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* The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years, and it has some subscribers who have received it nearly that long, and many who have read it for a generation. Some of these object to having the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscriptions. For the benefit of these, and for other reasons, we have concluded to discontinue subscriptions only when notified to do so. All persons paying when subscribing, or paying in advance, will have the benefit of the dollar rate. But if they do not pay for six months, the rate will be \$1.25 a year. Hereafter we will send the paper to all responsible persons who order it, though they may not send the money, with the understanding that they are to pay \$1.25 a year, in case they let the subscription account run over six months. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, we will keep this notice standing at this place in the paper.

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.

Perhaps some of our readers will be surprised when we tell them that the Belgian hare industry will be a bigger thing for Salem than a large factory, employing a number of hands. Watch and see.

Salem has got to have a pork packing establishment before long. The growing dairying industry will bring the hogs, and a way must be provided for preparing the pork products for the market.

The fruit men continue to bring in Italian prune branches that contain buds that are uninjured. There will be a great many car loads of Italian prunes for shipment from this section, unless something unforeseen happens yet.

J. N. Hart, of Dallas, the candidate of the Republicans for prosecuting attorney of the Third judicial district, is an active and able man. He will, if elected, make a faithful official—and we trust he will be elected, by a large majority.

There has been ample time for the preparation of the plans and specifications of the government building here, by the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. We trust the bids will be called for within the next few weeks.

A Democrat of romantic name, the Hon. Claude Duval, has been nominated for Congress from Jerry Simpson's old district. A populist has also been nominated there, and it is said fusion and Jerry's hopes of being the fusion candidate for United States Senator lie a-bleeding.

The Belgian hare industry, which is already started here, will be a great thing for Salem. It will grow and bring thousands of dollars each year to our people, besides furnishing a part of the meat supply at home, enabling the shipping away of more of our beef and mutton and other meat products.

"The recent formation of a trust in prunes seems to be the only result of the current discussion as to the best way of pruning the trusts," says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. There is no trust in prunes. The growers are merely attempting to get reasonable prices for their products, by organizing to put them up in marketable shape and then preventing them from being slaughtered. The unfavorable weather for the buds and blossoms, both in California and in Oregon, will probably assist the growers materially in securing remunerative prices.

Hawaii has got itself fitted with a territorial government that ought to satisfy the anti-imperialists, who insist that we shall have no territory that is not intended to become a state. Hawaii is organized very closely upon the model of the territories, with a local Legislature and a delegate in the House of Representatives at Washington, with the same rights and privileges as other delegates from our territories. Under this territorial act Hawaii is made a customs district, under the revenue laws of the United States. The Dingley tariff thus becomes operative against foreign importations, while trade with California is free and the sugar of Hawaii comes into San Francisco without duty, the same as it has heretofore. This is the form of government that should be eventually given to Puerto Rico and to the Philippines; as soon as they shall have become Americanized. The ruling class in Hawaii is thoroughly American in its antecedents, traditions and ideas. There is no reason why they should not have a territorial form of government. It may take a long time to bring Puerto Rico and the Philippines up to this point. How long, there is no predicting at this time.

THOSE TURKISH CLAIMS.

As to claims against Turkey for damages to American property, there is absolutely no change in the situation from that which has existed for years. The Sultan always promises to pay these claims, or any others that he cannot evade, and his promises are worth just as much, or as little, at one time as another. The Sultan is ready with promises, but he does not pay. He never does.

The only way to collect a bad debt of this kind is to send a sheriff's officer to seize some of the debtor's property. In such a case the sheriff would be represented by a man-of-war. Some of the European powers have occasionally collected debts from Turkey by a show of force, by seizing a custom house, or some such peremptory procedure, but the process is troublesome and costly, and may lead to unpleasant complications.

In the case of these missionary claims, the cost of collection would certainly be much more than the amount of the bill. If it were necessary for humanity's sake or for the national dignity, the cost need not be counted. But there appears no such necessity at present. If there is to be a general attempt to squeeze payments out of Turkey, we might as well be on hand with the rest. Otherwise, there is not much to be made out of the Sultan's promises. We agree with a writer in the Philadelphia Times, that it would pay better to charge them off to profit and loss.

"THE NEWS FROM NOME."

In the course of a long editorial aiming to boom Cape Nome, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer admits the following:

"It is evident that the country immediately about Nome has been staked and that hundreds will be at work on the beaches near by before the first gold seekers arrive from the outside. No doubt there will be opportunity to work beach claims, but if tundra or gulch claims are to be acquired near Nome it will probably have to be through purchase. Some people may be disappointed, therefore, in finding that the Nome district is practically closed to them for location purposes; but there are miles of beach to the north and to the south, with innumerable streams not yet prospected, and to the man who is willing to look the country over and does not expect to be met by a fortune the moment he steps ashore there is more than an even chance for at least a small return."

Yes; there is the beach, extending clear up and down the Pacific ocean; and there is the sea water which contains a percentage of gold; and there are both ends of the rainbow, showering down buckets full of gold. If it can only be reached!

The ignis fatuus ever bright and alluring. There are many very attractive ways to get to Nome, and a large number of people advertising in the Post-Intelligencer who can furnish complete outfits at prices that are within the reach of any one having plenty of money to spend.

Salem is going to be a creamery center. The two creameries here are already pushed to their full capacity by their increasing patronage from the farmers, and they will have to be enlarged. There will soon be room for more creameries, for the owners of cows will gradually increase their herds, and they will improve their facilities and methods, so that their output per cow will be steadily augmented. There was never started here a movement promising so much for both city and country. It will grow, until the best possible uses will be made of all the land. The keeping of cows will bring intensified and diversified farming, and these will give birth to many new industries promoting thrift and general prosperity. We notice that already some butter fat is coming to one of the creameries here by boat. The Statesman has always said that a fast river boat could be kept busy in this trade alone. Perhaps this will come about before long, now that the start has been made.

Of course Senator McBride voted against the seating of Quay. He voted that way because he thought it was the right way to vote; and he is not afraid to do what he thinks is right, at any time. And, of course, the Oregonian misrepresents and belittles his motive for so voting. It abused him for voting the same way on the question of seating Corbett. So far as the Oregonian is concerned, in its treatment of Senator McBride, "he'll be damned if he does, and he'll be damned if he don't."

There can be no objection truthfully urged against the election of Lieut. Chas. Murphy as sheriff of Marion county. He is competent to fill the place. He has good executive and business ability. He is deserving, too, not the least on account of the fact that he fought valiantly for his country with the Second Oregon in the Philippines. Lieut. Murphy is worthy of your support.

The people of the Willamette valley are interested in the new movement to open the Columbia and Snake rivers to navigation. They are favorable to it. All the navigable rivers of the Northwest should be opened to the free passage of boats. This programme includes the purchase of the locks at Oregon City by the government, and

their operation without cost for the benefit of commerce.

"Lots of Chinamen are getting into the country on the Pacific coast, and find employment, too, because they are willing to work for what may be considered washboard wages," says the Philadelphia Times. Not many Chinamen, but lots of Japs.

SMALL MEANNESSES.

I have heard some lively discussions recently over our many petty meannesses. "Poor human nature! It seems prone to fall when it comes to a tie between penuriousness and magnanimity," says Dorothy Maddox in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Which nature is the smaller? Here is a question for the critic of masculine and feminine meannesses. Woman in her narrower sphere—this, of course, by comparison—is yoked to small affairs.

Man's opportunities are broadened. Naturally they educate him. He runs in less of a groove. Meeting men of generous impulses in a business and social way, even a Shylock hesitates to display his cloven foot.

I am not going into comparisons. This morning let me have my say about the petty meannesses that control matters in our world.

It is blessed with women whose impulses are heaven-born. Their beautiful souls never weary in well-doing. And it is not the big philanthropies that show them off at their best, but each day's opportunity as it arises for doing some sweet and thoughtful act.

They are true missionaries. Were more of them to be found in our highways and byways we might hope for a nearer approach to the millennium.

Are we, with natures cramped, dwarfed, distorted, responsible for the wide chasm which stretches between us and more broad-minded women?

Due allowance must be made for inherited traits, for that tyrannical task-mistress "Poverty." One is almost as hard to overcome as the other. A child born of close-fisted parents is liable to develop a small nature. The poor thing, its childhood a joyless one because on all sides is heard the constant cry of poverty, may surely be forgiven if, as it reaches maturity, it is a petty, small and a pious fool.

A generous nature can be cultivated. It must be taken in time. It brings greater happiness to its owner than to the world.

What are some of our small meannesses?

We want a newspaper. We fumble about in our purse for change. There are a goodly number of nickels. The tiny newsboy holds out his half-frozen palm for one of them, and then we wait until the dirty little paw goes down into a very ragged trousers pocket and fishes out four cents in change.

We wait if our toes are aching with the cold. We wait if our arms are aching with bundles. The four pennies are of not so much account as the principle of the thing. It is business to get this change. It would not be business to let the half-starved looking child gather in those pennies.

What would become of newsboys should the great army of men and women who buy papers recklessly shower these children of the street with pennies in this fashion?

I may be corrupting morals, but it gives me genuine delight to see the radiant smile that lights a certain dirty face when I buy a newspaper and walk off with a nod, a smile and a "Keep the change."

The ash man, patient creature, tugs and lugs barrels and boxes from cellar and back yard, and his pay is so meagre that an extra ten cents now and then would delight him. But no, the house-keeper who will buy china because it is a fad, give teas that astonish her neighbors, dress in purple and fine linen, is very careful that her working people are not overpaid.

And so, when Bridget comes upstairs with a request for 15 cents for the ash man her mistress dips her jeweled fingers into her purse, and not finding anything there but quarters, coolly tells Bridget to ask the ash man to wait until next week.

This poor servant fairly blushes for shame. She might have given him the extra ten cents, she argues. This lady does not believe in encouraging, as she terms it, "pauperism." She has no earthly use for back door philanthropies. When she gives it is in big sums, and they are placed where they will make some show.

My ash man came in the other morning with a face beaming. The little bride around the corner had given him a nice tip and he was jubilant.

When I told his story later in the day to a caller the lady curled her pretty lip and said with a great deal of meaning:

"She will get all over that soon. I suppose just now she feels as if she loved even the ash man."

The little bride has a kind heart. I will wager on it, and she will become an everyday blessing to the people who work for her.

It is a staunch principle with some women never to grind down servants. This lesson, learned early in youth, will save many miserable moments.

It is petty meanness that loses many housekeepers excellent service.

A naturally kind heart? Sometimes, she tells me, the temptation is hard to withstand. The small charity wins out each time.

If her landlady brings home the clothes and they look particularly nice this dear soul says:

"Here, Hannah, is a trifle over for this week's work. It is so well done. The quarter or whatever it may be, is sufficient to send into Hannah's tired face such a smile!

Many times I have seen this lady call up some half-starved wretch and order a nice, hot plate of food prepared for him. Her cook is always willing, for cook has herself been the beneficiary of this mistress' kindness more than once.

I heard the faithful girl say not long since:

"Indeed, but my lady has a heart that melts like a snowball."

How we laughed over this honest bit of praise.

Do good. Never mind the big things. Attend to those that seem at the moment unworthy of notice. Let us shake off every inclination to little meannesses as we would a viper.

Let us make up our minds to send heavenward every day some good action. Don't let us spend our time waiting for gratitude. The only pay we need is the sweet consciousness of well doing that floods the soul when we have made some forlorn creature the happier for our being here on earth.

THE PARSON'S FEE.

"Relating his experiences as 'A Missionary in the Great West,'" the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells of two weddings in the same town on the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—at which he officiated: "The first wedding fee I received was ten dollars—a very large remuneration for the place and people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room and thus addressed me: 'What's the tax, parson?' 'Anything you like, or nothing at all, I answered. I have frequently received nothing. 'Now,' said he, 'we want to do this thing up in proper shape, but I have had no experience in this business, and do not know what is proper. You name your figure.' I suggested that the legal charge was \$2. 'Pshaw!' he said, 'this ain't legal. We want to do something handsome.' Go ahead and do it,' I said, whereupon he reflected for a moment or two and then asked me how much I had received for the wedding of the morning. 'Then dollars,' I replied. His face brightened; here was a solution to the difficulty. 'I'll see his ante, he remarked, and raise him \$5, whereupon he handed me \$15."

"CORRECT ENGLISH."

A new periodical likely to cause discussion, despite its modest size, is "Correct English"—why shouldn't it be simply "English"? by the way?—for it deals with very fine points concerning the proper way to say things and on matters that are fairly open to question speaks with an authoritative manner that will frequently make the reader combative. Trouble begins right on the title page, the full caption of which is "Correct English—How to Use It—The Correct Thing—Devoted to the Correct Use of the English Language," and this beside the tautology at once raises the query: What is correct English? Then again, How to Use Correct English is more of a poser than at first appears. One cannot answer always, for time is needed for eating and sleeping, if not to give the other fellow a chance. Of course this is splitting hairs, but that is what the magazine does from cover to cover. It is published by the Correct English Publishing Company, of Chicago.

BRIDGE OVER THE BOSPHORUS.

The Germans seem determined to assert their supremacy in Asia Minor by plans and works capable of striking the imagination of the people. They announce that they intend soon to begin the building of a giant bridge over the Bosphorus. This bold project will remedy the inconveniences of passing from one side of the shore to the other. One can go directly from Berlin to Bagdad. A special commission composed of civil and military engineers has been appointed by the government at Berlin. According to the first plans, the bridge will be of gigantic proportions, and so high in the center that the highest masted vessels can pass underneath. This plan, if realized, will certainly have a very great importance toward extending German interests in Asia Minor.—Paris Nouvelles.

THE FATE THAT AWAITS HIM.

According to the Liverpool Post, a local firm, being delighted at the idea that one of its employees was called up to join the Reserves, at once volunteered to pay half his wages to his wife in his absence. At the end of the month the woman appeared and the moiety was at once given to her.

"What?" she said, "four pound?"

"Yes," replied the senior partner, "that is exactly half; sorry you are not satisfied."

"It isn't that I'm not satisfied; why, for years he has told me he only got 16 shilling altogether, and—and—if the Boers don't kill him I will."

Once more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new.

And domes the red-ploughed hills With loving blue.

The blackbirds have their wills, The thrushes too.

—Tennyson.

Timkins—But is your income sufficient to justify you in marrying? Simkins—I'm afraid not.

Timkins—Then what reason have you for taking such a step?

Simkins—I have no reason at all. I'm in love.—Chicago News.

Inconsistent—"You keep me waiting so long!" complained the customer. "Madam," said the worried grocer, who was economizing in his business by employing only one clerk, "ain't you the woman that was in here yesterday kicking about short weights?"—Chicago Tribune.

Women Who Faint.

A Modern Application of the Famous Epigram, "Frailty, Thy Name Is Woman."

It is a curious fact that the word faint is derived from a French word meaning to pretend. The word faint, meaning a deceptive movement, as by the boxer or swordsman, has the same derivation. So that originally a woman who fell forward in unconsciousness was merely one who, feigned illness. But there is no feigning in that sudden failure of the vital power which blanches the cheek, closes the eyes, seems to stop the breath and sends the woman an inert mass upon the counter at which she is shopping. Fainting is very real for the sufferer who cannot go to ball or theatre without this liability to sudden unconsciousness, menacing her enjoyment and safety.

Why do women faint? Women themselves would in this advanced age of progress be the first to deny the charge of physical frailty. They run and row, they swim and ride, they golf and shoot side by side with men, and yet they faint. You rarely hear of a man's fainting. Such a thing is so uncommon as to partake of the nature of a phenomenon. Why don't men



faint? Why can a weak framed, undersized man go through life without fainting, when a splendid woman, a Diana for beauty and courage, must know the humiliation of this sudden lapse of consciousness? There is

A SCARLET CLUE

to follow which will bring us safely out from the labyrinth of discussion. There are certain times when a woman is more liable to faint than she is at other times. And those times will be found to be the times when the womanly nature and functions are most dominant. The conclusion is irresistible. As a general proposition a woman faints because the delicate organs by which she is differentiated from brother or husband are affected by disease. Woman is creation's masterpiece, the last and fairest work of the Creator. To her are given joys and sorrows which no man may know and no man can share. To her also is given a capacity for suffering beyond the knowledge of men. The great question is: To what extent is this suffering necessary? Has woman been made so finely only that she may know the refinement of suffering? The very thought is an outrage on Nature. The "new woman" will know nothing of the suffering of the woman of the past. She will "run and not be weary." She will "walk and not faint." Let her put away at once and forever the thought that she is under Nature's particular ban and must suffer, because she is a woman. Let her relegate that superstition to the limbo where all the old superstitions that let her a slave have long been relegated. Let her believe that there is a way to sound physical health which those that seek will surely find.

THE RIGHT WAY

to escape the physical bondage of weakness is to follow the guidance of other women who have found a way of escape from the sufferings so long esteemed inseparable from the feminine nature.

"For seven years I was confined to bed most of the time," writes Mrs. M. P. Davis, of Honaker, Russell Co., Va. "I had four doctors, and they said I could not be cured. I had ulceration of womb and female weakness so I could not stand on my feet but a short time; had bearing down sensation, pain in the small of my back. My stomach and bowels, also legs and feet, would swell, and everything I ate hurt. I could not sleep well, was so short of breath I could not lie down at night; had soreness and tenderness over heart, troubled with palpitation of heart, and suffered with headache all the time. I would get blind and have fainting spells, had dark rings around my eyes and my eyes seemed bloodshot; suffered from painful menstruation; could not lie on my left side. I would have numb spells, pains around my heart every morning, my lungs hurt me a great deal, and my shoulders, too. I would spit up blood at times, memory was poor, hearing was bad, hands and feet were cold all the time, and I had chills and night sweats. After the doctors said I could not be cured I got hold of one of Dr. Pierce's Memorandum Books and read about how he had cured so many patients afflicted like I was, so I thought his medicine might help me. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice, and he sent me a very encouraging letter in reply, advising me to take 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I got two bottles and used these and felt much better. I sent and got six bottles more. After I had used four bottles I broke out all over in sores. I then quit taking the medicine and wrote to Dr. Pierce, and he advised me to still keep on taking his medicine. I did so and soon found it to be a great medicine. I can now work

all day and not feel tired at night. I can sleep all night and can eat anything I want at any time. I can walk and go anywhere I please. I feel better than I ever did. Can do all kinds of work in the house and outdoors, too. I am sorry I did not take Dr. Pierce's medicine when I first began to have poor health. I could have saved what I paid to humbugs. My friends say that I do not look like the same woman. When I commenced your medicine I only weighed one hundred pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and forty. I take great pleasure in recommending your remedies to suffering women. I thank you a thousand times for your good medicine and your kind advice. I used four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' four of 'Favorite Prescription' and two vials of your 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

The cure of Mrs. Davis offers a fair example of what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done and is doing to make weak women strong. This is not an exceptional case. It is not a solitary case. In more than thirty years of practice Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has treated and cured more than half a million women. Many of these had experienced years of suffering. They had spent large sums of money seeking a cure in vain. Doctors gave them up. Yet Dr. Pierce's treatment cured them; made them happy wives and

joyful mothers.

"IT SEEMS TOO WONDERFUL," some women write. It is wonderful that such results should come to the woman who had given up all hope. But from a medical point of view it is not such a wonderful thing that a medicine perfected in years of experience should do the one thing it was made to do. It seems wonderful when the musician sits down at the piano and brings forth harmonies undreamed of. It is practice which brings the perfection. Hundreds of people can play the piano, but only one here and there is a master of the instrument, and that one person has given his life to the mastery of the piano. It's the same with the cures wrought by Dr. Pierce and his great remedy for women, "Favorite Prescription." There are hundreds who can prescribe for women's ailments. But only one man here and there can prescribe with certainty, and that one man has made the cure of woman's disease a life-long study. Dr. Pierce is such a man. He has made a life study of the diseases peculiar to women, and he treats those diseases with a positive knowledge and certainty which bring success in almost every case. Ninety-eight per cent. of all the women who have been treated by Dr. Pierce have been completely cured.

Women who are suffering from weakening drains, irregularity, inflammation, ulceration, bearing-down pains or headache, backache, nervousness or other consequences of a deranged condition of the delicate womanly organs, should begin at once the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the confident expectation of a complete cure.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge or fee, and thus avoid the unpleasant examinations, indelicate questions and offensive local treatments so obnoxious to womanly modesty. All letters are held as strictly private and are answered confidentially, and all answers are sent in plain, private envelopes, bearing no advertising or other printing upon them. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no similar offer of free medical advice which has behind it an institution of national celebrity like the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., where Dr. Pierce and his associate staff of nearly a score of specialists are engaged every day in the year in the treatment and cure of disease. There is no similar offer having behind it the ability gained by Dr. Pierce in over thirty years of the successful treatment of the diseases peculiar to women.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain any opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is in the truest and fullest sense.

A TEMPERANCE MEDICINE. In view of the fact that there have been recently published false formulas of our remedies, in which alcohol and opium are named among the ingredients.

WE OFFER \$1.00.00 for each and every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Golden Medical Discovery" which on analysis shall show the presence of alcohol, opium, cocaine or any other narcotic.

A GIFT FOR WOMEN. We offer free to every woman Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser on receipt of stamps to defray cost of mailing only. This great work on hygiene, medicine and biology is more comprehensive than any other work dealing with these vital subjects. The book contains 1,008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, and is sent bound in cloth or paper, as desired. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-bound book, or 31 stamps for the cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.