

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

BY HOFER BROS., Publishers and Proprietors.



SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail. Daily Journal, one month . . . 35c Daily Journal, three months . . \$1.00 Daily Journal, one year 4.00 Weekly Journal, one year 1.00 By Carrier. Daily Journal, per month 50c

WHO IS THE KNOCKER?

Mr. Davey, dressed with a little temporary authority as editor of the Statesman, continues to try to put this paper in a false light. He accuses The Capital Journal of KNOCKING MARION COUNTY, and of going out of its way in an unbecoming manner to flatter Governor Chamberlain, etc. Editor Davey has this in Sunday's Statesman:

The knocking of Marion county by the Evening Journal just to boost the Democratic governor is bearing its fruit, the following from the Toledo Reporter being a sample of what is published all over the state: "Governor Chamberlain is building good roads in Marion county with convict labor. Now this is very nice for Marion county but by what right does she claim all the convict labor of the state; did she furnish most of the convicts?" If The Capital Journal or its publishers have ever knocked Marion county we do not know it. We have always paid our taxes, kept out of jail and out of the poorhouse.

The crime of saying good words for Governor Chamberlain IS A SERIOUS ONE IN MR. DAVEY'S EYES, because Chamberlain happens to be a Democrat.

There is but one Democrat in the house of representatives of which Mr. Davey wants to be speaker. But that one Democrat with the governor's veto power back of him will amount to as much as two-thirds of all the Republicans, INCLUDING FRANK DAVEY.

If anyone is knocking Marion county it is Mr. Davey in seeking to belittle Governor Chamberlain for what he has tried to do with convicts in building highways.

Convict built highways HAD TO START SOMEWHERE. What could the governor do but start construction at the state capital and build out into the country? Where should he have started to build roads? In Malheur county?

That his work has not yet reached beyond the limits of Marion county is due to the systematic knocking of Mr. Davey and others WHO HAVE NEVER FAILED TO OPPOSE BUILDING HIGHWAYS WITH CONVICTS and favored the plan of as-

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What age do you expect to reach—60 or 70 or 80?

If you live that long, there are likely to be some years at the latter end when you will not be able to earn a living for yourself and family.

A man's productive powers are curtailed, and usually cease entirely with old age. This makes him dependent for support upon his friends or the state, unless he has saved while younger.

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possessing the abutting property and issuing bonds against the farmers.

The county court and the business men of this city should pay no attention to Mr. Davey's knocking because the governor is a Democrat. Go ahead with the convict built roads.

The governor's plan to extend the convict built highways is a good one and if he is sustained will extend them to the farthest limits of the state. HE HAS NEVER FAVORED MARION COUNTY at the expense of the rest of the state.

The Portland Journal editorially takes a broad view of the subject and sustains Governor Chamberlain's view of gradually extending the convict built roads. It says: "One short strip of road between two state institutions was built during Governor Lord's administration, and another during Governor Geer's, but the greater portion of the convict built roads have been constructed since Chamberlain became governor, and his policy apparently is TO EXTEND THE WORK GRADUALLY. If it be possible thus to make fine roads in Marion and Polk counties, and not practicable to take prisoners to more remote counties, then let Marion and Polk have the roads."

THE PORTLAND HOG.

Of course, Portland wants to hog the collectorship.

Portland has all the other federal offices and why not have that too?

There is NOTHING TOO SMALL or too great for Portland to take.

Like Lord Clive of India on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Portland is amazed at its own moderation.

With all the other federal offices of the state, and ITS POCKETS BULGING WITH CONTRIBUTIONS of the whole state, Portland wants this other plum.

Portland is Oregon, and the Oregonian says it is Portland, hence the collectorship belongs not to the people but to the Oregonian.

Let the President take note of the fact, or forever sacrifice the friendly consideration of that paper.

It used to be the Salem hog. But the title has gone from our midst. It will never return.

OPEN THE STREET RIGHT.

The city council should look beyond the immediate need in extending North Commercial street beyond the concrete viaduct now building.

Contracts are to be let for an extensive fill at each approach to that concrete and steel structure and it will be a beautiful improvement.

At present the street divides there and each way there is a part of a street, and the situation is not a very satisfactory one.

Could not the street be extended straight through to the next street running east and west, and thus make a decent job of it?

Let the committee on streets examine into this situation before ordering an expensive fill, or two fills, where the streets now fork.

It is possible that the street can be put straight through beyond the north end of the viaduct and make the fill cheaper and benefit all concerned, the property owners as well as the city.

North Commercial street is a beautiful street, and that bridge will be a beautiful structure, and will cost a great deal of money, and it will pay to have the street on beyond there permanently located.

A PARK AT CHEMAWA.

Anyone who has taken a ride out on the new electric line to Chemawa has noticed the fine natural park there.

If those great fir trees and the natural forest could be preserved and cleared out it would make a grand pleasure ground.

There is an opportunity for putting in a lake with waterfowl, and such animals as deer, beaver and bear.

The people need a pleasure ground out that way, and the Indian school itself is a great attraction for visitors.

Sundays there are all the people the electric cars can carry to the end of the line and there will be more with better service.

With band concerts out that way, and the grove cleared out and electric lighted it would be a delightful place.

FROM EXILE.

Call to me, call to me, fields of poppled wheat!

Purple thistles by the road call me to return!

Now a thousand shriller throats echo down the street,

And I can not hear the wind camping in the fern.

Little leaves beside the trail dance your way to town,

Till you find your brother here who remembers yet;

For though a river run between and the bridge is down,

I've a heart that's roaming and a soul that won't forget.

A sun squats on the house-tops, but his face is hard and dry;

A rain walks up and down the streets, but her voice is harsh—

Sunlight is a different thing where the swallows fly.

And rain-tongue sings with sweeter voice when they're on the marsh.

Once a thousand bending blades stooped to let me pass,

When I sped barefooted through your crowding lutes—

Whisper to me gently in the language of the grass,

How I watched the crows of night nest among the pines.

Still the golden pollen smokes, silver runs the rain,

Still the timid mists creep out when the sun lies down—

Oh, I am weary waiting to return to you again,

So take a pale, familiar face out beyond the town.

—By Lloyd Roberts in the October Craftsman.

A Golden Jubilee.

Chardon, O., Oct. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. William Howard received the congratulations of over 200 friends here today on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. Howard and Miss Orinda Osborne were married in Bainbridge, Geauga county, in 1856, and moved to Chardon in 1877 when Mr. Howard was elected treasurer of Geauga county. He held this office for six years and has resided here ever since. Mr. Howard and his partner are 72 years of age and enjoy capital health. Mr. Howard before he moved to Chardon, was justice of the peace three terms and held the office of township clerk and trustee. Mrs. Howard was a school teacher for a number of years.

PERHAPS HIS WIFE WAS NEXT

Theory That Mrs. Snyder Knew of Husband's Murder

Hillsboro, Oct. 8.—The probability is that the mystery of the Forest Grove bank robbery and the subsequent murder of Carey M. Snyder will never be cleared up. It is learned on what is considered to be excellent authority that Mrs. Snyder's mental collapse was not merely due to the disappearance of her husband, but that her hysteria might have been due to other causes.

It is said that while in Portland Mrs. Snyder, in a burst of confidence, told an acquaintance that she and her husband had driven to a barn near Forest Grove the night before the bank robbery, to meet two men, and that when they met the bank was to be pilfered. The two men in question also went to a point near Forest Grove, but went to the wrong barn, thus failing to make a junction.

Each party waited on the other, and toward daylight left the place, thinking the others had failed to meet at the rendezvous. It is popularly supposed, then, that Perry was one of the parties, and that a mysterious third man, possibly Mrs. Snyder's brother, was the companion.

It is also believed that the team which carried Carey Snyder to his last resting place also was driven to within a very short distance of the Snyder ranch, and that Mrs. Snyder was seen and told of the putting of Snyder out of the way. A milk-hauler states that he saw a surrey about 4 o'clock in the morning of December 5, going toward Portland from the vicinity of the Snyder home. This would have given the drivers time to get to Portland about daylight, or shortly before.

If, as conjectured, the woman knew of the circumstance of Snyder's death, it would require other reasons than mere friendship for Perry to keep her lips sealed, and this could only obtain, argue those who have followed the case closely, by the fact that the mysterious third man was none other than Mrs. Snyder's brother. No one has ever heard that she ever had a brother on the coast, and no one ever passed as her brother to any one's positive knowledge. One thing is certain—some powerful motive kept Mrs. Snyder silent.

It is a peculiar coincident that George Perry, of Independence, Mo., was, according to his own statement, in Hillsboro on the night the Forest Grove bank was robbed, December 2, from the fact that the shotgun stolen from the bank that night, together with four skeleton keys, two partially burnt candles, a piece of file, four shotgun shells, two in the gun and two with a lot of rifle or revolver cartridges, were also that evening buried on the Southern Pacific right of way about an eight of a mile west of the railroad station—establishing without dispute the fact that if George Perry was in Hillsboro that night, so also was the man or men who robbed the Forest Grove bank.

Perry always stopped at the Hotel Tuallatin when in Hillsboro, and neither on December 1, 2, or 3 was his name on the register of either of the hotels.

Canadian Provincial Premiers Meet.

Ottawa, Oct. 8.—The provincial premiers have assembled here to meet the federal authorities for the arrangement of the provincial subsidies, and discuss a great variety of other matters of some consequence. The subject of boundaries will come up, and the Maritime province want the subject of representation considered. Niagara Falls preservation will also come up.

YOU CAN TRUST

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