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INCORPORATED

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The Pfalzer Boys' suit is a marvel of progressive ideas. It is not so much a profit maker for us, but a trade maker, and will prove the best value ever offered in boys' clothing.

These suits are tailored in the latest up-to-date fashion, not a detail slighted. The workmanship is superb. The Pfalzer suits are ALL WOOL (thoroughly shrunken). The style is double-breasted, handsomely made, durably lined, double seat and knee, reinforced seams throughout. We have them in ages from six to fifteen years. This line will serve to strengthen our reputation as dealers in only the best clothing manufactured.

Saturday, March 5 Is the Lucky Day

Bring us your cash duplicate sale slips, and get your money. All slips void after March 18th.

We will continue our donation sale another week. Don't miss the opportunity to get one of our fine suits or overcoats absolutely for nothing.

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Editorial Page of The Daily Journal

By HOFER BROTHERS.

Scripta News Association Telegrams.

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"THE COUNTRY IS SAFE."

"Suppose the air is filled with scandals—political, financial, social—and tales and evidence of corruption are heard and unearthed on every hand. Why should we despair and grow pessimistic because of them? They are only outward evidences that we are still in the rashness of our youth, not that we have lost sight of our ideals. Believe me, we in America have not, and never will, put our ideals behind us. The country is safe."

Those brave words might have been spoken by a Lincoln. They are the utterances of New York's famous old minister, Dr. Robert Collyer, and they are as true as truth itself.

In the past four years there has been official corruption so widespread that the pessimists doubted the natural honesty of mankind. They foretold the end of government by the people. They asserted that public confidence had been smothered and deadened, and they refused to see one ray of hope in the sky.

Yes, there are robbers aplenty. Crimes are committed with deplorable frequency. Men in high places sell their souls for dollars. Homes are desolated because of wrong. There is too little real charity and a great deal

of opposition.

But think of the other side.

"Why is it worth columns in a newspaper when a cashier loots a bank?"

Because it is the unusual. It is the thing that was not expected. It arouses interest because the thousands of trusted employees are working quietly and energetically, honestly and faithfully. They are not news. They cause no sensations, because they are doing just what is expected of them—their full duty.

The public gasped when it learned the extent of official corruption in St. Louis. But in thousands of cities and towns honest men are serving the people on a conscience basis—hating wrong and doing all they can in the progressive cause of right.

There is a scandal in a home, and the gossips talk and the pessimists assert that home life is not what it was years ago, and that men and women think lightly of marriage vows.

But of the thousands of peaceful and happy homes there is nothing. Why should there be? When people live according to the laws of God and nature there is no news in them. They are doing the natural and probable thing.

And so it is all along the line. Right

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is more than a possibility. It is the thing that can be reckoned on nearly all of the time. Wrong, whether it comes in the shape of official corruption or divorce court nastiness, is simply the small bluish on a body otherwise as fair as day.

Take heart, you that carry gloom in your breasts. You are living in the grandest country the sun shines on; under a system of government that has made strength and developed humanity since its beginning, and realize that that grand old optimist, Dr. Collyer, spoke well when he said, "The country is safe."

HATS AND THE HEATHEN.

The inner circles of the Mt. Lookout, Ohio, M. E. church, and the congregation is wrestling with a problem, compared to which the age of Ann is as plain as a pike-staff, and who struck Billy Patterson not worth even guessing at.

At first glance there is but little connection between the foreign missions and the price of male headgear, or between the salvation of the heathen and a gentleman's hat, yet this is the very question which is causing tongues feminine to wag—and hasty visits to be made by unbonneted ladies, seeking more light, or trying to give it.

It seems that two weeks ago the missionary society of the church gave a social at the home of one of the members, the purpose, of course, being to swell the funds intended for the enlightenment of heathen outside of our own country.

As is naturally to be anticipated, where bright-eyed girls officiate, many of the most dashing young men of the neighborhood are pretty apt to be in the vicinage, and, as a corollary, the smaller brothers of both girls and young men are pretty sure to be on hand also. This was the case at Mt. Lookout, and while the young men were growing hilarious on pink lemonade and buying a 15 years' supply of be-ribboned pin-cushions and gim-cracks galore, these youthful vandals scaled the walls, so to speak, entered the hall of the hospitable mansion, and cut the crowns from three hats, and undoubtedly, at the same time cut off their chances of ultimately wearing one themselves. The question now is who will pay for the hats. The young men very ungalantly insist on having the damage paid—for their wealth was invested already. With loyalty worthy of a better cause the young vandals will not peach, and the young ladies feel that the hats of their guests should be paid for, and the missionary funds should be drawn on. The money was subscribed for the heathen, can it be used to buy gentlemen's hats? Some say no, some yes, and the warfare waxed hot and furious, while the hatless and hopeless young men wander aimlessly about with a superabundance of pin-cushions, and a painful scarcity of head covering. The outcome is anxiously awaited.

TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

Undoubtedly there is much sympathy wasted on the noble red man and when it is charged that the palefaces swooped down on him, took his lands and drove him toward the setting sun, it might be well remembered that when the paleface did the driving act there weren't enough red men from ocean to ocean to occupy a territory as large as Ohio, and that the noble red man is naturally hostile to water, and is a loafer at heart. At the same time not all the facts that could be marshaled against the noble red man warrant the paleface in skinning the life out of him, swindling him of his remnants of land, passing counterfeit money on him, and making him believe that a deed for a quarter section of bottom land, well timbered, is nothing but a declaration to swear off drinking and become a good and dutiful citizen.

In fact, it may be admitted that, though the best Indian is the defunct brand, yet the red man has some rights which the paleface ought to be compelled to respect, but which, according to the reports made by Commissioners Bonaparte and Woodruff, he doesn't respect even a little bit. The report of their investigations of the treatment of the Indians in Oklahoma and Indian Territory is not creditable reading, by any means. It

is, in fact, a story of a systematic plundering of the Indians by practically the whole force of inspectors, agents, surveyors and traders—and the Indian has been without remedy. Surrounded by officials whom he knew to be hostile to him, he submits in silence to wrongs which could only be righted by taking up the hatchet and going on the warpath, and the Indians of Oklahoma and Indian Territory have learned wisdom by experience and know that, right or wrong, the murder of an agent would be sternly avenged. In their report Messrs. Bonaparte and Woodruff say:

The conditions involved immediate danger of ruin to the genuine Indian population and profound discredit to the United States, exciting reasonable discontent on the part of all classes of the population, and demanding prompt and drastic remedies on the part of congress.

Whatever may be the faults of the noble red man, of his predilection for a lie, when the truth would do him better, or his fondness for going fishing, while his gazelle-eyed squaw does the work at home, there is nothing in either objection that warrants the predatory paleface in taking from the Indian the little that remains to him. He is entitled to be treated with justice—all the more so because he is helpless, himself, to enforce justice against his despoilers.

Mr. George Chandler, retiring president of the State Fair board, takes Governor Chamberlain to task for appointing a Democrat to succeed him, saying:

"While I am glad he took the action he did in my case I do not like to see politics enter so far in non-political matters. I have regretted nothing more than the Governor's action in bringing his office down to the level of a political machine."

The Baker Herald, which Mr. Chandler uses to express his ideas, in commenting, says:

"That the Governor is determined to reward all of the Democrats he can while in office is evident from the fact that in the State Fair appointments which should have been non-political, he has made three appointments and they are all Democrats."

It is regretted, or at least regrettable that politics enter into the matter of making appointments, but they have done so ever since the inception of the government and will probably continue to do so as long as it exists.

To be perfectly fair and frank, it may as well be admitted that the Governor is not longsome in his position. The different boards in this state appoint Republicans to office, because the boards are Republican, if they were Democratic boards the appointees would be Democratic, or if Prohibitionists, teetotalism would hold the offices.

To the victor belongs the spoils, and Senator Vest emphasized this during Cleveland's administration by asking in the senate "If the spoils don't belong to the victors, who in h—l do they belong to?"

The asylum employees, the reform school management, the insane asylum are under Republican management because the appointive power is Republican. The penitentiary is under Democratic management because the appointive power is Democratic. The Republican board that would appoint Democrats, or the Democratic government that would appoint Republicans, would be classed as traitors by their own party, and fools by their opponents.

The Presidents of the United States whatever their politics have invariably followed this rule, because there is no other to follow.

X-RADIUMS

President Smith was not interested in looking after the wives of his apostles—he had more of his own than he could keep tab on.

Patti has made her farewell tour, and she didn't "fare well," either.

After the speech by Geo. C. Brownell before the Salem Young Men's Republican Club the other evening all

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Daniel J. Fry, Special Agent.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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

present gave three cheers and a "tiger" for Teddy Roosevelt. That comes pretty near being as good a Roosevelt club as anyone could ask—and it isn't a victim of factionalism either.

If living with five wives 40 years is a good thing, why wouldn't it be still better to live with one wife 200 years, as the old patriarchs used to?

The prospective paving of Court street with broken rock is one of the best harbingers of good times for the future that anyone could ask.

How can a dead politician know that he is dead anyway?

The man who said, "The more I see of men the better I like dogs" had evidently visited "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Salem was a dry town again yesterday, but not so dry as on the previous Sunday, there being several ounces of prevention provided, also a good many pounds of cure.

The audience at Uncle Tom's Cabin did not seem much affected over Little Eva's death, probably realizing that had she lived she might be as bad an actress as her mother.

When Little Eva took a look at her father she was willing to die.

Strange—but some people will still talk about building fireproof buildings.

A Sumpter mining man received 12 proposals of marriage in one mail last week. As he has considerable dough and a good mine, he should tread lightly.

The reason there are marriages on earth and none in heaven may be that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Professor Slaughter of the Chicago University, says that the crying of an infant is "nothing but the sweetest music." It is proverbial that a jack-ass enjoys thistles.

It rained yesterday, but numberless citizens managed to keep dry.

And now comes the Baker Democrat and solemnly asserts that an irrigation company in Idaho is going to turn all Snake river into a ditch a hundred feet wide and ten feet

deep. Snake river wouldn't miss the cupful of water that that kind of a ditch could carry.

Mr. Parry is engaged in organizing a union to fight unionism.

Mr. Parry's non-union workingmen's union going on a strike against Parry has some of the elements of the humorous in it.

Ohio has arranged to honor Hanna for one day.

Congress has appointed a committee of its members to examine itself. It will be another Smoot case in which the charges against congressmen will be buried under charges against Bristow.

Hobson is running for congress in Alabama, having resigned from the navy. It is to be hoped the attempt to sink a Merrimac at the mouth of his phonograph will be successful.

General Kuropatkin says the treaty of peace will be signed in Tokio. Possibly that is where the mikado will insist on Russia's representatives meeting for the purpose.

The Excitement Not Over. The rush to the drug store still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 25c and 50c.

Portland and Return Only \$2.20. The Southern Pacific is now selling round trip tickets to Portland from Salem for \$2.20, good going Saturday p. m., or any train of Sunday, returning Sunday and Monday, giving all day Sunday and Monday in Portland. The same arrangement applies from Portland, giving all Portland people a chance to visit valley points at greatly reduced rates.

The White House Can give you a good meal any hour of the day or night.

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