

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.



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

MEN WHO SHOULD BE LIBERAL.

Men who have made large sums of money by practices that are open to criticism should be the last to knock public improvements. They should jump at the chance to popularize themselves.

The single virtue of showing public spirit covers a multitude of sins and silences the tongues of multitudinous critics. And in all communities there those who need to do that.

If there are persons in a community who have had a hand in hoodling public revenues, in looting funds of husted firms or in grabbing public lands in violation of law, they should be willing to contribute freely of their means whenever there is an opportunity offered. They should be the last to object to public improvements of any description, as their practices have not been beneficial to the general public.

By a liberal policy that would benefit the community they might improve their questionable reputations, and thus make an atonement that would go a long way towards securing immunity from that general contempt which all feel toward the beneficiary of grafts and ill-gotten wealth.

It is probably useless to argue along such lines to those whose judgment has been warped by successful practices from which honest men naturally shrink.

If there are men who should be liberal it is those who by pernicious pursuit of the almighty dollar have amassed immense wealth, which they too often refuse to part with, except at the end of a surgical operation.

THE DIFFICULTY OF THE THING. It is to be regretted that the indictment for land frauds in Oregon have been made in a way that it will not be easy to convict, even those who may be guilty.

The slender basis of some of the indictments, as in the case of Senator Brownell, for neglect of some technicality in making out papers as a notary, will make the trials a farce in some instances.

The treatment of the jurors who refused to convict in the Sorenson perjury case also raises another supreme difficulty.

Two reputable jurors, who had been accepted by Prosecutor Heney in that trial, were reprimanded before the court, and steps taken to intimidate, humiliate and indict them, and for what?

Because they had dared to say on their oath that a case had not been made against Mr. Sorenson.

When they come to drawing a jury in future cases the lawyer for the defense will call attention to this, if the court will let him.

Mr. Heney will object, and the whole matter of his treatment of the dissenting jurors on the Sorenson trial will be threshed over.

The prosecution will find that matters can be concluded about the lunch table at the Arlington Club that the common people will not stand for, and one of them is the right to hang a jury.

Of course, it may be possible to overcome this. An army of detectives are said to be scattered over the state now taking notes of expressions of citizens, and all who are doubtful about Heney's policies are to be excluded from the panel.

No one knows how far the government may carry this. Citizens had better keep their opinions to themselves on this matter of the land fraud indictments, or they may be dragged into a conspiracy to defeat justice.

Mr. Heney is to go to Washington over the inauguration, either to get assistance or a cabinet position, which is said to be awaiting him.

Of course, it is to be assumed that any vigilant prosecutor can secure indictments. But it is another matter to secure indictments that will stand. It is still another matter to convict after indictment.

tion and carried in but a few counties of the state. It was adopted in June and repealed in November.

Having sown the tares of unfairness, its progenitors are reaping a harvest of the same crop. The bill to amend the local option law is a much fairer measure, but denounced as extremely unfair by the same people who began the unfair practices.

Labeled local option, when in reality a partisan Prohibition trap, there is now a reaction, and the authors of unfairness are to have a dose of their own medicine. They don't like it. The shoe is on the other foot. Those who practice iniquity must endure the consequences of iniquity.

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

It would be the first duty of a liar who had a son to raise that son up not to be a liar.

What use is it for a man to be a moralist and send into the world immoral children?

As the world "do move" and there is little doubt of progress, children should be better than their parents.

Those thoughts are called out by the interruption of Rev. Struble's work in Oregon by a tragic epistle.

He is called to Chicago by the report that his daughter was arrested in a concert hall.

His work at organizing anti-cigarette leagues in this state has been rudely broken in upon. While saving others, his own child has gone astray.

Not a blow struck the cigarette evil by Rev. Struble has been given amiss. But that his work of moral reform is superficial is proven by his own child's downfall.

Home duties first; the public afterward. That is a good motto for any man to follow.

Let us make the home pure, sweet and attractive. Let us love our children first before we reform others.

MILLER'S NORMAL SCHOOL.

Senator Miller is doubtless sincere in some of his reform propositions, but his normal school bill to abolish four institutions and locate one at Salem smacks of demagoguery.

The four normal schools of the state have a total of 550 students. Allowing two years for the course they will turn out not over 300 teachers per year, or not one-half enough teachers for the schools of the state.

This state has not half as many students enrolled in its normal schools as it should have. It does not spend half as much on normal schools as other Western states are spending.

The location of the four Oregon normal schools is such that each one provides training for teachers who serve a distinct community.

Senator Miller says he stands by the public schools. But if Oregon had no trained normal teachers, would not Senator Miller want some in Oregon?

The best way to improve the public schools is to have better prepared teachers, paid better wages, and doing better work.

Oregon needs better normal schools, not more of them. The bill to put all under one board of regents will accomplish a grand result and reduce the expense per capita, while producing better results.

FOR A CLEANER CITY.

Chief of Police Cornelius deserves popular approval for his efforts to make this a cleaner city, and drive out the disreputable characters who prey on the unfortunate women of the town.

A bill has passed this legislature to make their calling a felony, and Police Judge Moares should be commended in enforcing the laws as they stand.

The people should fully understand, and will be given more fully to understand, that the fight on the Republican ticket came from that source.

Of course, many good people were supporting Mr. Skipton for marshal, but the fact remains that the tough element was against Cornelius.

After all the abuse that has been heaped upon the Republican city government under Mayor Waters, it will be found to stand for morality and a business administration.

Marshal Cornelius will make a chief of police over the world's fair year who will protect life and property and keep down criminality.

A Pleasant Way to Travel.

The above is the usual verdict of the traveler using the Missouri Pacific railway between the Pacific coast and the east, and we believe that the service and accommodations given merit this statement.

From Denver, Colorado Springs and Denver there are two through trains daily to Kansas City and St. Louis, carrying Pullman's latest standard electric-lighted sleeping cars, chair cars and up-to-date dining cars. The same excellent service is operated from Kansas City and St. Louis to Memphis, Little Rock and Hot Springs.

If you are going east or south, write for particulars and full information.

W. C. M'BRIDE, Gen. Agt., 124 Third St., Portland, Ore.

A Living Monument.

If we were to assemble all those who have been cured of heart disease by Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and who would to-day be in their graves had not Dr. Miles' been successful in perfecting this wonderful heart specific, they would populate a large city.

What a remarkable record—a breathing, thinking, moving monument, composed of human lives,—that for which every other earthly possession is sacrificed.

The Miles Medical Co. receive thousands of letters from these people like the following:

"I feel indebted to the Dr. Miles' Heart Cure for my life. I desire to call the attention of others suffering as I did to this remarkable remedy for the heart. For a long time I had suffered from shortness of breath after any little exertion, palpitation of the heart; and at times terrible pain in the region of the heart, so serious that I feared that I would some time drop dead upon the street. One day I read one of your circulars, and immediately went to my druggist and purchased two bottles of the Heart Cure, and took it according to directions, with the result that I am entirely cured. Since then I never miss an opportunity to recommend this remedy to my friends who have heart trouble; in fact I am a traveling advertisement for I am widely known in this locality."

J. H. BOWMAN, Manager of Lebanon Democrat, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

X-RAYS

Good humor has a ready market.

The ship of state never has to shanghai a crew.

The ideas frequently usher in ideas undreamed of before.

The toper goes into liquidation, when he's got the money.

Some men will pay attention that won't pay anything else.

The chronic kicker is the try-try-again of our social order.

Governor Chamberlain's supply of vetoes is not exhausted.

Some doctors lose their patients in giving too much free medicine.

Did District Attorney Manning come up to Salem to escape indictment?

One of the live, stinging measures before the legislature is a bill for bee inspector.

The poor little normal schools have a few friends when it comes to a showdown in the legislature.

The indictment of Mayor Williams, of Portland, makes him available for almost any office he will take.

"What is the constitution among friends, when it comes to protecting my normal school?"—Senator Pierce.

S. R. 243, by Croisan, is an effort to give the city full control of the sewer on Court street, which has been abandoned by the state.

For fight without his own delegation Representative Killingsworth dug up his bill and put it through in good shape. But there is a hereafter, and it is called the senate.

The legislature should put men and women on an equality, by passing the curtesy bill demanded by the women of the Grange. It would only be an act of courtesy, and the law of England, as laid down by Blackstone has lasted long enough.

O. S. N. S. Graduates.

The commencement exercises of the Oregon State Normal School, at Monmouth, were very interesting this year. Thirteen young men and women received their diplomas Tuesday evening, and are now ready to begin their life work. The event was saddened by the death of one of the most popular members of the class, Miss Alta Savage.

As her course had been nearly completed, the regents voted to grant the diploma in respect of her memory. The valedictorian was Miss Quick, while the salutary was given by Miss Eddy.

The junior reception, which is always the event of the year, was on Saturday evening, and was largely attended. On Sunday Dr. E. P. Hill, of Portland, preached the baccalaureate sermon, and a very appropriate program was rendered. On "class day" the seniors gave a most enjoyable play, which was a burlesque, composed by the members of the class, entitled "The Evolution of a Normalite, or Three Years in the O. S. N. S." It was cleverly given.

UNTOLD HORRORS OF WAR

War Correspondent Tells of the Darker Side of Russian War

Close to the railway station at Liao Yang, when we were there, there was a little shed, and in that shed a dozen Chinese carpenters worked all day, day after day, making little wooden boxes. These boxes were about six inches square and two inches deep. Day after day I passed the place and the carpenters were always busy, always making the little wooden boxes.

At first I looked at them idly, then I became curious, and when the whole shed was filled with these little boxes I decided to find out what they were for. I asked a Japanese officer who speaks English. He laughed:

"Those are for the transportation of some of us back to Japan," he said.

Then I understood. Those little boxes were coffins. In them the mortal remains of the soldiers who were to die in the next great battle would be sent back to Japan for final burial in the old earth of their own country. The bodies of the Japanese dead are cremated and the only relics that are sent home are a bone from the throat, a finger nail and a lock of hair.

I had seen the heaps of dead in the trenches on the Shu-Sham-Po hills. I had seen hundreds of horribly wounded men in the field hospitals, but strange as it may seem, it was that pile of little, plain wooden boxes that brought home to me for the first time the true horror of war. Think of it for a moment. Here in the plain sight of every soldier that passed were these stolid Chinamen making coffins—for whom?

For that soldier on the platform perhaps, or for one or all of that laughing knot of young fellows who are listening to a story a few yards away; perhaps for the officer yonder with the gold shoulder knot, perhaps for a great general himself. They might be for any of the men around, any of the hale, hearty men, anyone in sight except that sorely wounded man who is being carefully put on a train by his comrades. He is on his way home; it is for those who stay that the little wooden boxes are being made.

A few days after we captured the village of Shi-Li-Ho and took up our quarters here I got my second impression of the real horrors of war. Our quarters are on the edge of the village and just outside is a great plain, across which the Japanese drove the Russians before entering the village. Four or 500 yards from our quarters is the last of the Russian trenches where there was a very desperate little fight, one of those small incidents of the battlefield, scores of which go to make up a big battle. I walked out onto the field and seeing this trench, went toward it. As I approached I saw just beyond the parapet a score of the wolf-like Chinese dogs that infest the country. They were fighting. I went closer and then suddenly turned away. In this trench the Russian dead had been buried, but the graves had been too shallow. I called the attention of some Japanese soldiers to the dogs and when I next passed that way the dirt had been heaped up high above the parapet of the trench.

On one of the last days of the fighting at the Sa-Ho I went forward close behind the advancing Japanese line. Only half an hour before the Japanese had moved out of their shallow trenches through the town. Unexpectedly we came upon the trench. There, squatted down in the trench, his rifle across the parapet, was a Japanese soldier. I walked around the end of the trench and looked at him. There was a half smile on his lips, and his cheek was against the butt of his rifle, his eye at the sight. But in the center of his forehead was a tiny hole. There was filling for one of those little wooden boxes.

I don't know why it is, but it certainly is a fact that a lot of dead soldiers are not impressive, while a single one is. On several occasions since I have been with the army I have seen great numbers of dead men. At Shu-San-Po there were hundreds of them just as they had fallen in the trenches; after the occupation of Shi-Li-Ho I saw more than 1500 dead Russians in one heap. These did not impress me with anything but curiosity. But when one comes across a dead soldier in the corn field somewhere all by himself, the horror comes. I don't know what it is, possibly it is the loneliness of it, the fact that one instinctively knows that the poor chap who lies there dead has suffered by himself, far from his friends and comrades. When the snow falls or the wind whistles around the corner of the house at night one cannot help thinking of the poor wounded

DO YOU DESIRE TO PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE

A moderate sum of money regularly deposited and drawing interest at THREE PER CENT may assist you or your family in years to come. One dollar will open an account. Interest compounded semi-annually.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT Capital National Bank.

fellows who may be lying out in the open, suffering, slowly dying. That's when the horror of it comes.

Too much has been written about the pomp and circumstances of war, too little about its horrors. The glamor of the charge and the assault, the picturesque side of war is the one that people know. The horror of it is passed lightly over, or it is forgotten entirely. There is a bit of thrill about men fighting and dying for their country, there is a spice of heroism in it all that appeals to every one. But there is another side to war. You come face to face with it when you come suddenly across the dead body of a handsome young soldier lying in the corn field, when you see a soldier terribly wounded being borne across the field in a stretcher, when you visit a field hospital and see the scores of wounded waiting for their turn under the knife of the surgeon, when you see the little cluster of ravines in the field, or the fighting pack of prairie dogs.

There are two sides to war—there is the glory and the glamor and the spectacle, and there is the little wooden box.

R. B. Promotions Made. Portland, Feb. 9.—It is officially announced today that E. E. Calvin, general manager of the Oregon division of the Southern Pacific, has been promoted to general manager and vice-president of the Southern Pacific system, except in Oregon, in place of Vice-President Marham, who has resigned. B. A. Worthington, formerly secretary to C. P. Huntington, who is now assistant director of maintenance and equipment, will succeed Calvin.

Motion Overruled. Helena, Mont., Feb. 9.—Federal Judge Hunt today overruled the motion of defendant for the arrest of judgment, and sentenced M. L. Bridgman, former Indian agent at Belknap reservation, to three years in the penitentiary, for defrauding the government.

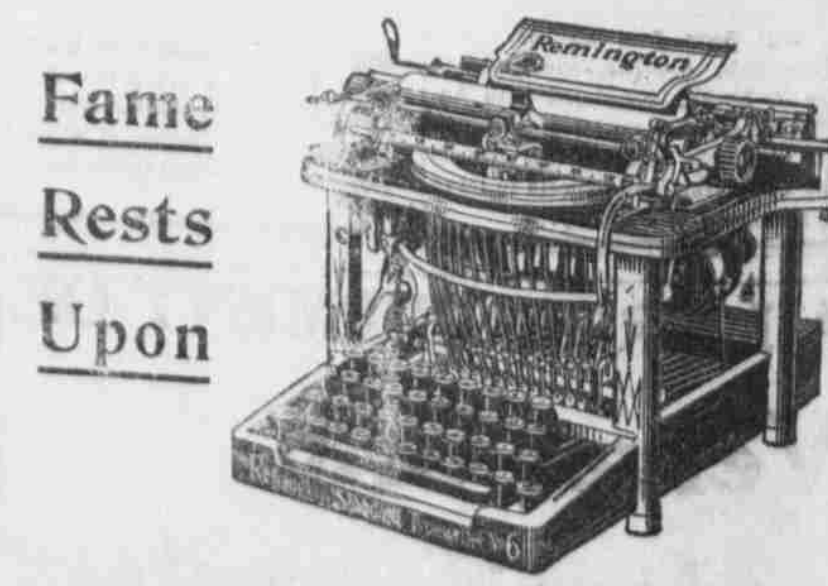
Date for Chadwick Trial. Cleveland, Feb. 9.—Judge Taylor, of the United States district court, this afternoon set the date for Mrs. Chadwick's trial for March 6th.

Railroad Debate Closed. Washington, Feb. 9.—Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, closed the debate on the railroad rate bill in the house at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The Tashmo. Did you ever try the Tashmo, the best 12 1/2 cigar manufactured. We they are it, and Aug. Huckenstock makes them.

Dr. Stone's Drug Store does a strictly cash business; owes no one, and no one owes it; carries a large stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, toilet articles, wines, liquors of all kinds for medical purposes. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine and has had many years experience in the practice. Consultations are free. Prescriptions are free and only regular prices for medicine. Dr. Stone can be found at his drug store, Salem, Oregon, from 6 in the morning until 9 at night.

Remington



Fame Rests Upon Quality. Outsells All Others. Outwears All Others. Outlives All Others.

Remington Typewriter Company 249 Stark Street, Portland, Oregon