

HOFER BROS., Publishers and Proprietors

E. HOFER, Editor.

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THE JOURNAL STANDS FOR PROGRESS, DEVELOPMENT, GOOD GOVERNMENT, AND NO DEGRADATION LABOR.

THE TRUE MAN.

"God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!"

—J. G. Holland.

THE NEW TEXTBOOK ADOPTION.

The gentlemen of the Oregon Textbook Commission are able men, and wise in their well-meaning way. Their adoption will be the public school textbooks for six years, unless the law is repealed, AND THE CONTRACTS ANNULLED IN COURT.

The people who send children to school will have to foot the bills for work done by this commission.

They have done one thing—they have given the people plenty of new books to buy for their children. THAT PLEASES THE TEXTBOOK PUBLISHERS.

On the plan that the public schools are the biggest circulating library in the world, the introduction of new books is delightful.

If each child could be given half a dozen grammars, arithmetics, and half a dozen of each textbook, by different publishers, IT MIGHT BE BETTER STILL.

But who is to pay for all these changes? The poorer classes of people, the men and women who have not yet learned to restrict their families to the fashionable size are the victims.

It would be interesting to know how many children the whole commission has, and whether any of the commission really work for a living or have made their money by one of the many forms of genteel graft called business.

The farmer, the small home owner, the man of large family, who looks upon the school book burden with terror ALONG ABOUT THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, was not much represented in the work of this commission.

The adoption has changed most of the textbooks of the public schools, and it may result in keeping thousands of children out of school.

"Contracts are distributed among many firms," says the Oregonian. There were forty very clever representatives of the publishers present, AND THEY ALL GOT AWARDS.

The fact that Oregon has about the lowest attendance at public schools, in proportion to the school census, did not concern the commission.

The fact that thousands of children are graduated with eighth grade certificates, an anomaly for a civilized commonwealth, did not bother the commission.

Each commissioner seemed to have a list of books he wanted adopted, and, like the legislator with a local institution on his hands, had to stand in with the other fellow, WHO HAD A BOOK HE WANTED TO GET IN.

If the commission had cut out about three useless books, and put in a rational, sane system of writing, AND MADE NO FURTHER CHANGES THE PEOPLE WOULD HAVE SAID AMEN.

The resolutions passed by all the different Granges against useless changes in textbooks, setting forth that a single change meant expense of \$25,000 to the common herd, had, had no more effect than exploding a Fourth of July cap pistol IN THE FACE OF A BUNCH OF TRAIN ROBBERS.

The commission were a law unto themselves, and have had a very pleasant time at Salem, with a very adroit lot of book agents, at the expense of the unfortunate masses who still raise large families of small children.

THE FUEL PROBLEM.

With cordwood fuel going up to four to six dollars per cord, the fuel problem comes on apace.

Hops and prunes are going to remain the great staple in Western Oregon, and cannot be dried by sunshine, oil, coal, OR NEWSPAPER HOT AIR.

Everybody knows that fuel makes it impossible to continue the hop industry in California, and sun-dried fruit alone is possible there.

With the state institutions about Salem buying ten to fifteen thousand cords of fuel wood a year, PRICES OF FUEL ARE BOUND TO ADVANCE.

Ten to sixteen dollars a cord for fuel in the fruit growing regions of California, ought to be a warning to cities like Salem to do something to meet this problem.

Inside of ten years fuel wood will go up to TEN DOLLARS A CORD AT THE CAPITAL CITY.

On top of this fact enough sawdust, bark and knots is going to waste in this city to heat half the city with steam heat.

Salem business men and capitalists should stir themselves before it is too late, and stop the waste, and stop the artificial advance in prices.

A steam heating plant would be one of the most profitable enterprises THAT OUR LOCAL CAPITALISTS COULD ENGAGE IN.

The fuel problem should engage the attention of the men who have large acreage of fruit and hops. Electric lines would help some.

MORE POETRY THAN TRUTH.

Dr. Osler's examination of five hundred death-bed utterances in the vain hope of finding some startling testimony as to a dying man's ability to catch a glimpse of the next world, resulted in a sweeping statement on the part of the noted scientist that not one death-bed afforded any light in that direction.

Now comes an explosion of the popular notion that Beethoven uttered a poetical and significant sentence at his death.

The popular phrase ascribed to Beethoven's death-bed is most pathetic: "RAISING HIMSELF ON HIS ELBOW HE LISTENED A MOMENT TO THE THUNDER-STORM THEN PASSING OVER VIENNA, AND SAID, WITH A SIGH: 'I SHALL HEAR IN HEAVEN.'"

Pathetic, indeed, but never spoken.

The cold facts are on record. Beethoven was sick unto death.

A box sent to him by Schott, the publisher, was opened.

It contained bottles of old Rhine wine.

Schindler took two of the flasks and showed them to the dying man, who smiled and said: "What a pity! Too late!"

Beethoven did not speak again, but in his last moments a thunder-storm broke over Vienna.

He rose in his bed as well as he could and shook his fist at the sky. There is no need of losing the great truth put in the invented scene. BEETHOVEN WILL HEAR IN HEAVEN, JUST AS SURELY AS THERE IS ONE.

To ascribe the recovery of hearing as the dying wish of a musician is dramatic, picturesque and worthy of a great preacher's brain.

But human beings do not say such things at the point of death.

They say such things in the long hours of suffering and waiting.

Our own President McKinley said, "It is God's way," but he said it while his brain was clear.

That makes it all the more a credit to him.

MAY SAVE THE BIRDS.

Invention has at last come to the rescue of at least one of our beautiful birds, which has been slaughtered in thousands at the behests of female vanity.

THE MATERNITY PLUMES OF THE EGRET ARE OBTAINABLE ONLY BY KILLING THE MOTHER WHEN IT IS CARING FOR ITS YOUNG, a crime on par with seething a kid in its mother's milk.

Owing to the heartless demand of women for ornaments to put on their hats, the egret had been almost exterminated, for when the mother is murdered her helpless young necessarily perish.

The Audubon societies have fought against the ruthless slaughter, naturalists have lifted their voices in protest, but THE MURDEROUS QUEST WENT ON, IMPELLED BY COMMERCIAL GREED, in defiance of protective laws and utmost efforts of game wardens.

Now, however, some good genius has invented an artificial egret to be used by milliners, which is even more beautiful than the real thing and more adaptable than that taken from the bird.

It is made of ostrich plumes, and it is hoped the women will be content to use it on their hats, letting the poor egrets alone and giving them a chance to multiply.

NEED A CHANGE OF BOOKS

Samples of Results From Modern Educational Methods

A question that has puzzled editors for many years is answered, at least in part, in "A Report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College," now published by three gentlemen who are instructors in English at Harvard.

Most of the young men who apply to newspapers for employment as reporters are recent graduates of colleges or universities, and desperate editors have long torn their scanty hair and wondered where and how these gentlemanly youths have learned to maltreat the poor old English language so diabolically. Now the secret is out. "Prep" school is the place.

This, at least, is the conclusion that Harper's Weekly draws from reading the awful verbal tangles perpetrated by carefully tutored boys seeking admission at Harvard. Ample official warning is published that "no candidate will be accepted in English whose work is seriously faulty in spelling, grammar, punctuation, or division into paragraphs." Yet the martyrdom of the language goes on. Some of the tortures inflicted upon it are more ingenious than any invented by the Grand Inquisition.

Of course, it is a trifle exciting to expect high standing in English from busy young gentlemen whose energies are chiefly employed in running, jumping, swimming, rowing, field and track games, baseball and football yet one wonders how even they can contrive to invent such brainstorm effects as these:

"Imagine how severe a blow feels when your only amiability is abducted in a manner as Jessica was taken."

"I like Shakespeare very well, and have read most of his Waverly Novels."

"Addison passed his early life in the place in which he was born. It was situated a little way from Harvard College on what was then called Tory's Row. He was educated by a private tutor, and, at the age of 16, entered Harvard College. He had no rooms at the college, but lived at his own home. The beauty of the country around his place afforded him many topics for his books."

"The 'Autocrat' was full of fresh ideas, and, in the main, little stunts of pleasant nonsense."

"His younger brother was kind of jealous of Godfrey's life."

Remarkable Rescue.

That truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Fedora, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds, 50c and \$1.00 at J. C. Perry's drug store. Trial bottle free.

San Jose scale has attached the wild bushes up in Lane county, according to the county fruit inspector.

Do Not Neglect the Children.

At this season of the year the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention. The best thing that can be given is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by castor oil as directed with each bottle of the remedy. Fore sale by Dr. Stone's drug store.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man today. The first bottle relieved and three bottle completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by J. C. Perry druggist. 50c.

George Burnham, Jr., former general counsel of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance company, who is now serving a term in Sing Sing for grand larceny, is to have a new trial under a decision handed down by the appellate division of the supreme court.

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex. says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually disposes of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c at J. C. Perry's drug store.

T. R. Cook, a laborer on the Caulfield farm near Rickreall, fell from his seat on a heavy clod masher to which four horses were hitched, Thursday and was dragged 150 yards and badly bruised and mangled. Neighbors saw the accident and their prompt going to his aid is all that saved his life.

He Fired the Stick.

"I have fired the walking-stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C. Guaranteed for Piles, Burns etc., by J. C. Perry druggist. 25c.

William Wearn, a coal miner is dying in the hospital at Marshfield as the result of being stabbed several times by another miner named John Kelley. The row occurred Saturday night.

There Are Few

People who know how to take care of themselves—the majority do not. The liver is a most important organ in the body. Herbine will keep it in condition. V. C. Simpkins, Albu, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for Shills and Fever and find it the best medicine I ever used. I would not be without it. It is as good for children as it is for grown-up people, and I recommend it. It is fine for La Grippe." Sold by D. J. Fry.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kled You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Cast. A. Fletcher*

The Value of A DOLLAR

Is its earning capacity. A dollar in your pocket at the end of the year is still a dollar, provided you have not spent or lost it.

A dollar deposited with us earns 3 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, and is a safe investment.

Money carried in your pocket teaches a tendency to spend, and keeps you poor.

Money deposited here teaches thrift, and will make you rich.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Capital National Bank

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM

A Patient Who Was Cured More Than Three Years Ago Says He Has Not Had a Rheumatic Ache or Pain Since.

Every pain in the back does not indicate kidney trouble, more often it is nothing but a touch of rheumatism, and may be easily cured. Do not be unnecessarily alarmed and think at once that you have some organic trouble. Just give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and see if your pain is not banished.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism beyond any shadow of a doubt. They have cured all forms, even sciatica. They have cured all chronic cases in which the suffering of patients extended over periods of years.

These statements are easily proven and we shall be glad to send the proof to anyone interested.

Three years ago Mr. Henry Story, of 523 Muskingum avenue, Zanesville, Ohio, was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and his statement was widely published at that time. He has just been interviewed again and says that he has had no return of the trouble, and recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as strongly as ever. He says:

"My back hurt and my legs pained me so that I could hardly stand. My left arm also troubled me, and the pain was so intense that I could not rest night or day. I tried everything I could think of without relief and the doctor's medicine did me no good that I could see.

"Mrs. Storey read in the papers about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she urged me to take them. She bought two boxes of the pills, and when I had taken them I felt better. So I took four boxes more, six in all. That is over three years ago, and I have never had any return of the rheumatic pains since. We praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all our friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden the pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotic, stimulant or opiate. Those who take them run no danger of forming any drug habit. The pills act directly on the blood, and in this way have cured many diseases that do not yield to ordinary methods of treatment.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Fashion Stables

Formerly Simpson's Stables. Up-to-date livery and cab line. Funeral turnouts a specialty. Tally ho for picnics and excursions. Phone 44. CHAS. W. YANKE, Prop. 247 and 249 High Street.

SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE

July 4th AT SALEM
CELEBRATE WITH US
SEE ANNOUNCEMENTS LATER



THE MARKETS

Make Salem a Good Market. SALEM MARKET. Steiner's Market. Dealers in fish, game and produce. Highest cash prices paid for prompt delivery. State stock.

Local Wholesale Market. Eggs—14. Hens—10c; young chickens—13@16c. Ducks—10c; geese, 8c. Local wheat—31c. Oats—43c. Barley—42c. Flour—Hard wheat, \$1.10@1.15. Mill feed—Bran, \$1.10; \$20@21. Hay—Chest and clover, 10c per ton; timothy, \$11@12. Onions—\$2.00 per cwt. 80c per cwt. Hops—Choice, 14@15c; choice, 8@9c; medium, 7@8 1/2c. Chittim bark—5 1/2@6c.

Tropical Fruits. Bananas—\$6.75. Oranges—\$3@4. Lemons—\$5.75.

Retail Market. Oats—33c; wheat, 10c per rolled barley, 32c. Eggs—30c doz.; 2 doz. 50c. Apples—\$1.00. Butter—Country, 25c; 30c.

Flour—Valley, \$1.10@1.15; sack; hard wheat, \$1.10@1.15. Bran—55c per sack; 100 per sack. Hay—Timothy, 10c per ton; chest, 55c; clover, 10c per ton; shorts, 55c per cwt.

Livestock. Hogs—Fat, 6 1/2c. Cattle—1100@1200. Lighter steers—3 1/2@4c. Cows and heifers—3 1/2@4c. Stock hogs—4@5c. Lambs—4 1/2@5c. Veal—Dressed, 10 1/2c.

Portland Market. Wheat—Club 100, 88@90c; blue stem, 88@90c. Oats—Choice white, 7c. Millstuffs—Bran, 4 1/2c. Hay—Timothy, \$10@12.

Vetch—\$5.50. Poultry—Hens, 14, mixed, 13 1/2c; dressed chickens, 15c; turkeys, live, 12@13c; 13@14c; pigeons, \$1.00@1.10. Pork—Best, \$4.20@4.30. Lambs—4c. Beef—Dressed, 14c. Mutton—5@7c. Hops—9@10 1/4c B, medium quality.

Wool—Valley, coarse to 29@30c; eastern Oregon, 28@29c.

B. B. Laughlin, Dublin, writes: "I have two children with croup. I tried many remedies, but I must say your Syrup is the best. Croup medicine I ever used."