

IDOLS OF THE PEOPLE

Great Popular Idols in America and Elsewhere— Parts Played by Heredity.

By Sayoyard.

Our country has produced four brilliant men who dazzled their followers and may be named as popular idols—Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, James G. Blaine and William Jennings Bryan. Washington and Lincoln were in another class, venerated rather than admired, trusted more than loved. Jackson was a military hero and got to be the head of a party but he cannot be classed as "a man of magnetism." New England admired Webster for his giant intellect, despite his laxity of morals and the idiosyncrasy of his intellect. The South admired Calhoun for his exquisite intellect and venerated him for the Roman integrity of his private character. John Breckinridge was the favorite of an epoch and Thaddeus was the incarnation of an idea.

But after all, Clay, Douglass, Blaine and Bryan are our popular idols. And of these Clay was immeasurably the greatest. He was not only a great orator, but a great statesman. He was not only a superb popular leader, but an unrivaled constructive statesman. He made the war of 1812. He was the artificer of the miscalled "Missouri compromise." He saved the country from revolution and blood in the real compromise of 1853. He wore the mantle of Alexander Hamilton as the apostle of the "American System of Revolution." He again averted war by the compromise of 1850. His following was the most devoted army America ever had. Men loved him to delirium. He was a chaste man, women raved about him. He was Abilades without his vices, Corolanus without his treason. Thrice he was his party's candidate for President and thrice he was defeated, but his fame is the better for it, and he lives in history as the knightliest man in our entire citizenship.

Douglas, like Clay, sprang from the people. He did not have the graceful person, the mellifluous voice, the commanding individuality of Clay, but he was the greatest debater of an age richer in great debaters than any other epoch of our annals. He knew no history but American history; he was acquainted with no literature, but the literature of American politics. It is doubtful if he knew whether the house of Tudor preceded the House of Plantagenet or succeeded the house of Stuart. He probably could not have told whether William III reigned before or after Edward III. If he ever read a classic, he kept that fact to himself. There is not a poetical quotation in all his speeches. He was devoid of the sense of humor. But on the stump he was matchless, and in the Senate that contained Toombs and Davis, Fessenden and Sumner, Benjamin and Crittendon, Seward and Chase he was the first personality and the strongest man.

Douglas might have been President if he had organized his following in 1832 or 1836 as he organized it in 1860. But the fact is that Douglas did not court the nomination in 1852 or 1856. He felt that the senate was his field, and he was right. Men loved him devotedly. He was approachable and convivial. He lived fast and died early. I shall not speculate upon what might have happened if he had survived the war. Would he have acted as did Logan, or would he have done as did Tilden? Would he have sustained Lincoln in suspending the Constitution for the preservation of the Union? It does not require a very vivid imagination to speculate that his death was as necessary to the triumph of the Union Arms as Stonewall Jackson's. What if he had led the political revolt that McClellan headed?

James G. Blaine was more loved by his following than Douglas was by his, or Bryan is by his; but men did not idolize him as they did Clay. He was in Congress while Grant, Thomas, Sherman and Sheridan were in the field, but none of these was the popular idol. Blaine was. Conkling was an abler man, Carpenter an abler and more brilliant man, Morton a stronger man, but the young guard swore everywhere by "the man from Maine." Benn unhorsed him in the famous debate, but he emerged from a "plumed knight, who through his shining lance full and fair in the brazen face of treason, Carpenter set him upside down and Thurman turned him inside out in the great debate on the disposition of the proceeds of the 'Geneva Award,' but the galleries rose to him. No other man of his day could have survived the "Mulligan Letters," and it is a tribute to the man that millions of his followers never read them. He would have been President if he had obeyed his own instincts. Let in 1884, against his own judgment, he was dragged to the Middle West. He insisted that the battle ground was New York, and was kept in Ohio and Indiana the ten days that would have made New York safe. There was a fatality in it, and maybe a beneficent Providence that Clay, and Douglas and Blaine all failed in the ambition to be President.

Mr. Bryan is just come from foreign parts, where he went to study political systems. Before he got home the Republicans were walking the floor, now Democrats are walking the floor. But

Mr. Bryan is a man of magnetism and a popular idol. If he had the sagacity of Samuel J. Tilden he would go far. For ten years he has been in the public eye. But always the question has obtruded, "Where is this man's wisdom." I heard his first speech in Congress. It was on the tariff—Bastiat's epigrams in an eloquent tongue. It set the House afire. Not one member in ten had ever heard that stuff before, and none had ever seen it in so attractive a dress. It stamped the Chicago convention in a figure from Burke's great speech on the regency bill, and I give him the credit to believe that he never read that speech and never heard of the regency bill.

He went up and down the earth preaching that the stamp of the government made the dollar, and it is not possible that any statesman of our entire history ever unloaded so much false logic. If we can associate fallacy with the word logic, as William J. Bryan did in 1896; but he is going to eclipse it now with his impossible government ownership of trunk lines, and his absurd State ownership of local lines.

If the Republicans could have chosen a State committee to write the railroad clause of Bryan's Madison Square Garden speech, it could not have been constructed more to the advantage of the Republican party than Bryan made it himself. Unless the Democratic party is ready to go to the slaughter on this impossibility, as they did on the 16-to-1 absurdity, the party must get a lantern and go searching for a Democrat to nominate in 1908.

James G. Blaine's grandson, third of the name, is a clerk in a New York bank and gnawing his chains even if he would his grandire had that great man accepted the department clerkship in Washington, when, a penniless adventurer, it was offered to him. Of this Blaine of the third generation it is remarked: "He would rather be a United States Senator than corner the markets of the world." It is possible that his grand dad would have suffered a long hiatus—perhaps a perpetual absence—in his service to corner of New York in forty-eight hours. The elder Blaine was a born man of affairs and on Wall Street he would have been a Midas of the first magnitude.

Heredity is a thing we may speculate upon. It is more apparent among horses and dogs, sheep and chickens, than it is among human beings. There is the myth that Marcus Brutus was the son of Julius Caesar; there is the scandal that Anne Boleyn was the daughter of Henry VIII; there is the absurdity that Frances Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth—these concoctions of fancy for the credulous.



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Let us take the family of Plantagenet, and go back no farther, the Black Prince, a splendid hero—

Poicters and Crecy tell the victory— Was the son of one of the greatest kings who ever wore the English purple, and the father of one weakest kings in English history. What a glorious story is that of Henry V—Shakespeare's Prince Hal. His Queen was that Kate of France who was the ancestress of the House of Tudor, a grand-dame of Queen Bess of Tudor, a grand-dame of that she and "Hal" gave the English throne, was that hapless weakling, Henry VI, who, though his Queen was the heroic Margaret of Anou, perished miserably before the arms of the "White Rose."

William the Silent was the first man of a grand epoch, and his son Maurice of Nassau, was the most accomplished soldier of a generation that produced Spinola. What an illustrious family it was—that House of Orange! William III, of that line, whom McCaulay considered the great man of his time, had the bloods of Orange, Tudor, Bourbon, Plantagenet, Stuart, Lorraine, coursing through his veins. There is no finer-bred in profane history, few greater statesman, and no stouter soldier. Marlborough's son died early, but Berwick was his nephew. The marshal of Louis XIV, who was more like Bayard than any other, and none of us can read the history of his defence of France from the attack from the direction of Savoy without reminder of Robert E. Lee. A difference is that Lee failed and Berwick succeeded. What a different story Berwick would tell if Berwick had not been barred from the English throne by the bar sinister! Ifabella Churchill, instead of Hyde, had been the wedded spouse of James II, in all probability the Stuart dynasty would now be regnant in the British Empire. Charles Edward, hero of battle, and "Prince Charles" of song, was Berwick's nephew, and a direct lineal descendant of that Duke of Guise who restored Calais to France, by one of the most heroic feats in the annals of war.

Another striking example of heredity is that of the two William Pitts, and these we may supplement with Hester Stanhope, of the third generation, grand-daughter of the great Chatham. It would be hard to tell who was the greater man, or greater orator, the first or second Pitt. Both ruled England when England could only be ruled by Fox, and the more eminent Charles James, father and son, also present a marvelous example of heredity. We are told that the younger Fox was the greatest parliamentary debater who ever spoke our tongue, and we can readily believe it after reading his crushing reply to Pitt in the debate on the breach of Amiens. Not so learned as Burke, not so brilliant as Sheridan, perhaps not so eloquent as his rival, the younger Pitt, in reply he was the greatest orator our country has ever known. He was the most lovable man in the world, despite the worst training in the world. Reared by a fond father who could deny him nothing, at sixteen he was a complete reprobate. Before he was thirty he had dissipated in riotous living one of the most opulent fortunes in Europe. An inveterate gambler he was ever unfortunate at hazard, and would rather cheat at play, than not to play at all. He was a drunkard and a rouse, and when Pitt explained to wondering French statesman how such a man could fill so great a place in the English public, he said: "You have not been under the wand of the magician." Fox was a direct descendant of Charles II by a child of the left hand, and if George III could have had his fondest desire, an aunt of Fox would have been the Queen of England. Had it been so there would have been no American revolution in 1776.

In our country there have been two families conspicuous for heredity—Marshall and Adams. This Mr. Hawes who is the first orator of Missouri, is the nephew of Thomas F. Marshall, the first orator of Kentucky, who was the nephew of John Marshall, the first jurist of America. There are four generations of the Adams family all distinguished for intellect and character. The late W. P. C. Breckinridge was the grandson of William C. Preston, himself a magnificent orator, and the grandson of the father of Patrick Henry. Thomas Jefferson, John Randolph, of Roanoke, John Marshall and Robt. E. Lee, all sprang from a Randolph who flourished in Virginia in the colonial period. But the time is limited and yet I cannot but help think that all other pedigrees are base compared with in the gospel of Matthew, where a line is traced through more than two score generations.

With what contempt must Isaac of York looked down on the House of Plantagenet.

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IN THE CITY CHURCHES.

First M. E. Church. The Sunday evening sermon has been prepared especially for and in the interest of the clerks of the city. A large chorus choir will lead in the music. Miss Grace Rannals will sing. The morning subject will be "Features of the Christian's Life." Other appointments are: Class meeting at 10:15 a. m. Sunday school at 12:15 p. m. and Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. If you are not otherwise engaged, we will be glad to see you among the worshippers at any of these services. C. C. Rarick, pastor.

Grace Episcopal. Divine service at Grace church Sunday (October 21) at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12:30.

First Presbyterian. Morning worship, 11:00 o'clock; Sunday school, 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30; evening worship, 7:30. Rev. Dr. H. Hare, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland, will preach morning and evening, the pastor preaching in the First Church of Portland.

Congregational Church. Services will be held Sunday next, morning and evening, at the usual hours. The pastor will preach at both services and earnestly requests all Congregationalists in the city to attend. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Subject, "Growing." Evening service at 7:30. Subject, "A Nameless Example of Noble Womanhood." Sunday school at 12:20. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Midweek meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. We believe we can help you in your daily life by the messages delivered on Sabbath days, and we cordially invite you to come and attend all the services of this church. All strangers and visitors in the city will find a welcome and be benefited by attendance at these services. The pastor will always be glad to help you in your spiritual life. G. E. Moorehouse, Ph. D., pastor.

Baptist Church. Morning service will be conducted by Rev. D. L. Dutton. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Young People's meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Norwegian-Lutheran. At the First Norwegian Lutheran Synod church, corner 29th and Grand avenue. Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Evening services (in English language) at 7:30. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. The annual sale, given by "The Girls' Sewing Society," will take place next Saturday night, October 27, in the church parlors. Theo. B. Neste, pastor.

First Lutheran. Services at the First Lutheran church are observed as usual tomorrow morning and evening. Morning service at 10:45, and evening service at 7:30. The topic for the evening sermon will be, "Be of Good Cheer." Since this service is in English, we take the pleasure in inviting the public to attend. Midweek service is held Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Alderbrook Presbyterian. Worship at 10 a. m.; Sunday school at 11 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30 p. m.

Warrenton Presbyterian. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Evening worship, service of song and preaching by the pastor at 7:30 p. m.

Norwegian and Danish. Thirty-seventh street and Duane Avenue. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 11 a. m. Subject, "The Christian's Sun and Shield." Evening service at 7:45, subject, "Saved to the Uttermost." You are heartily welcome to join with us in worshipping the Lord on the Sabbath Day. Elias Jerding, pastor.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE showed, at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best Liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc. A. C. Pitta, Rodessa, La., says: "I use Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unexcelled for sore chest, headache, corns, in fact for anything that can be reached by a liniment." Hart's drug store.

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WASHINGTON'S SMART SOCIETY

What Will Be Doing at the National Capitol this Winter.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Washington, Oct. 20. THE chief interest of Washington's smart society for the next six weeks will be found in the launching of the season's debutantes to whom will be dedicated the "little season" preceding the opening of Congress and official entertainments at the White House. And if any one thinks the launching of a girl into Washington society is a matter of little importance I would like that individual to spend just one day with the Mother of even the least ambitious of this galaxy of buds. Forty gowns and twenty hats constitutes the major portion of one coming out outfit with accessories of lace and linen in proportion, while the girl who has not at least twenty-five gowns to start her social campaign may as well make up her mind not to start.

In the case of the twenty or thirty in the field, one-half have been outfitted from Paris, with nearly every large city in America contributing to the boxes and boxes of millinery arriving by every train. Of the girls who will wear the clothes there is literally an infinite variety, with the result that the gayest debutante season of many years is upon us, notwithstanding the administration circle will have no representatives in the group of belles to be.

The advent of Miss Marion Leutze, daughter of the commandant of the navy yard, and Miss Helen Hatsfield, daughter of the commanding officer of Fort Myer, will bring these posts very much to the fore in general society and introduce a large number of young officers of army and navy into resident circles. Commander and Mrs. Leutze are delightfully situated in the large, old-fashioned headquarters at the navy yard, which was center of so much entertainments under Rear Admiral and Mrs. Terry when their daughter, Miss Eleanor Terry, made her debut a few years ago and won immediate recognition as the handsomest girl in the navy. Fort Myer, which, although geographically in Virginia, is socially a part of Washington, and a very important part at that, has not had any young people in the family of its chief for many years, which gives additional interest to Miss from the army circle will be Miss Mar-Hatsfield's debut. Other acquisitions garetta Symons, only daughter of Maj. and Mrs. Thomas W. Symons, and Miss Juliette Williams, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John R. Williams.

The latter, who is one of the handsomest of the season's buds, has already seen something of society in Manila, where her father is now stationed, and where, in spite of her youth, she participated in many of the post gayeties two seasons ago. In the past summer

she enjoyed quite a vogue at Narragansett Pier, and is assured a partner for the three large cotillions of the winter. Miss Symons, on the other hand, comes direct from school, but is a remarkably clever and accomplished girl, whose mother was one of the belles of Washington a generation ago.

Miss Olga Converse, third daughter of Rear Admiral Converse, Miss Ruth Tanner, daughter of Commander and Mrs. Z. L. Tanner, and Miss Johanna Schroeder, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Seaton Schroeder, form a trio of navy girls who have traveled practically all over the world in the last ten years. It being found as convenient and economical for the average officer's family to be educated abroad as at home, and much more interesting. Miss Converse like her elder sisters, has spent most of her youth in Italy, is an accomplished linguist and musician, and in special demand for the popular fancy dances now a fad with smart society. Since her return to Washington, two years ago, when she presented her second daughter to society, Mrs. Converse has had a handsome apartment at the Connecticut, but will shortly take possession of a new home on Connecticut avenue to bring out this last of the family. Miss Tanner has also been educated in Europe, and is a really fine violinist; not of the average amateur class, but with a skill and charm that, were she a poor girl, would make her fortune on the platform. Miss Joanna Schroeder, the youngest of three sisters, was born in Washington, as was her mother before her, and claims by inheritance a high place in the social world, being the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, as well as the daughter of one of the most distinguished officers of the American navy. Miss Schroeder, when a child of twelve, accompanied her parents to Guam, where as the daughter of the governor, she learned at a very early age all the charm of official society and saw her elder sisters reign as belles in the coterie of officers always to be found in that far-away and ideally fascinating land.

One of the great heiresses of the winter, as well as one of its beauties, will be Miss Katharine Jennings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hannon Jennings of New Orleans and London, but now established as permanent members of the winter colony of Washington, where they are building one of the palatial homes going up in every section of the fashionable northwest. In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings have leased Mrs. A. C. Barney's artistic home on Rhode Island Avenue, from which they will introduce their daughter. This particular house, which brings one of the

(Continued on Page 7.)

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