

SALEM SPREADS HERSELF

(Continued from first page.)

the same as love of self and of ones fellows. The true spirit of patriotic motive comes to one only by an awakening of that natural element of love of country. Oftentimes this element is allowed to slumber, its faculties become atrophied, the individual becomes a pessimist. He sees nothing good in his country; he ceases to venerate that declaration of our principles as free men. He becomes morbid, morose, living unto himself.

What that man needs is a good old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, with its fluttering flags, its booming cannon, its patriotic parade and its glad buzzes to rekindle in him that spirit, that hope, that love and pride of country without which we are nothing.

Patriotism is not a wild plant, neither is it an exotic. It, however, requires cultivation, constant care and constant nourishment. It will not grow alone. No man goes into the depths of the woods, nor into the silent fields to vent his enthusiasm as a lover of his country; this arouses in him a love of nature; but it is when we gather together under circumstances like this that our patriotic spirit wells up within us, and we cry out in one glad acclaim, "Our Country, God bless it!"

It is on occasions like this that we think as citizens and not as individuals; as patriots, venerating, loving, revering our country, ready to do or die for it.

The Duty of Celebrating.

It is therefore right that these celebrations should occur and that every effort should be made at them to awaken a deeper interest in our country and the government which stands back of it and of which we are each and all a part. The duty of the citizen should be aroused through his sentimentality—his patriotism, that feeling of pride that comes to him in the face of great events—if no other way will do it. If the citizen can only be aroused and awakened to his duty to his country through the battles of Bunker Hill, of Saratoga, of Yorktown, of New Orleans and Landy's Lane, of Palo Alto, and Monterey; of the Wilderness, of Gettysburg and of Manila and Santiago de Cuba, then let's have the battles. If these battles are necessary to arouse that spirit which is latent in every man properly constituted—that will make him say,

"My Country, right! but right or wrong, my country" let us fight them over again in history and in story and in song; and if necessary in fact; but let men ever shout, and act the cry "My Country." Many will say, then, "Oh, I love my country, and will go to her rescue if she needs me; if there is a war, I am ready." Aye, but do you forget that your country is always at war? It is at constant war against mismanagement; against bad government. Do you, citizen, living under its protection, feel that you are needed by your country only when your country has an open enemy to fight?

Men Are Needed Now.

I say you are needed now by your country and you are needed every hour.

There is an election coming on next year; in fact there is always an election coming in our country. Can you be a citizen acting fully as a citizen, and not feel that your country needs you in that coming election? You may say, "I can't see that I am interested in this election." But the question is pertinent, why are you not interested? Does not your government, which you so patriotically offer your life for in the battle against an open enemy, need you then? Why have we heard charges of bad government, of bad policies, of malfeasance in office. Have you had a hand in this? You can not deny having had it, if you have not taken an interest in your government and have stayed away from the elections that placed these men in power.

Politics is a part of our government; it is a part of our life; it is a part of our duty. Many demand that "politics should be eliminated from certain branches of our government. Why? Do they think men in the United States who are not interested in politics are better than they who are? I say to you, that the worst American citizen is he who is not, or does not attempt in a way, to be a politician.

Need of Practical Politics.

Practical politics is what we want, and this is possible only when every citizen makes himself a part of the government by exercising his right and performing his duty as a voter in every election. William McKinley, that martyr to the anarchist, the result of the impractical in politics, said: "Life to most is a struggle, and there is little time for the contemplation of political theory. The practical calls us from every side and presses at every hand." This practical discussion, contempla-

tion and study of our political conditions is required at the hands of every man. That men may be the more able to study and take their proper share in the politics of this country, our country has established the grandest educational system in the world, free to every child of its people. How much in duty bound is he then, who comes to man's estate, to take his place among the citizens as one of them, exercising to the full every right and function thereof.

Politics should be the noblest profession of our country. Any man selected to fill an office in this country should feel that a full majority, or a very large plurality of the voters of his city, district or state, stands behind him and should know that every person entitled to do so has voted either for or against him. Not that a weak minority have turned out and elected him, and the rest have stayed away, showing lack of interest in the struggle, or the election. This accounts for many failures in public office; men having been elected by, and therefore only responsible to a few of the voters.

Indifference to Elections.

This lack of interest is displayed in the municipal election, the school election, the county, state and national elections. But the worst feature of it is the constant neglect of duty in this matter, which leads to a failure to attend the primaries, the beginning of all political organizations.

In this I am not complaining of the Republican or the Democrat, or any of the members of any other party. I am complaining of him, who, living under the flag and constitution which have come down to us as the birth-right from that declaration of a hundred and thirty years ago, fails as a citizen.

In this city you have ever before you the questions of municipal government; the question of school management. You are each also bound in duty to the county, the state and the nation.

Building Permanent Bridges.

Within a few days you citizens of Salem will be called upon to vote on the question of bonding your city for the construction of permanent bridges of a modern character to replace the decaying wooden structures now serving throughout the city. How many of you are prepared to vote intelligently on this question? Does not duty demand that each should study the matter and decide for himself whether the proposition is one favorable to the city and to the city's interest?

I am not telling you what I feel or think for it is not properly in line with my subject to do so but you should think, and every voter should cast his ballot setting forth his opinion either for or against, at the election.

A few days ago an election was held here for a director for your public schools. How many of you stayed away from that election, because you felt there was nothing of interest at stake. How few of you knew that in that school election principles were being fought for, you who stayed away and took no part in it? Yet each one of you was vitally interested in that election. What those principles were nor who represented them is not the question.

The Man Behind the Ballot.

Behind every man in every election, be it for constable or the presidency, there are principles of government at stake; there is character and every other policy of men and parties at stake in every election. On the selection of one man to a small and seemingly unimportant position in an obscure district, may depend the selection of a president.

Politics should therefore be the study, the duty of every man, and the Fourth of July in the proper time to remind you of this. While the blood courses through the veins and the heart beats, the nerves throb, in unison with these songs of patriotism, these martial strains, let us all look deeper into our own souls and ask there what we still owe our country, and how we can best repay it.

Let us remember in this moment the glorious days of our early history; those stirring events which thrilled us when we read of them in our boyhood, and that they were but monuments placed by the wayside to remind us that in the lives of those gone before they who died bravely in battle, and they who dared as bravely in the piping times of peace, we read our country's future, only if we continue the work their lives began and enabled. Let us all therefore go back to our homes today prepared and decided to place this motto over our hearths, that we may be reminded every day of our duty to her:—"Our Country, God bless her!"

Mr. Manning's address was repeatedly applauded.

George F. Rodgers said he was not going to sail the eagle over the mountain tops, nor talk about the sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers, or the Revolutionary Fathers. He wanted to make

a plea for the little city we called our home—the place where we live, where we make our livings and develop our usefulness. "Follow the Flag. Be a Salemite next. Then be an Oregonian if you wish." He eulogized the soldiers who fought for the flag and made sacrifices for America.

But these were another class of heroes and patriots who gave their manhood and their means to make good cities and happy homes. He talked on local affairs and for better streets. Told a few funny stories and made some sharp hits.

"A good town ought to have good streets. A better town should have better streets. The best town ought to have the best streets, and Salem was the best town on the Pacific coast. He closed with a plea for street improvements. It was in the interest of the workman, and no man was too humble to take an interest in his city. Every true Salemite should be a member of the Commercial Club. We should all stand up for our town and develop a true spirit of civic progress. Salem was not there but Salem was getting there. Great applause. For those who had nothing good to say for their home city there were as many exits as there were entries.

Salem was the brightest flower in this Paradise of the Western World. Great applause.

George Curtis Lee Snyder now sang "The Flag That Never Knew Defeat." This composition was applauded at the conclusion of each stanza, and aroused the enthusiasm of patriotic Salemites to the highest pitch. Mr. Snyder was recalled and sang his original composition, "Among the Firs of Hills of Oregon." It is a splendid sympathetic ballad that touched the hearts of the entire assembly.

Frank Davey was the last speaker on the program. He reviewed the labors of the committee who, with only a three-days notice, had organized this splendid celebration of, by and for the common people. Mr. Davey won many bursts of applause. He said the whole program was a happy one, including the field of history from the beginning days of the republic to the local affairs of our home city. He paid a graceful tribute to the printers' union, the carpenters' union and the cigarmakers' union. Our acts and citizenship of the present day must make glorious the deeds of the past. "The common people" were the most potent force in any community for its upbuilding, prosperity and development. "The threats of power and the cajolery of corruption" could only be met by the honest efforts and pure patriotism of the common people. The people must be well fed, well clothed and well educated in order to secure a good result in government and public affairs. The written part of Mr. Davey's speech was as follows:

Little on Protection.

"If an enterprise be exploited by five, ten or a dozen men and it prospers to the extent of bringing wealth to its five, ten or a dozen joint proprietors, that should not be the only test of its permanent benefit to the nation, to the state or to its immediate locality.

"If the success and wealth of its proprietors be purchased by the poorly paid toil of its human machinery, by the grinding down of its hired help to starvation wages, by the denial of human comforts, then indeed may its value be questioned.

"I want to assert as my positive belief that any industry which cannot exist without the use of pauper labor—either imported from foreign lands or forced upon the home article—is of no permanent good in a country like ours.

"I believe also that any industry which is paying sufficient dividends upon the investment to enable its promoters to live in luxury and accumulate wealth, should pay to the brain and brawn which are employed as agencies in the production of a sufficient remuneration to insure a little profit above the scant expenditures necessary to keep soul and body together.

"The fostering of any industry by governmental enactment should be with the sole view of maintaining the best possible living wages for the people employed therein, and at the same time



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enabling the owners and promoters of the industry to compete in the disposal of its products with similar products made in any other country. I am a protectionist of protectionists, and I believe in the principle when applied to those ends, but unless its benefits can be shared by the common herd and become a factor in their betterment, in bringing them greater comforts, extended educational advantages and better social surroundings, or in whatever instances such reasonable share may be denied to the operators, then I believe government aid and protection should be withdrawn."

The literary program was all concluded by 12:30, when Colonel Stockton of the committee on sports made the afternoon announcements.

The audience was then invited to arise by Mayor Waters and led by Alderman Crossman, the band and piano accompanying, one verse of America was sung.

The Grand Army Post and the Women's Relief Corps had a well-attended meeting in the evening.

The prisoners at the state penitentiary gave a fine minstrel and vaudeville program in the evening, that was witnessed by many invited guests.

The First Baptist church, the German Baptist church and the Christian church people united in a fine picnic on Fairmount Hill. It is a pity all the trees are being cut off that hill for \$3.00 a cord fuel, and it is to be hoped the city park board will save a little of it for a park.

The committees deserving great credit for the success of the Salem Workingmen's Fourth of July Celebration were as follows: On finance, Messrs. H. A. Johnson, M. Bredeier, I. Greenbaum; on program, Mayor Waters, N. D. Elliott and Bro. Woods, of the Carpenters' Union; on sports, J. L. Stockton, Hal D. Patton and Geo. F. Rodgers. These gentlemen worked lovingly and loyally to make the celebration great success, and, for a celebration gotten up on three days' notice it was a very creditable affair, and shows what pluck and enterprise of a few men can accomplish.

(Continued from page 5.)

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

The Way to Put It.

Mrs. Muggins—When your husband takes you to the theater does he go out between the acts?

Mrs. Buggins—Yes, if you want to put it that way. He comes in between the drinks—Philadelphia Record.

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cure disease by removing the cause of it. In the treatment of those disorders which involve any failure of the nervous force, BEECHAM'S PILLS have, during nearly sixty years, built up

AN UNASSAILABLE REPUTATION.

Nothing renews the power of the digestive organs like

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Renew the power of digestion by using

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TALE OF A SMALL WISE DOG

A Tale That Also Shows the Dog Had a Head Beyond His Years

Sidney Brodie while driving cattle a few days ago, passed Mrs. Young's place—a few miles from town, and sent a six months old shepherd pup ahead to guard a gap in the fence, near the house. The pup passed the gap and a low curbed well lying in his way, he undertook to jump it with the result that he fell in. Fortunately Mr. Brodie saw him, as there would have been a lost dog, and a spoiled well. As it was he ran to the well which was 30 feet deep, but the water level was only ten feet deep. Brodie let down the bucket, and the dog put his front feet in and hung on to it, calling for help. Some one from the house brought a rope and Brodie made a running noose in it and tried to lasso the dog, but the loop would run together and close up. Things were doing all the time, for Brodie valued the pup highly. Finally when about at his wits end, the dog took the matter in hand and seized the rope with his teeth and Brodie pulled landing the half drowned puppy safely. Brodie insists this is a true story and mentions the names of those present when the dog was pulled out. And now no money can induce Brodie to part with him.

The Fourth at Stayton.

Stayton had a celebration yesterday that was far from being "out of sight" for it was visible everywhere from the night before until the day after. Hon. B. F. Mulkey was orator of the day, and addressed, as he put it, an acre of enthusiastic citizens. There was a brass band, and a good one too, with music galore, and patriotic songs and a decided departure made by Miss Gordon, who was called upon to read the Declaration of Independence, and who, instead of reading it repeated it from memory, and that too, in a manner that emphasized and drew out the nobility of its magnificent sentences. Stayton surely had a Fourth that anybody in that section will remember as the record breaker.

Banker Suicides.

Richmond, Ind., July 3.—John Bowman, president of the Commercial bank, of Hagerstown, committed suicide today by shooting; cause unknown.

HEADQUARTERS

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AND

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SUNSET

MAGAZINE

For July.

Overland a Century Ago, Reuben G. Thwaites.

The Oregon Expedition's Historian, H. Morse Stephens.
The Oregon Sierra (verse), Joaquin Miller.

The Great Northwest's Centennial, a series of articles by Frank L. Merrick, Henry W. Goode.

G. B. Chamberlain, Governor of Oregon.

A. E. Mead, Governor of Washington.

Senator John H. Mitchell and others.
Mining in Oregon, Emma Seckle Marshall.

When the Prince Came, chapter II, Flora Haines Loughhead.

A host of other good things, finely illustrated. You should read it and send it East.

Now on sale at all news stands.

A Painless Cure of Curable Pain

Never resign yourself to suffer pain. Women's pains are curable. They are the sign of dangerous conditions of the female organs, which should be promptly attended to or dangerous results will follow.

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whenever she suffers from any of woman's biting and weakening pains. It not only compels the pains to stop, but it follows up and drives out the cause of the pains, which prevents them from coming back.

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freely and frankly, in strictest confidence, telling us all your symptoms and troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope), how to cure them. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"WITHOUT A PAIN,"

writes Mary E. Shelton, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., "I can do my housework, although, before taking CARDUI, two doctors had done me no good. I can truthfully say I was cured by Cardui. I want every suffering lady to know of this wonderful medicine."

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Regular \$2.50 values, Pongee Silks now \$1.75. They are pretty. The very latest styles. Ladies' Mannish Shirts at \$1.25. Linen colored lawn regular \$1.75 for \$1.25. Reduced prices on all our Shirt Waists at 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 and up. Crash Skirts 38c, Duck Skirts 75c. Reduced prices on all Lawns, Corset Cloths, White Goods and Dimities, Dry Goods, Millinery and Clothing.

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