

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.



THE SPHINX AND HIS SACK.

Parker has been named by the Democrats, and for his running mate they selected "old moneybags," Davis, over three-quarters of a century of age, and far beyond the stage of usefulness to himself or anyone else.

Parker represents dodging Democracy. Davis has his fortune, founded by slave-herding, and amassed by dealing with oil and coal in the states west of the Alleghany. Parker, the sphinx, and Davis, the aristocrat, is about the way the dish sizes up.

Compare the two tickets, to say nothing of the two platforms, for the best said of the Democratic platform the better for that elusive and vote-mandering party.

Roosevelt, the idea of positiveness and activity. Parker, the soul of silence and meekness. Roosevelt nominated without the assistance of a manager or the interference of a boss. Parker forced upon Democracy by such men as Hill, Sheehan, Murphy and Belmont.

The voters of the country will make their comparisons between now and November, and their conclusions will be detrimental to Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

LET US BE CONSISTENT.

Concord, New Hampshire is having a Sunday closing movement. The Daily Patriot of that city discusses the various phases of the situation and owing to the movement now on in Salem its remarks are interesting. This is what it says:

An effort is being made to close on Sunday, the fruit stands and candy stores in which ice cream, cool drinks, cigars, etc., are being sold. For this a petition, addressed to the mayor, was being circulated on the street yesterday.

Whether a sufficient number signed it to induce His Honor to act, we don't know, but before acting favorably on the petition it would be just as well to inquire into the matter fully and ascertain what are the rights of the parties affected, and what the wrongs that such action will impose.

If the petition asked that all places selling ice cream and cool drinks, cigars and candy, were to be closed, very few would protest; but to compel some to shut their doors while allowing others to keep open, is a palpable wrong to the one and a securing to the other more than the latter have any right to look for or expect.

If the laws are to be enforced, let's enforce them. If to sell candy over a candy store counter is wrong, does selling it over a drug store counter make it right?

By what process of reasoning can one conclude that a cigar sold in one store on the Sabbath is justified, while the same brand of cigar, sold out of the same kind of box, in a like kind of case, in a different kind of store, in the same block is a violation of the legal and moral code?

Do you say that it is all right to sell ice cream and lemonade and cigars but that the wrong lies in the sale of candy or a banana?

Some like a cigar, others like a cool drink and there are still others who prefer to choose a pound of candy. There are those who would prefer a grape fruit or an orange to any of these things and what have this latter class done to incur the displeasure of the men in authority, and why should they be discriminated against?

Is not the one, on the average, as good a citizen as the other and is he not equally entitled to have his wishes consulted?

If we are to go back to the Blue Law code and time, let us be consistent. Let us all go back together. Put a padlock on every door but the church; stop the street cars and the steam trains; close the park gates; fasten the barn doors and boat houses and store the golf clubs in the attic.

PLAIN TOM SMITH.

Thomas J. Smith, marshal of Abilene, 1870. Died a martyr to duty, November 2, 1870. A fearless hero of frontier days who, in cowboy chase, established the supremacy of law.

That is the inscription on a monument dedicated at Abilene, Kan., the other day, and it tells the story of plain Tom Smith.

Out of chaos, in less than a year, Tom Smith created law and order in Abilene.

It was a big undertaking back in 1870—the days of the big herds of cattle. In that time the chief diversion of the cowboy was in "shooting up the town."

The community was cowed. When Tom Smith came on from New York to be town marshal, he understood tary.

that he could hope for little help from the citizens, nor did he ask it. He was one man against all the rest, and he did not put his hope in posers.

At the first he was compelled to shoot a few cowboys as a guaranty of good faith, but he did not aim to kill them. He was simply making an impression on their minds. It was his way of convincing them that he was the conservator of the public peace in that locality—that he was no joke.

After a few weeks there was a proper understanding. Tough characters disappeared. When the cowpunchers came to town they left their guns with Tom Smith, who gave them back when they had recovered from a spree. Tom always treated them "square."

Finally, after he had made a quiet town of Abilene, he was killed while trying to arrest a murderer. He died with his boots on—and his marshal's star.

Said the orator at the unveiling of Tom Smith's monument:

"Somewhere, somehow, had been planted deep in his soul a strong sense of plain justice, a grave regard for the law, and for the rights of others, and a sturdy discharge of official duty."

And that is eulogy enough for any man.

Comment: The day of need for the plain justice-loving, peace-enforcing, law-regarding Tom Smiths is not past. The cowboys no longer shoot up the town. But there are others.

BOOKS AND KNOWLEDGE.

Many very good people are of the mistaken opinion that only thorough study of books can wisdom be learned.

Few of the world's great leaders have been book worms.

Reading broadens the power of comparison and extends the circle of our acquaintance.

Reading makes us the fireside friends of authors,—great men and great women.

Just as one only learns to make shoes by making them, one becomes wise by striving after wisdom.

Wisdom is the logical result of experience and thinking, the solving of problems, the personal reaching out after right conclusions.

We learn what fire is by coming in contact with it and not through books; books can never tell.

The blind can never know the real beauty of a flower, or what light and darkness mean.

The deaf man may read and read, but the divinity of music will never be appreciated by him.

Only those who have suffered can sympathize with those in pain.

If you have never loved the story of love will know to the unknown add to our stock of worldly wisdom.

The architectural design is not the structure, it is but the chart which the workman follows and as such are books; they point the way.

All progress is from within not from without.

We can learn much; we can be taught but little.

Knowledge is a development not a cramming process.

As there can be no life without life, there can be no material knowledge without knowledge,—experience, thought, and these cannot be gotten out of books.

COCHRAN CHANGED DIET.

Bourke Cochran the New York politician has sent out a communication dated at Indianapolis explaining why he declined to address the national Democratic convention. He says that he left St. Louis at noon on Saturday because he didn't want to be in the convention when the vice-presidential nomination was reached.

At that time he could not make a speech and says truthfully that Parker had no chance as the platform stood. When at Indianapolis he was advised of Parker's telegram on the gold plank, and the whole situation changed. He ordered a special train and hastened back to St. Louis, feeling free to tell the delegates if he was invited to speak that Parker would be overwhelmingly elected.

Cochran's train arrived at St. Louis at 4 o'clock in the morning after the convention had completed its work. The Indiana diet probably made him "see things" hence his dream about Parker's election.

Meets in Greensboro.

Greensboro, N. C., July 12.—The North Carolina Veterinary Medical association began its annual meeting here today in conjunction with a meeting of the board of examiners to examine applicants for license to practice veterinary medicine. The officers in charge of the meeting are: Dr. J. W. Petty, Greensboro, president, and Dr. T. B. Carroll, Wilmington, secretary.

X-RADIUMS

The dry season is thought to effect even the saloon men.

Even Salem has refused to resurrect the blue laws of old.

Baseball players, like some other people, seem to have more fun than money.

Of course, all the Democrats are for Parker and his octogenarian running mate.

Wide-awake Salem people will want to hear Col. Tom Richardson at the city hall tonight.

At last it comes to the worst. The editor of this paper is accused of being rich. Murder will out.

The principal purpose of the St. Louis convention was to give Bryan hot air. And that was all they had for him.

Only one editor to look after all the girls at the bay.—Albany Democrat. But he is an old hand at the business.

They couldn't run that Democratic convention without a newspaper man to preside, and Champ Clark was equal to the occasion.

It is funny how an American workman loses his hearing in the presence of calamity shouters as soon as he opens a bank account.

The only "idea" that is attracting attention out in Iowa just now is that the Republican majority in November shall be a record breaker.

A fellow tackled a Salemite recently to buy stock in a rubber-producing syndicate in Mexico. The only reply he got was "Rubber."

Farmers in the Mississippi valley want 500,000 men to help them harvest their crops. There is never any shortage of available help when the Democrats are in power.

Prices are again tending toward the normal level; there is work for every man at good wages, with a margin for saving, and prosperity for all legitimate industries. Stand pat.

Reports from the commercial agencies show that there has been marked revival of business all along the line in the last two weeks. Every report of this kind is an additional note in the Democratic eulogy of grief.

That puffy old military peacock, General Nelson A. Miles, could not keep away from the Democratic convention. He blows in on all such occasions for parade like big blue-bottle fly around a country meat market.

We are now promised that the Democratic party is to be made a "compact, fighting organization," but no victory was ever won by an army whose leaders skulked in their tents or carried knives for use upon each other.

When the Democratic orator proposes to have reciprocity in competitive products, ask him when American industry he proposes to injure in the process and he will probably reply, a la Hancock, that "the tariff is a local issue."

The Rocky Point farmers will meet Saturday night to again "fix the price of their grain." This combination of horny-handed manipulators is apt to keep up its pooling process until its members are classed with J. J. Hill, Pierpont Morgan, et al.

Eight years ago the Democratic candidate for President declared that tolling humanity was crushed under "a cross of gold." Statistics show that "tolling humanity" has piled up a little matter of \$2,500,000,000 in gold money in the country's savings banks.

The Republican party seeks the vote of the farmer because it has furnished him better markets and better prices for his products than ever before. The Democratic party never expects the farmer's vote except when he has been ravaged by drought and the church bug.

In reply to the Democratic expressions of fear of imperialism the Republican administration points to public that have been added to the world's map and two notable contributions to the cause of human advancement that have been made under the sponsorship of President Roosevelt and a loyal congress.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers Club.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

TRAIN CREW HELD UP

Corvallis and Eastern Employees Compelled to Eat Ice Cream and Cake

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Newport, July 11.—The tides are now right for gathering clams and rock oysters before breakfast, and for surf-bathing before noon. The first flights of pigeons afforded some shooting on the high ridges. Crabs and fish in the bay are ripe, and berries are abundant.

The Corvallis and Eastern train was held up at a wild canyon called Morrison's Monday evening. All the crew was ordered off, from Engineer Casteel to News Agent Fronk, and compelled to go into the Morrison store. The holdup was carefully planned, and perfectly executed by the ladies of that neighborhood, who ordered the train crew, consisting of Conductor Hofflein, brakeman Chauncey Trap, Mail Clerk Litchfield and Fireman Bob Moore, to dismount and hold up their hands while they spread before their astounded eyes all the ice cream, cake and lemonade they could get away with.

Mrs. Allen B. Crossman and family, Mrs. Dent and family, Mrs. M. O. Potter and family, of Portland, are at the Bay View cottages in Olsson's addition.

Ed. Seidler has doubled the capacity of his bath house at Nye Creek, and all his arrangements for surf-bathing are very complete, and he is as genial as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Calvert are nicely settled in a cottage on the hill above Newport. Mark Skiff, Jr., and Gerald Kneaves have a 50-foot sand bank to play in, and besides nearly walk Grandpa Calvert's legs off on the beach.

Saturday we scored a good catch of cod, hump and flounders in the bay. Saturday and Sunday excursion brought large crowds to Newport. Many remained over, as the return boat had not nearly so many as came in.

Judge J. C. Moreland, of Portland, and Col. Ed. Strong, of Albany, attended lodge installation Saturday night at Toledo, and spent the night on a madcat, where their electric launch was hung up by Fred Weatherford at the helm.

Caesar Hayter, of Dallas, and Judge Hewitt, of Albany, were over here Sunday, preparatory to attending court at Toledo.

Judge Stephen Chadwick, of Colfax, has been here several days, and will bring his family in short time.

Russell Wyatt still disputes the honors with Sea Lion Charley of being king of the surf.

Circuit Judge Hamilton and son were over here Sunday. He holds a term of court this week at Toledo. He

carried each county in his district at the recent election, though they were all Republican, and he was a Democrat. Judge Hamilton has been over the district for 14 years, and knows a majority of the people personally, and the rest know him.

Banker J. W. Cusick, of Albany, was here for a few days this week, making arrangements to bring Mrs. Cusick over.

District Attorney Brown, of Roseburg, was here over Sunday, and is holding court this week at Toledo. He calls a grand jury once a year in each county of his district.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Irvin are entertaining a large number of Salem people at their Nye Creek hotel. The following are guests or registered there the past week: Thos. Madison, Minnesota; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hopkins, Eugene; Mrs. A. L. Kennedy, Corvallis; Misses Clara and Iva J. Briggs, Battle Creek, Mich.; and Mrs. Albert Brownell, Miss Dorothy Brownell, Miss Snella Allen, Miss Mabel Cockrell, Miss Caroline Burton, Miss Pearl Stratton, Miss Elsie Conner, Albany; Miss Ida Christensen, Miss Marie Christensen, Junction; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Koehler, Scholls; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gibbs, maid and child, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Lindsley, Hoyt Lindsley Brown, Mrs. S. Walters and Margaret and Ethel V. Walters, Mrs. General A. Hardy, Mrs. Robert Berger, Portland; Mrs. A. Wolff and Miss Wolff, Silverton; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Browning, Springfield; J. J. Parker, Walla Walla; Mr. and Mrs. L. Walker, Aumsville; John Black, B. Black and Miss Maggie Black, McMinnville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobsen are proving popular entertainers at old Bay View house and are playing to full houses.

Mr. and Mrs. Gid Stolz are registered at the Sea View.

The Salem colony is growing daily.

E. HOFER.

Shriners Invade Atlantic City.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 12.—Conspicuous among the throngs seen on the board walk and about the hotels of this resort today were scores of men of prosperous appearance and distinguished from the others in the crowd by the bright red fezzes that crowned their heads and afforded little protection to the burning sun. These visitors formed the advance guard of the host of pilgrims that

are converging on Atlantic City for the annual meeting of the Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, which is to begin its sessions tomorrow. It will be the 30th annual meeting of the ancient and Arabic order, and from all indications it will be one of the most successful ever held.

The faithful will attend in large numbers from all of the eastern states and good-sized parties are also on their way from Texas, Colorado, California, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and other states. There is considerable business to be transacted during the three days of the meeting, but the programme has been so arranged as to leave ample time for the delegates and their ladies to enjoy the pleasures of the seashore.

Mrs. M. C. Prior, of Woodland, California, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Baker, and will remain until the hottest weather is over at Woodburn.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

How To Find Out. Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

Great Clothing

Sale Now on. Reduced Prices on all Gents

Furnishing Goods

Having purchased the Adolph Clothing store, 295 Commercial street, we will proceed to dispose of the same, at reduced prices. OUR REGULAR STORE, 302 Commercial street, will continue to sell DRY-GOODS and MILLINERY, giving the best values in this city.

ROSTEIN & GREENBAUM

2 Stores—295 and 302 Commercial street, almost opposite each other.



\$67.50 To St. Louis and Return

June 15, 17, 19, July 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, September 5, 7, 9, October 1, 3, 5.

Return limit, ninety days.

The Rock Island System offers two routes to the World's Fair City—via St. Paul, Minneapolis, and through scenic Colorado. No change of cars, Ogden to St. Louis and St. Paul to St. Louis.

Rock Island System

Full information on request. Call or write.

A. H. McDONALD, General Ag't, 140 3rd Street, cor. Alder Street, Portland, Ore.