

Editorial Page of The Daily Journal

By HOFER BROTHERS.



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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Forty men employed on a big dredger at the mouth of the Columbia are on a strike, and a strike is a serious thing. There are strikes and strikes, some that bring gaudy famine and want to thousands of strikers, others that tie up industries, and bring discomfort and want to thousands, who are not distinctly interested in them.

There are strikes positive and strikes sympathetic, strikes foolish and strikes approaching absolute necessity, but it remains for the big dredger to start a strike unique in that line. The forty one men struck because they had too much of a good thing—they were surfeited with hash. There was salt-horse on the menu, that the strikers say was superannuated, but they stood that. There was salt-fish, caught from salt water and packed in brine, until they would be chemically classed as chloride of sodium, but they stood for the chemicals.

There was bean-soup thin and watery, with nothing but the bean skins and a spoon in it—but they thought of Boston and the Back Bay and imbibed the liquid literature. There was a stew—half brother to the hated hash—and though they knew naught of its mysteries, they thought of Madam Blavatsky and were philosophically resigned to its corporal existence, though they preferred its astral body.

No, it was none of these that caused the trouble. The hash alone was the persona non grata.

Hash, like the flag at the dawn's early light, was there; and like a comet, there to stay. Hash tortured their thoughts by day, hash haunted their dreams by night. When the shades of night fell and the cares of the day had folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away the hash remained, for seed.

It was a horse on them. When the light of morn stole over Tongue Point, and the glad sunshine came streaming down the Columbia, from Scapoose—each shudderingly admitted it had been a night mare.

A committee waited on the captain with their grievance. Hash was the laconic reply—then they gave their ultimatum, either the hash must be less numerous, or else they would.

They got no satisfaction and so they struck—struck like the heroes under Marco Bozaris, for their altars and their fires—struck for the green graves of their sires, also struck out in addition for the mainland, anywhere, anywhere, out of the world of hash.

They are still struck, but not with that substance of things hoped for but never seen, not with that conglomeration of ghostly reminiscences of other meals; not with what Mark Twain called "the divine mystery" not with hash—not on your life.

The men are idle, so is the dredge, but the hash while cut of a job is at the old stand ready for business, waiting, only waiting, like a deadly microbe for its next batch of victims—and there you are.

A. B. BUREN DEAD.

In the passing away of ex-Alderman A. B. Buren, the city of Salem loses one of its very best citizens. Mr. Buren came here from an Eastern home about fifteen years ago, and in that time thoroughly identified himself with its business and social interests. By nature he was a kindly and upright man, and, as a result of his superior manly training, he grew to be above the average as a business man and citizen of sterling quality. He was a close observer of human nature, and always made the best possible use of his knowledge of the world. In financial matters he was what might be called a conservative, yet when this element in his nature was coupled with his broad common-

sense and upright character, it led him to a career far more successful than the average capitalist.

Mr. Buren was public-spirited in a way that meant much to the community. He kept up his property in good shape, and was always planning to better his surroundings. He swept before his own door, as it were, and bore his own responsibilities. His successes were not of a meteoric nature, but in the general round-up they showed a constant, steady, upward tendency. In his family relations he was a happy man, and took great comfort in his home life, which was at all times the most felicitous. In his early life he had been a soldier, and served his country faithfully during the rebellion. When it is remembered that he enlisted from a state which was divided on the subject of the war all the more credit must be given him for taking his stand for the right side, and that was no easy task in many portions of Missouri. Of such men it need not be asked whether he was a good citizen and loyal to his country, for his record speaks much louder than any eulogy that could be penned by his fellow man. He was a good citizen, and an honest man, and in the various walks of life few rise above these honorable distinctions.

X-RADIUMS

Louis Napoleon will command a brigade in Manchuria, and it is a safe bet that history will not repeat itself—unless he meets his Waterloo.

Russia is sore at this country, and in sending her trade elsewhere. The moral of this is, she will pay higher prices, get poorer goods, and increase her mortgage just that much.

It looks as though Santo Domingo would be the next egg found in Uncle Sam's basket. There is some lively cackling going on down that way.

They are few, but still occasionally a writer with Rudyard Kipling's versatility comes to the front, and, strange as it may seem, generally tries his wings between jobs, in a country newspaper.

"Should a husband trim his wife's hat?" Asks the Denver Post. We answer, yes, if he has the time, but if they get any larger, and the husband has anything else to do, we would advise hiring a paper hanger.

The czar feels "exceedingly sore," and yet none of the torpedoes hit him.

Although the editor is out of town, the fact that those pretty stockings and beautiful samples of spring lingerie visible from the office window about car-transfer time, is not entirely overlooked.

Do it Today.

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'till tomorrow what you can do today," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it today!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TODAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boechee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists. At Dr. Stone's drug stores.

FROM A TRAMP PRINTER

Breaks the Rules and Has Windows in His Car

That's What Makes Him See Things Between Stations That Astonish and Interest Him

(Editorial Correspondence.)

February 24: For an hour before we reached Dunsmuir it rained. We thought we were back into Oregon, the way it poured down all night. We got a good, large room in a new building, but rain for a week had driven the moisture down the cornice, and before morning it was coming through the ceiling.

We got a good breakfast at the Palm restaurant, recommended to us by Conductor Ambler, who ran so long on the Albany local. He now punches tickets between Ashland and Dunsmuir, his family living at Portland. Last April nearly all of Dunsmuir was wiped out by fire—the canyon was about all that was left, but a great deal has been rebuilt. The town is mostly saloons, restaurants and lodging rooms. At a barber shop I met Al. McFadden, a Salem boy, who is night man at the Southern Pacific depot since last May. He is a fine-looking young man, of good habits, plays the guitar beautifully, and his mother may well be proud of him. Shaving is 25 cents here, and everybody seems to be prosperous. A tramp tackled me for the price of a meal. I told him I was a tramp, too, and he ought to get a meal from some of the people who belonged here. He said there were so many that all could not be fed. Dunsmuir is the narrow gateway between California and all the country north. He said he was a bricklayer, and there was nothing to do. When I got ready to go to the depot, and had about made up my mind to give him two-bits to carry my grips to the train he had disappeared. The Bates-Watson Theater and Vaudeville Company boarded our train from the Yreka branch. They had played to hard-luck houses, were stuck three days in a landslide, and the world seemed to be against them.

They went into Dunsmuir a day ahead of time with no possible means of support. But the ingenue was head over heels in love with the leading man, a pale, intellectual looking harem-stormer. The leading lady seemed happy with the big-mouthed comedian, and the rest were a happy-go-lucky crowd, and misfortune seemed of cast no sable pall over their future.

The "great McEwen" was also billed to appear at Dunsmuir, and the little scattered village in the mountains was literally covered with his paper. He had been here before, and all were saying what a good show he gave. The barber spoke of his liberality in giving tickets for the privilege of posting his lithographs. Life is not without its pleasures and excitements, and even good shows and "great" entertainers come to this railroad division town.

All Tuesday afternoon we rode through the Shasta valley, a famous stock raising region, where ranches are large, and herds of cattle, horses and sheep are seen on every hand. Dwellings are far apart. Bright, green alfalfa hay is hauled to the stocks by the wagon load. Scattered over the valley are dead stock here and there. The stock seems to be in good condition. This region is the principal supply of Oregon for fat cattle, when Oregon stock is poor.

The Shasta valley must have been a theatre of gigantic glacial action on a large scale, when the whole region was covered with icebergs. Stranded here and there they melted, and left great conical heaps of gravel and boulders, some of them hundreds of feet high, and resembling molehills in a meadow. At Shasta Springs there was the usual rush for a free drink of what seemed to me to be mere rinsings of an apothecary shop. Dunsmuir is noted for heavy snowfalls. Rain, snow and allies are the terror of railroading. The round-house here is an arsenal of snow-plows, rotaries and wrecking implements. There are traditions of ten feet of snowfall. Once the snow was so heavy and fell so long that freight cars broke down under it, standing still on the tracks. There was about a foot of snow on the sides of the canyon when we were there. The fog

and dark forests required electric lights to be burned all day.

We had only two glimpses of Mt. Shasta—and then far away. Going down the headwaters of the Sacramento, we saw once the jagged tooth-like crests of the Sierras, glittering snow-white above the dark green forests. We have not seen enough of Shasta to judge, but local Oregonians declare it does not compare in beauty to our own glorious Hood. At 10 a. m. we are going down the headwaters of the Sacramento river, rushing through the spires and columns of the endless redwood forests. The silvery sage plant shines under the pale green manzanita. Then there is the darker greenwood and the laurel, and above all the dark green of the redwood and cedar—a symposium in greens and grays, with tints of gold.

Before you arrive at Redding you cross the Sacramento river 17 times in about 50 miles. Great oak trees, hung with mistletoe, grow more frequent as you go down the river. There are many signs of mining, scarcely a delta of river gravel but has been worked over. Prospecting pits and miner's cabins, and the miner himself are frequent sights.

At Copley, elevation 600 feet, we saw the first fruit trees in bloom. We have passed copper and quicksilver smelting works—great modern, scientific, mining plants that have succeeded the rude efforts of the '49er. At noon we are out in the bright California sunshine, at Redding, and see the first palms.

E. HOFER.

OPPOSITION IS A BLIND.

Parker is Unanimous Choice of New York Democrats.

From a Staff Correspondent, N. Y. Paper.

Albany, Feb. 15.—Accounts that were sent out from here of the "launching" of Judge Parker's presidential boom at the "Tub" dinner last Tuesday night have provoked this statement from a Democrat, who is well-informed, usually as to what is going on in inside-democratic circles:

"I have been amused at the almost absurd stories which have found their way into print during the last few weeks concerning the Parker candidacy. In the first place, it was agreed between all state leaders, friends of Hill and Tammany Hall men alike, that Parker was the right man for New York democrats to back for president. It was realized that Parker's nominee could be brought about only by shrewd, clever campaigning.

"New York leaders knew that a prejudice exists in the Western and Southern democrats against New York men, especially in the section where Bryan is or has been strong.

"It was also realized that it would be fatal to Parker's chances if he became known as Tammany's candidate. Southern and Western democrats, rightly or wrongly, regard Tammany Hall as the personification of the evil forces in politics and they never would turn in for a man who was understood to be Mr. Murphy's personal choice.

"Another point to be considered was that Parker's chances at the polls, granting his nomination, would be injured if the impression gained ground that he was backed by the money forces of the East.

These facts explain why Charles F. Murphy came out so strongly for Cleveland, and still is booming the ex-president. We all know that Cleveland would not consent to run again but the talk in his favor did not bother him in the least.

"It did more. It concentrated the Bryanite attacks on Cleveland and kept Parker in the background. Western men, too, became imbued with the idea that Cleveland was Tammany's choice.

"In the East the notion that Murphy had made an alliance with Cleveland helped Tammany in the recent mayoralty campaign in Greater New York.

"Norman E. Mack's talk of Hearst, the apparent difference of opinion between Murphy and McCarran over Parker are all various steps in the plot which was worked out carefully months ago.

"I think the plan was worked well. The country at large believes that Murphy and Tammany are for Cleveland and against Parker. Democrats generally, are undecided whether Parker is friendly with Hill or not.

"New York state's delegates will go to St. Louis uninstructed. If the other delegates concede New York the right to nominate the candidate and there is any considerable sentiment in other states for Parker it will be an easy matter for the New Yorkers to fall into line gracefully for Parker.

"In any event there will be no repetition of 1892 when an instructed

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This is the medicine doctors have prescribed for sixty years for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, consumption.

delegate from New York for David B. Hill was turned down.
"How about Gorman?"
"He's not in it. Raynor's election as senator demonstrates that Gorman is not supreme in his own state. Besides Gorman would be better as a campaign manager than he would be as a candidate before the people."
"Then you think Mr. Parker will be nominated?"
"If the nomination comes to New York he'll be the man."

Glass Blowers in Convention Muncie, Ind., Feb. 27.—About thirty delegates, representing all the federations of glass blowers in the Indiana gas belt, assembled in convention in Muncie today. The object of the gathering, which is expected to be a session for several days, is to discuss the various questions which have been the cause of great difficulty and dissatisfaction in the glass trade for some time and to bring about a settlement if possible. John Phillips, president of the Window Glass Workers of America, is among those present.

Bed Time

I take a pleasant herb drink, the next morning I feel bright and my complexion is better. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. It is made of herbs, and is prepared as easily as tea. It is called Lane's medicine. All druggists sell it at 25c and 50 cents. Lane's Family Medicines move the bowels each day. If you cannot get it, send for free samples. Address, Orator Woodward, LeRoy, N. Y.

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Have You Seen Them!

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