

**DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL**

BY HOFER BROS.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.



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STAND BY SALEM.

Of course everybody in Salem as well as in every other town wants to be loyal to its institutions and patronize home industry. Salem is not what would be termed a manufacturing town, yet its industries in this line are growing stronger and are now much more in evidence than ever before. Our larger manufacturing establishments such as the woolen mills, flouring mills and sawmills, have grown to such proportions that they hardly need appeal to local patriotism. But there are not a few younger manufacturing concerns springing up in Salem which are growing from small beginnings that should not be overlooked, or forgotten.

An effort was made last winter to maintain a first class cannery in Salem, and the organization of the fruit growers and business men of this city has taken on such proportions and done such a large business that it might be classed among the larger permanent concerns.

It is the small ones—the infant industries—that need our attention. Every man, woman and child in Salem is interested in seeing the Salem broom factory perpetuated, and the Salem soap factory, and the Salem paint works. We should all use the products of these concerns, in order to help them along. We should go out of our way to do it.

There is another concern growing up in our midst which some day in the near future will be pointed to with pride, and that is the Salem box factory. This season it has had more business than it could handle, and as a result, the company has been incorporated and is making plans to extend its line of usefulness. This little factory has grown from a one-bench, one-man institution, until it is employing a dozen people, and makes use of modern machinery with electrical power.

The Salem paint factory is also getting on its feet and furnishing this community its products in a satisfactory manner. These two last named concerns are capable of transacting a great deal of business, which will bring money into our community from abroad, and the people should stand by them. Every man who invested a little money in the Salem cannery is today proud of that institution, and of the fact that he

**The Kidneys**

When they are weak, torpid, or stagnant, the whole system suffers. Don't neglect them at this time, but heed the warning of the aching back, the bloated face, the sallow complexion, the urinary disorder, and begin treatment at once with

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

which contains the best and safest curative substances.

For testimonials of remarkable cures send for Book on Kidneys, No. 8, C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

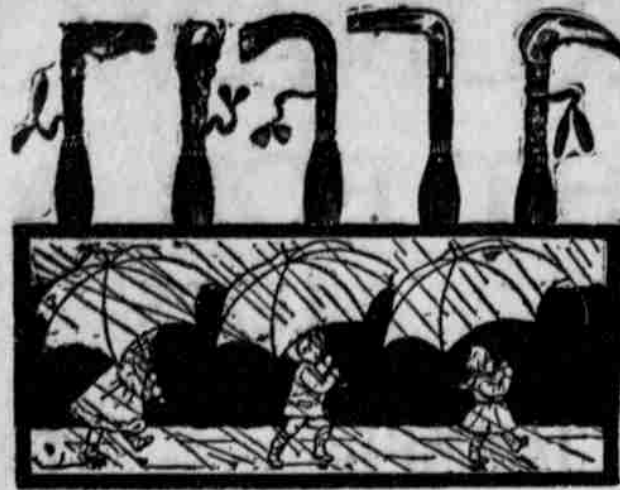
**SAFETY NO WORRY NO TROUBLE ALWAYS AVAILABLE**

THESE ARE SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF INVESTING MONEY IN A SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT.

IT PAYS A LARGER RETURN THAN GOVERNMENT BONDS. YOU CAN INVEST AS LITTLE OR AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASE, AND FOR SUCH TIME AS YOU WISH.

Savings Department  
Capital National Bank

**YOU NEED AN UMBRELLA WE HAVE THEM FOR SALE**



We have a large stock of high grade umbrellas and of the very latest patterns, the prices ranging from \$1.00 up, and hundreds to select from.

**G. W. Johnson & Co.**

helped put it on its feet. This feeling will follow wherever other deserving concerns are helped. Our by-word should be "help home industries," and let us be doers of the world, as well as hearers.

**X-RAYS**

Carnegie this morning presented St. Andrews college, Scotland, \$60,000, and this afternoon the president of that college came out strong in favor of Carnegie's "fonetik" spelling. He likes it—on a check.

It is quite a natural coincidence that at the hour "The Maid and the Mummy" company reached Salem a telegram from New York comes to The Journal saying all grades of "refined" sugar are ten cents a hundred cheaper. The horse editor desires to say, that this is not on account of the quantity of the sugar that came today, but is due entirely to an overstocked market.

The horse editor is firmly of the opinion that the Mummy isn't in it—The Maid herself is the yum-yummy.

**The Penalties of Greatness.**

Life is not one grand glad song, not even for the rich and great. The Czar feels that he is living on a volcano that may blow him sky-high any moment.

The Sultan of Turkey is nursing a sore stomach, having been shot by one of his wives, who was jealous, and, by the way, he has dozens of wives.

Castro, well, he is just trouble itself.

Palma, Cuba's president, had to get off the perch before he got fairly settled.

Alfonso, of Spain, is a traveling target for anarchists, and most other European rulers are the same.

Ludwig has bats in his belfry. Rockefeller has a reputation that would make the devil shave his tail, and retire from business.

Carnegie has a superfluity of money, but continues robbing the public in order to buy libraries for the poor so they can educate themselves, to become as great a swiper as he is.

Senator Platt is locked in his room with his son, and a shotgun at the door to keep his wife away from him.

Bryan is still sick from an acute attack of "government ownership."

President Roosevelt has a remarkably "bad spell."

Thaw is vacillating between the insane asylum and the gallows.

King Oscar has lost half of his kingdom, and Emperor Joseph is fearful of losing all of his, and to put on the cap-sheaf, the horse editor has a measly corn. Such are the penalties of greatness.

**Saved His Life.**

J. W. Daveuport, Wingo, Ky., writes, June 14, 1902: "I want to tell you I believe Ballard's Snow Liniment saved my life. I was under the treatment of two doctors, and they told me one of my lungs was entirely gone, and the other badly affected. I also had a lump on my side. I don't think that I could have lived over two months longer. I was induced by a friend to try Ballard's Snow Liniment. The first application gave me great relief; two 50 cent bottles cured me sound and well.

It is a wonderful medicine and I recommend it to suffering humanity. Sold by D. J. Fry's drug store.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Best For Babies Bought  
Beware the Signature  
*Chas. H. Peckham*

**JUSTICE IS NOT BLIND**

**Horse Editor Thinks She Has Her Tambourine Out All the Time**

Blackstone defines law to be "A rule of action prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." This is a theoretical definition only, and will not bear examination not in these days. In fact to the horse editor, at least, the law as at present interpreted is mostly what the late Artemus Ward called "dampfoolishness."

For instance the legislature has wisely enacted that no man shall assault or beat another. Now there is a perfectly proper proposition. It is supposed to prevent the weak being battle-wounded by the more powerful. But suppose the law is violated what is the result?

Does the injured party have any redress? Not on your tin type. True he can have the other party to the scrimmage arrested. Then he can go into court with his eyes in mourning and his nose feeling like a gourd and give in his testimony as to how he got licked, while the ungodly sit around and giggle and pass remarks upon his appearance. And then he can have his character assailed by a lawyer who for ten plunks will put him on the grill and badger him and sneer at him, and question the character of his old grandmother, and hold him up to the ridicule and contempt of all mankind, and have a regular whoop-jamboree with him. That's part of what he will get, providing his assailant has contended himself with just punching him up until his face looks like a round steak ready to be breaded, and he neglected to kick in his slats, or gouge out an eye or bite off a chunk big enough to constitute mayhem. In this case it is different. Then he must go out and hustle up a couple of friends who notwithstanding the lawyers abuse, still have confidence in him enough to go on his bonds. If he fails to find them he can go to jail and be detained as a witness so as to sustain the majesty of the law. The other fellow in the meanwhile is out on bail having a good time and attending to his business, part of which is to smile when he thinks of the fellow he "done up" amusing himself in jail and waiting for court to convene and the grand jury to get a whack at him.

Finally, if he is lucky and his assailant is convicted, he has the proud satisfaction of seeing the law vindicated and the other fellow fined. The law has been broken, the statutes "in such cases made and provided," ripped up the back, and the great commonwealth says its feelings has been jarred \$100 worth, and it demands and gets that amount of pecuniary salve for its imaginary sores. The fellow with the battered face and the jail experience is given abundant satisfaction and—his freedom. He doesn't need any money to salve his sores—he healed while he was in the jug taking the rest cure.

Then again some one robs you of the last dollar you had. You can't make a compromise with the thief, if caught and get you money back,

not by several jugs full—that would be compounding a felony—but the great, big, grand motherly state will step in because its feelings have been hurt again, and it will punish this same thief by putting him in jail, perhaps, and also fining him. Then to prevent any subsequent disputation about the money, justice raises her old blinders long enough to take your money to pay the fine of the fellow that robbed you, and then she winks the other eye. She hasn't compounded a felony in taking your money she has just upheld the majesty of the law, and kindly permits you to go out into the uncharitable world an hustler.

Again some poor devil gets a little too much booze, and the law steps in throws him into jail, takes what few dollars he has left and leaves his wife and children to hustle or starve. It is great.

It is strange how tender the feelings of the old jade Justice is too. If you shake dice for a cigar, it jars her conscience \$10 worth, but she likes a horse race (God bless her) and you can gamble all you please down at the track which the great state subscribed \$15,000 a year to for the especial purpose of gathering the horses, and she will not turn a hair.

It hurts her feelings if you keep a dog—and a female dog is still more distasteful to her.

She has a conviction fit if a man takes a drink of beer in a house on Sunday, but he can pour red gulle down his neck in the back alleys or anywhere else that day to his heart's content, and his head's undoing, and she is as blind as a rattlesnake in August.

She permits a man to own a gun but fines him for using it—its great, law is.

Its so great, and learned and just and conscientious, that if you ever run up against it you will wonder why an all wise Providence ever permitted a legislator to live long enough to take the oath of office, and you will fail to understand why, especially when you remember that He controls the lightning and lots of it apparently goes to waste.

**An Actor-Author.**

The author of "Highland Mary" which is soon to be brought out by The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., of Boston, is Clayton Mackenzie Legge, the actor who has recently appeared in the support of Maude Adams, Mrs. LeMoyné, Mary Manning and other stars. Through his mother he is a descendent of Henry Mackenzie (who figures in his book by the way) the noted author and publisher of Edinburgh. The poet, Robert Burns owed his popularity to the widely criticisms written by Mackenzie which appeared in the weekly paper, "The Lounger."

Mr. Legge states that the idea of writing the romance of "Highland Mary" came to him while traveling from Edinburgh to London a short time ago. He was glancing over a tiny book (a souvenir of Edinburgh bought chiefly because of its cover, the Mackenzie tartan in silk) entitled "The Life of Robert Burns." It was an exceedingly condensed history but as Mr. Legge was already familiar with the life of the poet and a great admirer of his works, it needed only that little reminder to start the idea of writing a romance around

**Workingmen and Their Friends Should Remember**

If you would help the laboring men and women of America own their homes, to abolish child-labor and the sweat-shop, to educate their children and to have the common necessities of life, to raise the man who works above the level of slaves, remember, when buying literature that the following publications are the output of non-union labor, and should not be found in the home of a laboring man:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Woman's Home Companion<br>Saturday Evening Post<br>Farm and Fireside<br>Delineator<br>All Butterick's Publications<br>Butterick Patterns<br>McClure's Magazines<br>Ladies' Home Journal | The Century<br>Bookman<br>Smart Set<br>St. Nicholas<br>World's Work<br>Black Cat<br>Housekeeper<br>Lippincott's |
|---|---|

**Take This List With You When Buying**

Be true to yourself, be true to the laboring man, be true to your family, and do not have any of the above enemies of labor in your home.

CAPITAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION NO. 210, SALEM, OREGON.

Don't Forget to Ask For the Label On Your Printing



**A MATTER OF ABSORBING INTEREST**

Lies behind that of the approaching Thanksgiving, and that is the lumber question. During the Winter the supply is always uncertain, but by ordering of us before cold weather comes you can be sure of having your wants filled. We are ready to supply any kind of lumber you need.

**GOODALE LUMBER CO.**

the poet and his winsome Mary. Strange to say no romance of this exceedingly picturesque courtship has ever been written in prose.

Upon his return to America Mr. Legge started the story under the most discouraging conditions. At that time he was making one night stand through the west and south and at spare moments he would write a few lines on the manuscript, —sometimes in the cars, in his dressing room at the theaters between acts and even while waiting for trains in cold and depressing stations. At the end of the season he had a pile of manuscript composed



**The smallest thing in a hat**

of our make is the word Knox in the label, but it's a most important thing to look for. Its importance, however, is not entirely due to "prestige," for when you buy a

**KNOX HAT**

you secure a hat of the finest materials and of unequalled wearing quality—to say nothing of style which is World-Standard. In other words, you have paid for what the label represents—\$5 dollars' worth of hat.

**The Toggler**  
167 Commercial St.  
Salem, Ore.

of odds and ends of paper of all colors and colors, ready to be rewritten and revised.

Mr. Legge has written a few pieces which are being used in various parts of the country in stock companies.



**THE PIXIES.**

"The Pixies," a beautiful fairy extravaganza written by W. A. Milne, is to be presented here under the direction of the author and the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, October 17 and 18, at the Grand opera house. The entire cast consisting of nearly 200 young ladies and children will be of home talent.

The costuming will be superb, and the kaleidoscopic mingling of colors on the stage will be something long to be remembered. There will be pixies, brownies, goblins, fairies, monkeys, insects, pickaninies, butterflies, pages, Amazon guards, Jap maidens, Yankee-doodle girls, weird and quaint fancies and fantasies.

The grotesque, beautiful, and quaint. The music is original and the adventures of the spirit "spiritoes" will surely keep laughing. Two hours of unadorned fun, at the time and balance of your life to smile, will recall the funny combinations. Prices 35, 50 and 75 cents.