

The Weekly Chronicle.

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TERSE CRITICISM OF BRYANISM

William L. Mitchell, the map publisher of Chicago, in a letter telling of his position in this campaign, signs himself "A democrat who has voted for nine presidential democratic candidates, but who can not vote for Bryanism, Altgeldism, anarchism, socialism, populism, the free riot doctrine and the rotten 16 to 1 plank of the present so-called democracy. I shall vote for McKinley."

It is upon the Philippine policy that Mr. Mitchell finds a paramount issue for himself in this campaign.

"The United States," he writes, "holds the Philippines by conquest and by purchase. The title is not questioned by any other nation. What shall we do with them? A fatal moment colors a whole life. A blunder as to the Philippines could never be remedied. Mr. Bryan admits they are ours, and that we should hold them until a stable government is formed. He advised democrats to vote for the treaty of Paris. If they are not legally ours we have no right to hold them a moment for any reason or purpose."

"Then comes the question: What shall we do with them? We have held New Mexico and Arizona fifty years as territories; no representation in the federal government. So, too, the District of Columbia has no representation. Let us hold the Philippines. The United States has never been asked to, nor has it established a protectorate over the South American republics, as Mr. Bryan and others have stated. A protectorate has in it a hundred wars with foreign powers for the United States, caused by blunders, crimes and treachery of the natives. Better one war at a time, even with the Philippines, than endless wars with the whole world. To abandon them would be a crime to the people of those islands and to civilization."

"May we Americans or our children never contemplate the sad, humiliating sight of other and foreign flags floating over that land abandoned by us through political cowardice or timidity."

The Bryanite combination is much more populistic and anarchistic than it is democratic. In fact, it is not democratic at all. The platform of the Bryanites, dictated by Bryan himself, is as un-democratic and un-American as it could possibly be made. It has nothing in it, whatever, in accord with the democratic ideas, principles, or policy of Jefferson, or Jackson, or even with the later democratic administrations of Polk and Pierce. But it is thoroughly and recklessly populistic and anarchistic. It attacks not only individual and corporate rights and interests, but the basis of all property rights, and proposes even to remove and destroy the safe-guards which the laws and the courts of the country now provide. It boldly proposes to substitute for the rule of law and the decisions of the courts under the law, the ignorant, fickle and uncertain will of a Bryanite mob, if that mob can be made a popular majority in the presidential election. The whole Bryanite movement is an attempt to array one class of citizens of the country against individual enterprise and thrift and national prosperity. It is not essentially different in spirit, and no better in its purpose, than the French communistic outbreak which followed the overthrow of the last imperial government in France, and came so near wrecking the hope of the establishment of a French republic. We cannot in these United States afford to run the risk of an experiment of the rule of the populistic and anarchistic party with Bryan at its head.

If Bryan is elected a business panic will ensue.—Springfield Union. This is the argument of "base commercialism." There speaks the ac-

cursed voice of greed. Let us feed upon nobler sentiments. Let us remember how happy Bryan's election would make the Hon. Emilio Aguinaldo. "The United States for the United States" is a selfish principle. "The United States for the Tagalog bandits" is the proper thing in principles. To fear a business panic is to put the dollar above the man.—New York Sun.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

Let us pause for a moment and suspend our phonographic denunciations of McKinley and his imperialism and listen to the voice of the sacred past, says a writer in an exchange. Let us stop for a time the metallic tones of Bryan's Indianapolis speech, take off the record, wipe it carefully and lay it away, and take another record from the shelf of the past and place it under the needle and set the machine going again. What? Is it possible? Yes, this is what it says:

"Should Mr. Lincoln be re-elected the revolution will be accomplished. This will be no longer a republic of the United States, but a consolidated empire. Every safeguard must sooner or later give way. The limitations of the executive power will not be in the constitution, but in the pleasure of the president. We implore patriotic and intelligent men to pause and reflect and give their verdict on Tuesday next. If the people will not save their priceless constitution and union it is lost."

All that is necessary is to substitute McKinley's name for Lincoln's, and Bryan's most pitiful appeal to save the country from imperialism at the hands of McKinley is equalled by this effort of the Indianapolis Sentinel more than a whole generation ago to save it from the same dread peril at the hands of Lincoln, that great and good man whose greatness and goodness Bryan is now striving to absorb into his own to curb the foolishness of the natives and yet commit the United States to fight their quarrels. It would make the Filipinos the arbiters of the destiny of the United States. The Bryan proposition is preposterous and beyond all reason.

The grief of all Bryanites over the oppression of Porto Rico must be doubled when they learn that the Porto Ricans are no longer free to die of smallpox, says the Inter-Ocean. That malady killed 522 of them the year before the Americans came, and eighteen months ago 3,000 cases were known to exist. Then the McKinley carpet-baggers resolved to vaccinate the entire population. Out of some 900,000 persons, 790,000 are recorded as successfully vaccinated. No death from smallpox has occurred in the last eight months. The privilege of having the disease has been taken away from the islanders "without the consent of the governed."

The suit against Hon. H. W. Corbett, brought in the name of E. E. Peterson, has collapsed. The Oregonian says: "There is every evidence that the suit was brought through collusion between the nominal plaintiff, the woman, and the attorney. It never had the semblance of good faith. It never was intended that it should be tried. The motive from the first was not doubtful." And yet in spite of all this, common rumor will insist that Brother Corbett is the gayest kind of an old troubadour.

That newspaper correspondent stationed at Baker City, who makes a specialty of building railroads, has been working over-time of late, says the Sumpter Miner, growing complimentary. The accredited sources of his information, generally a private letter from some railroad magnate to a peanut vender or an old schoolmate at Baker, is what gives the reader the jolt.

Hon. Jerome Kearby, populist nominee for governor of Texas in 1896, and again nominated this year, has declined to make the race on account of poor health. In his letter of declination he scores the democrats smartly, especially in state politics, which have been administered in all branches by them for twenty-seven years. Of the crusade against trusts and imperialism, he

says it is a senseless and unmeaning fulmination. The paramount issue with the democrats is not imperialism, he asseverates, but office, and the secondary issue, ditto. He characterizes the democrats as revolutionists, obstructionists, an aggregation of inconsistencies, without a foreign or domestic policy, without one unselfish purpose, with no ambition except to get office and power. He urges the populists not to be enticed from the real issues. Of Bryan's statement that the republican party will destroy the republican form of government he is especially scathing, saying the democratic party is the only organized party that ever deliberately shot to death the American flag; that ever disfranchised citizens by millions; that enslaved its free born. It forced the war with Spain, and then obstructed the appropriations to pay for it; it voted to ratify the treaty with Spain and pay \$20,000,000 for the Philippines, and has ever since been clamoring to turn them loose and shake the responsibility.

A Madeline, N. Y., correspondent of the New York Sun, himself a German, says: "If anybody is in doubt how we will vote next November you may tell him through your estimable columns that we Germans have a good memory; we have not forgotten the winter from 1893 to 1894 under Cleveland's administration, when we could get our meals at charitable soup kitchens and when good people distributed tens of thousands of loaves of bread to the hungry laboring man to keep him from starvation. We Germans admire charity, but don't like to patronize it so long as we are able to earn a living by working, as we could not do that time, for there was no work to be had. As for the campaign issue, expansion or free silver, I prefer expansion, since through building up those countries we have acquired a job may come to our hand once in a while. On the other hand, with 16 to 1 we could only draw fifty cents for every dollar of our saved money out of the bank, and no job at all at any price."

Senator James K. Jones, the democratic national chairman and director in the round cotton bale trust, said in a speech at Little Rock in discussing the gold standard: "Hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners, who were here taking the bread out of the mouths of honest labor, voted at the last election at the dictation of McKinley's supporters. These foreigners comprised fully one-half of the number of votes received by McKinley." Chairman Jones uses different language when he expatiates on the fancied conversion of the Germans to the 45c dollar.

Twenty-two of the largest laundry concerns in Chicago have formed a trust with a capitalization of \$2,000,000, and, as a result, the price for washing dirty shirts has been advanced several cents all along the line. The Bryanites will not fail to note that this embargo on soiled linen is another proof of the ruinous effect of the Dingley tariff.

You don't catch our populist contemporaries giving away any news of good import these ticklish days. "The rain did good," says the Salina Union, and then in fear lest somebody might think the farmers were prospering it adds, "but wheat stacks were badly soaked." It takes a long head to steer a populist newspaper.—Abeline, Kan., Reflector.

The volume of money in the United States, gold valuation, has increased more than \$100,000,000 each year since McKinley's election. It is a financial fact of the first magnitude and refutes the silver argument heard most frequently four years ago.

Bryan and Penoyer both agree that the republicans are still coining 16 to 1 silver dollars. So they are. But the republicans are holding these dollars at a gold level, a little circumstance that Messrs. Bryan and Penoyer forget to mention.

Real Estate for Sale. Twenty-three lots, located from Seventh street to Twelfth, for sale at from \$50 up. Inquire at the Columbia Hotel. a29-tf

IS A GRAND SUCCESS. Thousands of People Attend the Portland Carnival.

Thursday's Daily. The opening day of the Portland street fair and carnival was a triumph, says today's Oregonian. From the time when the first screeches of the Harvest Queen's whistle announcing the arrival of the king and queen, through the brilliant street pageant and the impressive spectacle of the coronation scene to the opening of the carnival gates in a blaze of light in the evening, everything tended to make the day memorable and the carnival a success. Thousands of visitors thronged the streets of Portland. There was a carnival spirit in the air. Everyone was looking for enjoyment, and found it. The greatest crowd in the history of the city witnessed the parade and 20,000 people passed the main carnival gates last evening, and 15,000 spectators witnessed the various wonders of the midway, from the streets of Cairo to the German village. The opening day was brilliant in its success.

In the evening, when the carnival gates were thrown open along Sixth street, one could easily believe that he had been mysteriously transported to the land of the Arabian Nights. The glamorous sparkle of thousands of electric lights showed dainty, curious and useful wares from every clime, from the priceless Persian prayer rug to the modern automobile. One could with equal freedom study the growth of the Oregon hop industry, or have his fortune told by a white-robed Arabian astrologer, or look into the blinking eyes of a black-skinned cannibal from the wilds of Africa. He could take a two-story ride on a camel's back, or hold converse in Chinook with an Indian squaw over her wigwam fire, or investigate the movements of the poisonous Gila monster, or watch a sword combat between fierce-looking Turks in red fez and bag trousers.

There were about 10,000 different expressions of wonder on the faces that one meets in the surging mass of humanity that passed through the gates. And from every side one heard pleasant comments on the public spirit and fine administrative ability of the Elks that had brought this great undertaking to so successful an issue.

This Hen Has a Record.

W. W. Bailey, of Brownsville, Ore., takes objection to the Alesha hen, which continued her work of incubating while the threshing machine in which she had hidden her nest was in operation, being styled the grittiest hen in America.

He says he has a little brown Leghorn hen which this summer stole a nest out by an old bed of the Calapoia river, near his house, in a patch of thick underbrush. Knowing a Leghorn's preference to a nest of her own choice, he "supplied her with fresh eggs during her temporary absence," and allowed her to proceed with her incubation business. The day her chickens were due, Mrs. Bailey visited the nest to see if she was all right and discovered a polecat lying flat beside it with its head apparently under her, and the hen paying no attention to it.

She was alarmed for the safety of the unhatched chickens, and also the hen, and as there was no dog and no man around she ran to her house for a revolver, and came back to biddie's assistance with the shooting iron and a long pole. She was afraid to shoot at the polecat while it was so close to the hen, for fear of killing her, and she did not care to take hold of or kick an animal having the unsavory reputation of the polecat. Hence the long pole was provided.

Mrs. Bailey cocked the revolver, placed the pole under the polecat, and, closing her eyes, threw the animal into the air and discharged the revolver. She is a good shot with a revolver, especially when she has her eyes shut, but she was just a little surprised when she opened her eyes to find that the polecat was stone dead. Examination showed the little hen had defended her nest against the intruder the night before, and had pecked it to death. Next day she "came off" with eleven chickens, which are all alive and doing well. In view of the unparalleled courage displayed by both the hen and his wife, Mr. Bailey is truly proud of them both, and is of the opinion that when the title of "grittiest hen" or "grittiest woman" is bestowed, that honor should come to Brownsville.

Incident of Early Dalles Life.

President James E. Day, of the Syracuse, N. Y., University, spent the past two days in the city on a visit to scenes that were familiar to his early boyhood. He is a well-preserved gentleman of 65 years and more, and was accompanied by his wife and daughter, Miss Emogene.

In the early '60s President Day's father was the leading spirit of the People's Transportation Company, which was organized in opposition to the old O. S. & N. Co. In 1864 President Day's father made an offer to buy out the old Umatilla House, then conducted, as it was for nearly forty years afterwards, by Handley & Sinnott. The letter containing the offer was probably misdirected, but at any rate went to Dallas, Texas, and Handley & Sinnott never heard of it. Mr. Day had sold out his interests in the People's Transportation Company, and not hearing

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from Handley & Sinnott, concluded they did not want to sell, and took his family back East, where he died many years ago. Thus the misdirection of a letter changed the whole history of a caravan-sary that, more than any other institution in The Dalles, has been identified with the rise and progress of the city. Instead of presiding at the hotel office, with the conventional diamond in his shirt front, or possibly at intervals slinging amber cocktails across the bar, young Day went back East and became a preacher and president of a leading university.

Theatrical Season Opens Monday.

The vaudeville features come thick and fast and every specialty is absolutely new with the Crawford Stock Company, which opens a week's engagement at the Vogt opera house Monday, Sept. 10th. Mr. Crawford is introducing what is commonly known in the eastern cities as a continuous performance. All vaudeville acts are presented between acts, making one long continuous play. Monday night six new specialties will be given, one of the most entertaining being the Edison's moving picture machine, reproducing a number of the late war scenes. Monday one lady and gentleman or two ladies will be admitted on one paid 50-cent reserved seat ticket. Standing room only is the sign nightly displayed whenever a ladies' night is given. The best way to do is to secure your seats in advance, which can be done without extra charge. By this method you avoid the inevitable crowd at the doors at night, but instead you can remain at home until nearly 8 o'clock, then go to the theater and be sure of a good seat and enjoy an entertainment of the highest order of excellence. Prices have been reduced to 25, 35 and 50 cents. Tickets on sale at Clark's drug store.

Prosperity and Crime.

But 279 convicts are in the Oregon penitentiary at present. At no time since 1885 has the number of inmates been so small, with the exception of 1888, when the average was 265.

"When searching for evidence of prosperity, and fixing results to causes, perhaps it would be interesting to notice the effect of McKinley's prosperity on crime in this state," said State Senator Daly, of Benton. "The hard times which set in at the change of administration in 1892 were at their culmination and very worst in 1896, or at least men who had managed to endure them from 1892 as they drew toward the end in 1896 became more desperate and discouraged."

"In August, 1896, there were over 400 convicts in the state penitentiary of Oregon, and in August, 1900, there were but 279. In fact, except one year, 1888, there has never been so few inmates in the state prison as now since 1885. In connection with this fact it is well to enumerate that the population of Oregon in 1885 was 188,000, while in 1900 it is at least 450,000."

Remember

That Chas. Stubling is still doing a retail business at his new place. He sells in quantities to suit all customers, from one bottle to a barrel. Family orders delivered promptly. Advertise in THE CHRONICLE.

Ovation from Start to Finish. Today's Oregonian gives the following report of The Dalles Elks as they appeared in the big parade as Portland yesterday:

Cascade Lodge, No. 303, of The Dalles, P. W. DeHull, excited ruler, representing the wool industry of Eastern Oregon, had a most novel and original uniform of white wool suits and white wool head-dress, all in semblance of sheep. This delegation drew by ropes a fine float entitled "The Wool Queen of Wasco county," in which sat George A. Young, a pioneer sheepman of Wasco county, who acted as wool queen and was attended by Misses Edith Beem and Helen Trayer as courtiers. The float was dragged along by the lodge after the manner of pulling a fire engine in the old volunteer days. It was surrounded by shepherds in fantastical attire and carrying crooks. The boys, numbering seventy, all told, created considerable amusement by their frequent "Bah! Bah!" A band in Zouave uniform led.

From a gentleman who saw the parade we learn that it was a continuous ovation for The Dalles Elks from start to finish. The committee, to whom had been delegated the business of awarding the prizes to the participants in the parade, for a long time hesitated between The Dalles and Salem lodge, but finally decided to give the chief prize to the Salem lodge on the technicality that the prize must go to the best uniform. There was no manner of question, however, that the Dalles Elks were entitled to the whole bag because the wording been such as to have allowed the chief prize to go to the best characteristic uniform, and the committee, recognizing this fact, generously awarded our boys a special prize.

The Wheat Trade.

The new crop season has fairly set in; receipts are daily growing larger, farmers are selling and vessels are taking on wheat and the situation generally is active. Exporters have made provision for tonnage to the turn of the year, so that with a continuation of free selling our clearances during the balance of the current year ought to make a satisfactory showing. The only drawback to what would otherwise be a most acceptable state of affairs is the cheapness of wheat and poor net returns to the farming class; but this is something beyond the control of either seller or buyer, the price being established by the supply and demand. At the present time it would appear as though all exporting countries were pressing supplies on the market, and there is no doubt about there being an abundance of wheat in sight to meet the requirements of importing countries for months to come.

The strong tone prevailing for and higher freight rates, which are now firm at 45c to 46c 3d has had an unfavorable effect upon wheat values. The bulk of local transactions the past week were on the basis of 57c for club, 58c for valley and 60c for blue stem per bushel, yet it appears that these figures paid for grain are something above its relative shipping value, and it is not unlikely that unless the English market advances in the near future we may look for lower prices here. Local dealers at present are quoting 56@57c; blue stem 59c, and valley 60c per bushel, the latter quality being in good demand. Millers in the interior are running prices up and dealers here are compelled to meet the demand.—Portland Commercial Review, Sept. 6th.

Floral lotion will cure wind chapping and sunburn. Manufactured by Clark & Falk.