

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. Some of these object to having the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscriptions.

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.

We say, good luck to the hop growers in their efforts to secure remunerative prices for their product!

A neighboring paragrapher pictures Grover Cleveland as probably trying to figure out how he can help his old running mate and at the same time avoid voting for Bryan.

The news from China is a Chinese puzzle. The Government of the Empire is a mob, and there is no system or organization. It is high time civilization stepped in and straightened out matters in that country.

IT IS A PTY. The Hon. Benjamin Franklin Shively of Indiana is by far the most beautiful person yet mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Vice President.

Said the New York Sun on July 6th: "Newspaper row, last night, presented a strange contrast to past election years. A few dozen silent men stood in the darkness watching the bulletin boards for the announcement of the nomination at Kansas City.

The Oregon growers are the biggest factors in the hop trade of this country. They furnished last year over a third of the hops baled in the United States, and the proportion will be even higher this year, unless there is an agreement made and carried out to reduce the acreage by not picking 25 per cent. of the vines.

NOT AGAINST HIM.

The Associated Press informs an anxious public that Hon. John Barrett, a few years ago a newspaper reporter in Portland, who rose to prominence through appointment as Minister to Siam and his own immaculate gall, has had a conference with the national chairman of the Republican party, Hon. Mark Hanna, and will take the stump for McKinley and Roosevelt.

We do not believe the fact that Mr. Barrett was a newspaper reporter in Portland or elsewhere should be held at a point of scandal or disadvantage against him. We will admit, however, that Mr. Barrett is quite an expert in the art of publicity. He manages to keep his name and furnishings of his great importance assiduously before the American people.

FROM A LOOKER-ON.

The following interesting editorial leader is from the New York Sun of July 5th, the day Bryan was nominated:

"The man who planned personal humiliation for David Bennett Hill at Kansas City, and who inflicted that humiliation with a merciless directness which cannot be called brutal because it was intelligently pre-conceived and calculated, was Richard Croker."

"The man who really crushed Mr. Hill at Kansas City and defeated his final attempt to assert in the national affairs of the Democracy the title to leadership which he has so often, and often so successfully, maintained under difficult circumstances, was William J. Bryan, and he alone."

"The two widely different aspects of the sensational incident in the caucus of the New York delegation should be clearly distinguished."

"Alf that Croker achieved in the way of personal revenge and political advantage by the downfall of Hill and his friends was due to his prompt and adroit use of the opportunity afforded him by Bryan's resolute adherence to his conviction of the silver issue's living importance to the Democracy. If Bryan had wavered or weakened under the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him to sacrifice one principle, David B. Hill would have been the man of the hour in the New York delegation, and, next to Bryan, the man of the Convention."

"But Bryan did not yield. Against his honest courage of mistaken convictions the miserable policy of evasion, suppression and compromise which has marked Mr. Hill's course now for just four years shattered itself into a thousand pieces. And Mr. Croker, caring as little, perhaps, as any man within the four corners of the Union for the moral significance of the spectacle, was on hand to enjoy the destruction of his rival in state politics and to profit by it."

"Of sympathy for Mr. Hill there can be little or none among straightforward persons. He, too, had his opportunity four years ago."

IT IS A PTY.

The Hon. Benjamin Franklin Shively of Indiana is by far the most beautiful person yet mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Vice President. That is, if he looks like the photographs of him, which show a fine, noble face. The Hon. Jim Han Lewis, the Washington Pink, who got 11 votes for the nomination for Vice President in the Democratic National Convention July 11, 1896, is more flamboyant but less stately. The Hon. John Jacob Leitz of Ohio is an inferior replica of Bryan. The Hon. John Warwick Daniel of Virginia has a fine old-fashioned tragic countenance. Most of the New York candidates are pulchritudinous, and the Hon. David Bennett Hill has a beautiful bald head. The Hon. Bath House John, the Chicago poet-statesman, calls the Hon. Carter Harrison "the Apollon B. of Cook county." Charlie Towne, the Silver Gopher of the Zenith City, looks like a college tutor. Col. Mose Wetmore of St. Louis is grand, gloomy and peculiar, as a man has to look when he wants to bulldoze the Octopus.

But the pearl, the flower, the crown, the palm, the cake, the bun, the tip and turret of all pulchritude is Col. Jim Guffey of Pennsylvania. He is a vision and a delight. If the delegates once see him, the ticket will be Bryan and Guffey, the Peerless and the Matchless. - N. Y. Sun, before the Convention.

It is a pity they did not get a view of Col. Jim. There is nothing of pulchritude added to the ticket by Adlai Stevenson. In fact, he adds nothing any way, in brains, oratory or principles dear to the Bryanite heart. He is as nearly a large sized job of nothing as could have been found in the whole country.

BRYAN'S TELEPHONIC ADDRESS

Friends and Fellow Citizens: I come not there to talk, Because the Convention Has business to transact, And you know me, But I shall make A few remarks to you Over the long distance telephone. A biotated monopoly Whose exorbitant charges Necessitate a brevity As painful to me As is its outrageous embargo On my language! Think, dear friends, What a speech you might have from Your matchless leader. If the iron lie of the monster Did not lay its heavy hand Upon my language works, Gods! Can a Democratic Convention Long debate Which of the two to choose, A Bryan speech Or a bill that would Paralyze all our time honored Principles of economy? However, I digress; And digression costs money. Men and Brethren: Let me beg of you That I am still IT.

And that the Chicago platform Is the same Yesterday, today and forever. Keep that ever before you As your cloud by day And your pillar of fire by night, But if you find it Absolutely necessary to my success To shade it a little, Just a little, mind you.

That you do so

With my public protestation And my private permission. I am unalterable for The great and glorious principle Of 16 to 1. Also, If any man attempts To run up the American flag In the Philippines or elsewhere, Shoot him on the spot! Them's my sentiments, And if the Stars and Stripes Don't want to get it in the neck They will remain at home. Liberty and good government And that sort of thing? Are well enough in their way, But it is none of our business To scatter them broadcast Over the world. As to my running mate, I want the ticket To be exclusively Western. For the East is in the hands Of Trusts, those menaces To the freedom of the Republic. That's the object of the meeting Men and brethren, And if we miss our connections This time, I shall be compelled To the conclusion That you held A few G. O. Peters in your midst To show you how The thing is done. My say is yet unsaid, But the hated monster Presses on me and I must stop. Would that I could Talk to you as I wished, But I cannot. Under the circumstances, Farewell, dear brethren, I leave it all to ye. Be brave and fear not! W. J. L. in New York Sun.

PROTECTION IS AT STAKE.

"There is not a state in the Union today," said Senator Lodge in his speech before the Republican National Convention, "which could be carried for free trade against protection." There is not a free trader in the country who possesses a degree of discernment worth consideration who does not know that this statement is absolutely true. As Senator Lodge said, further on in his speech, "never was a policy more fully justified by its works," than our tariff policy. And it has been justified in every state in the Union and in every section of every state. The more wily of the free traders are, by raising side issues, attempting to make the people of the country forget or overlook the fact that the tariff issue is involved in the coming Presidential election. With a rampant free trader like Bryan, however, pitted against President McKinley, who is and for long has been, the very head and front of American protectionists, the continuance of our protective policy is just as much at stake as if there were no other issue before the country. As the people of the country value their comfort and prosperity, they want to make no mistake about that fact. We are sure the voters of Oregon are fully alive to the importance of this issue. There will be no mistaking the meaning of the vote in this state in November. It will be between 19,000 and 15,000 majority for protection.

ANTI-IMPERIALISM RUN MAD.

The open declaration of the anti-imperialist free traders and mugwumps that they are fully prepared to support Mr. Bryan if it comes to a choice between the Popocrat and Republican national tickets, moves the New York "Times" itself a free trade and mugwump journal, to raise its voice in earnest protest against a course so destructive to the country's best interests. In the opinion of the "Times" there is nothing in the existing situation that can justify or palliate this extraordinary attitude on the part of Messrs. Schurz, Atkinson and their brethren of the Anti-Imperial League. Should these men, who four years ago were among the most active foes to the Populistic propaganda, succeed this year in throwing to Mr. Bryan the votes necessary to make him the next President of the United States, there will be a heavy responsibility. In such an event, says the "Times," "they will be everywhere detested as the authors, in part, of the ruin and affliction that will follow swiftly upon the appalling disaster of that election day."

This is strong language to come from a newspaper noted for its vigorous antagonism toward Republican doctrines and policies for the past quarter of a century. Stronger still is the picture which the New York "Times" draws of the consequences certain to follow the defeat of McKinley and the election of Bryan, as follows: "The arrest of the country's industrial and commercial progress, the abrupt destruction of its prosperity, the conditions of business stagnation, bankruptcy, loss of employment, panic and the weary years of distress and loss while the country is waiting for the opportunity of the election of 1904 to correct the awful blunder, drive out the wreckers and install a safe government, will all be charged to their account. The millions of ruined men will follow them wherever they go."

Plainer truths than these have seldom been put into words. Each and

"Who Gives to All Denies All."

This is as true of the spendthrift of health as of the waster of money. Do not waste your health by allowing your blood to continue impure, but purify, vitalize and enrich it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine.

Dyspepsia—"My husband declared a long time for dyspepsia with only temporary relief. The first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla helped and the second cured him. It cured my sick headaches." Mrs. Mary A. Clark, Wilmington, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER Disappoints

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

every one of the dire conditions predicted as the result of Bryan's election would surely and inevitably come to pass. Dread as they may the horrors of an imperialism that has no place in the policies and intentions of the Republican party, and no existence save in their own exaggerated fancies, Messrs. Schurz, Atkinson and their associates of the Anti-Imperial League should heed this earnest remonstrance of the "Times." Hate they McKinley and "McKinleyism" never so much, they must surely hate their country even more if they are willing to inflict upon it four years of "Bryanism" and all that implies.

FORTUNE IN AN OLD COAT.

Reward That Came to a Man Who Lovingly Saved His Father's Trunk.

New York, July 7.—Loving regard for the memory of a dead father led Charles Frank, a wealthy commission merchant of No. 79 Park place, to save a trunk full of old clothes for seven years, and his sentiment has met with a rich reward.

The other day, while looking over the clothing Mr. Frank felt some papers in the pocket of a coat, and upon examining them discovered three deeds one to property in Phoenix, Ariz., and the others to property in this city. In all the wealth represented is \$200,000.

Before his death Mr. Frank, Sr. was a noted politician, and reputed to be a millionaire. He lived in an aristocratic manner and never spoke of his wealth. He was generous in many of his ways and had some of his money in different trunks and cupboards of his home. After Mr. Frank died his executors examined his estate and found it less than \$200,000 instead of the larger sum, at which it was usually estimated, by those who knew him. The property was divided among his children. The finding of the deeds partly accounts for the discrepancy.

THE STRANGEST FREAK YET.

Undoubtedly the strangest freak yet of the many curious ciphers set off by lightning during the very recent thunderstorm in this section, happened on Saturday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Craig of Union street. Mr. and Mrs. Craig were sitting in their room during the thunderstorm of Saturday night when an order of burning feathers seemed to fall from the ceiling. Mrs. Craig spoke of it, but the subject was passed over, they thinking that some of the negroes living in the neighborhood were smoking mosquitoes.

Yesterday Mrs. Craig had occasion to open a wardrobe in which she kept much of her finery, and on opening the door that same unpleasant odor filled the room. An investigation was made and the lady was amazed to find that on a very dark, soiled dress the velvet with which it was trimmed had been burned completely off, and a large steel knife that caught the velvet out of shape in some unaccountable manner, and without shocking the inmates of the room, lightning had entered the dress, melting the tempered steel wardrobe and burned the velvet from it like it was a copper wire, without even scorching another garment. A small scorching place was left on the carpet under the wardrobe. Truly a phenomenon of the rarest kind.

WHISKEY IN THEIR STOCKINGS.

St. Paul, July 7.—"The liquor habit is decreasing among the men, but it is increasing among women," said Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, of St. Louis, in her lecture on temperance at St. Mary's Hall. Mrs. Lake was introduced by Father Gibbons, of St. Mary's church, and spoke for over an hour, her subject being, "Why I Am a Total Abstemious." The lecturer stated that one reason why more women were total abstemious now was because their business interests demanded it. Many business women refused to employ a man unless they had sufficient proof that he never touched liquor in any form. On the other hand, many firms that employ women complain, said Mrs. Lake, that their employees bring liquor to their work with them. A man at the head of a large factory informed the lecturer that it was not uncommon for girls to bring bottles of whiskey with them to the factory hidden away in their stockings.

PERU'S VAST MINERAL PRODUCT.

The soil of Peru contains the largest number of mineral species of any country in the world. Petroleum and sulphur, silver, lead, copper and coal in the great mining basin of Cerro de Pasco, in central Peru, and phosphate, quicksilver, antiferrous ground, and borax at Arequipa, Cuzco, and in the south. At the present time the number of mines in exploitation is 2,500, employing 70,000 workmen. The yield of the ore has increased by more than 50 per cent. within the last two years.

Mr. Jobson's Vacation.

When Mr. Jobson returned with Mrs. Jobson from the seaside last summer he stood forth and declared himself on the subject of summer trips.

"This is the first," he announced, "No more of these idiotic hot-weather jaunts for me. I haven't been comfortable a holiday since I left home. Washington is a pretty good place to live in. It rains me winter and summer, and the next time I let anybody drag me away from my own home for a month or six weeks during the scorching weather, the one that does the dragging—be or she—is going to be told a few things. I didn't want to go in the first."

"Why," put in Mrs. Jobson, "you know that you were talking about going to the beach with anticipation for weeks before we—"

"No, I wasn't, Mrs. Jobson," interrupted Mr. Jobson. "I didn't any more want to go to the beach than I wanted to go to jail, and you're evidently suffering from an atrophied memory when you say otherwise. I wanted to stay at home and be comfortable, but I was wheedled and bamboozled and coddled into taking off with you to a swarming, teeming summer resort, where I had to sit on a red-hot hotel porch and talk pretty to a lot of people that I had nothing in common with, and that probably despised me in their inmost souls, and where I had to flounder around an ice-cold sea water every day because all the rest of the gang did it, and where I had to go along on cruisers in sailboats and get sick every time you nodded to me that you wanted to go, and where I didn't get a proper meal of vitamins during my entire stay, and where I had to push you around in a perambulator and look as if I liked it, just because all the other imbeciles down there with strong, healthy, 100-pound wives perambulate their wives, and where I felt in general like a salt mackerel in the bottom of the barrel. It's taken me a good many years to get this home together, and—"

"Well, I am sure I would be perfectly content to remain at home all the year around," said Mrs. Jobson. "Don't you remember that I suggested last spring that we remain at home this year and get a new porcelain bathtub instead of spending the money for a trip, and have the house painted all over, and get a new chiffonier and a modern refrigerator?"

"You have it," said Mr. Jobson. "You have it," said Mrs. Jobson. "It's a wonder to me that you didn't take to the writing of fiction in early life. I'd like to recommend you to remember all that, but my memory isn't as elastic as it might be convenient for you to have it. I do remember, however, that you began to tinker with material for a new bathing suit as early as the month of March, and that you began to read the seaside advertisements in The Star paper before the flies began to show up on the market stands, and that you began to get letters from hotel keepers down at the beach in response to your secret inquiries as to terms, long before the month of May dragged to its close, and that when the first hot day in June happened along you began to pant and to look wistful, and to remark that you'd never suffered so much from the heat before, and to tell me that you thought I needed a change and the salt air pretty badly, and so on."

"Didn't you say two weeks before we started that you picked folks that had to remain in the bathing city all summer, and—"

"Fading city," Mrs. Jobson? exclaimed Mr. Jobson. "You never heard me make use of such a term in your life with reference to Washington. All this talk about Washington being a hot city in the summer is moonshine. It's cool enough for me, anyhow, and the next time you commence to look listless before the summer's half begun, I'll send you to the seaside all right, but I'll stay at home myself. I've had all the summer-resorting I want in films."

This was the way Mr. Jobson declared himself upon his return to the seaside last year. It may be remarked that, in attributing to Mrs. Jobson a wild, unreasoning desire to go to the beach, Mr. Jobson was, as usual, just a trifle beside the mark. However, it was a settled thing from the time Mr. Jobson issued his pronouncements on the subject of summer trips that he would be no summer tripper for the Jobsons this year. Mrs. Jobson was content with that understanding. She had never been particularly fond of the hotel existence and the incessant dressing and plunging about of a seaside resort.

Frequently during the winter, when friends of the Jobsons would ask them where they were going when the summer came again, Mr. Jobson would expatiate at great length and with much fervor upon the complete futility of modern follies who think they're absurd and imposed upon if they can't manage to leave their comfortable homes for a month or two every summer and rush to a crazy summer resort, where they had to spend all their time fanning themselves and fighting mosquitoes and trying to convince themselves that they were having a swell time.

"Not any more for the Jobsons," Mr. Jobson would wind up, decidedly. "Folks who can't make themselves lumpy and comfortable and contented in Washington from January 1st until December 31st simply don't know when they're well off, and they're welcome to do all the summer-resort gliding they want to. But I know one Washingtonian who will benefit from Washington, good enough for him the year round."

Mrs. Jobson did not begin, as usual, in April to get her clothes ready for a summer trip. She was, in fact, rather glad to be rid of that bother. Nothing was said about summer plans, and she took it for granted that they would have a quiet, comfortable season of it beneath the shade of their own vine and fig tree. There were some humid, sultry days late in May. On the second humid, sultry day late in May Mr. Jobson came home from his office mopping his forehead a good deal and complaining that he hadn't felt so "run down" in years. It was obvious to Mrs. Jobson that he wanted her to suggest that they take a spin to some cool place, but Mrs. Jobson didn't have any such suggestion to make. She said she wasn't feeling the heat at all. Mr. Jobson looked sideways at her, and then he went on to say that he thought Washington would have a pretty warm summer of it this year. Mr. Jobson saw a lot of pictures of young women in bathing suits in the fashion department of one of the department stores early in June, and he commented upon how much more stylish women are beginning to rig themselves up for salt water bathing than they did in former years. Mrs. Jobson, however, didn't take the hint, and again Mr. Jobson gazed at her out of the slants of his eyes, as if waiting for her to say something. On Friday afternoon last Mr. Jobson came home with some bundles under his arm. He calmly opened the bundles and showed them to Mrs. Jobson as soon as he got in. One of the bundles contained a neat white flannel suit, another a yachting cap, and still another a pair of white canvas shoes. "Like 'em?" asked Mr. Jobson, jauntily. "Why, yes; they're nice," replied Mrs. Jobson. "But men don't wear such things in the city, do they?" "These, Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, "are not to be worn in the city. They're to adorn the person of one Jobson down at the seashore, where one Jobson and his wife will be about this time tomorrow afternoon." "But, began Mrs. Jobson, "I thought you had forever foresworn the seashore, and that—"

STAYTON HAPPENINGS.

Movements of the People in That Little City. Stayton, Or., July 11.—J. P. Davis, who was taken suddenly ill last week, is again on the streets. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Vankey were Saturday visitors at the Nelbert home Sunday. A huge rattlesnake, measuring over three feet in length, was killed a few miles above Stayton a few days ago. The snake had ten rattles and a tail. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Wimer, who lately arrived in this city from Portland, are comfortably settled in the Florida house, on First street. Mr. Wimer has secured employment in the Brown mills. A nine-pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Roy on Saturday, July 7th. Miss Maggie Taylor arrived in this city on Tuesday of last week, from Pontefract, Idaho, and is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Brown. Warren Richardson, Wesley Riggs, Clarence Anderson, Alva Thomas and James Bass formed a party of young men who left on Tuesday morning's stage en route to points in Eastern Oregon and Washington in search of employment. The Misses Alice and Ella Balsley took their departure Tuesday, for Genoa, Nebraska, where they expect to spend several months visiting relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Brown leave for Newport next week, where they will spend the next two months in rest and recreation.

RICH GOLD FIND.

Dawson City Reports a New Eldorado at Koyukuk. Tacoma, July 11.—News has been received here from Dawson regarding a voyage made by the schooner Florence S., which left that place May 23d bound for the Koyukuk diggings with sixty prospectors aboard. The vessel weighed its way 800 miles up the Koyukuk to a point forty-five miles from the mines, discharged the passengers and returned. Claims have been staked at these mines, dirt from which averaged \$1 to the pan. The gold is very coarse and is reported to be worth \$18 to the ounce. Properties are being worked on Myrtle and Slate creeks, South Fork and Twelve-Mile. The steamer City of Seattle, which arrived on the Sound yesterday, brought 100 passengers from Skagway and \$1,000,000 in treasure. The vessel brings news that the steamer Cottage City is on her way down with not less than \$1,000,000 in dust.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Charleston, W. Va., July 11.—The state Republican convention this evening nominated Albert B. White for Governor.

UNMOVED BY HUMAN SUFFERING.

No Chinaman cares if a famine breaks out near him, or is shocked if another Chinaman is tortured, or will exert himself against his own interest to prevent suffering to any other human being. And no Chinaman ever forgets or questions that he is a member of the supreme civilization of the world—indeed, of the only one to which, in his judgment, that great form in its original meaning can be fittingly applied.

ASTORIA.

The Kind You've Always Bought. Remember the Signature of Dr. J. C. Peckham.