

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS.

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

Only a Country Printer.

It is a great pleasure to chronicle that a country printer and a family of printers, who have developed their abilities on the country press, and in a country job printing office, have got into a town with some fair prospect of making a success of the business. Hon. D. M. C. Gault has recently removed from Salem to Cottage Grove, where he has begun the publication of the new paper called the Western Oregon, and dropped into a nice job printing business. The Gaults, father and sons, are good printers, and newspaper printers, and the Senior Gault is a good writer. He has a pleasant way of expressing himself, abundance of good will toward others, tireless industry coupled with habits of observation and a wide knowledge of history and human nature. He loves work and now has plenty of it, and here's hoping the stream of golden shekels and silver ducats may pour in increasing volume. We have considered it worth while to trace the history of the Gaults and find that the editor of Western Oregon was born a Hawkeye. He came to Oregon with his father in 1853 a ten-year-old lad, from Boone county, Iowa, and the family settled on a donation land claim near Portland in 1853. The boy, the very commonest kind of a common schooling, such as those days afforded, and then went to Tualatin Academy, Forest Grove. He also had a year or two in Willamette University, picking up some Latin, Greek and mathematics, but like the lawyer who was admitted to heaven, not enough to hurt. In 1862, as a youngster of 20, Gault wandered into Jacksonville and took a job on the staff of the Sentinel, a paper that in its palmiest days exerted an influence equal to the Oregonian under Dryer, or the Statesman under Bush. In 1868, like nearly all newspaper men who have brains to spare, he got himself admitted to the bar at Salem, reported the legislative proceedings for the Statesman, and served several years as reporter on that paper. In 1870, with Curt Whitson and P. C. Sullivan, they bought the Democratic Signal at Dallas, and converted it into the Republican. After election his associates demanded political appointments and got (what the country editor generally gets) it in the neck. Gault ran short on finances, and had his political feet frozen by an ungrateful administration and the Republican and he parted company. In 1877 he had still enough reputation left to get a job again on the Statesman as city editor under General Osell, proprietor and editor-in-chief, and that paper touched one of the high places in its career politically and literarily speaking. Like most bright and attractive newspaper men he found no difficulty, or rather surmounted all obstacles to matrimony and took unto himself a wife, removing to Washington county, where he established a home and residence. He had now run the whole gamut of the country editor's experiences and was ready for the next step in the evolutionary process. He was sent to the legislature several times, finally developing a sincere distrust of the wisdom of about three-fourths of the bills introduced and four-fifths of the appropriations. He served several times from Multnomah and several times from Washington county, and like most newspaper men, put more intelligence into the job than anyone thought he could be guilty of. He had now been in the newspaper business long enough and wielded a meaningful enough pen to have attracted attention

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at Portland, and when the Northwest News was started in January, 1883, he was made editor, with Nathan Cole as publisher. The venture was financed by local capitalists, and the paper was intended to divide the field with the Oregonian. It ran about a year when salaries became uncertain. Gault took the hint and retired, like Cicero, to his Etruscan villa, on the hills to the south and west of the Rome of Oregon. Here he lived in peace, dignity, and more or less of the poverty and obscurity becoming the country editor, until May, 1892, when he took stock in the Hillsboro Independent and became its editor and publisher. Here he was again sent to the legislature and again broke a record by fighting jobs and made the record by voting against nearly everything that came up, including propositions to increase the pay of clerks from his own county, an unfortunate offense in practical politics.

As an editor, Gault was highly honored with thank-you-memorials in the state press association, where he was president, and president of the long-lived State Republican Press Association, and other honors that are always ready to be bestowed upon the public-spirited newspaper man with more patriotism than aspirations to become a millionaire. The rest is soon told. In 1894 the Hillsboro plant was sold, and Gault and one of his sons came to Salem and conducted a job office until last month, when that was sold to the corporation at Cottage Grove, where they are now happily engaged in publishing the new paper of Southern and Central Oregon. We have omitted any reference to Mrs. Gault, but she is still alive and lives with Mr. Gault.

The Office of State Printer.

A number of proposed amendments are being discussed looking toward the regulation of the office of state printer. Some of these contain some good features, and others that are not so good. In any event, the state will of necessity always have a large volume of printing which must be done, and under the provisions of the constitution a state printer is to be elected at the general election next June. The custom of the Republican party has been that when a state officer makes a clean record and performs his duties in a satisfactory manner he is given a re-nomination. J. R. Whitney, the present state printer, who is now serving his first term, has proven a capable officer, has performed his duties acceptably to the people, and there seems to be a general feeling throughout the state that he is entitled to a second term. It is, generally speaking, a good rule that has been laid down by the Republican party, to endorse the official actions of a man who makes a good officer by a re-nomination, and Mr. Whitney certainly deserves the same courtesy that has been extended to his predecessors and to other state officers.

Faith and Fact.

Faith is one thing and fact is another, it sometimes takes any amount of faith to produce one fact. Years of earnest work and faith have produced one fact about medicine that is deserving of mention here. If people who are troubled with general weakness through overwork, dissipation or exposure can get a remedy that will make rich red blood from the food they eat, their return to health is assured. Good blood is the life of the body as well as the nerves. Weak, sickly, pale people who suffer with indigestion, dyspepsia, sick headache, loss of strength and ambition, having dizzy spells and always tired, can be cured sound and well with Dr. Gunn's Blood and Nerve Tonic. Sold by druggists for 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$2. This Tonic acts in a common sense way, curing disease by giving strength to resist it.

Goes to Eastern Oregon.

Gus A. Hurley, of Independence, has gone to Eastern Oregon to take up his residence, says the West Side Enterprise. For some time Mr. Hurley has nourished a desire to leave the home nest, and he has had a longing to sniff the air of the sage brush and bunch grass hills. Yesterday was a regular Eastern Oregon day, and he could not resist it, so he pulled up stakes and left. He has his eye on Burns, capital of Harney county, and also on Lakeview. He had opened up negotiations for a newspaper at both places, and the probabilities are he will hereafter be known as "G. A. Hurley, Journalist and lawyer, of Eastern Oregon."

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LITTLE FABLES IN RHYME

Will M. Maupin's Lifting Rhymes About the Insurance Grifters

(Commoner.)
Two Pharisees.

A Pharisee of gracious mien who loved of all men to be seen, once to the temple took his way to pose before the world and pray. And lifting up his cunning eyes towards the bright and sunny skies he gave loud thanks—the story ran—he was not like the publican.

The Pharisee of whom you've read has for a long, long time been dead; but in his place in every land some other Pharisee will stand, and standing thus will pray aloud—not to the Father, but the crowd—and then imagine he is viewed with honor by the multitude.

A man with overwhelming all who answers to the name McCall, swiped fifty thousand planks or more belonging to the widows' store, and gave it to a sleek campaign in hopes to add unto his gain, but raised his pious eyes on high and prayed—and worked graft on the sly.

"Thank God," he said, "I did not swerve, but strove our honor to preserve." And as he prayed his pockets bulged with wealth secured by schemes divulged despite his loud emphatic plea that none were quite so pure as he. And with a nerve sublime he tried to point to his career with pride.

The Pharisee of olden time has long since struck another clime and all the world declares with vim, 'tis surely not enough for him. The Pharisee who grateful feels because the profits of his steals were spent to further other schemes will sometimes feel just how it seems.

MORAL:

This life is full of guile and strife
But graft lurks in the New York Life.

The Fence.

Once on a time a man of note who often swelled his chest and throat and gave full vent to lusty speech until he was dubbed Chauncey de Peach, stood forth upon the stump with fears and voice choked full of sobs and tears, and said, "O friends, alas, alack; the nation's doomed to ballyhoo!"

"That is to say, 'tis doomed to die unless the people quickly fly to such as me relief to find and do not those disturbers mind who say that graft and loot abound the whole financial world around! The men like me would gladly give their lives that this great state might live."

"Don't listen to such men—hear me! Don't heed walls of calamity. The men who run our high finance are men who never lose a chance to work for the republic's weal, and for your every trouble feel. Rely on us—we'll save the state and will preserve its honor great."

All this he said and vastly more, and on his honor loudly swore, that honest men like him should be set up to guard sweet liberty. But one fine day the news reveals some mighty big insurance steals. And people chased him to the woods and caught "De Peach" with all the goods.

MORAL:

A search of such men will disclose
The "goods" concealed about their clothes.

The Quoter.

Once on a time there was a man who worked a huge financial plan; a plan to guarantee to men who loved their wives and children, when they passed across the great divide, some for their future would provide. And then to put the plan in force he took a rather crooked course.

From poor men's premiums he would take some 9 per cent to make soft easy berths with salaries that beat by several score degrees the wages of the men who paid to have provision for wives made; and these soft berths he took good care that only his own house should share.

"It is your duty," he would cry, "to lay a little substance by that wives and little ones may be from poverty and trouble free. Just put the money in my care and I will all their burdens bear. I am a man whose heart is bent on works of love benevolent."

And bet your life he meant it, too—

but he and you took different view. You thought he meant your wife and child should be preserved from hunger wild; but he meant his. Of what you spent in premiums a big share went to make life easy for his own—and just how many is not known.

When caught in his nefarious work he quoted scripture with a smirk. "I've scriptural warrant I will state; in chapter five and in verse eight of Timothy the First you'll see words that gave warrant unto me for eating for this house of mine in luxury so grand and fine."

MORAL:

The Devil on occasion can
Quote scripture like a preacher man.
The Ungrateful.

A senator whom you all know, who hails from far off O-hi-o, declares it is his full intent to stay beside the president and win reforms the people need and stop the reign of railroad greed. But somehow he recalls to mind the story of a poor man's find.

A poor man on his homeward way upon the close of one cold day, found by the road a little snake froze stiffer than a wagonstake. He took the viper to his breast and lugged it home an honored guest. He thawed it out, and fed it, too—now, what did that mean old snake do?

The snake rose up upon its tail and roughened every slimy scale. Then bit the hand of him who had preserved it from a fate so sad. Ungrateful snake, you would have died if not brought to that fireside, and now you've jabbed your poison in beneath the poor man's punctured skin.

Ungrateful is the onery whelp that bites the hand stretched out to help. The party this Ohio man pretends to lead—but 'tis his plan to pose as friendly, then to bite—and some there be who think it's right. He says the president's "O. K." then throws him down most every day.

The man who would be lost to sight without the glow of calcium light; this man who owes his office fat to Teddy of the Campaign Hat, seeks now to sink his dagger keen the president's own ribs between. Which is the worst, the snake or man? Please answer that one, if you can.

One snake thawed out should well suffice,
Only a sucker gets bit twice.

Take Care

Of Your Heart.

It is the engine that forces the blood to every part of the body; this blood conveys the nourishment that makes flesh, bone and muscle; it also carries off the worn-out particles. If the heart flutters or palpitates, it is weak, and is working imperfectly, so that the body does not get this nourishment; it also fails to throw off the impurities, and they remain to poison the system.

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