

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.



OIL ON THE STREETS.

The proposition to try oil on the streets of Salem is one that has a great deal of merit.

The clay soils, with some sand and grit mixed into them, more especially the shot-soils, will be found to make fine oiled roads.

All who have traveled in California know that the oiled roads on many of their soils make a natural asphalt pavement.

The supply of crude oil is practically unlimited, and worth from 15 to 25 cents a barrel at the wells in Bakersfield and other places.

The expense of a tank and machinery to put it on the roads is very small, compared to other road machinery.

If roads are constructed and surfaced with any clay material, and rolled firmly, and then properly oiled it will produce a good asphalt.

By all means give an oiled street a trial, a thorough trial. It is high time that Salem made a trial of something in this line.

To sit still with dusty streets in summer and muddy streets in winter is suicidal as a public policy, and Salem people will do well to consider and act on any way out of that frame of public mentality.

As a business proposition, crude oil should be inexpensive, as we are on the main line of the S. P. Co., the greatest oil road in the world. By all means let it be given a fair trial by city and county.

WILL BE AMENDED.

That the present registration law of Oregon is a useless institution as far as the smaller towns and cities and county districts of the state are concerned is conceded in many quarters, and there is not a little agitation in the country press of Oregon, revived by the recent election, for its abolition, or at least for the confining of its application to Portland, and perhaps one or two of the other larger communities of the state. It was enacted as a measure to shut out illegal voting in the state. There is practically no chance for illegal voting anywhere in Oregon, except in a city like Portland; or, perhaps in Astoria, where there is a considerable floating population. Country people resent the exactions of registration laws as an infringement of their rights, and as an uncalled-for and unnecessary encumbering of the franchise. Besides, it is argued that the provision of the present law, which allows six freeholders to certify to the qualifications of an elector is a lame place that serves to often defeat the purpose of the law. This provision was made for the relief of actual voters who might find it impossible to register during the time prescribed for registration, and seemed just, but when opportunity is taken to abuse its privileges it thwarts all the purposes of the law, and allows anybody and everybody to vote.—Ashland Tidings.

RESOURCES ARE HERE.

The idea is prevalent in certain circles that Portland is the whole state of Oregon, and that without that city the other portions of the commonwealth would be a vast wilderness. Once in a while a country newspaper gets up enough courage to remark that without Oregon Portland might be a very small place. The Cottage Grove Leader aptly offers several very interesting suggestions, as follows: "Based upon the growth of the city of Portland, its expansion and accumulating wealth, may be made the statement that all growth in a commercial center is dependent on the growth and prosperity of the country surrounding and tributary to it.

Portland's present growth is but evidence of the growth of Oregon. Not alone from Oregon, however, does Portland derive commercial benefit, but from the three states which buy and sell through the channels of Portland trade. This trade is produced not only from established sources, but from the increasing creation and dissemination of new wealth from resources now being developed.

"It has been remarked that the Lewis and Clark centennial will be the making of Oregon. Why it should be the making of Oregon is hard to imagine, when Oregon is already made God did that. It remains for men to develop Oregon. The Lewis and Clark fair will direct attention to the state and what is

here, but these things would be known and the resources of the state developed just as certainly if the fair were never held. It is not necessary to force evidence of productiveness upon the commercial world. Everywhere men are looking for investments. Everywhere men are making new homes. There are just as many pioneers now in the making as there were in 1850, or in any other year. They are in Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Mexico, Alaska, Canada, California, Oregon—in every place where the soil—the basis of all wealth—has possibilities undeveloped.

"The growth of Oregon is based on this soil foundation—the soil and its productiveness. Agriculture, stock raising, mining, lumbering are the factors of production, and the waterways themselves great channels of trade, add to these resources that of the fisheries. Resting upon these industries, yet new in their course, and with vast tracts of timber, mineral and cultivable lands yet unoccupied and unopened for settlement, the fabric of the state of Oregon is still in the building period.

"The Lewis and Clark fair will prove beneficial, and should receive endorsement from all sides, yet it is only a happening in the life of this Western domain. Just as the mid-winter exposition gained temporary prominence for San Francisco, the coming fair will draw attention to Oregon, but the future of the state is in no wise dependent upon it. Natural increase will surely and substantially create the future of the Northwest. All that serves to educate the investor, inform the home-seeker and draw attention from people everywhere, will assist and accelerate development in every form, but the future of Oregon is without these a certain and substantial growth."

A GLIMPSE AT THE PAST.

The Seattle Star looks back over old times and says:

"Soon there will be many sermons and lectures to graduates, on the application of education to the practicalities of life. Just a homely word in advance to the boys:

"When you go back from college to your home don't consider that your only relation to your father is to get as much money as the 'governor' will stand for. Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose love and service he has grown old.

"You can never pay him the debt you owe, but you can at least acknowledge it before it is too late. In no way can you better show your manhood, boy, than by proceeding to pay in part the debt you owe him—and to her—whose toil and devotion and sacrifice have been the furnace fires that have made a man of you."

A GRAFT THAT HAS NOT FAILED.

A cablegram from Berlin in yesterday's Constitution announced that John Alexander Dowle, the self-confessed reincarnation of the prophet, Elijah, has arrived there from Switzerland, and has taken rooms lately vacated by the Vanderbilts at a cost of \$40 a day.

The princely tastes of the Overseer of Zion are by this time familiar to the reading public. He does not allow his spirituality to conflict with his epicurean proclivities in the least, and he has conducted his theocratic corporation on such modern lines of promotion that he is apulent enough to snuggle fleshpots. The prophet of imposing fleshly girl left the scene of his labors several moons ago, following his wife, unloved son and the family strong box abroad, on business and pleasure bent. In Australia he had the time of his life indulging in athletic exercise, and it does not appear that his unspiritual avoidance was a material handicap to his establishing the evangelical sprinting record of the century.

While Elijah the second has been picking his teeth at the palace hostelry of two continents and clipping Zion City coupons between sprints, the faithful he left behind him in the model industrial community near Chicago have been reported to be on half rations and holding the financial bag. But it does not appear that their faith in their over-seer prophet, has wavered for a moment, as Elijah is thoughtful enough to send them his peace at blessed intervals.

All of which inevitably recalls the aphorism of a famous overseer of another kind of circus, to-wit, that "people like to be humbugged." And the fact is obvious and painful that a whole lot of people are partial to humbuggery in the sacred name of religion. There are no lengths of human

credulity impossible to the fakir with a spiritualism.

We might understand how an ascetic, to all outward appearances burning with holy zeal, could inspire a following, for since the day of the prophets men have associated spiritual leadership with asceticism. But the prophet who snuggles up to the fleshpots, who assumes the airs and habits of a plutocrat—his is a strange form of religious hypnotism. Ignoring the basic logic of Christianity—the humility and penury of the Divine Founder, who had no place to lay His head nor coin for wayside refreshment—this modern "Elijah" rides in his private car and spends on his stomach "easy money," as if it were leaves of Vallombrosa.

Probably, if he could afford to be candid, Prophet Dowle might tell us the secret of his graft. We suspect it might be found in love of the superficial mind for over-lordship, particularly if the over-lordship wears the tinsel and practices the mummery of mysticism. Dowle knows how to dazzle and awe with church "spectacularity" and King Solomon poses.—Atlantic Constitution.

A WORD FOR YOUNG BRIDES.

There is much cant and hypocrisy about some of the protests at girls marrying too young.

More girls wait until they are too old, than marry too young. In this day and age of the world.

If a girl is going into a professional career, or into any other business than becoming the head and center of a family, age cuts no ice.

But if she expects to become a wife for the plain purpose of raising a family of children, the sooner she gets about it the better.

This is plain language but it is called out by this from the Albany Democrat

Mothers should not be in too much of a hurry to marry off their fifteen year old daughters. Five years on top of that is pretty young.

What is sweeter than a young bride, not yet hardened by the sophistries of society, tender and trusting, knowing only love for her husband.

The unselfish love and devotion shed by such a madonna mother upon her children, radiant with innocence and purity, is a priceless benefaction.

Girls married at 16, 17, or 18 make that kind of wives and mothers more often than the more highly developed and attractive women in the twenties. This is not socially orthodox but it is the truth.

The Flower of Liberty.

What flower is this that greets the morn,

Its hues from heaven so freshly born? With burning star and flaming band It kindles all the sunset land. Oh, tell us what its name may be! Is this the flower of liberty?

It is the banner of the free, The starry flower of Liberty!

In savage nature's far above.

Its tender seed our fathers sowed. The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,

Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,

Till, lo, earth's tyrants shook to see The full blown flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free, The starry flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,

One mingling flood of braided light—

The red that fires the southern rose, With spotless white from northern snows—

The sister stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free, The starry flower of Liberty!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Betty Ross.

A quiet house, a quiet street, A needle and a thread, A scissors and a square of blue,

Some strips of white and red, And slender hands that deftly stitched The shining stars across—

'Twas thus the flag of Liberty Was made by Betty Ross.

Though Father Time has worn to rags The emine robes of kings And left the guns of war to rust

Among forgotten things, Though crowns and scepters at his touch

Have turned to gross and dust, Yet not a broken stitch has marred The work of Betty Ross.

In stately hall and lowly home

This day its colors wave, The shelter of the world's oppressed, The beacon of the brave, Let glory on the nation's shield

Among the stars emboss The thread, the needle and the name— And fame of Betsy Ross.

—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

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