

J. L. STOCKTON

THE OLD WHITE CORNER

New Wrappers

Another shipment of Ladies Wrappers arrived yesterday.

They are the winter kind, made of medium heavy goods and the patterns are splendid.

\$1.25



Short Coats Half Price

A few very nice short coats in covert cloth, broadcloth and novelities, styled similar to this cut. We price them at half for this week only.



KLINGER-GRAND THEATRE

WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 7

Don't fail to see

"The Rosells"

ARTHUR AND DAISY

In their "Silly Kid" turn.

New pictures and illustrated songs

Two performances nightly.

10c and 20c

X-RAYS

The Baker City Herald says "elk are not becoming obsolete," and to prove it mentions the fact that four men from La Grande, in one day's travel, each killed an elk. Of course, this only proves that four of the magnificent animals are "obsolete," but with only a comparative few of the big animals in the higher mountains, and these tame from long protection, when this open season is over, there will be but few left. They should be protected indefinitely.

Eugene will pay John Hartog, a booster, \$5000 a year for his services. When a town develops the spirit to pay a booster, it is throwing away money to employ one, for he can do it no good, for it will boost itself. The hired booster is simply a parasite, who looks wise and thrives on the fatness of the community. The community does the work, and the booster gets it on the back, and takes the money.

Taking a man for a deer and a 4-year-old girl for a China pheasant, one would think was about the limit, but when "a hunter" kills a turkey, and packs it home under the impression that it is a China pheasant, it looks as though, in addition to taking out a hunter's license, an examination should also be held, and a license to run at large should also be required, in order to protect those hunters who do know the difference between a chippy bird and an elephant.

A justice of the peace at Albany fined a man \$25 for killing two elk, the law permitting only one to be killed by any one person. That same justice of the peace would no doubt fine a man 30 cents for robbing a bank or 23 cents for shooting the hired girl.

The unwritten law is the kind that needs to be either reduced to writing, or else have a few people hanged for invoking it. An insanely jealous man is hardly the one to examine into a case, and to then act as judge, jury and sheriff.

According to the dispatches received today Taft is exceedingly popular in China, but, unfortunately, American voting precincts do not reach that far. While he is enthusiastic the Oriental Uncle Joe Cannon is using his name to fire president and election at himself.

SMILES

The young people of the Salem high school have a great big credit mark coming to them on the appearance of the first number of the Clarion, with Leland Hendricks as editor-in-chief. His staff includes such bright young amateur journalists as Lloyd Farmer, Oudin Roberts, Russell Brooks, Gladys Cartwright, Will Perkins, Althea Moores, Perry Riegelman, Walt St. Pierre, Howard Zimmerman, Harry Cronise, Robt. Minton and Laurence Hofer. On the cover page is a scared-looking high school student, with a pale, intellectual countenance, but clothes that look right—a clever sketch by Mollie Runcorn, cashier at The Capital Journal office. The young man looks as if he had the problems of the universe resting square on his shoulders, or was anxiously awaiting the appearance of his best girl around the corner. The whole work is very creditable from start to finish.

The Taft literature begins to appear. Postals and advertising cards from the Taft literary bureau at Columbus, Ohio, very cleverly gotten up matter, too.

That crushed rock begins to pile up rather suspiciously on Court street. Looks like paving. Still there may be several things done to stop progress and the advance of real estate. The head of the Anti-Progress Society in the city council is only out of town temporarily.

It is not everybody who blows his own horn the loudest does the most business. For instance there is a quiet and modest-looking old gentleman doing business at the New Grand Central Hotel, at Portland, who sells a great deal of real estate in the Willamette valley. He sold the Barber dairy ranch near Marion recently to parties from Tennessee. He has just sold 27 acres of prairie land near Turner belonging to Geo. G. Bingham, for \$50 per acre to Portland parties. His name is Eli Vaughn, and he seems to bear out the Americanism, "Get there, Eli."

There is a suspicion among the politically wise that James W. Bailey, the state dairy and food commissioner, is spending a good deal of his valuable time at the county fairs nursing an incipient boom for the governorship.

Saturday Linn county grangers met in county council, and, with great enthusiasm, adopted resolutions tendering heartfelt thanks to Messrs. Tilmon Ford and M. E. Pogue, of Salem, and Sena Smith, of Portland, for exceeding valuable services in winning a glorious victory for its referendum petition before the supreme court of the state of Oregon. They also adopted a resolution commending the editor of the Capital Journal of Salem for its hearty support of the U. of O. referendum petitions, and expressing the hope that "he will continue in the front of our line of battle until the fight is ended."

Don't Be a Knecker.

If it rains, let it rain, don't howl about it. It will not make any difference, whether you talk about it or not. You wouldn't live in a country that didn't have rain, anyway. Don't think it is raining just to spite you. There are others that don't like it any better than you do. We are going to have a number of Easterners here this winter who are not familiar with the rains of Oregon. A good word, even for the rain, will make it more pleasant for them. The north wind has been growled at enough to forsake this country entirely. Might as well be thankful that it doesn't blow the year round. If you don't like your neighbor, move. If you don't like the town, leave. Don't knock!

The Spirit of Democracy.

Pat—Sure, I voted the Democratic ticket.
Mike—How could ye trust such a party as that?
Pat—Oh, I didn't. They paid me cash.—Judge.

It Is Not.

The busy little bee is not
The busiest thing that's born; it
Isn't in it you will find
If you disturb a hornet.
—Houston Post.

The Wrong Word.

"Did you finally summon up enough courage to ask her to marry you?"
"Yes, and she gave her word—
"Ah! I congratulate you."
"You needn't the word she gave was 'No.'"
—Philadelphia Press.

GENUINE

"FIRE-WATER"

De-Naturized Fluid Tapped At Los Angeles

A dispatch from Los Angeles, dated October 8th, says: A "burning well," from which flows a steady stream of inflammable water that puzzles scientists, was opened yesterday by drillers for oil. The hole is 1800 feet deep, but not a trace of oil can be found. The water is free from it, but can be lighted with a match and burns so fiercely that it is necessary to turn off the flow before the blaze can be extinguished. The flame is a good red blaze, which burns without sputtering.

Not only can the water be lighted at the mouth of the pipe from which it flows, but at any point in the ditch through which it runs. It is mineral in character and warm. It smells strongly of sulphur. The casing of the well is 7 1/2 inches in diameter, and the pressure behind the water is so strong that it will flow over the top of a 35-foot stand-pipe. It is not a gas pressure, however, and no disturbance is perceptible as the water issues from the ground. It would evidently be valuable for heating purposes. It burns without smoke, and the heat is so great at a distance of ten feet as to be decidedly uncomfortable. When the "burning water" was allowed to flow into a sewer inlet it caused the pipes to crack for several yards.



WILLIAM G. ROCKEFELLER.

Son of William Rockefeller, younger brother of John D., who was on the stand in the proceedings in New York against the Standard Oil company.

AND HER NAME IS MAUD

Maud Muller on a summer's day, raked the meadows sweet with hay; Maud's feet were bare, and bare each shin; Maud's gown was calico and thin; and fitted Maud—'twas such a fit that Maud seemed molded into it. She had some rucking at her throat, and wore short sleeves; please make a note of all these things—tight dress, bare shin, and thinish gown o'er tender skin—here Maud steps in a hornet's nest, and I can't just describe the rest.—Houston Post.

Afflicted with Sore Eyes for 33 Years

I have been afflicted with sore eyes for 33 years. Thirteen years ago I became totally blind and was blind for six years. My eyes were badly inflamed. One of my neighbors insisted upon my trying Chamberlain's Salve and gave me half a box of it. To my surprise it healed my eyes and my sight came back to me.—P. C. Earle, Cynthia, Ky. Chamberlain's Salve is for sale at Dr. Stone's drug store.

The
White House Restaurant
For a Regular
25c Dinner at 20c
They can't be beat
McGilchrist & Son
Proprietors.

THE DOG

STRAYED

AWAY

Just Came From Alaska, and is Hunting For Some Climate

W. H. Jones, formerly of Salem, but for the past seven years a dweller in the extreme Northland, beyond Nome, has returned to civilization, or at least to Portland, and will be up to Salem in a short time to visit his cousin, T. M. Jones, proprietor of the Farmers' feed barn. He brought with him an immense native dog, and yesterday shipped the animal from Portland by express to T. M. Jones, expecting to keep the dog here during the winter, and take him back to Alaska next spring. This he may or may not do, as this morning the "buck" was not to be found, though Mr. Jones is making diligent search, as it is the "best horse" in his cousin's Klondike stable. If some hunter does not mistake him for a China pheasant, he will probably be found and returned to Mr. Jones, as he is as big as a Jersey cow, and few people would care to board him long.

The Klondike dog, which was lost this morning from the Farmers' feed yard on High street, was found and brought back to his guardian, T. M. Jones, shortly before noon today. Mr. Jones, upon missing the animal this morning, lost no time in making a canvass of the city in search of the lost canine, and after visiting many places, including the "noodle" house, was about to give up the search, when a gentleman living near the flour mill on Church street brought the dog back to the barn. The sled-puller had wandered to the mill, and as the man came along, on his way home, the animal followed him. On reaching his residence the gentleman found the tag bearing the name of Mr. Jones attached to the dog's collar, and after the animal had been given a good meal he was returned to the stables.

WAS UNDER CONTROL OF NEGRO

A dispatch from Chicago, dated October 9th, says: Mrs. Evaline Romadka, wife of a millionaire trunk manufacturer, of Milwaukee, weeping hysterically in the office of Captain O'Brien, of the detective bureau, today confessed to robbing several fashionable homes in this city and Milwaukee of jewelry and money under the tutelage of a negro convict, Albert Jones, who later disposed of most of the stolen property.

The confession and the self-admitted criminal are the most remarkable Chicago police have had to deal with in recent years. The arrest of her negro ally and the persistent "sweating" given her by the police tore aside the wall of reserve she had raised about herself, and today, seated at a desk in the chief's office, she poured out the stories of the robberies, and the manner in which the crimes were committed.

"I don't know why I did it," she wailed in conclusion. "There's something bad in me that sought an outlet. I tried to control myself, but failed miserably. I lost my grip and went under," and settling herself back in her seat, she broke into an hysterical fit of weeping.

The peculiar psychological trend of the woman's mind, the circumstances that led to the commission of her first crime and the nonchalant manner in which the woman of education and evident refinement allied herself with the negro convict, who patiently instructed her in crime and its various methods of commission, form a chapter of life unheard of among women criminals in the West.

Seeking positions in families of wealth as nursemaid was one of the methods used by the wife of the millionaire to enjoy the opportunity to trunk manufacturer, of Milwaukee, easily into the free masonry prevalent in "thieves circles" without fear of betrayal, she gave the proceeds of her robberies to the negro to pawn. The negro, after pawning the jewelry entrusted to him kept a portion of the proceeds and turned the remainder back to the woman.

PAVING

PLANT HAS ARRIVED

Second Rock Crusher Being Installed—Fifty Men Will Be Employed

The paving plant of the Warren Bitulithic Company, that has been employed at Eugene, was brought down to this city last night, and is being installed on ground in the Yew Park section leased of John Albert. The plant consists of about four carloads of machinery, together with a second rock crusher that will be placed in the pit south of the city. The machinery includes a steam mixer, engine, roller and rock crusher. W. L. Archambeau, of Portland, superintendent of the transfer of the plant to this city, and Superintendent Shorey, who has been carrying out contracts in Boise, will be in charge at Salem, with the entire crew that has been working at Eugene, in all about 50 men. By the time enough rock is on the street the plant will be in operation, and will lay from 800 to 1000 yards per day. It will not be long putting down the 9000 square yards on Court street, and then proceed to State street.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Famous Irish sportsman, who has issued another challenge for the America's cup.

A STUB TRAIN TO ROSEBURG

The Oregon railroad commission are in Portland today, giving a hearing to the Southern Pacific Company on the matter of a motion to vacate their previous order to have a stub train run from Roseburg to Albany, when the overland train is late. The contention of the railroad management is that such a train would be unprofitable and could not be furnished without great loss. The railroad company contends that their overland train has been on time almost continuously since they have had crossing facilities at San Francisco bay, and that the day overland is late as much as two hours very rarely. It is probable there will be some compromise.

The Smile-Maker.

Towne—All the women seem to think him a great humorist.
Browne—Not all the women; only those with pretty teeth.—Philadelphia Press.

Winter Shoes

Storm Rubbers and Rubber Boots

If you are looking for good winter shoes that will give you good service, come in and see my stock. With every pair of shoes sold I give a pencil box, containing pencils and ruler, free.

Jacob Vogt

345 State Street