

THE DAILY JOURNAL

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BY HOFER BROTHERS.

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The Weather.

Tonight and Tuesday, fair.

GIVE THE BOYS AN ATHLETIC CLUB.

About fifty young men between the ages of 15 and 25 have started a movement to establish an athletic club.

They propose to organize and have a club room and gymnasium where they can spend an hour of an evening in a social way.

At present there is no place of diversion for young men except the card rooms and one public bowling alley.

This city is large enough to afford an athletic club solely as such and because the young men want it and will support it.

It is better for the community and for the young men if they have a club of their own, where no gambling or drinking is allowed and gentlemen conduct alone insulated upon.

Some will take issue with this; but go and see the young men at the athletic clubs of other cities before you condemn the movement. There is a great deal of merit to the proposition.

WHO IS FOSSILMAN?

G. Fossilman writes The Journal editor to give his arguments against woman suffrage.

In the first place, we cannot find any person by that name in the city or county directory.

There may be such a person and he or she ought to come in and be identified.

There is too much of this hiding behind an assumed name when discussing public matters.

There is too much dodging, hedging and deceiving by men about their treatment of the female suffrage question.

Until we learn who Fossilman is we shall expend no ammunition on firing at what may be only a dummy or straw man.

It is too much like arguing with the beautiful figures in the dry goods store display windows or the male dummies in the clothing stores.

ORGANIZE GOOD ROADS LEAGUES.

The proposition to organize good roads and street improvement leagues meets with a great deal of favor and the people are acting.

Under our system of government reforms and progress must proceed from the people themselves.

Until a majority of the people are educated to see the advantage of better roads they will never be built.

The streets of South Salem after years of taxation and "improvement" are a disgrace to a civilized and progressive community.

A good roads league could ascertain whether there is to be any public money this year for use on roads.

It could appoint a committee to ascertain how much will be available and when and how and by whom it is to be expended.

If there is to be no public revenue let us all know it and if we can not do better let us raise a fund by donations from the public-spirited people and extend the broken-rock road from the top of the hill into the city. Abolish the semi-mudpuddle, semi-canal condition.

SALEM METROPOLITAN.

The Capital City is fast getting out of the bucolic stage and becoming



STOMACH BITTERS

To prevent Colds, Chills, Malaria, there is nothing so sure as the Bitters. It tones up the system, stirs up the sluggish blood and positively cures Sick Headache, Dizziness, Insomnia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Constipation. A fair trial will convince you.

metropolitan, painful as this may be to some persons.

An art exhibition ran all the week at which thousands visited and saw a small collection of mere reproductions of masterpieces.

A vaudeville electric theater has three performances a day and on Sunday and the "people" go there in crowds.

The Grand Opera house has plays and operas five nights this week and all will have some kind of a house.

Although steps have been taken to head off the paving of Court street the demand for one street pavement will break out elsewhere.

Salem may even have another bank and another daily newspaper before the year rolls around.

The strings are off. Keeping cows and pigs on your own lot and raising your own hens on the street is growing unfashionable.

There is positively danger that Greater Salem will become modern in some respects and can no longer be kept from expanding.

IT'S UP TO CONGRESS.

The demand made by Interstate Commerce Commissioner Clements that congress take decisive action to make railway travel in this country less perilous, must find universal echo in the hearts of the people.

By the mandate of the government we have the automobile coupler and the train brake; the time has come for the government to require safe construction of passenger coaches.

Legislation is in order specifying for all new passenger cars a certain standard of strength and safety, to the end that every passenger on the railroads may be insured the same immunity from maiming and death as is now assured to patrons of the Pullman.

The Pullman company record shows that, during the year ending September 1, 1903, not a single passenger was killed or injured on a Pullman car in the state of New York, and that although in the past three years the company carried in the United States a total of 32,000,000 passengers, only six persons were killed (in two disastrous wrecks) and only four persons were seriously injured.

In connection with these figures, the Scientific American presents the following:

"Compare these figures with the official statistics of railroad accidents in any given year, say for the year 1902, when 345 passengers were killed and 6683 were injured. Of the 32,000,000 passengers that were carried in three years in Pullman cars, only one in every 3,125,000 was killed or injured; but of the 66,000,000 passengers carried during the year 1902 in ordinary cars, 7000 passengers, or about one in every 92,000, were killed or injured. In other words, of two passengers who boarded a train together, he who enters a Pullman car has 36 chances of reaching the end of his journey in safety against one chance of his fellow passenger who enters an ordinary day coach."

These results teach but one thing, and that is all-important.

So long as railroad wrecks are bound to happen, the maiming and the killing may at least be minimized by the construction of all passenger cars on the safe lines of the Pullman.

The steel frame passenger coach is no innovation. It is in common use on the Illinois Central, while in Europe not only are the underframes of all passenger cars made of steel, but there is a large number of freight cars of various types of metal construction that have proved their durability by nearly half a century of service.

Comparison of the railway death statistics of England with those of this country is startling. In England, in 1902, the proportion of passengers killed was one in 9,211,002 while in the United States it was one in 75,673.

Surely it is time that law should be applied with a rigid hand. There is ever, of course, an element of accident that cannot be foreseen and prevented, but in these wholesale killings in flimsy cars there is gross negligence that ought to be branded as criminal.

It is indeed up to congress to act.

Training a Horse.

The horse is a logical and therefore a teachable animal. Once convince him that a locomotive or any object of terror is not really dangerous, and he will never shy at it again. Every year accidents occur because the harness breaks or the vehicle upsets and then the horse runs away. But such accidents are unnecessary. Any horse can, with a little pains, be taught to hold back a carriage by his hind quarters, as well as by bracing. To have wheels come off, and straps and other things hitting his legs should be a part of every colt's education.

Country Life in America.

X-RADIUMS

Browne and Leonard are making the Silverton Appeal a bright and interesting newspaper for that part of the county.

Who wouldn't be a world's fair commissioner? Look at Jeff Myers! Drawing a salary, riding on free passes, having all his expenses paid. Hobnobbing with the President and congress. Entertained by legislatures, touring about the whole United States. All the states making appropriations. The national treasury tapped. Millions to spend. Power and authority, prominence and plunder. A young buck nigger turned loose in a watermelon patch isn't a circumstance, and Solomon in all his glory never had the whole bakery coming unto him like unto one of these. The habit once formed of running exhibitions is never abandoned, and Jeff has never missed any of them.

Don't judge a man of woman by the make-up. It may be only a sign hung out for business purposes.

If condemned criminals knew that there would be only a short report of hangings they would not make long speeches on the scaffold.

If the young men don't let up it will take four figures to tell the majority in Marion county.

It is not believed that anything more is needed to be done to head off the improvement of Court street. That was easy.

Having expelled the "Holy Rollers," Corvallis rests easy. The reputation of being one of the wide-open gambling towns of the state does not worry any city.

Walter Lyon, who was private secretary to Governor Geer, is now editor of the Independence Enterprise. He is indulging in X-rays of a highly personal character:

"Do the public, or the public will do you.—Geo. C. Brownell."

"I am mayor of Independence.—J. S. Cooper."

"I feed 'em on cascara bark.—Hi Plummer."

"I am a Republican this year.—E. Hofer."

"I am a full-fledged editor.—T. T. Geer."

The Marion county Young Men's Republican clubs seem to be organized without booze, hoodie or bosses.

The farmers in all parts of the country are complaining that beef on the hoof is discouragingly low, and from every city comes the cry that beef ready to cook is ruinously high.

—Lane County Leader.

The Brownville Times reports that F. J. McHenry, a well-known Woodman organizer, was dead. Mr. McHenry says the report was greatly exaggerated.—Lebanon Express-Advance.

Judge Hewitt, of Linn county, declines to be a candidate for circuit judge. This is to be regretted, as he was once defeated on a fluke, and not intentionally. The Linn county Republicans will now probably be a unit for Russell Wyatt, of Albany.

The newspapers should realize that Armstrong has been dropped—and do likewise.

The Salem Woman's club shows its good sense in not bothering with woman suffrage.

If the Prune Growers' association would deal less in hot air in the newspapers and more in prune, it would probably suit the members.

Wm. R. Hearst, who runs the New York Journal, the Chicago American and San Francisco Examiner, three of the great papers of the United States, is arranging to start a fourth paper in St. Louis, with Wm. J. Bryan as editor-in-chief. These two Willees will make a team that will not be weak nor "weary" either.—Eugene State Journal.

It is significant sign that the veteran Harrison R. Kincaid refers to Hearst and Bryan as the two "Willees."

It seems to be the fashion to find a glowing record for every army officer that reaches the age of retirement and finds a soft berth for the rest of his life at public expense. An officer who has served many years at society posts, or has endured the hardships of quartermaster service is promoted and retired under the usual legal provisions. While this is the rule, so far so good. But the average officer owes more to the public than the public owes to the officer, and retirement without bouquets

would violate none of the articles of peace.—Albany Herald.

The average army officer has it bred into him that even if he quits a military career he must afterward be provided with a "position." He never again expects to descend to sordid "working for a living."

The Brownville Times is "too full for utterance" and has to employ a supplement. That is a profligate town and the paper shows the result of good habits on the part of the editor.

We have observed that judges of live poultry usually wear a hungry and unsatisfied look. We prefer to act as judge on fried chicken.

All that Jeff Myers has to do when he enters an Eastern legislature for the Lewis and Clark fair is to take off his hat. The lady clerks all stop work and the members adjourn and ask him out to take a drink.

The Toledo Reporter has again secured the Lincoln county tax list. It refused to make a low bid for the work. The principle of doing work for the public at a price that precludes paying good wages is wrong. Besides it sends the man who does it to the poorhouse.

Of course, as long as we have the present registration law, we will have to comply with it; but it ought to be abolished and a sane law enacted in place of it. The editor of this paper believes what he says and don't register. He swears in his vote on a six-freeholder's blank, just like all the other "bum" and floating voters.

Holiday Aftermath.

"That joke's becoming a good deal frayed and frazzled about the kind of holiday cigars wives buy as gifts for their husbands—auction smokes tied up with cute baby ribbon, and all that sort of thing," said a cigar dealer. "It's a joke that has been meaningless for a decade, if not more."

"Nowadays, nine women out of ten get the standard brands of cigars and the best of them, for their husbands. Women have become suspicious of the prettily fixed boxes of cigars that they won't have even the standard brands done up in that way. They won't even look at smokes wrapped in foil, and they pick the ribbon-tied cigars with something approaching hauteur."

"The truth is that the men are the only customers for bargain smokes around the holidays, and all through the year, for that matter. A woman will buy her husband a better box of cigars for a gift than he's used to smoking. There was an amusing woman of that sort in here yesterday."

"I want to get a box of cigars, made of sure enough tobacco, for my husband," she said to me.

"She said it without a smile, and didn't appear to be striving to be humorous, and so I was somewhat puzzled."

"Aren't they all made of tobacco, ma'am?" I asked her.

"I think not," she replied, emphatically. "In fact, I am sure not. You would not maintain, for instance, that stogies are made of tobacco?"

"I had to sidestep that by making an evasive reply."

"My husband smokes," she went on, "and I am going to try to break him of the habit, even if I have to buy his cigars myself out of my marketing money. It's dreadful to have the flat smelling as if we never had anything to eat in the place except corn beef and cabbage."

"That was about as hard a wallop for the stogie as I ever heard."

HIS NAME IS AN INCUBUS.

Colored Man Couldn't Prosper With His Baptismal Cognomen.

An old colored man called on Judge Rufus B. Cowing, of New York City the other day and in asking for advice supplied the court with a good story.

"What I's gwine to inculcate, Judge, is dis: What mus' I do to change mah prognomen? When I find dat I's weighed down wif mah prognomen dat's bound to kill mah trade what mus' I do?"

"You wish to change your name?" inquired Judge Cowing. "And why?"

"Cause mah name is Failure. Yes, sah dat's mah name. I's ah white-washer and dat name jes' queers me."

"Very well, uncle. Why not use

the first letter of your name?" suggested the court.

"Dat's wuss," groaned the old man. "I've tried dat. I had ah big sign painted, A. Failure, and mah trade left me."

"The initial letter does make an unhappy combination," agreed the judge. "But I'll tell you what to do. Use your first name and then people will not notice the last name so much."

"Dat's der mos' discrimmodding of all, sah. It's simply downright scandalous. Mah first name is Adam, sah."—New York Times.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Cures consumption. Not all cases, but very many. Your doctor will tell you more about this cough remedy.

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Our First Shoemaker.

It is said that the first American shoemaker was Thomas Beard, who came over on the Mayflower with "hides, both upper and bottom." The governor gave him lodging and diet and fifty acres of land. Some of his descendants are making shoes yet.

But the "gentle craft" of St. Crispin is about wiped out. The lapstone, waxed threads, hog bristles andawl of olden time have been replaced with the most wonderful machinery. There is a machine which sews the soles on 650 pairs of shoes in a day. There enough of these machines in use to sew 200,000,000 pairs in a year. These are heeling machines which press into solid mass the leather heel and set the nails ready for driving. One man today does the work that twenty could not do by the old methods.

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Violets, just received nice assortment of artificial violets, prices from 10c a bunch upwards

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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 growth 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.

We can do as much for you, or more, if you need it. Consultation free.

J. F. COOK

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