made from \$50 to \$200 in a season. The trappers stopped to traffic with me where the "Katy" bridge now spans the Arkansas.

"I was one of the heaviest dealers in pecans in the West. Pecans were hauled a distance of 125 miles to my warehouse, coming mostly from the Creek, Seminole and Chickasaw nation. The pecan does not grow in abundance in the Choctaw and Creek nation. The pickers got from \$50 to \$60 a load in cash, which was a fortune for some of the backwoodsmen. About 20 years ago I bought 355,000 pounds of pecans in one season. Timbercutters and farmers have cleared the bottom lands till the pecan groves have been greatly depleted. The live trees were far more valuable than the land on which they grew. In 1901 one tree at Calvin produced 12 bushels, was sold at \$2.40 a bushel, a total of \$28.80. From seed, a tree will begin producing in seven years, and an average tree will yield from one-half to three bushels.

"A peculiarity of the pecan tree is that it grows a good crop only once in three or five years. Two good crops came in succession in 1901 and 1902, however, and the pecan market was overstocked. This year the crop will not be large."

Mr. Sandheimer sighed as he said: "While I have prospered reasonably, yet I feel that I have wasted my life in coming so early and staying so long in this country. I have missed the pleasures and comforts to be found further east, and now that I am old I realize it more keenly than ever. Year after year we have waited patiently for the gates of Indian Territory to be unlocked and the tribal walls to be broken down for the entrance of a better civilization, only

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

for hard colds, chronic coughs, consumption, old cases, severe cases. Ask your doctor if he has better advice.

to be disappointed and then buoyed up by a new hope which faded away like its predecessor. I sympathize with the full-blood Indian in the change now taking place. He was a good man in the old days, honest and law abiding. Hard times are in store for him. While superintending the commercial interests of the Overland Transit company, which maintained a constant procession of ox-trains for a distance of 200 miles, hauling freight between Pryor Creek and Texas in the early '70s, I rode on horseback all over Indian Territory. My old white horse was known far and wide, and I was welcomed to the rude hospitality of the full-blood wherever I found him. I carried no weapon of any kind and was never molested."

Mr. Sandheimer is the last of the old fur traders in Indian Territory.

Why Chicago Outstripped St. Louis, (Eltwood Pomeroy, in the World Today.)

St. Louis is the most central of the large cities of the country. If we leave Alaska out of consideration, its river system is navigable on one side to the Rockies. We cannot appreciate this river system till we hear that the whole coast line of Europe, including the Mediterranean, Baltic and Black seas, is only 17,000, or but 1000 more miles than the waterway transportation system at whose center St. Louis sits, and that the whole coast line of North America on the Atlantic, Pacific and Arctic oceans is only 31,000 miles, or less than double that of the Mississippi waterways.

If it had not been for the railroads, St. Louis would have been the great city of the center of this continent instead of Chicago. But the railroads, largely by unfair means, have held the check and at times really strangled water transportation, and it is routes and cheapness of transportation that finally determine the location and development of great cities. St. Louis has great railway systems centering to her and some of her best citizens have been so bound up with the development of the railroads that they have added in strangling the water system. As a whole, the people of St. Louis are blind to their greatest geographical advantages. Some day they will wake up to it and the city, as a whole, will determinedly develop the magnificent waterways reaching out in every direction from

this central city. If this is not done too late, St. Louis can become the first city in the Mississippi valley instead of the second.

The Search for Pill Stuffs. (Leslie's Monthly.)

For the things that go into the 4,000,000,000 pills that Detroit produces every year the whole world is scoured. The hunt for herbs and waterless deserts are overcome in the search. The costliest of expeditions are formed that American pill-eaters may not starve, and all sorts of dangers and hardships are encountered. Fishing fleets are chartered in the northern seas by great Detroit pharmaceutical institutions, and for several months in each year scour the ocean for fish that contain valuable oils.

In this search for new drugs, costly expeditions have been fitted out by pill-making firms which have penetrated some of the wildest and most impenetrable countries in the world.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the overfed 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. Trial bottle, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists. At Dr. Stone's drug stores.

When You Want Something to eat, just try the White House. They can serve you at any hour of the day or night.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Getting Ready for Invoice and want to clean up some lines entirely.  
Mackintoshes for ladies or children, all this fall stock, 20 per cent reduction.  
Knit Shawls for 25c, the best you ever saw for the money.  
Ladies' Hose fleece lined 12 1-2c a pair, best value in the city.  
Towels at 10c each, bleached with colored borders, look like they are worth 25c.  
General Reduction on all goods in the store except spool cotton

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302 Commercial Street.

### The Entire Stock

Of Boots and Shoes and Rubbers  
We have purchased of Jacob Vogt must be sold at a sacrifice. Come early and get the bargains.

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Successor to Jacob Vogt. 265 Commercial Street

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