

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.



OFFICIAL CENSUS SALEM, MAY, 1904, 13,287.

FROM "OUR FATHERS' FRIENDS"

(In Stockbridge, Mass., may be seen a memorial monument, set on a tree-shaded knoll overlooking a beautiful reach of meadow. It bears the inscription: "The ancient burial place of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers.")

Here, in this pleasant meadow-place, By trees o'erhung and with the breath Of summer fragrant, for a space I linger, to recall the death

Of the red men of yore, whose worth Is here recorded; they were friends Unto our fathers, and their earth Is honored thus; their memory blends

Benignant with the tales of years When red and white lived brotherly; From tokenings of blood and tears These cool, gray stones seem strangely free.

What word, what deed, made peace prevail? Why did they share the ancient goal Of wood and sky and river dale, Sealing a pact of brotherhood?

The elms, o'erarching, answer naught, But still the scene compels the gaze; Beneath this shaft, in kindness wrought, Rest the red friends of older days. —Richard Burton, in the November Atlantic.

NO POWER ABOVE THE STATE.

Those who love to spring newspaper contentions are saying because Chemawa precinct went dry the state fair will lose its license.

There is excitement and agitation over the vote of that precinct changing a state law and overthrowing the constitution and cutting off the royal privilege of the commonwealth to sell booze.

Just as if the precinct or the county had jurisdiction over the sovereign state of Oregon!

The right of Chemawa precinct to shut out saloons is undeniable, under the local option law, and was a wise act on the part of the people.

There should be no saloon located in the same precinct with a government school for the education of the Indians.

But the theory that the vote of the people of Chemawa precinct is in any sense a law unto the great state of Oregon, or that they have a right to interfere with its prerogatives or royal revenues is rot.

THE GREAT NEED.

An English naval cadet who, on his training ship, took 11 first prizes, and in the first examination obtained 97 and 6.10 per cent., was rejected at the examination on account of a small defect in one little toe.

And during the progress of the Boer war, when the cream of Canada's manhood was offering itself for active service in South Africa, one splendid fellow was rejected because of a defect in one tooth. In his anger he exclaimed: "I didn't know you wanted us to cut the Boer as well as kill them," and his wit gained the day, for he went gunning in spite of his decayed tooth.

To the casual reader both these instances seem absurd, but they contain

a great truth which may not be overlooked in the race for success.

Cecil Rhodes, with his broad mind, insisted upon the truth in his scheme for distributing scholarships. The receipts were to be sound of body as well as mind.

"The world wants men and women of fair proportion, not of over-developed brain power or cart-horse muscles, but men and women in the true sense of the term, with sound minds in healthy bodies, able to take their places in their respective spheres by reason of their own inherent manhood and womanhood.

Business men are not looking specially for concentrated essence of brain, but for plain "commonsense,"—that most uncommon attribute of the human family: managers of prize rings may be hunting for muscle, but even the finest developed prize fighters in a few years, come to be just plain saloon keepers.

Have an eye single, a brain clear, body supple, mind tender and sympathetic, the little you know well known, and you will command your price and make your stand squarely. Lack due proportion, and you become just a crank, and the world will have precious little use for you.

FINANCIAL SCHEMES.

Portland seems to be the home at present of a multiplicity of financial schemes to rob the people.

There are insurance schemes, saving schemes, financing schemes to lend you money without interest.

All are to be classed as specious plans to get hold of other people's money.

People will part with their money to strangers, and will send it away from home in hope of immoderate speculative gains.

The good book says, "the poor you have always with you." This means those of poor judgment, of poor intelligence.

Those who will entrust their earthly belongings to the hands of strangers, even if alleged financiers, deserve little sympathy.

SENSELESS SPEED.

At a cost of two men killed, two wounded and the rights of 150,000 people shamelessly outraged, a Paris manufacturer of death-engines has demonstrated that an automobile can be run 52 miles an hour over roads never intended for that purpose.

To that end the Long Island race was pronounced a success. In every other respect it was only an exhibition of degenerate recklessness that ought to be made criminal.

The course was covered only by the most desperate driving, with fatal and destructive results. If this is to be the future of the automobile, it would be well to make the future brief.

There are no highways suitable for such speed. None can be constructed upon which such speed will be safe.

The automobile is not a necessity. It is destined to become such, but only under conditions of sanity and safety. The effect of speed-madness must be to increase popular antagonism to the automobile as a dangerous intruder upon roads built for common use.

The yacht race develops new principles in all shipbuilding. The horse race develops the higher breeding of all horses. But the automobile race introduces no new principle in mechanics and leads to nothing but a reckless disregard of public rights on all highways.

The young donor of the Vanderbilt cup pronounces the race a "success." In definition of the word he says:

"It has shown most convincingly what motor car is capable of of making the fastest time over 300 miles and has illustrated the use of the automobile. If anyone is considering

the purchase of an auto this race should be a great aid to him in selecting his machine."

If the killing of two people, the injuring of two others and the outraging of the rights of the public has "illustrated the use of the automobile," in the mind of the chief automobilist of this country, it is high time that his misunderstanding be corrected. If people are to be aided by this race in the selection of their automobiles, it is necessary that the public either vacate the highways entirely or provide stringent means of protection.

The motor vehicles which are to come to stay and do our work and serve our pleasure are not these tremendous machines, but another class altogether.

It is to be hoped that this is the last motor race to be held in this country. If the useless speed of rival machines must be tested, or the dare-devil recklessness of chauffeurs, it should be on private tracks. Such speed has no place on the highways, either for races or any other purposes.

A PROSE SONG OF HEALTH.

Is the world growing better? Yes, slowly, says an exchange.

That there is plenty of evil in the world none will deny. It is exploited for all it is worth as "news." And yet every day some evil dies. And every day there is added to the world's stock of goodness other goodness.

Broadly speaking— There are more kind deeds and more helping hands than ever before. And there is wider opportunities for good.

This earth becomes every day a decenter place to live in. As never before man is subduing the earth. Where once stretched the desert now blooms the rose. The Open Door is more than a trade opportunity. Humanity everywhere is getting a chance.

Wars?

Yes, but beside the caisson is the ambulance of the Red Cross. And the world over the best and the wisest are holding up imploring hands for arbitration and for peace. For the first time in history war is being reckoned as a crime.

Outrages?

Yes, plenty of them. Lipless labor has its oppressor. The white breast of womanhood still bears the scars of centuries. Baehus still rules his helpless victims. And across the sea helpless Armenia agonizes and her children perish on the wintry mountains and the nations are silent.

Yes, yes, these and a thousand others. But wisdom will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. And the wounded will find their good Samaritans. Sympathy is no longer cramped to relieve. And fear departs as faith comes in. And haste grows weaker as love grows stronger.

The world is growing better. Slowly.

X-RAYS

More brite and fare.

Parents should not allow their daughters to walk the streets late at night without attendants. Some times the attendants are worse than no attendants.

Two old tribes are about extinct, according to the best information at hand, namely the Indians and the Democrats. The law of the survival cuts some queer pranks.

A Salem girl says she is not an invalid, although there are half a dozen young "gallants" waiting on her, and her mother also waits—for her to get up in the morning.

Brown autumn days, cool breezes gushing. Little tanned leaves, sad, sombre and blushing. Nature is resting, free from all care, Peaceful and happy, glad, gay and fair.

The Oregonian could not have had any particular esteemed contemporary in mind in its reference to contributing editorials.

The Oregonian insinuates that The Journal editor is different from other editors. If it were not for the practice being forbidden to good Christians, we would be tempted to say: "We thank thee Lord that we are not as other men are."

The Oregonian editor suggests that The Journal editor is different from the rest of the profession. When Susan B. Anthony told Henry Ward Beecher women were just like men only they were different, Beecher said he thanked God for the difference.

Of course, there is no immorality in the city making its streets out of soft river material that in a few months is hauled off to fill low grounds, and grade up streets that save thousands of dollars for wealthy property owners. The rest pay for it and get mud for streets.

JOURNAL OPEN FORUM

Correspondents need not sign names to communication in good faith, and not personal, and of local interest.

Wants Open Saloons.

Ed. Journal: Now that the battle is over, let me suggest something to both the conquerors and the vanquished. But first the Prohi folks must not think that all who voted against them yesterday are in favor of the saloon. One of the theological cannons turned loose at the Methodist barbeque last Sunday night said that the result would be celebrated either by the church and the prayer meeting, or the saloon and the brothel. There is some objection to this also, since out of the 800 majority there certainly must be several hundred who belong to some of our churches. And we would be slow to accuse them of joining in with the saloon and dive elements and helping celebrate, under most occasions. A number of church members were very conspicuous last night with their tin horn and rooster in their hat. The statement that we are against the church because we voted against prohibition as presented to the voters yesterday, is a serious mistake. To divide the ground between prayer meeting and brothels does not do many of our citizens justice. To fire the Republicans out of an office they have barely got into, for the results of four years' Citizens administration, is hardly fair either, although this was threatened, too.

Now that the issue has been met, let us open up another. Let the ministers and church members (not through Captain Mahoney this time) get together and frame a city ordinance, the purport and intent of which is this: Recognize the majority in favor of the saloon, the licensing of the same, and the selling of liquors, we demand as a reasonable restriction upon the traffic that all saloons be compelled by city ordinance to take down and remove all blinds, painted windows, screens, and doors for the purpose of screening trade, and that the business shall be conducted like any other store, with open fronts, so that any one passing the saloon can look in and see who is in there, and what they are doing. Have all boxes removed. In Ashland, where the Draw campaign force got much of its material for its lost cause, this law was made, but the saloonkeepers went into the grocery business and placed a partition across the middle of the room, and had canned oysters in the front and a bar behind the partition, and out of sight of passersby. We must nip this scheme to dodge the law by declaring that this shall not be done. The moment you take down those screens, nine-tenths of the devilry attributed to the saloons will be stopped. The blind gives fools the opportunity to be themselves, and the sane and moderate patrons are branded because caught in the company. Nobody is going into a place where he is easily seen by people on the sidewalk through big windows and act like a supercilious idiot, waiting for someone to touch the match. Many of the so-called cases of drunkenness are either sham or cases where the imbibor has so little brain that it only takes a "smell" to make him drunk. It is common knowledge, with practical folks, that many fellows represent themselves to be drunk for various reasons. A good swift land on their solar plexus or a big boot which will tie their backbone into a double knot between their shoulders, will, in many cases, produce a very sober man. It is the protecting shade which suggests to the weak-minded the opportunity of being foolish, without being seen. If you allow the grocery to sell whisky in the back room, this law enforcing the removal of screens will be useless, but if you will compel obedience to this law it will do more for our young, dear, innocent boys who are on the road to hellitydam, than a victory for the Prohi yesterday. Business will drop off with the saloons the minute they have to keep an open house. Since the good people in Salem can't have prohibition straight, why not get together and put into effect an ordinance which will sweep away everything but the license. Without the business the license must stop. Here is a remedy. Let us see how low badly the good ones want it.

WISE PARENT.

Spoke in Toledo. Toledo Reporter: Col. E. Hofer, editor of the Daily Capital Journal, delivered an impressive address on Monday night last at the court house in Toledo. His subject was Roosevelt and Parker, pro and con, and he handled the subject in a masterful way from a Roosevelt standpoint. Mr. Hofer has many friends in this county who appreciate the interest he takes in this county, financially, and otherwise. At various times he

has written up our beautiful country, its vast resources, and we feel assured that he stands ready to do so again. There was a fair attendance to hear Mr. Hofer speak, and what they lacked in number they made up in enthusiasm.

Not a Sick Day Since.

"I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney troubles and General Debility." This is what B. F. Bass, of Fremont, N. C., writes. Only 50c at J. C. Perry's drug store.

Lincoln County Citizens.

The following homesteaders visited Toledo and incidentally assisted in settling the question of "wet or dry": Ben Clelen, C. S. Sullivan, Oscar Zeiss, D. C. Byland, Leslie Parmer, Chas. Medicine, Neil Sullivan, F. M. Brown, Douglas Minto, Joseph A. Bernardi and A. H. Steiner. These gentlemen when absent from their Siletz homes visit at Portland, Salem and Albany.—Toledo Reporter.

Y. M. C. A. NIGHT SCHOOL

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