

WEEKLY STATESMAN

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FRENCH fashion in ladies' hair is changing and the bang has to go, slap.

A LADY was burned to death in a New York street car by her celluloid bustle exploding and setting fire to her dress.

The Oregonian and other papers are inclined to give the fair a correct and fair report. Nothing succeeds like success.

The San Francisco mint is the largest in the world, having a coinage capacity twice of Philadelphia and three that of the English mint.

A CHICAGO girl is going to jump from the Brooklyn bridge. When her feet strike there will be a splash like the blowing up of Hellgate.

A New York court has decided that a restaurant-keeper can't make a customer pay for a beefsteak that he has not cut. This admonishes the restaurants to furnish meat that will take the knife.

ANARCHIST PARSONS accuses the newspapers of convicting him. This is the first good word for the newspapers since Ben. Butler acquitted them of making him.—[S. F. Alta.]

A COLORADO coroner's jury has found the climax and capped it. The members "got onto" a man who was shot in a gambling house and returned a verdict of death from lead poisoning.

An artesian well at Belle Plaine, Iowa, drowned the town. The mayor telegraphed to Chicago for an expert in wells, who telegraphed back to turn the well up side down and let it shoot the other way.

The name of the new president of the legislative assembly of Bulgaria bears the name of Givkoff. The rest of his name was not transmitted by wire, for fear that it would Givkoff to the great public in trying to pronounce it.

The new collector of the port of New York has given notice that he won't be bothered by office-seekers. He might as well hang up a notice warning of the mosquitoes. They'll keep on buzzing just the same, even if they don't get a bite.

Mr. J. A. LOGAN announces that he will make no speeches outside of Illinois, with the exception of one at Pittsburg. A thousand cities, towns, hamlets, re-uzions, and cattle fairs beyond Suckerdom cry for him, but his strablistiousness cannot heed their prayer.

The work of construction on the new bridge is being pushed, the men working Sundays, the state firemen's tournament is over, work on the state house is progressing, the new brick block is going up, and everything is prosperous. Let's hear something about the fruit cannery.

The republican party is not yet dead, nor is Blaine. Maine has come to the front with a handsome republican plurality. This is the first gun, and a straw to show which way the political wind will blow in '88. Blaine will be the next republican candidate and the next president.

A DISCUSSION has lately been carried on in the London Times regarding the relative power for promoting foreign trade of consular-general and commercial travelers. The palm is awarded to the drummer. As between the drummers, the German drummer is ahead of the English. He knows more languages, is more affable, engaging, frugal, industrious, and enterprising. For this reason the British must spruce up their drummers or engage Germans, or their trade will go.

BLAINE, of Maine, still lives unterrified in the hearts of the American people, and particularly in the hearts of those who know him best, the people of his own state. Their votes on Monday show that they love him and are proud of him. He is the only living American statesman to whom all eyes are turned in his every action, and the confidence and esteem in which he is held at home go to show that he is worthy of his proud station as the Gladstone of America.

HOPS AGAIN.

From reports received at this office from points in Marion and Polk counties and the Willamette valley it appears that the hop crop has not turned out as well as expected, and in some places there is not more than half a crop. Hop growers in this section do not depend upon this to raise the price of hops, but they are depending strongly upon the failure in the east, and think that the good prices will not only hold this year, but continue over next year.

MR. GEER'S LETTER.

For some time past the "Prohibition" Star, of Salem, has been asking prominent men of the republican party their opinion of Jo Simon and his treachery, and among them was T. T. Geer. Finally Mr. Geer condescended to answer the Star. We have had requests from many persons of this and adjoining counties to publish this letter of which they have heard, but which they have not been able to see. In answer to these requests, the letter is given below:

MACLEAY, Sept. 5, 1886.

EDITOR STAR.—Like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, there came in my mail of yesterday a copy of the Star, an "esteemed contemporary," a copy of which I assure you I had not seen since the June election. An impression that there must be something personal to myself, was verified by the discovery of the editorial paragraph asking my "opinion of Jo. Simon and his treachery."

I have recently been so enthusiastic over having raised the best crop of wheat in Marion county, and the prospect of soon harvesting ten acres of corn, now rapidly approaching maturity, that I had actually forgotten the existence of Jo. Simon and his alleged treachery; even the Star had partially faded from my memory, and I was not sure that its publication had been continued beyond the election. The copy before me, however, evinces a degree of vitality and vigor that is both surprising and gratifying; and recalls to mind the few weeks preceding the late election when I, though not a candidate, was drawn into a public discussion of the pending questions at issue. I am glad the Star still lives, and promises to be with us in the future, for during the late campaign it not only contributed to the relief of the monotony usually attending such seasons of unseemingly strife, but actually helped to solidify the republican vote in this county, thus giving us a greater average majority than two years before. Credit should be given where credit is due.

My opinion of Mr. Simon is wanted. Here it is: During the last eight years as a senator from Multnomah, he has shown more zeal and activity than any other half a dozen members of that body, and at times, but for him, its proceedings would have amounted to little more than an intolerable bore; though I am willing to admit that his activity has often given him a prominence that seemed to be acquired largely at the expense of his reputation for good judgment. On the whole, however, I think his record as a senator has been rather creditable.

But what about his "treachery"? In my younger days, when nothing afforded me so much interest as the perusal and re-perusal of the earlier political history of the United States, I remember reading a circumstance concerning General Jackson, which occurred, I think, in 1828, during his second candidacy and the first election to the presidency. The adjustment of the tariff question was then, as now, a measure of great public importance, and Jackson's views of it were not sufficiently understood to satisfy the public demand. Accordingly he was directly approached on the subject, and in a long letter devoted to its discussion informed the American people, whose votes he very much wanted at that time, that he was strongly in favor of a "judicious tariff." Of course that suited everybody and he was elected. The most rabid free trader, even Henry George himself, would willingly yield his support to a judicious tariff.

In the sense that Jackson favored a judicious tariff, do I oppose Jo. Simon's treachery. I should oppose any man's treachery. I presume it will be difficult to find anywhere a man who will approve of treachery. But what does it mean in this case? I presume the Star refers to Mr. Simon's failure to support Judge Waldo's re-election. His judgment and mine, as to Judge Waldo's fitness for the supreme bench are as far apart as day and night, and my own views as to the duty of a member of a political party after a majority has spoken are too well known to need repetition. Since 1872, when I cast my first vote for Joseph Wilson for congress I have voted at every election, state and national, and each time have voted for every candidate on the republican ticket excepting twice, when I voted for two democrats, who, in turn, voted for me.

That Mr. Simon, in the late campaign, exhibited a shameful lack of judgment and to a large extent forfeited the confidence of the republican party of Oregon there can be no doubt; but why need that worry the prohibitionists? Viewed from their standpoint of political philosophy, Mr. Simon's course ought to be considered a very remarkable piece of judicious treachery. The very first thing they undertake to instill into the popular mind is the duty of each individual to follow the dictates of his "private judgment," and when that conflicts with the judgment of his party associates to still follow his private judgment. In other words as has been said by a prominent organizer in this country, "one man with right on his side is a majority."

Mr. Simon, in the late campaign, simply exercised his "private judgment." He was "one man" who, in his opinion, had "right" on his side and was therefore in a majority. He simply did what the prohibitionists have advised all men to do everywhere. The Star was

especially vociferous in advising men to step out from their party organizations, and vote as they pleased, while I remember that I was equally zealous, though in a limited way, in urging republicans to stand to their organization. Mr. Simon disregarded my advice and followed that of the Star and now the Star is kicking about it more than I am! I am utterly astonished to find him censured from that quarter, because it is just such political freaks as his that give rise to third parties, and make the existence of such papers possible.

If I could hope to exert the slightest influence with the Star, I should beg of it to not be too severe on Mr. Simon. The seed it is so industriously sowing, will, so far as it succeeds at all, tend toward the production of a wonderful crop of political Jo. Simons and it ought not to be unreasonable in this case simply because his opposition was levelled at the only candidate on the republican ticket whom the prohibitionists desired to elect. The principle of the thing is the same; and it is principle the third party men are after.

I do not endorse Mr. Simon's course; no more do I endorse the course of the prohibitionists in presuming to abuse him for following their advice. I can discover a gleam of reason and consistency in the democratic press taunting the republicans for his retention as chairman of the central committee; but the prohibitionists to make faces at us about it, oh my! Since Satan reproved sin, and the indignant kettle turned up its nose at the plebeian pot because its bottom was black, the like has not been known.

T. T. GEER.

FRENCH POLITICAL FEELINGS.

According to recent reports from France the late local elections have been a surprise and disappointment to both parties interested in them. The anti-republicans had believed that the public dissatisfaction with republican methods would lead a large number of the people to throw their votes in opposition to republican candidates; while the republicans, on their side, were firm in the belief that the people of the country were horrified at the results of the political reaction at the last general election, and that they were only waiting for this local opportunity in order to demonstrate to the world that their hearts were still loyal to democratic doctrines and to the principles of republican rule. As it turned out, both of these anticipations were incorrect. The results of the last elections do not differ materially from those of previous contests of the same kind. Neither side made any apparent gain; for losses which each incurred in one part of the country were offset by gains secured in other districts. This would seem to indicate that, while the great mass of the French people are not altogether satisfied with their present republican government, they are by no means of the opinion that it is desirable to change matters by anything which seems an approach toward the restoration of a French monarchy or a French empire.

SLANDER ON OREGON.

From Oregon comes the following decidedly unpleasant prophecy:

Prof. E. P. Hammond foretells terrific cyclones, earthquakes and tornadoes for Sep. 26th, 27th and 28th.

Now, would it not be well for these sensation seekers to let up on this sort of thing—for awhile, at least. Nervousness is killing weak and excitable people in the south. What is the use of adding to the evil by making prophecies which may or may not be fulfilled? Those who make these startling predictions claim that they wish to give timely warning, so that communities interested may reef their topsails. But the uselessness of the prophecies lies in the fact that most people put no faith in them, and those who do are just the ones who shouldn't. Will Wiggins, Hammond and the rest of them kindly keep quiet until the shock of the recent earthquakes has lost some of its effect on the nerves of the public at large. —[New York World, Sept. 7.]

Who's Hammond? Oregon can stand a good deal. She has "Prof. Chaney" and over two thousand "prohibitionists," but she hadn't heard before that she had Hammond.

A POINT FOR APPROVAL.

Mrs. A. S. Duniway finds a point to approve in the Washington territory republican platform, which contains a plank declaring in favor of the law of equal suffrage, and opposing the idea of its repeal. This is another link in the long chain of facts that go to show that the republican party is the party of progress and reform, the party of live issues, that is not afraid of the past nor the future, and is fully abreast and sometimes ahead of the present. It is the party that has dared to do right in the face of war and dissension, the party for peace and prosperity, and the party in whose hands may be well trusted any just issue. The question of woman suffrage is a live issue. That women will finally be accorded equal elective privileges with men is only a question of time. The time will come when people will look back upon the period when they were denied the privilege as we look back upon the days of slavery, as a relic of the prejudiced and slow-going past. Doubt it as some may, and hope against it as others will, that time is fast approaching.

HOPS.

It now appears that the New York hop crop will be nearer a total failure than even the best judges had predicted. Some of the people in the hop regions of New York are inclined to take a very gloomy view of hop culture in that state, being led thereto, doubtless, by the result of this year's crop. The growers have, indeed, much to contend with there by the almost yearly occurrence of some insect pest or drouth or unfavorable weather. A grower residing in the hop region near Rome, at Venora, writes a letter to the Rome Republican in which he casts a rather doleful horoscope for the growers for 1887. He has probably taken a retrospective view of the outcome of yearly crops, and with this year's failure to cap the climax of a series of unfruitful seasons, peering gloomily into futurity, he makes the following prophecy:

Another hop pest has been discovered and it is freely predicted that there will be no hops raised another year, viz: 1887. Those who have thoroughly inspected the roots find the contents of every hill undergoing a general decay, which has already reached an advanced stage. But what has attracted the most attention is the presence of a small worm not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length, which seems to be feeding upon the cellular of the root near the crown. The vines where the worm has existed have appeared as verdant as any, and the conclusion is that the worm at the root has been a more potent factor in development of blight, than foliage vermin or honey dew.

The market at present in the Sound country is not booming, so reports the Tacoma Ledger. Offers have been made of twenty-five cents a pound by the carload, but no transaction at these figures is reported this week, indicating that such growers as have not sold will first garner the crop. Upon the result of the year's crop throughout the world, depends in a great measure the market value of the hops. In a few weeks this will be known and the price of hops will go up or down according to the returns, unless the bears or bulls capture the market and, according to their respective manner of manipulating the market, establish unreal prices.

THE PRESS AND THE ANARCHISTS.

The anarchist fiends, not satisfied with abusing judge, jury and verdict, are now turning their attention to abusing the newspapers—the "capitalistic press," as they style it. The sympathizers with the doomed men have met and "resolved" against the alleged efforts of the press to influence public opinion and to prejudice the minds of the jury who convicted under their oaths.

It is astonishing how sensitive these bomb-throwers have become. How dazed is the freedom of speech when directed against the government and counseling riot, bloodshed and murder! The instigators of crime claim the constitutional right of free speech, by which they mean the right openly to advocate murder and arson. But when the newspapers venture to suggest that American institutions are worth saving, they are denounced as exceeding their province, and as worthy to be suppressed.

It is not a matter of any great importance perhaps, but it shows the consistency of the loud-mouthed howlers who claim for themselves unrestricted power to do everything, but who whine about the "capitalistic press" for disagreeing with their chosen methods.

The entire press of the country, or at any rate, the respectable portion of it, has been unanimous in endorsing the verdict of the Chicago jury, and in making such endorsement, they were but reflecting the sentiments of the people at large.

The prisoners were in one sense being tried before the bar of public opinion, and the anarchists, advocating the abolition of all restraints in government, should be the last to complain if the vox populi, which they claim is the voice of God, has decided that the accused were guilty.

The egotistical cranks who have set themselves to work to revolutionize all things, may learn some day that the American people know a thing or two, and are not afraid to back up their knowledge with actions as well as words.

Thousands of county fairs will soon be held throughout the land, and all the county "fairs" will be present, and here in lies food for reflection. Why should county fairs be used exclusively to 'boom' fat cattle and pumpkin pies? This question has struck Dakota with the force everything begets in that energetic territory. Huron, Dak., has answered the question in the interests of progress, and has set aside what it calls a marrying day, offering a special premium to the first couple united on the grounds. This is as it should be. At a county fair the social factors of the neighborhood meet to view the plenty of the harvest. It is a romantic occasion. In fact, there are a few more sentimental and poetic events in the world than a full-fledged county fair. The band organs, the pies, the peas, nuts, the fattened calves and the newly jointed patented churns—but all this is foreign to the design of this paragraph.

It is written in interest of marrying day. Let every county fair throughout the country pay strict attention to furthering the great cause of matrimony. Thus shall the land wax strong and prosperous.

Do you want a good home-made hack? If so, call on Armstrong & Ross, Salem, and secure a bargain. With

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDITOR STATESMAN.—The firemen's association has had charge of Salem for three days this week, and Momus, the merry god, has presided over the city of church spires and maple trees. Bacchus, the god of wine and revelry, has taken part in the proceedings, though it was not a conspicuous part. Although some things have been done which ought not to have been done and some things have been left undone which ought to have been done, still the tournament may be considered a success in those things for which it was intended, that is, to awaken an interest in the matter of the best ways to prevent the ravages and spread of fires, and to promote the efficiency of our firemen. Although Astoria has wrested the laurel wreath of championship from us, still we are not jealous of the city by the sea, and we hope she may wear it with a proud dignity worthy of the good fight her brave boys were compelled to make to gain it. It is no dishonor to be beaten by such a team as Astoria sent up this year. They were all stars, and they carried no dead weight of mediocrity. They will acknowledge the fact that Salem has a Capital, No. 1 team, who are always Alert and ready to come to the Rescue when duty calls, and they will be compelled to give three cheers and a Tiger for all those that took part when they remember the brave men and true who made them get down to their work, and caused them to remember there had been a race after each contest. For the present, an revoir. We'll meet you in Vancouver.

A social event in Salem was recently written up and put in type before the event came off. Wouldn't you call this an Advance Thought?

Here's the latest in newspaper circles: A member of the profession of Faber bronchos goes into a newspaper office and elevates his nose and whiffs, as though he smells something of an unsavory odor. He is asked what is the matter, and answers that it must be the dead "ada." This is local to Salem.

There will be considerable "bustle" in the pending political contest in Washington territory. Of course to be expected that you, affectionate reader, know that women vote in Washington territory. They are on the Eve of the election now.

The "grapevine" telegram in the Portland paper to the effect that the island of Cuba had sunk into the sea, and retired forever from the geography of the world, proved to be a false alarm, got up no doubt by some real estate agent to boom his business. No; Cuba is still in business at the old stand, and has no intention of soon taking "a header" into whenceness. Really, the report was a cause of great alarm to me, for, had it proved, alas! too true, it would no doubt have had the effect to raise the price of two-bit Havana cigars, and then what would we capitalists do? Every cigar store in Salem would have been compelled to shut up shop.

NED H. PELL.

GLADSTONE—CLEVELAND—BLAINE.

Mr. Blaine's pre-eminence among contemporary American statesmen is illustrated in the eager anticipation and attentive hearing accorded his Sebago Lake speech. There is not a man living save Gladstone who can command a larger audience whenever he may choose to address the public.

Cleveland is the president of the United States, and in that capacity transmitted to congress a year ago his review of the condition of the country and his recommendations for better government. The newspapers gave it space as a matter of convention and courtesy, but under protest, and its contents, commonplace and perfunctory as they were, excited little discussion in any quarter. Blaine, a private citizen, talking to a town-hall full of working-men in Portland, or to a handful of plain farmers and farm hands on Sebago Lake, opens his mouth and the whole English-speaking world not only stops to listen, but is set a-thinking.

As Great Britain in a fit of foolishness set aside Gladstone, her greatest statesman, for a dull and decorous peer, whose chief claim to distinction is his title, so the United States blindly rejected Blaine for an untried county lawyer, whose forte is luck in politics.

But the world is never long oblivious to the claims of the truly great; the American people of all peoples are the least likely to be permanently misled, and while history may look the other way she is never hoodwinked. If health and strength are given Gladstone he will come into his own again, and Blaine will go into the White House.—[Philadelphia News.]

EARTHQUAKES are not so unusual as to give just occasion for so great a hubbub about them. Official records have been brought to light at Washington to prove that this unhappy country experience on an average one earthquake each twelve days. During 1885 there were fifty-nine official quakes in the United States and Canada, and during the twelve years from 1872 to 1885 inclusive, a total of 364. The earthquake in fact is so common that nobody ought to be scared a bit.

THE FAIR.

A great deal has been said, first and last, about the speed department of the state fair, and the pool-selling attachment of the same. While the practice of pool-selling is not a commendable one, and not calculated to improve the moral tone of society, still it has grown to be what might be termed a "necessary evil" in connection with racing. It affords those who want to risk their money on the issue of a race, those who want to "back" their judgment on a favorite horse, a chance to do so quietly, and without unnecessary display, as is always the case where pools are not sold. It is a species of gambling. We are not all gamblers. Those who are not, and do not approve of such practices, have no business around the place where pools are sold. It would be better if nobody would gamble, and it would also be better if no one would commit thousands of other little indiscretions, but human conduct cannot be perfect. It never was so, and never will be. There is a difference between a fair and a camp meeting. While it is well to advise everybody of the evil of buying pools, there is no use ranting against the fair managers for allowing them to be sold, for by so doing they corral and make less offensive a practice which they cannot prohibit or prevent; and the license of the institution aids them materially in bearing the heavy expenses of the fair.

ALL AMERICANS.

Frank M. Pixley, of the San Francisco Argonaut, is happy. The republican state ticket, just nominated in California contains the name of only one person who was not born on American soil, and he was born in England of protestant parents, and came to this country when he was an infant. Even he would not have been nominated but for the bohemian silver-tongued orator, Col. Fitch of whom everybody has heard, and who made one of the most flowery speeches ever delivered in any convention, placing in nomination as a candidate for attorney-general, the name of William H. H. Hart. He literally raised Mr. Hart to the skies on a silvery crested wave of eloquence, dwelling upon the fact that he was a brave and loyal soldier, and took up arms and fought and bled for his country in the hour of her darkest peril. There was no issue of race prejudice in this convention, and Pixley claims that the result is merely the outgrowth of a healthy public sentiment, which he claims the honor of helping to create.

The beauties of the "great palladium of liberty" were re-illustrated this week in a case tried in the circuit court. Eleven men thought one way, and one man thought eleven ways, and though the twelve staid out twenty-four hours, neither the eleven could convince the one, nor the one the eleven, and so they were discharged, and the litigants will have a big bill of costs to pay for nothing. Three men are enough for any jury—two to decide. The present jury law is a "relic of barbarism" and ought to be gotten rid of as speedily as possible. It is strange how long sensible people will cling to an outrageous custom because it is old.—[Pendleton East Oregonian.]

DR. DAWSON, principal of McGill's college of Montreal, has been lecturing on the geological formation of the bed of the ocean and climatic influences on the distribution of the water on the surface of the globe. He favors the theory that the kernel of the earth is solid, but that there is liquid matter between the kernel and the surface; and that the crust of the earth is thicker and stronger than ever, giving abundant promise of permanence. Dr. Dawson's theory is not altogether reassuring, but it is vastly more comfortable than the proposition that there are eight thousand miles of molten stuff between us and China.

It is remarkable how accurate science has become. The recent scientific convention at Buffalo laid down the doctrine that men who think live thirty-three years longer than those who never think. Maybe this will cause some men to stop talking and go to thinking.

THE Maine republicans had to fight the "prohibs," the labor party, the democrats, and the devil, but they proved themselves fully equal to the occasion.

A REUNION of the Sledge family will be held at St. Paul next year. Old Sledge lived in Texas. Most of us played him in our gilded youth.

EUROPEAN society is charmed with the new proverb, "Every man is a bachelor when 100 miles from his wife."

THE business boom is upon Salem, and there is no excuse for a pair of idle hands in all the city.

WE would like to ask the Prohi if it has heard from Maine.

PUBLIC SALE.

I WILL SELL AT PUBLIC SALE, AT MY RESIDENCE 9 miles south east of Salem, and 2 1/2 miles south of Turner, on Monday, September 20th, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following described property: Eight milk cows, 2 head of young cattle, going on 2 years, 1 span of sorrel horses, 105 heads high, weight, 1400 each; 1 horse, 105 heads high, weight, 1400 each; 1 two-horse wagon, 1 two-horse covered hack, good as new, one set double harness, and other articles. Terms of sale: All sums under \$10, cash; all sums over \$10, one year's time will be given on note with approved security, with interest at 10 per cent. A discount of 5 per cent. for cash. Free lunch at 12 o'clock. J. A. WESTERHAUSEN, Wm. SYBERT, Auctioneer.