

THE DAILY JOURNAL

Scripps News Association Telegrams.

BY HOFER BROTHERS.

Daily One Year, \$4.00 in Advance.
Daily Three Months, \$1.00 in Advance.
Daily by Carrier, 50 Cents Per Month.
Weekly One Year, \$1.00 in Advance.

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The Weather.

Tonight and Saturday, occasional light rains.

WHERE IS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AT?

The editor of The Journal who likes to be independent in all his utterances has read all the speeches of the Democratic politicians at the Harmony banquet and at the Jackson day banquets to ascertain what are the lines of cleavage with in the Democratic party that will weaken it most in the coming national campaign.

As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a political party is no stronger than its weakest plank, no wiser than the most puerile of its leadership, and no more resourceful than its sagacity in the aggregate. There are certain inherent weaknesses in every political party and there are two points where the Democratic political program always breaks down in national affairs. One is its inclination to take up spasmodic sensational, froak leadership. The other is to pose merely as a negation in statesmanship, a mere dress parade of opposition.

Let us confine these tests of the party's weakness to the organization in Oregon. There has not been a campaign in Oregon for the last ten years when the Democrats had a ghost of a show of winning when the chance has not been thrown away by importing freaks of outside parties like Cyclops Davis and other wild-eyed, insubstantial, transient and fleeting politicians.

The Oregon platforms have been loaded down with the rakings and scrapings of political miscegenation, the castoff motley wardrobe material of the Jack Cades of third and fourth parties, and in these masquerade hath the democracy marched forth to deserved defeat at the hands of its own voters who did not recognize the venerable dame in her be-dragged variegated kichshaws, her Mother Hubbards of Dolly Varden pattern and her plumage picked out of the garbage heaps of past politics.

Not until Governor Chamberlain appeared as a state leader were the three-column long, crazy-quilt, patch-work platforms relegated to oblivion and the long-haired and longer-winded froak campaigners kept out of the webfoot commonwealth. It is a fact that has not generally been made public that all the dangerous eloquence of the Democratic party was bottled up in that campaign. Sam White was kept busy at headquarters C. E. S. Wood was employed in New York.

The Socialists were allowed to run a campaign of their own and at their own expense.

The Populist orators were kept out of sight, and Governor Chamberlain studiously avoided the tariff, and the Philippines. He talked flat salary and fellow-servant law.

It is now remembered that C. E. S. Wood, who is a radical exponent of the wild, weird and untrammelled in Democratic politics, was put on the ticket as a candidate for United States senator as a sop to the "Buzzy" elements of the party but was not allowed to make a campaign in fact there was a complete retirement of the people who send cold chills up and down the back of the

community every time they open their mouths.

In the first swallow-flight of Democratic campaign oratory there is the same dividing line between horacense and the fatalistic pre-disposition to commit harikari.

While the Cosack, rule-or-ruin elements have sounded the tocsin of warfare along the old lines of free trade, anti-imperialism, general opposition for the sake of opposition, Governor Chamberlain has taken the stand of the newer and more intelligent Democracy, that stands for what is right and backs affirmative propositions.

In the campaign when he was elected he stood for the retention of the Philippines, and boldly declared that Jefferson was the first expansionist and that the older Democratic platforms several times declared for the annexation of Cuba. He frankly told the Democrats he could not see for the life of him why any Democrat should oppose expansion or should ever be willing to see the flag come down where it had once been placed by the valor of American arms.

While leaders like Sam White and the many-initialed Wood were declaring that some day the islands should be returned to the bolomen of the Philippines and that this government had committed an outrage on the semi-breed clouted, saddle-colored Colombians of South America, Chamberlain went them one better and declared in the spirit of Andrew Jackson that the President was to be commended and sustained for his efforts at recognizing the Panama Republic, and that the people of those one-horse Republics should not be permitted to stand in the way of display of enterprise and progress on the part of the American people that was demanded by the whole world.

Chamberlain had expressed that view the day after President Roosevelt took his action, and declares now that any political party in this country that lays a straw in the way of the Panama canal is doomed to defeat. Since then a number of southern states have declared in favor of the canal. Every southern state and every Pacific state that pays tribute to the transcontinental railroads should favor a competitive system of transportation such as will be opened up when the canal is built.

Any man with the perspicacity of a waterdog born and reared in a mudpuddle should be able to understand the folly of politicians trying to make political capital opposing such a proposition. The rank and file of the Democratic party are constantly underrated by its windbag leadership that is patterning after an entire misconception of the political history and purpose of the Democratic party which was ever to promote the common welfare of the masses of the people and break down monopolies and systems that enrich the few with special privileges. This misconception seems to be the principal stock in trade of the Democratic leaders in Oregon with the exception of Chamberlain.

Politics is becoming more and more a matter of business and the political party that parades the victims of constant political self-expression—which they mistake for statesmanlike wisdom and oratory—does not know where it is at. The Democratic party of Oregon must bring its more practical and thoughtful men to the front and stop playing the part of a mere frothy stopgap and uncorrelated obstructionist.

The Journal as an independent newspaper believes in the policy of a strong and vigilant opposition, and regrets to see the Democratic party degenerate into a shadowy army of self-appointed grave-diggers, that do not rise to the dignity of an intelligent American political body corporate. As the first state in the nation to cast a powerful shadow on the national horoscope, it is pitiful to behold the Oregon Democracy wielding an inronsequential influence, when its utterances and its acts might sway the entire national organization of both parties.

THE RETORT VEGETARIAN.

The Albany Herald is now edited by gentlemen of some literary proclivities which, if not cured, will convict that paper of having brains in its possession.

The fact is both Westgate and Winn come dangerously near belonging in the gray-matter class. Something will have to be done, for intelligence is the one great world-force that will assert itself.

The Journal welcomes the Albany disciples of cerebellum journalism, and notes with great pleasure their effort to get next to the real supplies of brain food that have elevated Salem newspapers to their present proud eminence. Here is a sample of the Albany Herald's chafing dish product: "People have always been interested in the habits of public men. Curiosity has for a long time existed regarding the diet of able writers, and

their methods of taking nourishment. Interest appeared, therefore, when Editor Geer, of the Statesman, accused Editor Hofer, of The Journal, of excesses in the line of strawberries and sauer kraut.

"It was covertly suggested that Colonel Hofer produced some of his best work when under the influence of these stimulants.

"If use of the poetical license may be tolerated, it is fair to say that writers, like other branches of the creaturehood, must keep on good terms with their insides. Hence the strawberry and sauer kraut. What avails it, if good editorial copy appear in The Journal, whether the inspiration come from the strawberries, the sauer kraut or something quite different?

"Perhaps the good colonel is using this frugal diet and modestly telling it not in order to deck Salem's brow with these diamonds that are being spoken of.

"Good writing has risen from strange foundations. Pie has been to many a staff of life. Bologna sandwiches have been ground into items. Graceful gobs of diction have been produced on a feed of chestnuts."

THE GAMBLING BILL.

Interest in the stolen gambling bill died a natural death. All it was ever agitated for was to make political points for politicians.

The characteristic expression of Senator Brownell was that it didn't make much difference what had become of it.

At this the moralist of the Oregonian, and some other Republican papers elevated their nostrils and snorted at Brownell's irreverence.

The truth is Brownell expressed just what every other Republican politician and editor, with a few exceptions, believed, and dared not say.

In the bottom of their hearts they shed no tears over the disappearance of the anti-gambling bill, but were glad it had gone into oblivion.

Brownell said flatly and bluntly and honestly that he didn't care what went with the bill. This rest of them felt, but, from force of habit, got busy doing the tear-shedding act to deceive their religious constituents, if constantly deceived victims of pseudo-morality can be called that.

Why not be honest about it, and admit that the Republican party gets its large majority at Portland, and in some of the other cities of this state, from the votes of what are called the gambling element?

That element generally acts for its own protection with the dominant party.

In the South the high-toned Democratic party recruits its majorities among the large number of persons who one way and another gamble.

The gambling passion is less harmful among the American people than among any other race. In England gambling and betting is almost universal.

Legislation will affect the matter very little, until the masses, even of Christian people, come to learn that there is no element of chance in reality, and that the world is ruled by law.

When that fact is learned, and that truth comprehended, that immutable and divine law rules in the affairs of mankind, as inevitably as it does in the stary universe, gambling and speculation will cease and no human law will be required to restrain any one.

A DEAD, DEAD, DEAD LAW.

One of those many acts of Portland superlative political wisdom—the Oregon registration law—is deadlier than a mackerel.

Many precincts having two or three hundred voters have registered ten or fifteen. And this is a presidential year!

This farcical fraudulent registration law was foisted on the people with a rush by some patent-right politician. It was never intelligently considered or digested.

It was simply one man's notion of what such a law might be or ought to be. Back of it all the Portland bosses didn't want it to be an honest law, or one that could not be worked to vote floaters.

Its main provision that the entire registration must be made in the books kept at the county seat is idiotic.

Its second abnormal feature is that the citizen in order to vote must go to the trouble and expense of having himself registered.

It should be ignored, abolished, nullified, repealed, defated and cast into the limbo of outer darkness, and a rational registration system adopted.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SITUATION.

In this congressional district there is some discussion as to the probable Republican candidate.

It is understood that Binger Hermann will be in the race, and some think the only one named.

Marion county will probably not have an aspirant in the field, as Mr.

Gatch, of Salem, does not wish to make the race.

Clackamas county will probably present the name of Mr. Brownell, if it should appear that Mr. Hermann cannot get the nomination readily.

So far, the odds would appear to favor Hermann's renomination, as there is not a candidate after it who is strong enough in the district to contest it with the old congressman.

THE PRUNE SITUATION.

The prune market has not been very satisfactory in Western Oregon, and it is not easy to understand the situation.

The newspapers have been liberally filled with articles emanating from the managers of the prune growers' combination.

The inside of the real situation is, however, never disclosed by these publications.

It is assumed that the managers of the pool are directly interested in a favorable disposition of the product.

Yet exactly the contrary might be the fact, and every one be deceived by newspaper publications.

The fruit growers have a meeting at the city hall Saturday, when there should be a plain understanding of the situation if possible.

Attend the Salem meeting Saturday, and let there be a free expression.

JOURNAL X-RAYS

It was a Pleasant day in Baker City.

Attention is called to the fact that there has not been a hold-up in Portland since the Lewis & Clark promoters went to Washington. The dispatches, however, announce the senate has its hands up.

Chicago girls are said to have phenomenally large feet, but was an unnecessary bit of sarcasm when Miss Porkopolis told her girl friend from St. Louis that she got a piano for a Christmas present, for the latter to sweetly ask: "Did you get it in your stocking?"

That fish ladder at Oregon City is like the small boy's definition of salt: "That white stuff that makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

Of course, Hooligan is "Happy," and you will know why when you see him tomorrow night.

San Francisco people are deliciously humorous. A tremendous crowd gathered on the wharf to give Dowie an enthusiastic farewell—and Dowie liked it.

King Peter, of Servia, is said to be anxious to abdicate. He realizes that he is only king-high and has nothing to draw to.

Dowie sailed for Australia Thursday, "maybe moved by the thought that a prophet is without honor, save in his own country."

The California train robbers over looked a \$500 diamond yesterday, but they still have a chance to get one here in Salem if they are good guessers.

La grippe has Hanna in its grip, and that's what's the matter with Hanna.

Governor Taft is expected to arrive in San Francisco Saturday. Eastern papers say that his friends will immediately launch a presidential boom for him. To use an expression made of Hancock, when he ran for president—"He weighs 300 pounds."

The dealer in feathers never advertise them as marked "down."

Perhaps if some of Salem's eligible bachelors would take a hint from The Journal, and put up a \$150 diamond, leap year business might take a boom.

Length is not necessarily a synonym for longitude.

Oregon comes to the front with a "favorite son" for the presidential nomination, but being on the Democratic side of the house, the nomination would close the event. Of course, it is "our George."

It is difficult sometimes in a small city to define the grades of society. Down in Nevada the mining camps were always divided into three social grades. Those who had their washing done at home; those who sent their washing out, and those who took in washing.

"As an index to the good business done in Corvallis during the last year, one has only to look at the bustle around the Wells-Fargo Co's express and telegraph offices." So says the Corvallis Gazette, but ne-

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
for the children. One dose at bedtime quiets their night coughs and prevents croup. Ask your doctor.



glects to mention what the ladies gather there for.

There is a state law against dog fighting, and even small boys in this city are amenable to it.

Is any exposition anything but a great big graft after all?

The fact remains that no new saw-mills are being built in Western Oregon, and many that are built are shut down on account of prohibitory freight rates. But that is nothing worth mentioning.

There is plenty of hay, we are thankful to say; and if Geer don't eat kraut, he needn't go hungry and pout, but just fill himself up on hay.

To get into The Journal Diamond guessing contest costs you a dollar. The diamond ring is worth \$150, and will be cashed by the dealer for a small discount if you draw the ring, and don't want to wear it.

A Few Pointers.
The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c and 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

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Read the Testimonial of a Prominent Salem Man:
TO THE PUBLIC.
In justice to DR. J. F. COOK, and that the world may know what a great work he is doing, I wish to inform them that I have been taking treatment from him for the past 15 months, and that in that time he has removed from my alimentary canal three tumors of cancerous growths as large as a man's hand, all from the large intestine. Also another cancerous growth of lesser size from off my foot, and another from off my thumb. This has all been accomplished through medicines alone, they killing the growth and spider-like roots, and Nature itself casting them off without the aid of knife or surgery. I dare not believe I could have found equal successful treatment anywhere in the world, and cheerfully recommend Dr. J. F. Cook, the Botanical Doctor, to all who read this testimonial.—R. J. SPENCER.
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