

HEARST SUED FOR LIBEL

New York Times Brings Suit Against Mr. Hearst, the American, and the Evening Journal

(New York Special.)

Papers were served yesterday in an action for libel brought by the Times against William R. Hearst and his newspapers, because of the publication in the American and the Evening Journal of April 7 of an article which, it is charged, was intended to injure the reputation and business of the Times. The article in question was of a nature to create in the minds of those who should be its readers the belief that the Times is owned and controlled by Mr. August Belmont, and that its editorial influence has been and is employed to serve the private, personal, and political interests of Mr. Belmont.

On the day this article was published, April 7, the attorneys for the Times addressed a letter to Mr. William R. Hearst demanding that his newspapers publish a retraction. Mr. Hearst was assured that Mr. Belmont has no financial interest in the Times or in any of its concerns or properties, and that its course and its policy are in no way subject to his control. He was informed that it was the evident intention of the writer of the article in question to do injury to the business and standing of the Times by creating the impression that its editorial policy is directed and controlled by others than those actively engaged in writing and publishing the paper.

No attention having been paid to this demand, the Times instructed its counsel to prepare a complaint in an action for libel against the Star Company, William Randolph Hearst, and Arthur Brisbane; against the Star Star Company as the corporation publishing the American, and against Arthur Brisbane, as editor of the Journal. A similar action was brought against the Evening Journal and against the Chicago American, both

of which republished the article of April 7. In addition to these suits brought by the Times Company, complaints were prepared in actions brought by Mr. Adolph S. Ochs personally against the same defendants. The article upon which this action is based was set forth in full in the complaints, which also contained the following averments:

Fourth—That the plaintiff through its officers and editors has diligently labored to publish and maintain and has published and maintained the newspaper known as The New York Times free from all outside influence, except such influence as may be honorably and properly exerted by any reputable member of the community actuated by good motives and regard for the public welfare, well knowing that the prosperity of the business of this plaintiff, its standing and the confidence with which it is regarded in the community were and are dependent upon the establishment of its reputation as a newspaper unselfishly devoted to the public interests, and welfare.

Fifth—That one August Belmont, referred to in the libelous article hereinafter set forth, does not own any of the capital stock of this plaintiff, and has no voice or control whatsoever in its management or in its affairs, nor in the affairs of any of its auxiliary associations, and said August Belmont does not in any way control or direct the policy or management of said The New York Times; nor is the said newspaper or its management, nor is Adolph S. Ochs, referred to in said article, and who owns in his own right more than a majority of the capital stock of this plaintiff and who directs the editorial business policy of said The New York Times, under any financial or other obligations to said August Belmont.

SALEM YOUTH WRITES

His Experiences of a Voyage in the South Seas

At Sea, January 29, 1904.

Today is a lazy day so I will write a little as I now feel like it. Several times I have thought I would write and then I would think, oh well what the use, there's plenty of time—truth to tell there is plenty of time, in fact that is the only possible kick I could have here. As I told you I am in the cabin and as far as work is concerned it is truly a snap. I have a room and I eat aft—that is with the officers.

Now at the last of January we are in about 50 degrees S. latitude and 100 degrees W. longitude which you will see is west and north yet of Cape Horn. So far we have had fair weather—too fair in fact for we are losing time with the light breezes and calms. To give you an idea of my trip I will sketch a little of it. We made a slow start taking nine days to get abreast of San Francisco then we had the south-east trade wind but it was so far to the south that we had to run considerably to the westward of the intended course. So much in fact that Pitcairn Island in 130 degrees W., 25 degrees S. was out of our way and consequently we touched there and the skipper tested his chronometer and we all invested in tropical fruits. The second mate even sold his dog for a couple of baskets of fruit. The pine-apples, rose-apples, alligator pears, oranges, lemons, mangoes and coconuts didn't hold out very long for we only purchased small quantities individually, but the bananas and squashes of which the captain purchased many in the ship's name are lasting nicely.

Of course there were flying fish, "goonays," porpoises, bonitor and "dolldrums" before we reached Pit-

cairn. And since leaving there we have seen fin-back whales, ice-birds, stormy petrels, or "Mother Carys chickens" and albatross or "Molly hawks."

February 14.

About 35 degrees—W. 45 degrees S Here we are in the middle of the South Atlantic and no weather yet. Surely I am a good mascot or "Jonah man." It isn't so warm as it was in the tropics, but it is not freezing by considerable yet and we are now bearing to the north each day. We encounter large banks of fog in this vicinity. They are caused by the comparative shallowness of the ocean here in spots, some banks having recorded soundings as shallow as 25 fathoms. This is also south of the ice-line, that is the line south of which floating ice and bergs may be met, but we have seen none yet and as this is summer hardly expect to, still "the old man" has a look-out posted all the time here.

Every place I went last winter—that is in 1902-03—I carried a bunch of books, generally on my back, and generally had no opportunity to read them so this time I had none and here where I don't have to carry anything and have plenty of opportunities is just where they would be convenient. To be sure I can adjust all this at the first port and in the meantime I have read all the skipper magazines and most of the novels on board and played solitaire until I fairly dream of deuces, aces and tenspots.

After the last chapter we had fine fair weather and were bowling along at a delightfully cheering pace till we were within a thousand miles of port; then we had a week of light breezes, dead ahead alternated with dead calms and then after we had all become contented with that we had a nice stiff breeze from dead ahead and as there was a strong westerly current to the north we couldn't go that way but must sheer off toward the South Pole again.

But it wasn't a bad blow for it soon shifted and kept on shifting till it was a fair wind and now at this writing we are headed directly for port and at present rate of speed we will



What Came of a Letter.

BY VALENTINE MOTT.

MY DEAR JOHN:

In answer to your dear letter of last Sunday I wish to say, that Dr. North does call here about once a week. He used to be anxious about my health, and then too he seemed to like to discuss music and art with me. We are very good friends.

Now, John, you ask me point blank if I am in love with the doctor. There is no sense in running on in this fashion. I write merely to tell you that you needn't be afraid. He says I am an inspiration to him. The goodness only knows what he sees in me! I am such a humbug musically, intellectually and artistically that a man of his calibre should see right through me. He never suspects that I have not taken his medicine for months. The fact is John I am getting better day by day. You know the world is full of tired women. Some are tired mentally, some tired physically, and a few unfortunate ones suffer from both mental and physical fatigue. The society woman is worn out by a continual round of social duties. A working woman is worn out by real bodily fatigue and dull routine. Something more than that is the matter with me John. You know for years I have suffered from nervousness, lack of sleep at night, backache, and when the social season was over I was almost dead, but, thank goodness, John, I am a much stronger woman now, and I feel that I can take care of that cute, little cottage which you and I are going to occupy next fall. With much love,

Sincerely yours,
JEWEL.

MY DEAR AUNT KATE:

I must tell you the good news. Right after receiving your letter, the day before New Year's I started in with new resolutions on the first of the year. I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., as you requested me to do. I gave him all my symptoms, which were that I was tired—so tired—all the time and did not care to go anywhere, depressed and sad, and all ambition gone, backache and a dragged-out feeling, could not sleep, limbs feeling sore and aching. I followed the doctor's advice, which he went to considerable pains to make plain to me—to rest every day—a nap after lunch—complete relaxation—cultivate repose of mind, try not to worry and get as much outdoor air as possible, and practice long, deep breathing, expanding the lungs. Then for a uterine tonic, Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, coupled with a wash he told me of. I must say that after taking his advice for four months I feel perfectly cured and like a new woman.

Yours affectionately,
JEWEL.

The above letters are not unusual as witness what the following women say: "I am more than willing to state that Dr. Pierce's valuable medicine has cured me of a very disagreeable complaint,"

be there in less than 48 hours.

Oh the utility of human calculations! After writing the lines at the top of this page we had a day of "white squalls." Now white squalls are an institution to this part of the world. The sun shines brightly and the few clouds above are fleecy white but the wind fairly howls. It was a fair wind—that is it would have taken us into port if we had run before it but it was too strong so we had to hoist and wait till it subsided.

Then followed several days calm and light breezes but all things have an end and finally we had fair wind and came in sight of port. The charter stated that we were to come here for orders and we were supposed to receive them from the signal station without even coming to anchor. Then if we were ordered to some of the other coast ports we could immediately proceed, but nay, nay we were informed that there were no orders for us yet and the breeze being light and the current strong we soon drifted past and as night came on we put to sea.

More contrary wind and the current kept us out five days but when we did return we dropped the anchor and the skipper went ashore. Now it seems that the consignee is in the hands of a receiver and this of course occasioned considerable difficulty involving numerous cables to Capetown, Durban or Port Natal, New York and San Francisco and at this writing we

writes Mrs. John Kooman, of 832 Grant Ave., Schenectady, N. Y. "I suffered from female weakness, dull headaches, and distressing gas in stomach which caused me much pain. The pains in my stomach were dreadful while so much gas remained. I suffered most at night. The physician who attended me said he thought the trouble was floating kidney and he treated me for same. Not receiving any benefit from him, I changed doctors. The second one said I had womb trouble. I took treatments from him but kept getting worse. It was then that I applied to Dr. Pierce for advice, describing my symptoms. He quickly replied, directing me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I did so, and after taking one bottle of each I was very much better. Continued with the medicine until I had taken five bottles of each, also two vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and I was cured. I always recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to my friends when they are not well."

"I will write a few lines in praise of your wonderful medicine," says Mrs. Elizabeth McConnell, of Rochester, Ind. "They have done wonderful work in my family for both male and female. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best lung medicine I ever heard of. It works like magic. I have done good work for us in every case where we have tried it. I believe that by the help of God, it saved my life. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a boon to females; it has done wonders for both of my daughters in their sicknesses. I advise all women who are afflicted to try it, and if they do they will never regret the price paid for it."

"My daughter is in quite good health, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicines. My wishes are that all who are afflicted will try them and see what good can be done for the sick."

\$5,000 forfeit will be paid in lawful money of the United States, by the officers of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, if they cannot show the original signature of each individual volunteering the testimonials herewith and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness and the superiority of these medicines.

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are—waiting. About the letters as you know I gave you the address as New London, when it should have been East London and as there is a New London in South Africa they probably went there. East London is like some of the coast towns in that it is sprinkled over much territory.

Wood is a luxury and consequently the houses are built of stone, brick, and corrugated iron. The climate is similar to Southern California as the latitude is about the same. There are swarms of Kaffirs here but they are "runty" compared to those in the interior so we are told. The white women here are nearly all thin-climate. Most all the merchandise is dear because it has to be imported. Tobacco is quite expensive. Drinking the native whisky and brandy is like throwing a rasp down your throat. We had some analyzed and it showed kerosene, bilge-water and carbolic acid with traces of anchor chain, old files and barbed wire. CLYDE MASON.

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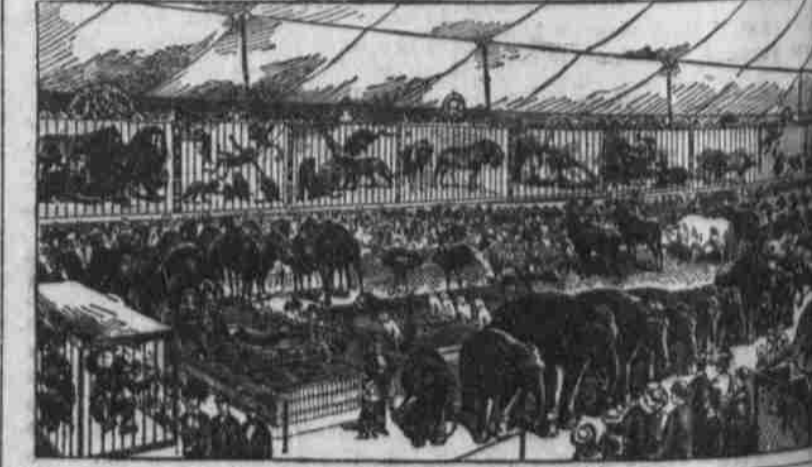
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