

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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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.

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Now for a business administration of the county's affairs.

Lot Pearce had a very substantial compliment in his own home precinct, and one that he no doubt highly appreciates.

Now for the Oregon campaign for protection, to end with the November election. This issue must not be lost sight of for a moment.

There are a few sore spots in various parts of Oregon. But Multnomah county is literally filled with woe.

All who have been defeated can console themselves with the reflection that politics is a mighty poor and shabby business, anyway.

The Democrats have the sheriff, the Populists the clerk, the Progressives the justice of the peace and the constable, and the Republicans the rest of the offices.

The professions of patriotism that were so loud not many months ago, when the boys marched away to the Philippines, and afterwards when they returned from the field of war, crowned with glory, were evidently not from the profound depths of the heart.

NOW FOR A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION.

The Republican candidates for county judge and commissioner have been elected by the people of Marion county. It has been promised that if these candidates were successful, and if the Republican candidate for sheriff was also elected, Marion county would have a business administration of her affairs.

The Republican candidate for sheriff was not successful, but it is reported that Sheriff Durbin, who has been re-elected, made promises on the campaign which, if they are fulfilled, will aid the county court in giving the business administration that has been promised.

With this kind of an administration, the taxes can be lessened and the interest bearing debt gradually wiped out. We are certain that Mr. Scott and Mr. Needham, who will be judge and commissioner respectively, are committed to this sort of an administration.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

MORE WOE IN KANSAS. Kansas bears on her great seal the motto, "Through difficulties to the stars." A writer in the Chicago Inter Ocean thinks she should change it and adopt instead the line, "Man never is but always is to be blest." Kansas never reaches the stars, or, rather,

when she reaches them she finds spots on them, and turns away.

Just at present Kansas is afflicted with too much wheat. By most states, a superabundance would be hailed as an unmixt blessing. But not so in Kansas.

F. O. Popenoe of Topeka says that the Kansas wheat crop this year will be 90,000,000 bushels, or 20,000,000 bushels ahead of all former records. As present indications point to somewhat short crops in the Northwest, France, and Russia, the average value of Kansas wheat on the farm this year should not be far from 60 cents a bushel.

Kansas has been so prosperous the last three years that her farmers have paid off all the mortgages they care to pay, and have so much money left that Kansas banks have sent great sums eastward for investment. It is a fact that the money to finance several industrial enterprises in the East has been furnished indirectly by Kansas farmers.

Yet, despite all these things, the dispatches from Topeka tell of a new Kansas society organizing to fight the trusts, to smash the money power, to wipe out the conscienceless bankers and brokers of Wall street, and the board of trade of Chicago.

From the beginning of her history Kansas has attracted Utopians. Hence, while her people probably possess more general knowledge than those of any other state, they also have a larger number of octopus-hunters than any other American community.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

An issue has been fairly presented for serious consideration by college faculties and the parents of college students in a report on collegiate athletics prepared by a special committee from the universities of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Brown, Princeton, California, Columbia and Cornell.

This report is a strong protest against the interference of athletics with the studies prescribed in the curricula of the schools. It is also an effort in the direction of a purification of college sports and the maintenance of the highest amateur standards in the conduct of inter-collegiate games.

The report insists with logical force that no student should be permitted to make athletics the principal occupation of his college life, for it is not the purpose of the colleges to make athletes, but good citizens, whose mental powers have been sustained and increased by adequate physical vigor imparted in the gymnasium and the field, without creating undue pride of athletic prowess and an exaggerated notion of its value.

There will be, of course, strenuous objection by the undergraduates to the report and sturdy opposition to its adoption as a rule of conduct by the faculties, and unless the authorities are sustained by the parents of the students and the common sense of the community nothing will be accomplished by this proposed reform and the evil of excessive athletics in our colleges will continue to exist, a detriment to the morale of the colleges and a waste of money, effort and time for all concerned.

It is now a question whether our institutions of learning are to be merely training schools for the gridiron, the cinder track and the hippodrome, or whether they are mainly for the education of our youth in the sort of knowledge that shall equip them for the duties of life.

GOVERNMENT IN DENMARK.

For the last thirty years in Denmark the party of the left has had a majority in the chamber, while the king has retained in power a ministry of the right.

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers. It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household.

Dyspepsia—"For six months my system was out of order with dyspepsia and impure blood. Spent lots of money in vain, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly." Jos. S. Zaub, Genoa, Neb.

Eruptions—"I had annoying eruptions caused by impure blood, and physicians' treatment failed to benefit. Hood's Sarsaparilla removed them and I am no longer annoyed." W. R. Hudson, Natrona, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-nourishing and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

for the nominations this year. It was not needed. What has followed is matter of course. But the result is not disastrous. The two Republican members of the House of Representatives have been re-elected, and though the status of the Legislature is not yet entirely clear, it is believed that some kind of a Republican will be or may be elected to the Senate.

Indeed they ought to cease, for they are very tiresome. Perhaps these words of wisdom, advising a conciliatory course, will now be heeded. It has been our observation that it requires a good licking to put some people in a conciliatory mood—especially in politics, and where the side that is licked may be obliged in future to seek favors from the other side.

There is only one way for our growers to be sure they will be able to put up a choice hop, and that is to spray. They may have a choice article by "trusting to luck," and they may have a low grade hop, that will be hard to sell in case the world has a surplus. The lice are already appearing in some yards, and no yard can be certain of immunity from them, excepting in one way. That is by spraying.

Congress now has pending before it a resolution, which is backed by the Republicans and will be opposed by the Democrats, for a constitutional amendment empowering that body to enact legislation dealing with the trusts. The attitude of the latter is explained by the fear that they desire to utilize the trust question as a campaign issue.

Senator McBride was not too busy receiving congratulations over the outcome of the Oregon elections to neglect the important matters he has in hand before Congress. He has induced the conference committee of the two Houses to agree to retain the full appropriation for the repair of the Columbia river jetty.

This is a very good one from the San Francisco Post: "Congratulations to Mr. M. H. de Young upon his elevation to the office of President of the American Honorary Commissioners to the Paris Exposition. Mr. de Young's political ambitions appear to thrive best outside of California."

England cannot afford to deal too harshly with the Boers, now that they are all but conquered. It is the part of good statesmanship to make it as easy as possible for the men who thought they were fighting for their liberties and their rights.

The way to reform the abuses in Marion county's affairs is to reform them, and not employ any half-hearted methods. There are many leaks, large and small, that should be stopped. And we predict that they will be.

Unless there is a good deal of conciliation, Senator Joseph Simon will find it rather "hard sledding" two years from next winter, when he applies to the Oregon Legislature for re-election.

MUTUAL SYMPATHY.

Collector—I'm sorry, Mr. Slowpay, but your tailor has put his account against you into my hands for collection.

Mr. Slowpay—He has, eh? Do you work on a commission basis?

Collector—Yes, sir.

Mr. Slowpay—Then I'm sorry for you.—Chicago News.

THE ANCESTORS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

It has been learned that the first arrival in America of the family of Nancy Hanks, President Lincoln's mother, was Benjamin Hanks, who landed in Plymouth, Mass., in October, 1699. His third son, William, went to Virginia and raised five sons, one of them, Joseph, marrying Nancy Shipley, whose sister Mary had married Abraham Lincoln of Rockingham county, Virginia. From this union of Joseph Hanks and Nancy Shipley was born Nancy Hanks, the eighth child, on February 5, 1784.

EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST HIM.

Husband Could Not Convince His Wife He Had Quit Smoking.

He had been married only two weeks and at the bride's persuasion he had given up smoking, says the Indianapolis News. He told his fellow clerks at the freight office all about it, how his wife had insisted upon and how great the sacrifice had been to him.

He told the boys that his wife would visit him at the office next day and he would introduce her to all of them. It happened the morning that she came in that the newly married man was not at his desk. He had been called to another part of the building for a minute or two and was in the fatal room when the boys got in their dreadful work. They had carefully saved all their cigars for several days, in expectation of this visit, and placing them on the desk they conducted the bride to her husband's chair. A moment later the husband appeared. She looked at the "snipes" piled up on the desk, and then, with a pained look at her husband, ejaculated, "O Charles!"

SOON FORGETS ORTHOGRAPHY.

Employment of Amanuenses Causes Men to Forget How to Spell.

The practice of using an amanuensis has become almost universal among busy men of affairs, said a Magazine street wholesaler, "and it's death on orthography," says the Pittsburg News. "I defy any man who has dictated to a stenographer for as long a period of time as two years to sit down and write an ordinary letter without making at least four or five ridiculous blunders in spelling. Skill in English orthography is purely an arbitrary accomplishment. It's a feat in mnemonics and doesn't necessarily presuppose the possession of any special intellectual gifts. The only way that the average man retains his ability to spell with any reasonable correctness is by keeping constantly in practice and seeing the written words before his eyes. Let him suspend that mental exercise for a short time and the first thing you know he'll be spelling elephant with two f's."

The stenographer habit is as bad as cocaine—when once you begin it you've got to keep it up or you're lost. If I attempted to write a letter of any length at present, my correspondent would be certain to set down as a scandalous ignoramus, and I believe nine-tenths of the business men in the city are in the same boat. The memory of most people, by the way, is chiefly graphic, as far as spelling is concerned. I mean by that they have to write a word down on paper and see how it looks before they are certain about its orthography. That is why they become so quick as soon as they give up the personal handling of the pen. In medieval times the upper classes didn't pretend to know how to write. They left that to professional scribes, and we appear to be drifting back to that happy condition of affairs."

THINKS HIS MARE IS IN A CELL.

Aged Man Learns of the Existence of the Animal Pound.

"Where is that Shanghai policeman who stole my horse?" cried aged Peter O'Connor as he rushed into a south side police station the other day as fast as his feeble legs would carry him, says the Chicago Chronicle. "I'm onto the tricks of these smart cops. They go around picking up all the horses they can find and then sell them to the city. I want my horse and I'm going to stay here till I get it."

"Are you sure a policeman stole your horse? We'll have him arrested, sure," said the desk sergeant.

"Yes, I saw the man take my old mare. She was strolling along not harming anything and he ran up and took her. If I ever get my eyes on him he'll be sorry for it, too," and the old man nearly burst into tears when he was told that the horse had not been lodged in the police station. It was a revelation to him when he was informed that he was the postmaster who had picked up his horse and not a policeman, and he subdued his fears but not his anger when he learned that the place to look for the animal was the pound and not the jail.

COLUMBIA'S FOOTBALL DATES.

First Big Game Is With Harvard October 13th.

William Brock Shoemaker, manager of the Columbia football team, has made public the complete schedule of Columbia's football contests for next season. Columbia's team will meet Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and the Carlisle Indians, besides a number of smaller colleges. The football candidates will go into training, under the direction of G. Foster Sanford, at Brantford Point, Conn., on September 10th. On October 3rd the team will open the season with a game with Rutgers at New Brunswick. It will play Wesleyan at Columbia field on October 6th, and Williams on October 10th.

The first big game of the season will take place at Soldiers' field, Cambridge, on October 13th, when Columbia hopes to down the crimson of Harvard. After a minor game with Stevens in New York on October 17th the Morningside boys will line up against the doughy Pennsylvanians at Franklin field, Philadelphia, on October 20th. On Octo-

ber 27th Yale will come to Columbia field. Princeton will make her only appearance in New York on November 6th. Columbia will take a flying trip to Buffalo and face the eleven of the university of that city on November 10th. This game is in place of the one with Cornell last year. The match with West Point has been dropped, and a contest with Annapolis, to take place at Annapolis, has been substituted. Another minor match with Manhattan college, instead of with Dartmouth, as formerly, will be contested on November 21st. On November 23rd (Thanksgiving day) Columbia will meet the Carlisle Indians at Columbia field in her final game of the season.

THE BOERS AT ST. HELENA.

Quarters Occupied by Cronje's Soldiers on the Little Volcanic Island.

On Sunday last the Boer prisoners were landed at Jamestown, on the north side of St. Helena. It was undoubtedly a great event for the people living on that isolated rock. They seldom see strangers now. Before the Suez Canal was built Jamestown was of great importance as a coaling and supply station, but now it is far off the route of vessels. If it were not for an occasional whaler which drops into port for a fresh supply of water and provisions the island would be almost abandoned by the world.

Thirty years ago there were over 6,000 people living on the island; but many hundreds of them, failing to earn a living there, have gone to Cape Colony, and when the Boers landed on Sunday they increased the population fully one-third. So large an influx has never been seen before. When the prisoners entered the harbor they saw a little town, only a quarter of a mile wide and less than a mile in length, squeezed into a narrow valley between two hills that rise to a height of about six hundred feet on either side. The hill on the west slopes steeply to the town and a flight of nearly seven hundred steps, cut in the face of the rock, leads to the flat plateau above. This eminence is known as Ladder Hill on account of the flight of stone steps. The plateau is three-quarters of a mile wide near the sea and narrower as it penetrates the mountains on either side. The seaward part of it is covered with military buildings and the plateau is known as Deadwood Plain. This is where the Boers were sent into camp on St. Helena.

Jamestown lies at their feet on the east and in front they have a beautiful view of the sea from a point of vantage 600 feet above the ocean. All the year round the southeast trades blow steadily, but the hill range through the center of the island shelters the prisoners from the winds, which are sometimes violent, though always warm. They have arrived, however, in the early days of the austral winter, and are probably witnessing a larger rainfall now than they ever saw before. The heaviest rains, however, will soon pass, and as far as weather and climate are concerned, the prisoners could hardly wish for a more agreeable abiding place.

Looking directly east across the hills and the intervening valleys the Boers may perhaps be able to catch a glimpse of Longwood, three and a half miles from their camp, which is famous as the home in which Napoleon, prisoner of England, passed the last six years of his life. Longwood stands on another plateau, extending nearly to the sea on the east and with two or three long arms running up into the mountains. It was on this nearly flat plateau that Napoleon took his daily strolls, enjoying, in some sort, the period of calm that succeeded the long years of war and political convulsion in which he was the commanding figure. If the Boers are permitted to stroll inland as far as the plateau they occupy extends, they will be within two miles of Longwood, and a mile and a half from the valley of the Tomb, where Napoleon's body reposed under a clump of willows until it was removed to Paris in 1840; and now it rests under the dome of the Invalides. From Deadwood Plain, however, it is not likely that the lower portion of the Valley of the Tomb can be seen and so the willow and the great Corsican was buried are hidden from view.

From the Boer camp there is no road leading to Longwood or the famous valley near it, but to reach the spot where Napoleon spent his last years it is necessary to climb Rupert's Hill by the steep road which surmounts it on the east side of Jamestown and leads to the valley and the little house where Napoleon lived and died. Jamestown is the only town on the island. It has never been thought worth while to build a town on the south coast, for no vessels could safely visit a town there, as the waves raised by the southeast trades break on that steep shore with great fury. On the north side of the island in the lee of the winds, where the Boers are kept, the surface of the sea is usually calm. Perhaps many of the Boers will not mind the isolation of their prison home as much as the people of other races might do for most of them are accustomed to the comparative silence of their great cattle ranches, where they seldom see strangers and do not care to meet them, though all corners are hospitably welcomed when they appear. Of course none of the prisoners can escape from St. Helena as a number of them did from their camp near Simon Town, Cape Colony. The sea and there hem the captives in more effectually than any prison wall.—Sun, April 22d.

VULGARITY AND SUCCESS.

The Realization of the Commercial Value of Publicity.

Vulgarity is not necessary to contemporary success, but a thing akin to vulgarity which seems indispensable to success in many lines of business is publicity, says E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly. One reason why we seem more vulgar than our fathers is that we have come so generally to the realization of the commercial value of publicity. A man can be good in a corner, and live justly in the sight of God and bear himself handsomely toward his fellows without any summoning of witnesses. But when it becomes a question of selling goods he is excusable in concluding that he can never sell enough to make himself rich without beating a drum and sticking his picture on the outer wall. Let him stick his picture up if his business seems to require it, but publishing pictures of other folks who have no interest in his business and don't want to be posted is a different matter. The law ought to regulate that.

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leakage of letters, or private papers of persons who have been dangerously hurt, or have been found found among the effects of persons who died suddenly, or committed suicide, unless a coroner directs such publication as a means of identifying the dead or discovering a crime. This law, which the governor signed last week, is in timely restraint of a species of publicity which was sometimes very cruel, for the practice has been to look upon papers found on the unknown dead as the proper food of sensational newspapers, to be printed without regard to the reputation of the deceased or the feelings of any survivor.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

The Passing of the Greatest Engineering Freak of the Century.

When the Ferris wheel is sent to the scrap heap—a thing likely soon to happen—the greatest engineering vagary of the century will have passed into that oblivion reserved for fads, flying machines and perpetual-motion contrivances. Not that the great Ferris wheel is any of these, but simply because it never could serve any practical use, because no distinctly new principle in engineering, and because it has a marvelous faculty of emptying the coffers of those who try to make its huge bulk earn even a small part of the cost of maintaining it—to say nothing of the cost of original investment.

As one of the wonders of the World's Fair of 1893—perhaps the chief wonder—the Ferris wheel stood unique. Its great size, marvelous construction and distinct novelty made it not only the crowning feature of the Midway, but the gossip of four continents. During the continuance of the exposition more than a million and a half of visitors from all quarters of the globe roved in its suspended cars and from a height of 264 feet caught a bird-eye glimpse of the fair grounds, the lake and the distant city.

Though less than a third the height of the Eiffel Tower of the Paris Exposition, the Ferris wheel was a much greater wonder. The Eiffel Tower was merely a continuous projection of successive towers one upon another. Given a suitable base, its construction simply meant the stringing of iron and steel straight into the air. But in the Ferris wheel something new in construction was accomplished—new because of its great size, its projection of a gigantic circle, carrying thousands of tons of steel and iron suspended from an axle and readily movable by the application of machinery. To have built the Ferris wheel simply to stand upon its periphery would have been a comparatively simple task. To suspend and give it motion was the conception this mass of metal from a central point of mass.

Eiffel and his engineers were three years building the tower in Paris. The Ferris wheel was constructed and carrying passengers within four months. The idea of erecting this great wheel came to George Washington Gale Ferris, a native of Illinois and an engineer for the Pittsburg Iron company, about a year before the opening of the World's Fair. Mr. Ferris was then known as one of the most expert bridge builders in America, if not in the world, but when his scheme was mentioned to other engineers it was pronounced impractical and chimerical. Some went even so far as to laugh at him, and not one dreamed the project ever would get beyond the speculative stage. But Mr. Ferris was persistent, and, besides, had faith in himself. Courageously he set to work and succeeded in interesting sufficient capital to warrant him in ordering material for the wheel.

About \$25,000 was spent in plans, tests, etc., before the actual construction of the wheel began. Some thirty firms took part in its making, and the Chicago firm saw to it that the wheel was ready to be turned the Ferris wheel had cost \$362,000 and had consumed about 8,000,000 pounds of iron and steel. The movable part of it weighed 4,200,000 pounds, and it required two engines of 1,000 horse power each to keep it turning. And so nicely adjusted were all the parts, so well balanced was the great steel circle with its thirty-six cars, capable of carrying 160 persons, that it was under as full control as a sewing machine or a pony engine. Once or twice during the World's Fair the motive power needed adjustment, but the only results so far as the public was concerned were humorous incidents, which gave the newspaper men a few columns of anything but dull reading matter.

It is barely possible that had the World's Fair lasted a year or two the Ferris wheel might have paid for itself. This is based on the assumption that it would have continued to be a novelty for twelve months or more. As it was, the gross earnings of the wheel during the fair were \$812,000. About one-fifth of this went to the stockholders as profits. The power necessary to operate the big wheel would have run a cotton factory of 100,000 spindles and 3,000 looms and employing 5,000 operatives. The boilers of the power plant could have done single like an ocean liner. No other single feature of the great exposition represented such an expenditure of energy.

But the fair lasted only six months, and the Ferris wheel ceased paying dividends with the closing of the exposition gates. Had it gone from its place on the Midway direct to the scrap pile or to Coney island, as was at one time suggested, more than one Chicagoan would have been some thousands of dollars richer today. The wheel was such a drawing card on the show of Lake Michigan, that the surroundings were somewhat proportioned to its size, was moved to the north side of the city and placed in a space so small that the cars hung over other property while the wheel was revolving.

There it has turned occasionally for the last few years, eating up coal, piling up cost, an eyesore to the neighborhood and a white elephant to its owners. What has the big wheel cost to date? Deducing the sum paid to stockholders during the World's Fair, and counting as part of the cost what it has lost to its owners, it is safe to say that \$1,000,000 will not cover the total. To move it from Jackson Park to the North Side cost alone \$175,000, and it is figured it will require an expenditure of at least \$25,000 to take it down and remove it from where it now stands.—Chicago Post.

"That girl accepts rings from men she doesn't know."
"How can she?"
"Has to. She's a telephone girl."
Philadelphia Bulletin.

Pacific Homestead, Salem, Or. Best farm paper. Issued weekly. \$1 a year.