

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.

OFFICIAL CENSUS SALEM.
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REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

For Mayor, F. W. Waters.
For Recorder, W. A. Moores.
For Marshal, Thos. E. Cornelius.
For Treasurer, Frank Meredith.

Aldermen.

First Ward—H. A. Johnson.
Second Ward—Clair A. Baker.
Third Ward—Paul Wallace.
Fourth Ward—J. C. Goodale, Jr.
Fifth Ward—O. A. H. Fisher.
Sixth Ward—John Knight.
Seventh Ward—Lee Acheson.
Election December 5th.

ON MAKING BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

(Nathan M. Levy, in Leslie's Monthly Magazine for December.)

A volume on psychology,
And two or three on liquid air,
The many phases of the sea,
The aspects that the planets wear
By busy authors are laid bare;
Some write upon the social trend,
And how the poorer classes fare—
Of making books there is no end.The scientists work busily,
The poets give us quite a scare
They rhyme with such facility,
The fiction writers do not care
If we, long suffering, declare
Their works no great enchantment lend
We have to stand a certain share—
Of making books there is no end.

Envoy.

Prince, when the subjects grow quite rare,
This project then they recommend:
"About a book a book prepare!"
Of making books there is no end.

A YOUNG MEN'S CITY.

Salem has a bright and hopeful future because there are several generations of bright and active young men in the front ranks here.

No city in the state can boast of so many men in the twenties and thirties in public office and in active careers of business and professional life.

Both political parties have placed many of their younger men in the front in city, county and state affairs.

They are prominent and successful in the courts, the ministry, the newspapers and the commercial circles.

Salem is distinctively a young man's town—clean and able young men, with a large share of practical common sense.

The young men can be counted on to a man to fight for good government, good schools, good roads and good streets and greater Salem.

WHAT PAVING DOES FOR A TOWN.

Less than ten years ago Eureka, Cal., was a town half the size of Salem. There was not a block of first-class paved street in the town.

In the past ten years that place has awakened to the benefit of pavements, and today has miles of it, and is a city of forty thousand.

Streets are graded and paved miles long, and reaching into the suburbs, and the city is growing at a phenomenal rate.

It will never stop growing and property will never stop growing in value. Paving was accomplished against the traditional mossback spirit.

Nothing but paving and other public improvements will make Salem a live, growing progressive town. Those who are satisfied with cow pasture conditions will oppose paving in any form.

In Eureka the younger generation took hold and started paving streets, and the work has never stopped.

Paving and public improvements is the life of a town—the lungs—the blood, the town is a dead one-lunged, or no-lunged affair without.

Portland is spending this year two million dollars on street paving and public improvements, without the fair. Portland is alive.

Like a great magnet drawing the steel filings away from a smaller magnet, Portland is drawing the population away from Salem.

Why? Because we are spending nothing to keep people here. All kinds of people are leaving us to go to Portland to live.

The example of Eureka, Cal., can be duplicated dozens of times. The live growing cities of today are paving their streets and growing.

Public improvements means that the richest and most profitable real estate

shall pay its share toward the development of the community.

It means that dead and unimproved property shall be compelled to contribute to the benefit of the whole community, and that same property will itself derive the greatest benefit.

VOTE A NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

The school meeting Friday evening should have a large attendance of the progressive citizens and friends of the public schools.

The directors will submit the annual financial report, and make their recommendations for the future.

It can be said without flattery that Salem has a model board of education, and that they have managed the finances well.

The time has come to erect a new school house, and the board will ask authority to construct a building, and select a site for it.

There should be a general discussion of these matters, and the citizens should inform themselves of the details of conditions.

The directors are solely responsible to the electors. But they are only five men, and must derive all their power from the people.

The humblest citizen should feel free to come out at the meeting Friday evening, and make suggestions for the good of the schools.

TOM CORNELIUS' RECORD.

The Republican candidate for city marshal is objected to by some on the ground that he is not a lifelong resident of this city.

His father, Jesse Cornelius, was one of that historic family that came here in 1845, and the Republican candidate was born in this state.

He has resided in Salem for seven years, ever since the death of his father, and his life has been one of constant industry.

He has sent two of his daughters through the Salem schools, and two have completed courses in Willamette University.

He has one daughter married at Salem and has lived in the third ward and voted in the third ward at every state and county election.

He has not mixed up very much in Salem city politics, and that is nothing to his discredit. He filled the position of second warden at the state prison, a difficult place to fill, and the men under both administrations who worked with him are his friends.

INCREASE OF CRIME.

Now comes the announcement that the criminal records show a vast increase in crime during the last twenty years. Murders and homicides have multiplied at an alarming rate and far surpass any former period. This is only true of the United States, and as compared with foreign countries, gives some food for reflection.

The people of this country point with pride to their churches and schools, and look upon Europe as semi-civilized, at least our Puritanic leaders would lead us to believe that crimes and infractions of the laws were winked at and countenanced in those countries, but the statistics prepared carefully show that the opposite is true.

The cause is not plain why murders are more frequent than at any time, except during the year of 1896, when they reached the high water mark, unless it is the unrest of the rising generation to break away from the farm and to enter the faster and more alluring life in the large cities. Disappointments come in the large places, the boy of the small town or country finds himself out of employment and turns robber, footpad, burglar or murderer, in quest of a quick fortune.

This accounts for some of the crimes, but does not explain away the abnormal increase, which is far and above the natural increase in population.

The laxity of the police officials and officers in the large cities is one of the principal reasons, it is believed. Murder after murder is committed and the guilty men escape. Others take courage at this condition and apparent helplessness of the peace officials and they allow their cravings and passions to turn their heads.

Only a few months ago the city of New York was shocked by a suicide or murder committed in a cab in the downtown section, and today the trial of a woman is dragging along, with chances against her conviction. Whether she is guilty rests on a slender thread of circumstantial evidence and a jury will likely hesitate before they send her to electric chair or to the penitentiary for life. The police have worked but they have failed to fasten the chain in a way that would insure a speedy conviction.

A few weeks ago the members of the Weber family were killed and their home burned in California. One son

was arrested for the heinous crime, but the officials are taking their time and the guilty party may die of old age before he is apprehended and punished.

This slowness of the officials would not be tolerated for a single moment in England, Germany or hardly any other European country. Very few murderers go unpunished in Europe, and the punishment is swift.

The laxity and slowness of the American officers is due to several things. They are elected without regard to capability or adaptability for the duties of the offices and merely to fill some political pledge or pay an old debt. The politician picks out a man and he goes in with a rush. Then he is secure for a period of years and employs deputies and underlings with strings on them. When murders and crimes are committed they are at sea for a clue and the foxy criminal makes good his escape.

Official floundering is more to blame for the increase of crime than any one other thing and more perhaps than all the rest of the causes combined. A new system is needed and men occupying such places should be specially fitted for their duties.

LOST GOODS.

Here is some new old law as applied in New York. The story appears as a news item and has attracted considerable attention. There is so much stuff left on the sidewalks by merchants, and left there unguarded, that to them, the opinion of this New York judge may mean something.

From the merchants' viewpoint at first flash it would seem unjust, but clearer consideration would incline one to the thought that it was most just.

What right has a merchant more than any other to monopolize the sidewalk with his goods?

The walks, like the streets, belong to all of the people and to one just as much as to another.

If the right to monopolize a foot is given, the right to take 15 inches is inferred, and others take 18 inches and two feet.

If the law were that unguarded property on the sidewalk was lost property, in all probability the sidewalks would be reserved for the purposes for which they were intended. But here is the item:

Magistrate Whitman in the Jefferson Market court yesterday declared that property lying unguarded on the public street, whether it be in front of express offices or a store, was lost property. This decision was made when the magistrate discharged Herman Rosenberg, who was arraigned before him on a charge of having stolen a package containing a woman's handbag, from the sidewalk in front of one of the branch offices of the Adams Express company at 2 Great Jones street.

Rosenberg was arrested on Saturday on the complaint of John W. Hamann, the manager of the express office. The package which Rosenberg was charged with stealing was the only one on the sidewalk, and the defense which he offered was that he picked it up and attempted to carry it away on the presumption the package was lost property, and under the law he was entitled to it unless some one made a claim on it.

The representative of the express company said that that wasn't law, and contended the express company had a right to leave their goods in front of their offices.

"Under the laws of the state of New York you have absolutely no right," said Magistrate Whitman. "The legal presumption is that property lying unguarded on the public street is lost property, and the person finding it or picking it up is not under the law guilty of theft."

"Do you mean to say we haven't a right to leave our property in front of our offices?" said the astonished Hamann.

"You can leave it there," said the magistrate, "but you do so at your own risk."

LONG-RANGE WEATHER FORECASTS.

There are today in the United States as well as in other civilized countries, a few persons who make their living by publishing so-called long-range weather forecasts, based upon old theories which have no foundation, and which scientific men long ago rejected. We also find in almost every community some man who sets himself up as a weather prophet, and who prognosticates, year after year, hard winters, dry spells, and other calamities. Once in a great while he hits the mark, and then his "told you so" receives public acknowledgment; all his previous misses are forgotten, and great is his fame throughout the land.

These men may be conscientious in their belief, or veritable tricksters, it matters not which, and does not change the fact that their sayings and doings are an inheritance of the dark ages, when all the world was veiled in superstition and ignorance. This we know, for by tracing the mental progress of the human race we find that all savages today have their rain-

makers and their rainstoppers, and that the patriarchal tribes still believe that comets, eclipses and other unusual appearances forebode dire disaster. Also, anciently, the most civilized nations, such as the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks and Romans, had their soothsayers and oracles, who imposed upon a credulous public.

Latterly, the astrologers of the middle ages had a large following, and from the beginning of the 16th century up to the beginning of the 19th century they flooded Germany, France and Great Britain with almanacs containing prophecies of the weather, as well as prophecies regarding the minutest details of conduct in the daily lives of the people. These prophecies were the merest twaddle, but it took a long time after Copernicus had exploded the theory that our little world was the center of the universe before the belief in astrology received and check. Now it has so far disappeared that none, but artful plunderers and ignorant dupes give it the slightest countenance.

It is not so with the so-called long-range weather forecasters. Unfortunately, many people, and some of the less careful publishers, are apparently in ignorance of the true character of the work of these self-appointed prophets. We cannot account for the continued publication of their utterances in any other way.

Characterizing them as fakirs and impostors avails us little. The people themselves must decide as to the true worth of their work. Let those who have any interest in the matter carefully compare the published forecasts with the actual weather day by day, for in no other way will the utter worthlessness of the whole mischievous business be exposed.

"POOR STUDENTS."

So Harvard has "honored a poor student" by electing as president of the sophomore class a young man from Sioux City who is "working his way through."

Perhaps the "poor student" said, "The honor is all mine," but a large share of it must go to the boys who were manly enough and gentlemanly enough, to shatter all class election traditions by their actions.

The new president of sophomores seems to be just an ordinary, manly fellow, shining neither as a society nor athletic light. True, he has been on the football squad, but has played very little.

But he is a good waiter in more ways than one. He is defraying the expenses of his board by serving table in Randall Hall. To carry food day after day to a hungry crowd is not the most inspiring occupation, but it is work that has to be done, and with a lad o'parts, can be made to serve a purpose.

Perhaps one of the most difficult bits of daily discipline is to observe due respect to those who serve, whether in our office, our store or at table. Familiarity is apt to breed contempt,—that lowest of vices when directed against our fellow men.

That the boys of Harvard have done honor to themselves by giving office to one who had nothing but his own manliness to carry him through a difficult task is evident. All the world loves a fighter, and it takes a doughty champion to overcome the obstacles that lie in the path of a passage through a big university, unless the "almighty dollar" is present to unlock every door.

With regard to these great seats of learning,—Harvard, Yale, Oxford, Cambridge, we are apt to get into the way of thinking of them chiefly as the abodes of wealthy young men, whose only thought is of a good time and as little study as possible.

The other side of life,—the "poor student" side, is that which is real, terribly real, but the daily papers are so full of the doings of wealth, that there is left but little room in which to tell of the struggles of poverty.

Biographies and newspapers are greedy for the tales of the "early struggles" by which some man made his pile, but when that pile refuses to show above ground,—when the boy is eating the bitter bread of want, the most that he can hope to attain is a police news item, "Found starving."

Not that the world is actually unjust; the injustice would be in praising that which grows best in the soil of privacy,—manly self-help. Still, at times it does seem that a little of the enology given to dead men, a few of the better bestowed upon the living.

Incidentally,—to point a moral and adorn a tale, those of you who are burdened with a superfluous wealth, can lighten your own load and at the same time offer an incentive to honest effort by putting a little money into the many funds for helping poor students.

BUY THE OREGON CITY LOCKS.

There is probably a great big graft in the purchase of the Oregon City locks by the general government. The corporation that is doing business there with the river belonging to the great estate of Oregon has something to sell



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Potts tell their stories 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."

Suffering women should not fail to profit by Mrs. Brown's experiences; just as surely as she was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure other women who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration. Read the story of Mrs. Potts to all mothers:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—During the early part of my married life I was very delicate in health. I had two miscarriages, and both my husband and I felt very badly as we were anxious to have children. A neighbor who had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it, and I decided to do so. I soon felt that my appetite was increasing, the headaches gradually decreased and finally disappeared, and my general health improved. I felt as if new blood coursed through my veins, the sluggish tired feeling disappeared, and I became strong and well."

"Within a year after I became the mother of a strong healthy child, the joy of our home. You certainly have a splendid remedy, and wish every mother knew of it. Sincerely yours, Mrs. ANNA POTTS, 610 Park Ave., Hot Springs, Ark."

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female troubles—curing them inexpensively and absolutely. Remember this when you go to your druggist. Insist upon getting

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It don't want, and will part with it to the government at a good round figure, and keep all it has any use for. The syndicate will sell to the people some of their own water to float corporation steamboats through the locks at public expense, instead of paying their tolls. But this is a wonderful age, and there is very little done without a graft of some kind—except in this town of Salem, Oregon. The government probably better buy the locks before some bigger corporation, like the Harriman syndicate gets hold of them or hold of the government and buys the locks of itself with the people's money to save tolls on its own steamboats. The state or the federal government should own the locks along the rest of the river.

X-RAYS

Brite and fare.

The ideal Italian winter continues.

A holdup man sandbagged a Chicago grocer, but the latter just said "sugar" and escaped.

A Cincinnati judge has decided that a man has no right to "smack" his wife. Hereafter he will have to use a big stick.

The visitors at the New York horse show sometimes forgot themselves and called it by its real name—costume show.

The New Yorkers declare that if Bishop Potter does not stop defending his saloon, they will begin to feel suspicious that it very much needs a defense.

Ex-Mayor Ames of Minneapolis has cheated the penitentiary. It would be

a novelty to see a grafter wearing stripes.

So far this season the airships are doing well. But we haven't heard of anyone buying a thousand-mile ticket on them yet.

It is pretty tough for a country editor to get a picture postal card from his wife inviting him to meet her on the trail at the Lewis and Clark fair.

Frank Durbin wishes it understood that he did not make that bet on Jim Skipton, but merely took up a bet that was offered on the other side.

The city election will probably go as did the nation, the state, the county and the school district. This is not a good Democratic year.

Several good Democrats say they went to the direct primary, and will support the nominees, if they are Republicans. They prefer an open people's primary to a Democratic machine, and they are right.

The Journal will get out a fifteenth anniversary number, a crystal wedding number for New Years. As a good luck mascot for the coming year it is a good thing to get into.

State Senator Carter, of Jackson county, may become a candidate for state treasurer. He is an ideal man for the place.

Patton Bros. are leading as holiday advertisers. Their stock is being displayed. The lady clerks are in attendance. All is light and color. The brothers are among the best known men in the state. Hal D. does the political stunt. Cooks is the sleight-of-hand or tortainer. Together they are a strong team in business, socially and politically.

We hear that your hair is very sick

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. Sold, the world over, for 60 years. Lowell, Mass.