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SUBSCRIBERS DESIRING THE ADDRESS of their paper changed must state the name of their former postoffice, as well as of the office to which they wish the paper changed.

The Albany creamery is establishing a skimming station at Tangent, The Salem creamery, if it is built, will have several such stations along the railroad. Thus a wide territory will receive substantial benefit.

"The progressive Oregon agriculturalist will hereafter run a diversified farm in an intensified manner. That means success," says the Albany Democrat. The cry of the Statesman, continued for a number of years, for our farmers to diversify and intensify, is growing popular of late—much more so than when it was first made.

The political affairs of Kentucky have assumed a most vexing shape. It is unfortunate that some crack-brained fellow has made matters worse by resort to an attempt at assassination. It will tend to make a hero and martyr out of very poor material for the purpose. Kentucky needs at this stage some cool headed leaders with command and influence. She seems unfortunately lacking in this requirement.

We are inclined to think the school meeting acted wisely, on Monday evening, when it voted to reject the proposition for a tenth grade for the Salem public schools. Not that a tenth grade would not be a good thing, if the district were out of debt, or if the burdens of the taxpayers were not already heavy enough. But we have the Willamette University here, providing opportunity for securing training in the higher branches. It is a very good time to be careful about adding to the burdens of the taxpayers. The question of adding more electric lights at municipal expense is another case in point. No doubt there are places where new lights are needed. But this thing once started would prove a great annoyance, and it might add materially to the city's expenses. If a start were made, there is no telling where it might end.

The nasty little scrub and monumental liar who is conducting the Roseburg Plaindealer as the personal organ of Binger Hermann in his candidacy for the United States senate, is devoting a good deal of his space to mendacity concerning the Statesman and its editor. He has got the idea into his addled pate that the editor of the Statesman claims to be or aspires to be a political boss. There is nothing further from the truth. It does not require a political boss or seer to puncture the political bubble of that pretentious and insincere weather-cock, Binger Hermann. It is quite evident that the vapors of this mendacious little scrub of the Plaindealer are inspired by his beneficiary, Hermann, and that he is more than willing to do the dirty work of that perpetual aspirant. But it is fortunate that only such beneficiaries, even in Douglas county, are willing to so besmirch themselves and "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrill may follow fawning."

Weather observations have been taken by the government authorities at Portland for twenty-eight years. During the month of February, in that time, the mean temperature has been 41 degrees. The warmest month was in 1885, with an average of 47 degrees. The coldest month was in 1887, with an average of 32 degrees. The highest temperature was 65 degrees, on the 28th, in 1884. The lowest temperature was 7 degrees, in 1883, on the 5th. The average date on which the first "killing" frost occurred in autumn has been November 26th. The same for the spring, April 11th. The average rainfall for the month has been 6.12 inches. The greatest precipitation was 13.86 inches, in 1881, and the least precipitation was 1.01 inches, in 1895. The average number of clear days has been three; partly cloudy days, 8; cloudy days, 17. From the foregoing, residents of the Willamette valley may glean conclusions of what they have a right to expect in the way of weather for the month upon which we are entering. But we have become used to remarkably favorable weather in the past few weeks, and in fact during the whole of the season through which we have been passing. So we will not be surprised to experience a little better than average weather, and to get beyond the period of "killing" frosts before the 11th of April.

Find out the cause of this effect. Or rather say, the cause of this defect. For this effect defective comes by cause.
—Hamlet.

A STATESMAN WANTED.

It appears, according to the Oregonian, that Oregon is feebly represented in the United States senate and that our great pressing need is for the next legislature to choose as a successor to Senator McBride some distinguished citizen of Oregon who possesses all the attributes of statesmanship. So early in the battle, and in order that the voters of Oregon may act intelligently, it would be well to have "statesmanship" personified. Who is the Baconian thinker who will settle all questions of public patronage entirely upon their merits and without regard to personal predilections or political service? Who is the austere negation who will look down upon the applicant for place and say: "No my friend; you stood by me when I needed your help; but that cuts no ice. A statesman should be above such petty considerations, and should hold the balance even between friend and enemy." If any such there be, will the Oregonian please give it a name. It is admitted that Senator McBride does not fill this measure of statesmanship. He stands with his friends, and for this trait he has secured the hearty hatred of the Oregonian. But the opposition of the Oregonian is not a reason either for or against the reelection of Senator McBride. The only question for the legislature to decide will be: "Does the good of the state require the re-election of the present senator or the substitution of some other distinguished citizen." In order that this question may be decided on its merits the people should send to the legislature men who will be something more than mere factionists or one-man worshippers. If Mr. McBride is to be rejected there should be good reasons for such a course, and the people should have presented to them at this time the name of the opposition candidate.

What we want to know is, Who is the statesman?
What is statesmanship, and in which of its attributes is the senior senator lacking? The answer depends upon the point of view, but it is fair to say that one whose ideas on great questions of national interest are well in line with the advanced thought of the great leaders of a party may be considered, from that party's standpoint, to be possessed of a sufficient measure of statesmanship.

Does the Oregonian judge Senator McBride by this rule, and if so, will it give the people the testimony from which it finds that he is lacking in statesmanship? Is it of record, and where can republicans find it, in order that they may condemn the man for his acts of omission or commission, and not merely to gratify the spite of a disappointed aspirant whose political footsteps are "echoing down the corridors of time," though it does seem as if the echoes would never entirely die away but would mingle their golden cadences with the din of each succeeding legislative session.

Record evidence is the best of all, and when it can be obtained no mere hearsay is entitled to any consideration, and the claim is here made that no fault whatever has been or can be found by the Oregonian or any other of Senator McBride's party opponents with his record in the United States senate. Every vote he has cast would have met the approval of Senator Dolph.

He is an expansionist, a strong advocate of the single gold standard, a friend of the Nicaragua canal and a protectionist. As to his ability, it is just possible that the United States senate is fully as competent to judge of that as is the editor of the Oregonian, and the fact that he has been signally favored in the matter of committee appointments shows the estimation in which he is held by the distinguished president of that body.

We have had several inquiries concerning the price of the Daily Capital, of Topeka, Kansas, of which paper Rev. Charles M. Sheldon is to assume charge, for one week, commencing on March 13th. We notice that the price of the paper is 50 cents a month, or \$4 a year, and that it is delivered by carrier at 10 cents a week. In the announcement of the publishers of the paper, concerning the Sheldon edition, the following sentences appear: "The press is the vanguard of civilization. The daily paper is its vitality. This is an age of government by newspaper. The press convenes law-making bodies, marshals armies, builds navies. It declares wars and dictates the terms of peace. It is the die in which opinion is cast. It is the force which makes opinions effective." This is quite a high idea of the influence of the daily press, or, rather, a high ideal of its mission.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

He—Man has a perfect organ of speech.
She—Well, so has woman.
He—Oh, no, she isn't. Hers is made without stops.
Twice-a-week Statesman, \$1 a year.

IN THE MORNING.

'Lias! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' Ryou know de day's erbrood?
Ef you don't git up, you scamp,
Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.
Tink I gwine to let you sleep
While I meks yo' boad an' keep?
Dat's a putty howdy-do—
Don't you hyeah me, 'Lias—you?

Bet ef I come crost de flo'
You won't fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin'
While you sleep—'y hit's a sin!
Ain't de can'le light enough
To bu'n out without a snuff.
But you go de mo'nin' tho'
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No tse tu'nin' to'ds de wall
I kin hyeah dat matus squeak;
Don' you hyeah me wen' I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six—
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huhl! you down—
Look hyeah, don't you daih to frown.

Ma'ch yo'self an' wash yo' face,
Don't you splatlah all de place;
I got some 'p'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' afiah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haird—
Look jest lak a fiddah baidd.
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see
You shan't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah, bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You don't felt yo'self too strong,
And you sholy got me wrong.
Sit down at dat table thaih;
Jes' you whimph ef you daih!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haird—
Wait outweld de blessin' said;
'Lawsd, have mussy on our souls—
(Don't you daih to touch dem rolls)—
'Bless de food we gwine to eat—
(You sit still—I see yo' feet);
You jes' try dat trick agin!
'Give us peace an' joy, Amen!"
—Paul Laurence Dunbar in Truth.

OLD AGE IN THE SOUTH.

Good Sporting Blood a Thrilling Standby Even in Declining Years.

"Some one has said," remarked Jack Tollifer, "that the closing years in the life of a Southern gentleman are sad and lonely; that the man who leads an outdoor life, hunting and horse racing, has no resources left with which to enlighten his old age. Well, it may be so, but it seems to me that that's a rather sweeping statement. Just take my Uncle Archie in Virginia, whom I visited during the holidays, three years ago.

"'Why, Jack,' he exclaimed, as he met me at the door of the square, old-fashioned homestead. I am glad to see you. Come right in and make yourself comfortable.

"I followed him into the dining room, where the carved oaken legs of the old side table were almost bowed under the game and fruits and wines.

"'Yes, Jack,' my uncle said, when we were seated, 'it certainly does seem good to see you, and I only wish you'd come oftener. But I suppose I'm getting to be poor company for a young chap like you. The boys have their huntin' and ridin', but we old fellows have to just sit around and think it all over. No more foxes or coons when your knees get feelin' that stiff way. I guess there isn't much left in this world for your uncle now. But it's a great comfort to see you again, Jack; deed it is.

"It did seem hard for the old widower to be living that lonely life, too old to take part in the hunting that he was so fond of, with no one to talk to but old Joe and Aunt Sally. His one remaining interest seemed to center in his pet horse, who, like his master, was of good thoroughbred stock, but well on in years.

"'Jack,' my uncle said on the morning of my departure, 'Robert L. and I may be well on past huntin' and racin' days, but I'm going to drive you down to the station behind him, and, though there may be horses in the country that are faster now, I don't think we'll miss that train of yours by very much. Joe, just let that shovellin' rest awhile and harness Robert L. to the light buggy. I shall drive Mr. Tollifer to the station.

"The old darkey touched his hat and hobbled off to the stable. Soon he returned leading Robert L. with one hand and dragging the clinking harness with the other. In the road he stopped, threw the lines over the horse and hobbled back to fetch the buggy. Just then we heard a shouting and the sounds of galloping hoofs up the road. Nearer and nearer it came up the road. Nearer and nearer it came until a small party of horsemen dashed into sight and did not stop until they drew rein in front of Uncle Archie's.

"'Colonel Tollifer,' the leader began breathlessly, 'have you seen—er—the boys—er—go by here lately? Just scared up a big red fox—er—biggest ever seen here—started up back of—'

"'What?' shouted Uncle Archie, his eyes suddenly snapping. 'Big red fox? First in two years. No. Which way? I haven't seen 'em. Goodby, Jack! God bless you my boy, Joe,' he cried, 'you drive Mr. Tollifer to the station.'

"Sweeping the harness off, he scrambled excitedly to Robert L.'s back, and without saddle or stirrup flew on with the rest in their mad tear down the road. Soon I could only catch glimpses between the clouds of dust of the white whiskers blowing back over his shoulders—an impressive reminder of that old age which, they say, so saddens the lives of gentlemen of the South."—New York Sun.

This is the state of man; today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man,
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.

—Henry, VIII.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR.

Roseburg Plaindealer:
While down the valley last week we heard the name of J. Rudge Fullerton quite frequently mentioned as a suitable person for presidential elector on the republican ticket, and if he should consent to allow the use of his name in that connection there is little doubt but that he would receive the nomination.

NO FAMINE NOW.

Asstorian:
The steamer Harrison arrived from Tillamook early yesterday morning with a big cargo of dairy products. As much of the cargo was composed of butter the reported famine in that article in Portland will now be temporarily relieved.

IVORY IN COLD STORAGE.

The Tusks of the Mammoth Replenish the World's Supply.
A new development in the ivory trade is reported. With the opening up of Central Africa the elephant will have to go, and with it the African ivory supply. It seems a strange subversion of popular association of ideas in connection with the ivory market

that the supply of the near future will be derived, as travelers now maintain, not from tropical lands, but from the frozen regions of the North. It is stated that the amount of ivory that is hidden in the ice fields of the Polar regions defies estimate. The rapid decrease of the herds of elephants in Africa has turned the search of merchants into other directions, and the industry is concentrating itself on special explorations for the finding of the remains of mammoths. Reports are constantly coming in of finds of frozen carcasses of these huge beasts, valuable for the mass of ivory in their tusks, in the tundras of the North, mainly in Siberia. How the giant animals were able to exist in the climate that has preserved their remains by freezing, or how they chanced to be overhauled, are problems not yet solved by science. Mammoth ivory, however, is not by any means a modern discovery. It was known to the ancients, and for centuries it has been used as an article of commerce and manufacture. Eighty years ago the record of one year's sales of ivory in the Yakutsk market exceeded 20,000 pounds, and the annual sales in that city from 1825 to 1831 averaged over 60,000 pounds. In 1840 it was estimated that the annual output of Siberian ivory reached 110,000 pounds, representing at least 100 individual mam-

moths, and in 1875 it was estimated by Baron Nordenskjold that the world's ivory market had been enriched by the remains of July 20,000 Siberian mammoths since the conquest of Siberia.

DID NOT SAY IT.

British Consul-General Did Not Criticize Senator Mason.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The state department has anticipated the action by the senate, in the matter of the alleged criticisms of the members of that body by Mr. Von Sietar, the British Consul general at New Orleans. The state department has made inquiries into the matter, and the result was a complete repudiation by the consul of the sentiments attributed to him.

A FIXED VEDICT.

"What is a metropolis, Uncle Christopher?"
"A metropolis is a town so important that it doesn't have to brag about its importance."—Puck.

THOSE LOVING GIRLS.

Maude—Do you think this hat makes me look older?
Clara—Of course not, dear. I don't see how it possibly could.

The Crime of Motherhood.

Can motherhood be a crime under any circumstances? Nature says, "Yes." By the sight of the thousand mothers living in daily suffering; by the cries of the thousand children wailing in daily misery, motherhood can be a crime against Nature. Nature never permits ignorance of her laws to excuse guilt or mitigate punishment. The father eats sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. The mother enters on maternal duties she is unfit to discharge and is punished in her own suffering and the weakness of her child. The greatest endowment any mother can give her child is a sound healthy body. Every mother owes her child that body. It is a bitter thing for the tender mother-heart to feel responsibility for the shipwreck of a child's life, too weak to do battle with the gales which sweep across life's sea. The mother cannot give the child what she herself does not possess. The first step toward happy motherhood is health.

But how can a woman be healthy at will? Let a woman answer.

Nothing else could speak so emphatically in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as do these testimonials of weak women made strong and sick women made well. It seems to some women well nigh miraculous, that after years of suffering, and the failure of all medicines and doctors to give relief, they find a perfect and permanent cure in "Favorite Prescription." But from the medical standpoint the wonder would be if "Favorite Prescription" failed to cure. It is made to cure as a sewing machine is made to sew, and, it does perfectly what it was made to do. It is not a "cure-all." It is a medicine specially prepared to cure the ailments peculiar to woman. It regulates the periods, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It invigorates the womanly organs, increases womanly vigor and strengthens the nerves. Thus with those who use "Favorite Prescription," the prenatal period is passed in peace and comfort, the birth-hour passes with scarcely any pain, and the mother is made happy by having a bright, healthy baby, and being abundantly able to nourish it herself.

A HAPPY EVENT.

"I take pleasure in informing you of the birth of a baby in perfect health, on May 18th, 1899," writes Mrs. L. E. Corti, of Washington, Pa., Box 25. "I cannot find words sufficiently strong to express to you my thanks, for my delivery was almost without pain, and when my husband arrived with the doctor the child was already born. The neighbors who were with me, and my husband, and the doctor could not believe their eyes. Having suffered so much before I never believed myself able to be delivered of a living child. I tell everybody this happy event was due to the help of God and of your medicines.

"Our hearts are full of gratitude to you for your medicines, which have given us the happiness of having a living child of our own, after so much suffering and disappointment.

"I recommend Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all young women who are in the same condition that I was in as one of the best remedies in existence. I have used eight bottles and find myself in perfect health. Accept my best wishes for your welfare to the end of your days."



Why Stay Sick?

Women suffering from disease in its extreme or chronic form are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge or fee. All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not confound Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter with the offer of "free medical advice," made by those incapable of giving medical advice, because they are not medically educated. Whenever an offer of "medical advice" is made by *man or woman*, see first if the offer is made by a qualified and competent physician, before you risk your health and waste your money.

In its substance Mrs. Corti's testimony to the value and virtue of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is identical with that of thousands of other women who have been made well and happy by this truly wonderful medicine. No two cases are exactly alike—the details vary—but the general fact of suffering is always the same, followed by the general result of a complete cure by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

"WAS JUST WONDERFUL."

"During my two years of married life I have not had good health," writes Mrs. Daisy Studdard, of 608 S. 10th Esplanade Avenue, Leavenworth, Kansas. "I was all run down, and my husband got me to write to Dr. Pierce and explain my case to him and see if he could do me any good. So I wrote, and, thank the Lord, I got an early reply telling me what the trouble was. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and also the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and now can say that I feel like a new

\$25,000 Given Away!

In the past year it has cost Dr. Pierce \$25,000, exclusive of postage, to supply the demands of those who accept his gift offer of a copy of the "Medical Adviser" FREE. This book contains 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, and is an authority on disease, hygiene, and reproductive physiology. It is sent FREE, bound in paper covers, on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. For cloth binding send 31 stamps.

Address: DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.