

Editorial Page of The Daily Journal

By HOFER BROTHERS.

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My Mamma's Lap.
(Strickland W. Gillilan in Leslie's Weekly.)

I like t' play wif dollies an' I like t' go t' school;
I like t' jump my skippin'-rope in mornin's when it's cool;
I like t' play go-vistun while dolly takes her nap,
But sometimes nuffin' else'll do bu sit in mamma's lap.

I like t' climb th' peach tree an' I like t' make mud pies;
I like t' play wif puppy an' I like a birdfay s'prise;
I like t' go out ridin' an' let wear my little cap,
But w'en I'm tired an' sleepy, w'y, I want my mamma's lap.

I like t' read my playhouse—in th' fness' place in town;
I like t' play big lady wif long skirts a-hangin' down;
I like t' go t' Sunday School and wear my new silk wrap—
But w'en a lump gets in my front I let want mamma's lap.

ENFORCING THE LAW.

The Salem city council is endeavoring to pass an ordinance that will not only define the duties of the City Marshal more closely, but place that official in a position where he can enforce the ordinances of the city without fear or favor if he wishes to. It is not surprising that Marshal Gibson has thus far declined to take hold of the bicycle ordinance without gloves, as he has not felt sure of his ground. When the old ordinance was passed he expected to enforce it, and was told by a majority of the council not to do so, as the ordinance had been passed, they said, "without ever intending to have it enforced." That attitude, of course, left the police authority suspended in the air, as it were, between his satanic majesty and the deep blue sea. It seems that a system of passing certain ordinances with a view to have them "wait awhile," has been in vogue to some extent in the past, and it is not surprising that the police officers should hesitate. It is now proposed to call a halt on that species of folly. The purpose is to pass sensible ordinances and uphold the officials in their enforcement.

This will certainly place the city administration in a more business-like shape, and it is to be hoped that when all is done, that the laws will be properly enforced. The chief of police is not to be blamed for this conduct in the past, but under a more rational system of doing things, he should be ready and willing to give the public his best services. It goes without saying, that police officials are entitled to the support and backing of the city in so far as he performs his duty within the law. Nobody could go further than to give this support, as far as the official acts within the law, and no official would ask more than that. It is to be hoped that this whole matter will be properly adjusted as the result of the new ordinance. Of course, a city must hedge against useless litigation such as might be brought about by stubbornness or thoughtlessness, or even as a result of prejudice. No city would be justified in giving unlimited backing to an official, yet that should not excuse a police officer from doing his full duty within the law, and in as far as he proceeds within the law public sentiment is bound to protect him in the discharge of his duty.

THE RUSSIAN WEAKNESS.

On two all-important points is the Russian government critically weak. The Russian navy cannot cope for a moment with the modern warships of Japan. Russia has neither the moral, financial nor commercial friendship of the world. Let Russia undertake to land an army on Japanese soil with ships,

What will become of her out-of-date naval equipment? Let Russia try to float a loan. The Hebrew financiers of the world will be found against her. Let Russia appeal to the masses of her own people. The memories of generations of exiles in Siberia rise like serried ranks of spectres to rebuke them. The memories of massacres, persecutions and oppressions have closed the doors of sympathy from the whole world in the face of Russia. At the very moment that the czar of Russia was laboring for the general disarmament of Europe he was entrenching soldiers in Manchuria by the hundreds of thousands. The conquest of Manchuria and Corea by the Russians, which Japan has had the courage and patriotism to resist, means the subjugation of all Asia and the domination of modern civilization by the Russian empire. The inherent weakness of Russia alone will prevent this.

X-RADIUMS

Mr. Bryan thinks he knows a man that would about fill the bill for a presidential candidate.

If blowing up his own enemies were the road to success W. J. Bryan would class as a Holland submarine.

If Germany and France should form an alliance, the kaiser would have his Gaul with him.

Russia, just at present, desires a good many things besides space at the St. Louis fair.

Concert of the powers—
"Open the door and let me in,
I'm out here freezing, wet to the skin,
But Russia won't have it that way."

California is putting on lots of airs—but she has a right to—she is in the swim.

Horrors of Savage Warfare.

"Since the United States began to be, there never was another post such as Fort Philip Kearney, commonly called Fort Phil Kearney." In the March Pearson's Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady gives a graphic description of the perils encountered by its founders. "From its establishment in 1866 to its abandonment some two years later it was practically in a state of siege. I do not mean that it was beleaguered by the Indians in any formal, persistent investment, but that it was so constantly and so closely observed by war parties, hidden in the adjacent woods and the mountain passes, that outside of its stockade there was little safety for anything less than a company of infantry or a troop of cavalry, and not always, as we shall see, for them. There was no certainty about the attacks, except an assurance that one might be made at any moment. As old James Bridger, a veteran plainsman and fur trader, a scout whose fame is scarcely less than that of Kit Carson, and the confidential companion and adviser of of Carrington in 1866, was wont to say, "War you don't see no Indians, that they're sartin to be thickest."

"Not a stick of timber could be cut, not an acre of grass mowed, except under heavy guard. Herds of beef cattle, the horses for the cavalry and mounted infantry, the mules for the supply wagons could not graze even under the walls of the fort without protection. The country teemed with game, but hunting parties were absolutely forbidden. To take a stroll outside the stockade on a summer evening was to invite death, or worse, if the stroller happened to be a woman."

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

Journal Editor Delighted With Golden Gate Park

Likes California, and Will Write From the Land of the Golden Orange

(Editorial Correspondence.)

February 27th: We crossed the bay from Oakland pier at 10 o'clock at night. The passengers crowded to the bow of the great steel ferry boat, built at the Union Iron Works, to see the electrical displays. The terraces of incandescent lights rise over the hills on which the city is built in glorious splendor. A horse-car took us up Sutter street, and we were soon snugly quartered in an old-fashioned suite of rooms in the historic Lick hotel, in its day a palatial hostelry. We were only a story above the street, but our windows opened out on fire escapes, and we slumbered without fear.

Thursday morning we started for Golden Gate Park, the objective point at "Frisco with all visitors, especially ladies and children. We enjoyed the grounds, animals, birds, museum and art galleries—including one original madonna and child of the sixteenth century—but most of all the absence of any signs "keep off the grass." It is probably the most beautiful nature park in the world—overlooking the Pacific. There was the most brilliant sunshine—rains had washed everything as clean as though new-created—the greens of the park, the endless blue ocean—the great white light dome of the sky—the deep winding bay, reaching far inland—all so pure and refreshing—perfumed with the bursting blooms of spring flowers and shrubs—it was a delightful day.

The great distinction of San Francisco is that it is built upon what would be called mountains in New England, and is surrounded by mountains. The break in the coast range that lets the ocean tides in through the Golden Gate is a mere gap in the Coast range, the tops of which are higher than the Adirondacks. Strawberry Hill is higher than nine-tenths of the White Mountains of Vermont or the Blue Ridge of Pennsylvania.

One trip we shall never regret was the nickel ride to the Cliff House at Seal Rocks, on the south side of the entrance to Golden Gate. The baths, panorama and other attractions are all in fine style, but the greatest show—the elevated view out over the ocean, and the rocks covered with seal and sea lion—is free. Hundreds of great sea lions are exhibiting themselves, rolling over each other, roaring or sleeping in the sun-warmed rocks. No one is allowed to shoot them or molest them in any way, and they seem to enjoy their immunity from destroyers.

The Seal Rocks were a disappointment, as there but few of them, and not nearly so large, picturesque, interesting or romantic as the Seal Rocks of Oregon, just below Newport on Yaquina Bay. Our Seal Rocks, if at the Cliff House would be counted one of the remarkable formations in the world, but where they are they remain the most neglected natural summer resort in the Northwest. We can only hope some day they will be appreciated.

One of the well-known Oregonians we met here was Hon. R. D. Hume, of Gold Beach, Curry county, and joint representative for Coos and Curry. The firm of Hume & Co. keep an office here to dispose of their salmon pack, and conduct their mercantile and shipping business. They are a strong connecting link in a commercial way between Southwestern Oregon and California. I also had the pleasure of meeting Judge Garrett McEnery, a nephew of Mrs. Martin, of Salem, who has held an important place at the asylum for many years. Judge McEnery is one of the leading members of the bar in San Francisco. At the Saito museum we saw a relic of olden times, a bride's trunk of the sixteenth century. It was built of solid oak, with iron bands and a snap lock that would defy even a modern burglar. It recalled the tragic story of the old school readers, where the bride, Francesca, in a spirit of fun, hid herself in one of those old trunks, and, unfortunately, closed down on her forever. The tragedy must have wrung the heart of the bridegroom, and we could only console

ourselves that in this old trunk were hidden only happy memories.
E. HOFER.

February 27th: We escaped a cloud-burst at Redding but don't know what we have ahead of us in the way of deluges. The boundless wealth of the Indies will not be a circumstance to what the grain fields and herds, and orchards of California will produce this year. I am told one Chinaman in the San Joaquin valley expects to raise a million and a half sacks of potatoes.

The Seventh Day Advent people conduct a vegetarian and health food restaurant on Market street that is well worth visiting. Large crowds go there for meals, and the variety offered is so wonderful and tempting that one forgets all about the fleshpots of Egypt, and really enjoys becoming a grass-eater. They carry their devotion to principles so far as to serve neither tea, coffee, chocolate or cocoa, but offer a cereal decoction of the "postum" variety. The walls are covered with scripture quotations, and placards announcing that no meals will be served from Friday evening until 6 a. m. Sunday. The waiter girls at the anti-flesh restaurant all had nice, clear complexions, and none of them had that emaciated pallor so often seen in persons following this occupation. Altogether we were favorably impressed, and yet we could not help quoting the scripture: "Take no thought of what ye shall eat and drink."

Of course we visited the Palace Hotel, but why take time to describe the palms and marble. To us the interior had a stiff appearance. The people stood about as if they were wax figures, and were on exhibition, and we are told that many get a room here at \$1.00 a day and eat at dairy joints, so they can say they have stopped at the Palace. It can be said, in a general way that living in San Francisco is cheap. At one restaurant we had a good breakfast, and I gave the waiter a small tip, and he deducted it from my bill, with a knowing smile, so tips are often at a loss to the house.

Thursday we had a bright, perfect day to see the city, but Friday the rains poured down all day. At 4 o'clock we took a fast train for Stockton, reaching there at 7:10. On the train Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wagner, former managers of the Willamette hotel, Salem, met us, and we stopped off to see their town, a city of 25,000 that is the center of a great trade at the head of the San Joaquin valley. Steamers run up from "Frisco. There is a two million-dollar harvester plant, that has been involved in threatened strikes for some time. To reach Stockton the train goes up the Niles Valley canyon, crosses a divide and then down into the San Joaquin valley.

In the Niles valley is the beautiful home of Mrs. Hearst, mother of the presidential candidate, and a grand woman, who has been a benefactress to Berkeley, and it is said still has millions to give to the state schools. I must note a fact that I observed at "Frisco. The Chronicle building has the street crowds—the Examiner has none. Both papers post war news on great bulletin spaces, in English and Chinese characters, and flash them with electric lights at night. But the crowds gather at the Chronicle, and the Examiner cannot get them. To read the Examiner, one would think that the masses of the common people hung like swarming bees about its premises, awaiting the latest inspired utterances from the sybillant lips of yellow journalism. But they are painfully absent. Neither is there any perceptible interest in the Hearst candidacy for President outside the columns of his own newspapers. There may be a deep-seated and undisclosed sentiment to enthrone a freak editor as president but it is nowhere apparent.

By telegraphing ahead we were able to get a room of Landlord Wagner, who, with his talented wife, are the proprietors and managers of the Imperial and Yosemite—the two best hotels in town—with telephones in each room—and no guests at less than \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day. The Wagners have done well at Stockton, and it was a pleasure to learn that they were all coming to the Lewis and Clark fair next year, and will not forget to make their Salem friends a visit. They still refer to Oregon as their home, and Mr. Wagner has his eye on a good building site, where he will put up a comfortable home for his old age, enjoy pheasant shooting and the ocean in summer.

So far we have nowhere seen as beautiful beaches as on the Oregon coast. We have seen some prettier towns, more beautiful orchards and farming lands, and California cities are away ahead of ours in enterprise. For instance, Stockton has miles of paved streets, and the only controversy is that the improvement shall be good enough.

Stockton has a great deal of block pavement, and many of the streets are of asphalt. There seems to be a scattering of business and residences all

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Over 60 years old! Think of it! Honesty, merit, power to cure, these are the reasons. Ask your doctor.

over the town. We leave here Sunday for Fresno, and expect to be in Los Angeles Wednesday.
E. HOFER.

JOHN SLIBENDER.

Anent the Old Indian Who Was Killed Last Wednesday.

Many of the more aged Indians whom we pass by with never a thought other than that they are simply "Injun," have back of them eventful histories, intensely interesting to those who make a study of early Oregon history? Such a one was Slibender, who was hit by a passenger train last Wednesday and died soon after. Captain H. C. Coe knew the old fellow well, and gives the Hood River Glacier the following account of his life:

"Old John Slibender, the subject of this sketch, was the last of the old Indians who were strictly residents of Hood River valley, as both he and his ancestors, as far back as his family traditions goes, made their home here. Slibender must have been close to his hundredth year, for when I first knew him, nearly fifty years ago, he must have then been between 40 and 50 years of age which would fix his birthday close to the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition. During my early boyhood I used to frequently visit his camp, and being the only white boy in the valley, the Indians made a good deal of me and taught me to speak their language, which I could do quite fluently. Many a lonely Sunday have I wandered down to old Slibender's camp and listened to his wonderful legends and traditions. Among many, very many, was the noted one, "The Bridge of the Gods" and how his great great grandfather used to paddle his canoe through this wonderful arch and of his uninterrupted canoe trips to sea and return, and how Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams grew angry at each other, and after a great deal of preliminary swearing, went to work to good earnest, throwing stones at one another until finally they knocked this mighty bridge down and jammed up the river, overflowing

much land and killing many Indians. Of the absolute truth of this tradition I never had any question, and the dates must have been about as stated. "He claimed that his paternal grandparents were very long lived and allowing them 70 years each, would have placed his great great grandfather, to the date of the discovery, about 200 years before his time, about the year 1600, or perhaps later, certainly not before that.

"John Slibender was a true friend of the whites. All through the Indian wars of 1856, he was unwaveringly our friend, upright, truthful, and honest, a man one could trust if his skin was dark. A few years ago he was converted to the Christian religion and became a member of the Indian branch of the Shaker church that is spreading so wonderfully throughout the tribes in Eastern Oregon and Washington. He was an earnest, enthusiastic worker in his new faith, hopes, Vale, good old John! and for your sake and mine, may your belief in a happy, never-ending future be fully realized."

The Man in the Moon.

The man in the moon has swum off and didn't get full last month for the first time in nineteen years. At least so say astronomers. Owing to the difference between the lunar and calendar months every nineteen years the moon reaches its full phase in the last days of January and begins to wane. As February never has more than twenty nine days the month passes before the moon again reaches the position where it is in the full phase.

Wall Street Proverb.

(Yonkers Statesman.)
"A fool and his money," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "soon get on the opposite side of the market."

Welcome to Albion.

Tourist—We're from America, you know.
Groom—Hamerica! Ho, yes, that's where the money comes from to get out nobility out of debt.

Lots of New Goods
WHITE SHIRT WAISTS
Never was better for the price

White Skirts worth \$2.00 for.....	\$1.50
Nightgowns worth \$1.50 for.....	\$1.15
Muslin Drawers worth 90c for.....	\$0.62
Embroideries, special lot at.....	5c a yd
Insertions, extra good values at.....	5c a yd

A word about Umbrellas, did you see those we are selling for \$1.75. cannot be duplicated for the money.

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302 Commercial Street.



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