

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.



PORTLAND TO BLAME.

The Oregon Development League is the latest "boom" club to be launched before the public. It starts out with a flourish of trumpets, and asks for the various commercial bodies and clubs to send delegates to a state meeting, to be held in the city of Portland on August 2d and 3d.

The plan is not a new one by any means. Several years ago we had a state chamber of commerce, and at various times we have had state this and state that organized for the purpose of advertising Oregon. Every one of the former associations went the quick consumption route, and had very few mourners at the interments, except perhaps a handful of enthusiasts, who had contributed their mite to assist the enterprises in a financial way.

It was not the fault of the people of Oregon, that is the people residing without the city limits of Portland, that caused this seemingly indifference on the part of the inhabitants of the great state to the matter of advancement. It is the unanimous opinion of every person that Oregon needs advertising, good, legitimate publicity, sent out from responsible organizations.

The great trouble in past years has rested entirely with Portland. Every club or league that has sent out literature during the last ten years has paraded the city of Portland at every opportunity, and without regard to the portions of the state. Books and pamphlets containing pictures of Columbia river scenery, Mt. Hood and everything that might be good to look at, have been scattered through the East, until the people of that section of the country, from where it is necessary for us to get settlers, believe that Oregon is a rugged, wild and weird land, with naught else than snow-capped mountains and wild Indians. Photographs of old "Chief Skookum," or any other copper colored antiquarian, took precedence over our fine farms and fields, our mines and mills. The people of Oregon are tired of following the lead of "hot air" theorists, who believe that all there is to Oregon is a few snow-covered hills and rocky cliffs tributary to Portland.

Portland is to blame for her sluggishness. Her great papers never lose a chance to cast slurs at the other towns of the state, falsely accusing them of being slow, unhealthy, and a dozen other things that would make life unsafe or unpleasant to reside in them. Portland is, in the opinion of a large majority of the Portland business men, the whole state of Oregon. They like to get the trade from the cow counties, but, aside from the one thing, the hog idea is uppermost in their minds all the time. They fail to realize that to upbuild the interior towns would benefit Portland as much so, as to add directly to the non-producing population of that city.

Suppose a smaller city or town in the country tributary to Portland has a factory or mill that is on a paying basis, what will the Portland commercial clubs do? They have answered the questions dozens of times themselves. Simply go out and offer inducements that a little fellow cannot meet, and take Mr. Factory to Portland.

But the Portland business man will tell you that the small towns are benefited by having a large city near them. They are, but not in the same proportion as in the other instance. The Portland merchant ships cold storage meat from the East, sells the factory employes packed butter that has traveled across the continent, dresses them in shoddy from the Eastern sweat shops, and in a hundred ways sends their money out of the state.

Portland needs a shaking up, before the people of the state enter into any more development leagues or advertising agencies. The new plan may be a worthy one, and the metropolis may have started on a new track. Tom Richardson, the manager of the present enterprise, may be a hustler and up to all kinds of snuff in the immigration work, but the common Oregon folk have about reached the conclusion that they are Missourians, and it will take an ocular demonstration to get them in line with the big fellow down the river.

ENCOURAGE THE MINING INDUSTRY.

In the British possession, whenever a certain amount of development work has been done on a group of mines, the government orders a wagon road constructed to the mines.

On top of this each mine pays an annual road tax, and each man employed in the mines pays a small monthly tax for maintenance of the

roads. That is a system that constantly promotes the development of the country.

It is high time that the county court of Marion county adopted some fixed policy to encourage building the mining roads of Marion county. When citizens invest their good money in opening mines they deserve help.

The same policy of liberal encouragement that has been extended by the county court towards the older parts of the county that want good roads might well be applied to the mining districts of the county.

The farming industries, such as grain, fruit, hops, stock and other crops are well established. Transportation and mining have not been sufficiently promoted. Good roads and opening mines are to be promoted.

The opportunity to do something for the Santiam mining district is one that should not be passed. The Journal will place abundant facts before its readers on this line.

THE CRY OF HIGHER TAXES.

Those opposed to progress in the public schools used the cry of higher taxes as their only argument. They could not claim that the Salem public schools were what they should be for a city like Salem.

For a number of years the levy has been maintained at eight mills. That is for the district, and many districts in the state make a much higher levy. The state and county levy for school purposes besides.

It can be shown, and was shown in the campaign that, with the present levy, there are abundant funds to add the higher grades, and build the rooms needed. Before any debt comes due a high school can be built.

All this can be done without raising taxes and without incurring a dollar of debt. The verdict of the people at the late election is that the directors shall proceed to add higher grades and provide more rooms.

In fact the board of directors have no choice in this matter, which has been so emphatically decided upon by the vote of the people. A school director who will now oppose progress is defying the will of the district.

A liberal and progressive policy of promotion should animate the school board, unless they await further instructions from the people. Let a policy be adopted in the interest of the schools alone.

BENEFITS OF EXPERTING.

The benefit of experting the city records by the committee of the city council lay not so much in the sums recovered, as in the suggestions made for improvements in the manner of keeping the records.

For instance, as a result of that investigation a complete set of books for the city treasurer have been written up, and are to be furnished the city for the past six years.

While the experting showed no great deficiencies on the part of the Citizens' administration in accounting for the funds, and the city will lose nothing, old abuses have been carried on that should have been abolished.

The city treasurer, according to report adopted by the city council, should keep his own office, and have his books open to inspection at all times. He should keep the books and the office himself.

The warrant register should be open for ready reference by any citizen. The city has been supposed to be on a cash basis for a number of years, but the warrant register shows nearly all warrants have drawn interest.

These are only small samples of petty abuses and advantages taken of the old way of conducting the office of city treasurer, that the experting report if carried into effect will do away with.

A WORD ABOUT FAKIRS.

Carnival time gives the grafters and rascals a chance to ply their dishonest callings. The Dixie Carnival is said to be as free from this sort of leeches as similar organizations can be, and the management uses drastic methods to drive them away from the shows. Nevertheless they doubtless exist, and the people will do well to keep a lookout for such fellows. The people themselves can do more to squelch them than all the officers and brass buttons in the state. Whenever a rascal strikes you on any proposition that looks fishy take him by the coat collar and land him in jail. Don't wait until you call an officer, for the fellow will perhaps be out of reach when you find one.

Watch out for fakirs of all kinds, for all large gatherings, no matter whether they are carnivals, state fairs or even camp meetings bring together such characters, in spite of regulations.

A few dollars a week spent on sprinkling the streets about the state house would save the beautiful foliage trees and shrubs on the state house grounds. But that would cost a few dollars.



Golden Gate Coffee

Do not grind too fine, as pulverized coffee has an entirely different flavor from the same coffee granulated.

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AMONG THE MAGAZINES

Senator Fairbanks in College.

Young Fairbanks, by farm work and wagon making, had saved 41 dollars by the time he reached the age of 15 years says a writer in Frank Leslie's Monthly. With it and one suit of clothes he traveled to Delaware, Ohio, where he entered Ohio Wesleyan university. He turned to account his rudimentary knowledge of carpentry by working on Saturdays for a local contractor for one dollar and twenty-five cents a day.

A few weeks after young Fairbanks arrived at college he fell and split his only trousers beyond immediate repair. It was necessary for him to borrow a pair of a fellow student, and the loan had to be continued because he was denied credit for a new pair at the stores in the town. He had to send home for his mother to make him another pair.

Working in college during the college year and in the harvest fields in vacation, he was graduated from the college and its law course at twenty. At twenty-one he was admitted to the supreme court of Ohio, and later he went to Indianapolis.

Life in Rome.

From Maud Howe's "The Evil Eye" in the July Century.

The strangest thing about life in Rome is that one not only does as the Romans do, but ends by thinking as the Romans think, feeling as the Romans feel. The best illustration I know of this is the mental attitude of the foreign residents toward certain superstitions, notably the belief in the evil eye—the malocchio or jettatura, as it is indifferently called. I never knew an Italian who did not hold more or less to this superstition. Americans who have lived long in Rome either reluctantly admit that "there does seem to be something in it," or, if they are Roman things in heaven and earth of which philosophy fails to take account.

In certain respects the Italian is markedly free from superstition as compared with the Celt or the Scott; for instance, the fear of ghosts or spirits is so rare that I have never met with it; on the other hand, the belief in the value of dreams as guides to action is deep-rooted and widespread. The dream book in some families is held hardly second in importance to the book of prayer. The Italian's eminently practical nature makes him utilize his dreams in "playing the lotto," as the buying of lottery tickets is called. To dream of certain things indicates that one will play lucky and should play. The choice of the number is the chief preoccupation of the hardened lottery player. It is decided by the oddest chance—by the number of a bank note that has been lost and found again, or the number of a cab which has brought one home from delightful festivity.

The Size and Movements of Glaciers.

Think of sections bigger than Rhode Island being iron from a glacier and swept off in the ocean to be ferried three thousand miles on the bosom of the Labrador current until the heated waters of the Gulf Stream cause them to vanish from human ken! Then can one form some idea of the immensity of the ice area discharged from the Greenland seas each year. Thousands of miles of valley are constantly emptying their contents into the bays and fjords of the north waters whence the tides hurry the detachments southward to cumber the wide Atlantic.

The disposition of icebergs to turn turtle is one of their most dangerous propensities. It arises from several causes. When they start out from Greenland their bottoms are heavy with the detritus drops gathered in their glacial period and this drops off at intervals as they move south, causing their center of gravity to change and the berg to assume new positions. The scientific theory of the formation

of the vast submarine plateaus which extend from Labrador to Fundy and are commonly known as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, is that they are the products of the deposits of bergs during the countless ages.

ROSE LORE.

Frank Dempster Sherman in the July Century.

Now since it knows My heart so well, Would that this rose Might speak and tell!

You could not scorn Its winsome grace, The blush of morn Upon its face.

Unto your own You needs must press The sweet mouth prone To tenderness;

Then lip to lip, With rapture stirred, You might let slip The secret word.

With fragrant kiss Interpreting The dream of bliss The rose would bring.

Then to your breast Take it to be Your own heart's best Love-augury— A welcome guest— To gladden me.

Fourth of July in the Philippines.

On the Fourth of July the Filipino "outyankees" the most patriotic Yankee that ever lived. He has taken the day to his heart, and is as joyous over it as a boy over his first fire-cracker; and while perhaps he is yet a trifle hazy as to the exact importance of the event in American history, he is perfectly clear on the subject of flags, and he is perfectly aware of the good times possible on this day. In Manila all the business houses are draped with starry bunting and the ancient palaces are bright with the Stars and Stripes, and even the boats in the harbor are decked with "Old Glory." Towering arches, generally of bamboo, are erected in the streets and strung with flags and portraits of our national heroes. In the smaller Philippine towns, where flags cannot be had, these arches are often made of cotton cloth and decorated with wreaths and suitable inscriptions.

The Filipinos have also adopted a great many of the amusements that used to mark the Fourth in our old New England towns. Climbing a greased pole in the public square is almost always a feature of Independence Day in Manila. And besides these, there are various athletic games instituted by our soldiers, and usually participated in by the younger Spaniards and natives. The evening of the Fourth always sees a band-concert on the Luneta, and the day ends as with us, with fireworks.—July Woman's Home Companion.

The Fate of Elliott and His Men at the Battle of the Washita.

"The fate of Elliott's detachment remained a mystery," writes Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, in his article on frontier warfare, in the July Pearson's. "His comrades hoped that he had escaped, but as the days passed and he did not return to the regiment, and as nothing was heard from him,

Your Heart.

When Your Heart Fails to Pump Your Blood, Trouble Results.

Have you heart trouble? You have, if you find it hard to breathe after walking up stairs, exercising, etc. If you have pain in your left side, in chest, back or shoulder. If you suffer from cold extremities, pale face, blue lips, dry cough, swollen ankles. If you have fainting spells, breast pang, palpitation, redness of the face, discomfort in sleeping on one side. The only scientific treatment for this whole train of troubles is Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is the prescription of a famous specialist, whose great success in treating obstinate nervous heart disease has made his name pre-eminent in the medical and scientific world. The medicine will cure you. We know it. We want you to prove it. If first bottle does not benefit, your druggist will give you back your money.

"I have for several years suffered at times with heart trouble. I got so bad I could not sleep half the night, and had to sit up on the side of the bed lots of times to get breath. Three of my brothers have died of heart trouble, and I thought I was going the same way, but about two and a half years ago I got a pamphlet about Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and thought I would try a few bottles. After using them I recovered, and have had better health since then than before for several years. I can heartily recommend them for heart trouble."—REV. JERRY HURT, Pastor Baptist Church, Hurt, Kans.

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they abandoned hope in despair. This was not by any means the end of the campaigning, and some time after, Custer and his men again, this time heavily reinforced, marched up the valley of the Washita. A short distance from the place where Black Kettle had been annihilated they found the remains of Elliott and his men. The evidence of the field and what was learned from Indian captives told the sad story.

Pursuing the fleeing Indians, Elliott and his party suddenly ran into the midst of a horde of braves coming down the valley to help Black Kettle and the men who had been engaged with Custer. To fly was impossible. They dismounted from their horses, formed themselves in a semi-circle a few feet in diameter, stood back to back, as it were, and fought until they died.

The last survivor of that gallant little band had been Sergeant-Major Kennedy, the finest soldier in the regiment. He was not wounded, it appeared, but had expended all his ammunition for both rifle and revolver. Being an officer he wore a sword. Seeing him, as they supposed, helpless, the Indians resolved to take him alive for the purpose of torturing him. Kennedy stood alone in the midst of the dead bodies of his comrades, fronting death, sword in hand, surrounded by that savage, ravening assemblage. With wily treachery the Indians made peace signs and walked toward him with hands outstretched, saying "How! How!" Kennedy, who knew the true value of such proceedings, waited until the chief of the band approached him nearly, then thrust his sword up to its hilt into the Indian's breast. When they found Kennedy he had been pierced by no fewer than twenty bullets.



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