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Republican National Ticket.

For President, BENJAMIN HARRISON, Of Indiana.

For Vice President, LEVI P. MORTON, Of New York.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Robert McLean, of Clatsop County; Wm. Kappas, of Multnomah County; A. W. Fulton, of Clatsop County.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1898.

WHO IS "THE FRAUD"?

The Statesman has renewed its fight on Supt. Lee, of the Chemawa Indian School. It tells us he is "an old fraud," that "he is loathed by his students and despised by all who know him."

No one has yet been employed at the Chemawa Indian training school two weeks until he has found out that Col. Lee, superintendent and general nuisance of the institution, is a meddlesome old swart on the department, a superannuated and incompetent trouble-brewer.

His administration has been a disgrace to the department. It has been inefficient, and at no time during his incumbency has the school been free from a row and a strife of some sort or other.

Col. Lee might do very well in the position of superintendent of a hog yard, but he is a complete failure in his present position.

A character such as is here portrayed falls lamentably short of the standard required of the man filling Supt. Lee's position. The Indian service is a missionary employ, and the man or woman who labors among the red race must have his zeal enkindled by devotion to the cause or he falls short of his requirement. Supt. Lee holds a responsible position. The average number of his inmates is 250, who have to be clothed, fed and schooled in books and industrial habits.

If the allegations of that journal are true, and if it is a fact that "all the business men who have had to do with him can testify that he is incompetent and a trustworthiness of no interest or value to his employers," does our brother quill his intentions to issue a circular regarding the result he might expect well whiffs to the wind.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction.

quiry, where such a state of things exists, & certain condemnation.

But every intelligent person knows that this brutal and unprovoked assault on Supt. Lee is prompted by personal spite and partisan rancor. He is a democrat, appointed by a democratic administration; and this is his unpardonable sin.

We have been prompted to say this much in defense of a useful man entrusted with a difficult and responsible position, and in reprobation of a misuse of the journalistic office which subordinates the public interest to personal rancor, and is willing to trample on worth and merit to indulge in partisan spleen.

VERY POOR EXAMPLE

The public are not sufficiently interested in the newspaper fight now going on between J. D. Wilcox of the Portland Daily News, and Harvey Scott of the Oregonian, for the Journal to load its columns with the charges and counter charges.

Harvey Scott, editor of the great metropolitan paper, has, like a good republican, consistently opposed the poll-tax, or prohibition party. He also used the whole weight of his paper to defeat the non-political prohibitory amendment.

And now Hon. Matthew Doody, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, in furnishing Mr. Scott with a written "character" says: I affirm that I neither saw nor heard anything reflecting on Mr. Scott's conduct concerning the election, except the single comparatively trivial circumstance, that on the morning of election he met Pat Cookley, a somewhat noted political worker on the streets, who asked him for some money wherewith "to treat the boys," when he gave him \$10.

And have we come to this (that the editor of the leading paper in a great state like Oregon will give saloon politicians and ward strikers \$10 at a time for corruption and bribery for the purpose of "treating the boys"?) And a United States Judge speaks of it as a "comparatively trifling circumstance! What an admission to put into the hands of our opponents, the prohibition party, men and women! What a humiliation to the thousands of conscientious anti-saloon republicans in our party's ranks.

What an example to set before our young men's republican clubs! Every true republican, "one of the olden time" will protest against such educational methods by leading editors and judges within the party. Surely this is not in accord with the last resolution passed at the Chicago Convention, "The republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality." Had these gentlemen been democrats we should condemn but not blush.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction.

Worth Remembering.

You may save money, time and trouble by it. Call on Squire Farrar & Co. for your groceries. The best place in town.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC ABRAIGNED.

A Scathing Recital of the Misery it Inflicts on Society.

[Speech delivered by Senator Windom at the unveiling of the statue of Josiah Bartlett at Amesbury, Mass., July 4th.]

The discussion of this subject seems to me quite appropriate to the occasion. Perhaps the highest honor we can pay to the founders of our government, is to accept with profound gratitude the blessings which, under God, they have transmitted to us, and to face with manly courage and patriotic determination whatever problems remain to be solved.

How to curtail and finally destroy this evil is the great problem of the hour. Its solution stands next on the world's calendar of progress. It has been called for trial, and cannot be dismissed or postponed. The saloon has boldly entered politics, and it has come to stay until vanquished or victorious.

Briefly stated, the question is: Shall the liquor power with its dire and deadly influence rule and ruin, or shall it be utterly destroyed?

This malign power has organized and massed its mighty forces for the conflict. It has raised the black flag, and proclaimed that he who will not swear allegiance to it and thereby become a party criminal, is its work of destruction and death shall politically perish. The time has therefore come when the issue must be met. Political parties can no longer dodge it if they would.

To maintain this right the saloon power has organized its vast forces, formed its political alliances, and now, conscious of its strength, bids open defiance to law and public sentiment. To maintain the right to get money by the wholesale destruction of life, health, and property, it corrupts the ballot, bribes legislatures, tampers with juries, and seeks to intimidate the weak and cowardly by arson and assassination.

Not less than 80,000 victims go annually to the drunkard's grave from the homes of this land.

Alas! how true and terrible is this indictment of the saloon. Oh, that from every hilltop and valley, from mountain and prairie, from city and hamlet, from lakes to gulf, and from sea to sea, there might this day arise the united voice of our sixty millions of people in most solemn declaration of independence of this cruel king, whose injuries and usurpations threaten the destruction of our free government.

He has enacted laws permitting him to transform men into beasts. He is the direct cause of nine-tenths of the woes and sorrows which blight and curse our people.

He, hiding his monstrous deformity under the forms of law enacted by his own vassals, over whose heads he cracks the slave-driver's lash in halls of legislation, maintains at our expense an army of miscreants who, at the very doors of our sanctuaries, prosecute the work of murder and death.

He has despoiled labor, burdened property with excessive taxation, impoverished whole communities, hindered education, corrupted morals, fostered crimes, aided all classes of vice and wrong, and plunged his victims into shame and degradation.

He would have us transmit to our children a heritage of distilleries, breweries, and saloons, and chain to the weary backs of society increasing burdens of paupers, criminals, idiots and insane.

He seizes and debauches innocent children, tears sons from the arms of sorrowing mothers, and bears them away to dishonored graves.

He wrings hot tears from the eyes of widows whose husbands he has

sacrificed at the shrine of the drunkard's Moloch.

He sits supreme in the national congress and makes laws in the country's capital.

He governs courts of justice and makes ministers of the law and legislation his lackeys.

He silences the preacher in his pulpit and muzzles the editor at his desk.

He wastes, directly and indirectly, in his revels annually more than a thousand millions of our dollars, and marshals in his staggering procession to death and hell a half-million of our people.

He is a cold, heartless, cruel murderer and assassin of the deepest dye.

He counts his victims by millions, butchers go on daily and nightly within sight of the portals of our homes. We can hear the shrieks of his victims and the wail of the bereaved.

The time would fail me to tell the thousandth part of the evils, multiplying and destructive, that flow out of the liquor traffic, and in all this vast wrong the great evil has no friend. Dear friends, have we the courage this day to issue, and thereto affix our signatures in the pronounced handwriting of John Hancock, our own declaration of independence; and with a firm reliance on Divine Providence pledge our lives and fortune, and our sacred honor, that from this day henceforth, no word or act of ours may be construed into allegiance to this felon king? He must be driven from his place of power and utterly overthrown. The conflict is upon us. It is a life-and-death struggle. Oh, for an uprising of righteous indignation, for an aroused American conscience, for patriotic devotion to home and country like that which gave inspiration and faith to Jonas Parker and his neighbors when they reddened the village-green of Lexington with their blood on that glorious morning a century and more ago, when the old revolution burst into magnificent blossoms as the shot was fired that echoed round the world; for an enlightened public opinion, the mightiest advocate of any question for the combined forces of Christian home, Christian church, and Christian commonwealth in battle array against the traffic in theft and murder until it shall be thundered from every political platform, national and state, "Thou shalt not, and there shall be no legalized saloon where floats the starry flag of the free." Not until then will the infamous business cease; not until then will we be delivered from its satanic sorceries. Temporalizing policies are a failure. Under all systems of license regulation or tax, the work of ruin and death goes on.

The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the demand of the people, and politicians and statesmen who fail to heed it are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Prohibition is in the air.

Nothing can resist the onward march of a genuine reform. Every such movement enters into and becomes a part of the Messianic purpose to set judgment in the earth. Agitation on this question is the duty of the hour. Let it go from press, platform and pulpit, in the prayer-meetings, and at the ballot box, until every patriot who loves his country, every Christian who loves his God, every philanthropist who loves his race, every father who loves his child, every son of the republic will, a marshalled host, uplift the constitution as a banner of reform and under its folds march to the ballot-boxes of the land, and under an avalanche of freemen's ballots bury beyond resurrection the American saloon. Then shall our whole union become the citadel of sobriety, the national name be purged of this great shame, and our glorious banner,

"Whose hues are all of heaven In red the sun-set's dye; The whiteness of the mountain cloud The blue of morning sky."

Send a WEEKLY JOURNAL to your friend in the east; it costs no more than a postage stamp.

NEW TO-DAY.

PROPOSALS FOR WOOD.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY the directors of school district No. 24 in Marion county until Wednesday, the 12th of August, for 60 cords fir wood and 40 cords oak, to be delivered at East Salem building; 5 cords fir wood and 5 cords oak, to be delivered at North Salem building; 5 cords oak, to be delivered at South Salem building. DAVID SIMPSON, School Clerk.

Board of Equalization.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Board of Equalization for Marion county, Oregon, will meet at the county court-house in Salem on Monday, August 27, 1898, and continue in session there for one week, for the adjustment of assessments.

T. B. PATTON, Assessor of Marion Co., Or.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fruit Farms!

FINE LOCATION, BEST SOIL, EASY TERMS.

OREGON LAND COMPANY

Has now for sale twenty-five 10-acre lots on the west side of the river, from 8 1/2 to 4 miles from Salem and near the 130-acre fruit farm owned by Mr. R. S. Wallace, of Salem. These lots are all richly situated within sight of the Capital City, and having a grand view of the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade range.

The Soil is of the Very Best Quality

For the production of FRUIT, and some of the lots are already set out to trees that are in full bearing. One lot has several hundred PRUNE trees on it; another, a large number of the finest PLUM trees; and others have CHERRY and APPLE trees on them.

All Lots Front on a Road

And the road leading to Salem is now being gravelled, and will be one of the FINEST DRIVES leading out of the city. It is generally conceded that investment in FRUIT LANDS at the present time offers a better assurance of large returns than any other form of investment. Prices now being paid for fruit in Salem by the Willamette Valley Fruit Company.

Insure, at a Low Estimate, from \$250 to \$500 per Acre!

The close proximity of Mr. Wallace's fruit farm of 150 acres to these lots insures a Fruit Cannery, and thus a convenient market, as soon as the trees are old enough to bear.

Oregon Land Company,

AT THEIR OFFICE IN THE

Bank Block on Commercial Street

And they will SHOW YOU THIS PROPERTY FREE OF CHARGE.

n128dw.

Bank Block, Three Doors South of 1st National Bank. HACKS -:- AND -:- BUGGIES!



A fine line of hacks, buggies, carts, carriages, buckboards, etc. Both our own make and the best eastern made buggies.

Every one Warranted!

JOBGING and HORSESHOEING.

Call on the undersigned, wagon and carriage makers and blacksmiths, 288 1/2, 312 and 314 Commercial street, Salem.

SCRIBER -:- and -:- POHLE.

WM. BROWN & CO.

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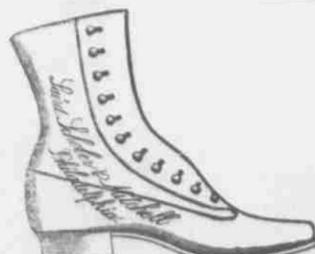
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Leather and Findings!

CASH PAID FOR Wool, Hides, Pelts and Furs.

No. 211 Commercial Street, SALEM, OREGON.

