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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.

ing 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.

A lot of new buildings are being planned for Salem—to be constructed in case McKinley is elected. And they will be built.

That timber forest reserve steal ought to be laid as bare and made as plain as the Washington mountain tops that were traded off for valuable Oregon timber lands, by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

A new free rural mail delivery route, 26 miles long, has just been laid out from Boise, Idaho, postoffice. The service commenced Oct. 15th. It is "up to" the Postoffice Department to get around to the proposed seven routes from the Salem office.

Reports from Maine say that very large quantities of ice cut last winter must be held over the coming winter because of failure to sell it during the summer. Ice trust customers who were compelled to economize in ice because of the extortionate prices demanded can hardly be asked to shed tears of sympathy for the men who are left with ice unsold.—New York Herald.

Put it should teach them to vote the Republican ticket, and thus put a weapon in the hands of such men as Roosevelt to prevent the theiving operations of the Tammany men who control the ice trust.

The Republicans are making a special effort to carry Nebraska, which gives promise of going Republican by a good majority. A number of the most prominent national speakers will be sent into the state and kept there and a special endeavor will be made to get the vote out on election day. A frantic appeal has been made to Bryan to come home, by his local managers, but he cannot divide himself up, and there are more important states than Nebraska he is interested in and feels he must visit. The tremendous ovation given Roosevelt in Bryan's home city of Lincoln opened the eyes of the Bryanites and threw them into a fever of apprehension, which was only heightened by the outpouring all over the state as the gallant Rough Rider's car passed through it.

Mr. Bryan sadly remarked, after the announcement of the result in 1896, that he lost all the states in which he made speeches. He is inviting the same disaster by his speech making this year. His public utterances are losing him many votes right along, not only in the states where his voice is heard, but in the others where his utterances are read, fresh from the wires. He was not caught in downright falsification in 1896. This time he is attempting to deal with actual conditions, and he is thereby getting himself into the most ridiculous positions, and making himself the laughing stock and the butt of ridicule of the whole country. Never before in the history of the country has a candidate for the Presidency ever so entangled himself.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Harmony among the Powers touching the Chinese problem was restored by the German Emperor modifying his proposals and accepting the degradation of Prince Tuan as "the step in the direction of negotiating peace in China."

Now comes from France a new set of proposals bearing the formal approval of Russia—proposals sketching the lines on which negotiations might be carried forward to a settlement. These, however, involve suggestions which cannot consistently be accepted by the United States.

The Franco-Russian propositions do not stop with punishment of the guilty Chinese officials, indemnity to the Powers and guarantees for the future. They include the intervention of shipments of arms into China, the raising of the Yaku forts and the maintenance of a line of communication between the seaboard and Peking.

This would mean practically the disarmament of the empire or the virtual suppression of its military forces and placing it under the tutelage of the Powers. Notwithstanding the pleas of American missionaries and traders in China, President McKinley should and no doubt will reject any proposition which involves the maintenance of a United States army upon Chinese soil.

BRYAN'S OWN TRUST.

(Several exchanges.)

In his speech before the Chicago Conference on Trusts, September 16, 1899, William Jennings Bryan said:

"One trust magnate may be more benevolent than another, but there is no good monopoly in private hands, and I do not believe it is safe for any man or group of men to monopolize any article of merchandise, or any branch of industry."

Rather broad statement that, Mr. Bryan is much given to radical statements, but one would have thought he would have stopped short of denouncing any monopoly of "any article of merchandise."

It is over a year since Bryan made that speech denouncing each and every monopoly, but he is repeating the same doctrine today, October 10th, he asked in his speech at Nashville, Michigan:

"Do you know of any good monopoly in private hands? Do you know of any man good enough to stand at the head of any monopoly, and determine the price of that which others are to use?"

Well, there is a certain book known as "The First Battle," which is an article of merchandise, and an absolute monopoly in W. J. Bryan's hands. Quite an expensive one, indeed, to many poor men, who have felt that they must have it. On the reverse side of the title page of that interesting work we read:

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1896, By William J. Bryan, In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C. All Rights Reserved.

On the next page is a warning to the publishers against any "fraudulent imitations."

And there you are. This is the absolute, law-protected monopoly which in four years has made William J. Bryan a rich man.

If it were not for Bryan's absolute monopoly of the book, farmers, workmen and the horny-handed sons of toil in general could have secured the work for one-third or even a quarter of what they have had to pay for it.

No honest man will deny Mr. Bryan's right to his book, or his privilege to make what he can out of it. It has always been the policy of this country to respect the rights of authors, and to give them a monopoly, or, as the law puts it, "an exclusive right" to their works.

The wrong is that a man enjoying this special protection, and getting rich by making poor men pay a higher price than he could get under the free printing of his book,—and free trading in it,—should in his selfishness declare that other people shall enjoy no such privilege, but have every vestige of protection taken away from them.

A fine man that to set up as an instructor for the liberal hearted, protection favoring people of America! Would Bryan destroy all patents too? They are monopolies, one and all like his copyright.

Mark Hanna is no slouch. He has been mercilessly cartooned as a great, bloated monster, with \$\$\$ marks all over him, from head to foot, and some people have probably been led to believe that he was an outlandish mortal, entirely out of the ordinary. On the contrary, he is a plain business man, with the polish of a college education, and a good talker, using language and stating facts that are easily understood. He is an excellent campaigner. He has the extraordinary virtue of brevity and straightforward statement. He appeals to the farmers and laborers, as well as the business men of the country, in a way that is convincing. Contrary to the opinion of some Republicans, we believe his appearance on the platform, in the active work of the speaking campaign, is a good thing for his party. He has never been guilty of any crime, excepting the grave one in Democratic eyes of helping powerfully to beat Bryan in 1896. His record is a clean one as a business man and a citizen, and there can be no good reason why he should

not appear on the campaign of which he is the manager.

Would Mr. Bryan pay the Government obligations in gold or silver? He has not answered this question. He will not answer it. He is afraid to answer it. What a position for the candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people!

The American people have never yet been flag-furlers, and we guess they are not going to commence to be in this A. D. 1900.

With a partisan judge in the switch tower the work of railroading Kentucky Republicans to prison goes on defiantly.

The real paramount issue is Bryan v. Business. And the voters will do business with Bryan two weeks from Tuesday.

Bryan's soldier experience was not very extensive, but it equaled his experience as a business man.

Roosevelt is the only campaigner that is making better speeches than Mark Hanna.

TITUS OF KANSAS.

'Neath Peking's walls so grim and brown The wearied soldiers sat them down.

Waiting to mix in the battle-feast— The pulsing West 'gainst the senile East.

High frowned the walls in their garb of brown, Farring the road into Peking town.

Captains glared up at that stony reach, "Here we must wait until the guns can breach."

Then Titus of Kansas, turned nineteen, Agile and supple, tall, long and lean;

And to his hat, these words let fall: "Give me the chance an' I'll climb the wall!"

Titus of Kansas rushed the space Where the bullets flew—and gained the base!

Just for a moment pausing there Foot followed foot up the cruel stair.

A jutting stone, a crevice small— With bloody hands he smeared the wall.

The troops in silence, crouching low, Watched the youngster upward go;

Gasped when he reeled—but he did not drop! God! What a cheer when he gained the top!

Thus Titus of Kansas cleared the way; The foe fell back—the rest was play.

So rose the star of that battle-feast; When the pulsing West met the senile East.

Lifting himself to a deathless fame— Titus of Kansas, that's his name. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE BABY 'CROSS THE WAY.

There's a little bunch of dimples at the window 'cross the street. Just the cutest little stranger that you ever chanced to meet.

And it's good to sit and watch him at his cunning baby play, That little imp of sweetness, the baby 'cross the way.

How we love to sit and watch him as he laughs in baby glee, Or see him playing horsey on his papa's sturdy knee.

And his papa is the proudest when he hears his youngest say: "Oo! oo! oo!"—the baby 'cross the way.

When he bites the ring of rubber or pounds his tiny boot, There never was a baby half so cunning or so cute.

And he is a gloom dispeller, like the sunshine of the day, That little king of honey—the baby 'cross the way.

But when we cling to downy pillows and the icy streets are still, And a wall of piercing anguish floats across the other sill,

And he haws away incessant till the morning east is gray, Then we feel that we could smother the baby 'cross the way. —Chicago News.

THE CHATTERBOX.

For the use of patents who have large families of unruly boys, and who have not lost faith in the efficacy of corporal punishment, Edward and Ulysses De Moulin have just secured patents on an automatic electric spanking machine. With the new invention in use it is only necessary to place the culprit on the stand, and compel him to grasp two handles. Then, by simply pressing the electric button, the machine is set to work.

The severity of the punishment may be varied by changing the power of the electric current employed. The inventors also believe that they will find a large sale for their device among college fraternities and other secret societies who wish to make memorable the initiation of candidates into their organization. In order to make the victim believe that he is being punished more severely than he really is, a "flip-flapper" is attached to the machine, which makes a tremendous racket when the spanker is in operation.

WILL NOT ALLOW FEMALE LAWYERS.

The supreme court of Tennessee has barred women as attorneys.

"He Is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest medicine in the world to purify and enrich your blood, create an appetite, give you strength and steady nerves.

Impure Blood—"My complexion was bad. Hood's Sarsaparilla did much good by purifying my blood. My skin is now clear."—Annie D. McCoy, Walsworth, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

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

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, JR.

Writes About the Boy Krucifyer of the Flatte.

Over here in Branaghian's Patch, which is in the unfettered 19th Ward, the Presidential campaign is on, full blast, and the Dimmycrats and Singel Taxers are armin' for the fray and picking on the soft jobs for the boys.

Billy Bryan's old gag about Krucifyer's horny handed toiler on a cross of gold sounds like shenanigan, and fits a grand stand play to catch the rabble and the gallery gods, but the Halsted street lads are to busy working overtime in the rolling mills to be caught by the Boy Krucifyer, and his blarney, and his elegant hot-air solo.

Whither are we drifting, fellow Dimmycrats and Singel Taxers? I'm afraid they've stacked us up forlorn the gain this trip.

Our platform is Free Beer, Free Silver, Free Lunch, Free Trade, Free Love and Free Soup Houses on Halsted street in the cold winter when the hot whiskey punch gives out and the boys have to hustle for their pork chops and room rent and meal tickets.

Wot this yere country needs is more Breweries and Distilleries; that's the Paramount Issue. Sixteen Breweries to one Distillery would preserve the heavenly rashio, accordin' to Billy O'Bryan and bring prosperity to downtown Halsted Street.

There would be no money in counterfeiting a fifty-cent Dollar, you couldn't ring in a lead dollar on the darling public, and if Uncle Sam ever caught a patriot switching the shain-plasters, he would chuck him into the booby hatch at Joliet for about ten years. It don't pay to monkey with the Elmettable Standard and the full dinner pail brings prosperity to the sturdy toiler.

Purly in politix is mitey curious, iteyou, and keeping solid with the sturdy toiling masses will drive the Boy Krucifyer to the booby hatch or into the Karl, Shirts bunch of Anny Imperialists.

Wot this yere country needs is more torch life professions and Halsted street spellbinders sose we ans and you ans can strike a soft job over hear in the City Hall and flash a star on the emigrants and take our place at the crib, and get a crack at the taxes and become Bloated Bondholders.

The full Dinner Pail and this yere blasted Prosperity of Bill McKinley is a deep, damnable plot for ruinin' the Democrats and takin' the bread and butter out of the Walkin' Delegate's mouth and makin' him go to work.

How's that Boss Croaker Raven Billy Bryan goin' to make his room rent and his pork chops as a calamity Howler when all the lads are workin' nice and day in the factories and rolling mills?

All the Halsted street curb stone philosophers and the State street hear in the City Hall and flash a star on the emigrants and take our place at the crib, and get a crack at the taxes and become Bloated Bondholders.

The other night I sashayed down to hear the Boy Krucifyer roost, Bill McKinley for bringin' on Good Times and a Full Dinner Pail to the sturdy toiler, as if it was a capital crime and Mark Hanna was a deep dyed traitor for startin' the factory fires and openin' the factories and rolling mills.

The Boy Krucifyer wears a persuasive smile and a skull cap to shield his escaping tresses from the blustering breeze. He has a rich melodious voice that would coax a black bird off the tree, and he rigged himself out to look like Andrew Jackson or Daniel O'Connell.

His mouth is a mint to the Boy Krucifyer. He's a first rate actor and resembles Edwin Booth playin' Hamlet or Edgar Allen Poe recitin' shivery parts of the Raven and rousin' the gallery gods to copious tears. He's the champion Calamity Howler of the generation, the Boy Krucifyer, and is never happy except when he's miserable. If there's a government he's forlornst it, and there's tears in his baritone voice pleadin' the cause of Agulnads and his heroic bunch of Malay cutthroats, shootin' the American soldier "Sammy Stars-and-stripes" in the back.

"This yere so-called McKinley prosperity," sez he, "is a deep damnable plot of Mark Hanna to ruin the strugglin' Dimmycrats and to defeat me for the Presidency, the glorious ambition of my life," sez he, heavin' a deep sea-sigh, and groanin' a ghastly graveyard groan. "I charge you, fellow Democrats and Singel Taxers, be on your guard during this campaign of 1900 or the Republicans will find jobs for all of you in the rolling mills and out you to work puddlin' red hot iron or wheelin' coal to the roarin' furnaces and then what will the Democrats do for Carl Stone Agitators and Walkin' Diligents and Halsted St. spellbinders?"

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the audience, and one husky Halsted Street beer bottle turned pail and sled copious skaldin' tears, and keeled over in a swoon.

"Work, work," he murmured; "it's some horrible, night mare, it can't be true about work." Bimeby the husky beer bottle-awakened from his feverish trance, and Kride aloud like a roarin' lion, "Wot, put us free and enlighten Democrats and Singel Taxers to work; you'd better buy a new Dorem Book, line 2 strong to work, I was raised a pet."

"We ain't Roobshans or Prooshians serfs or galley slaves to be crushed and ground to smithereens under the Iron Heel of the Wall St. Capitalists." "Mark Hanna will find jobs for all of you Singel Taxers and put you to work," sez the silver tongued Boy Krucifyer. "If you don't elect me President, 'So sashay out, and get all the voters in line for me, or you'll have to earn your bread by the sweat of the other fellow's brow and I can see your blush."

"The Smoking factory chimblery," hoarsely resumed the Boy Krucifyer, languidly mopping his bulging alabaster brow with a red bandanna and taking a pull at the ice water to cool his throbbing tonsils, "the purring dynamo in the Jefferson St. Power house, the clanging Halsted St. Trolley Cars, erupplin' half the 19th ward and makin' widows and orphans of the other half, the dizzy rattle of the Clark St. roulette wheel, the shrill steam whistle of the Archery Road Candle factory and the merry jingle of the Ivory poker chips and the Madison St. Wheel of Fortune," sez the Boy Krucifyer, "proclaim the Dawn of Prosperity is loomin' up on the shudderin' horizon, and Othello's occupayshun as a Calamity Howler and Boss Croakin' Raven is gone up the spout together with the Free Silver and the Anny Imperialism issues. Is Civilization a failure and is the White man entirely played out, and is William Jennings Bryan a false prophet?"

WUN LUNG KERRIGAN, The Sage of Halsted Street.

CURIOUS DENTISTRY.

You are aware, very particular concerning the plate in which artificial teeth are set. Some want gold, others silver, vulcanite, and what not. But did you ever hear of patients wearing their own initials inside the mouth?

We recently prepared an upper set for a gentleman well known in theatrical circles, and in the platinum roof were set in wires of gold the wearer's initials.

Another roof plate which we were privileged to see was a perfect masterpiece of artistic work. There were three horsemen depicted in gold wire, fine as a hair, a foreground of cat stone and a crescent moon of gleaming silver, all set in the composition of the roof. The teeth were of good quality, but not remarkable, and the price was exactly \$100. A person unconscious of the value of the inner roof would have set the price at five guineas.

Very richly enameled was the dancing girl which decorated the false roof of a one time millionaire. The pictured lady wore slippers set with tiny diamonds, and the owner, being a great smoker, sported an ordinary set when desirous of indulging in a fragrant whiff, thereby never discoloring the dainty enamel of the choice article.

We were once asked to fashion a plate from the tusk of an elephant, but as this would have been a difficult and unsatisfactory proceeding we were obliged to reject the offer. The most absurd thing we were ever requested to insert in a false roof was a tiger's claw—a trophy of an Indian jungle hunt. We managed it, and to prevent the claw from sounding the tongue of our patron we tipped it bluntly with gold. After a while the blunt fell off, and the wearer's tongue was torn. To us he came in a rage, as a chain pendant. Bouncing a sub and finally decided to wear the claw stantial set of natural ivory, an eccentric wished to have an artificial tooth that would ease his own. We prepared them. They gave him a prominent mouth, altering his features vastly. We found he was a burglar of the deepest dye.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES.—THE PERILS OF HUNTING MOOSE.

(Will Sparks in Ainslee's.) "Nearly all the adventure of the region of the Rocky Mountains comes from the satisfying of the sporting instinct. There is little lawlessness among the resident population, and what there is is strongly curbed by the Canadian mounted police. There is practically no mining. Mountain climbing for exploration has probably caused more deaths than anything else.

"Travel through this region in the winter season, while beset with hardships enough, is still much more agreeable than in the summer. Hunters and trappers usually locate in some habitation and use it as a central point from which they search game, traveling on snow shoes. Even when a long journey is necessary, the old, experienced trapper seldom thinks of taking a tent with him, but trusts to luck to find a big hollow tree for the night. Such trees are common in certain sections of the Canadian Rockies. They are all old and have only a thick outer shell. An old oak, six feet in diameter, affords an admirable place to bunk, provided the opening is not too large. The experienced hunter always looks for a hollow tree with the opening into it down close to the ground, as this prevents the possibility of a wild beast climbing in on top of him. Sometimes the man finds the hollow tree already occupied by a bear or a catamount, which he must fight or hunt another tree. If nightfall is already well advanced there is generally a light, as hollow trees are hard to find in the dark by even the most experienced hunters, and in most cases the man gets the tree and the skin of the wild beast, too.

"When the hunter has completed his work he builds a fire in the snow, not far from the hole in the tree, cuts a piece of meat from his vanquished foe, and prepares his supper. And never does man partake of a meal amid more solemn surroundings. The air is still, and no sound breaks the silence except the crackling of the ice on the sleet-covered twigs. Rocks, canyons and gorges are buried deep under the snow, and the light from the campfire lights up the scene with a vivid glare.

"His evening meal finished, the hunter crawls into the hollow tree and gets into his sleeping bag, lying so that his head will be close to the open-

ing. And there he sleeps as comfortably as if he were in a bed of a \$10 a day hotel in New York. Such an experience is usually an event to mark an epoch in a man's life, and yet to the hunter and trapper in the Canadian Rockies it is an every-day occurrence.

"During the winter the moose and the wood buffalo are hunted along the eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies. Both of these animals are still plentiful there, and are stalked in much the same manner as deer. But the hunting of the moose is more dangerous, and requires all the nerve a man has. The horns are vicious, especially after a slight wound. They are hard to kill, and a rifle ball must reach a vital point to drop the game. So the hunter, hindered at every step by cumbersome snowshoes, must get quite near. When the time comes to shoot he must not waver, and yet he must be ready to run in case the beast should turn on him. The least mischance means death, for the moose's front feet are sharp. It has a trick of rushing at a man and striking an outward and downward blow that is likely to cut him in two. Dogs are generally able to take care of themselves as far as moose are concerned, but at the critical moment can do little to help their master. When the moose driven to bay turns, it always makes for the man, seeming, by some strange intelligence, to know who is the real enemy. For all this, moose-hunting is the most exciting sport to be found on the American continent today, and the man who loves adventure will get enough on one hunt to last him until another year. Then he will go after more moose. But it may be that he will never come back."

ISOLATION.

"He fared, we said, out to some vast Alope. A wandering soul, and knew no more his own. He sought that Deep, beyond our harbor foam, Where loneliness and silence are his home. Ah, so it seemed, yet there are times when we Stand by his silt companionable sea And strangely feel he fares among his kin. While we stand desolate in life's dark inn."—Arthur Stringer, in Ainslee's Magazine.

MODEL TENEMENTS.

Three hundred plans were submitted in an architects' competition in New York for model tenement houses and the first prize plan is to be practically used at once. The new buildings will be fireproof throughout and will occupy 70 per cent of the ground space, leaving 30 per cent for light and air. In each room a window will open into the outer air and each apartment will be commended with private bath and toilet, playrooms, clothes-drying chambers and storage rooms. It is calculated that a rental of \$1 a week per room will give satisfactory profit.

MOVABLE TARGETS IN GERMAN.

Movable targets of a new sort have been invented for the use of the German army. These targets are propelled toward the marksmen at full speed to represent a cavalry charge, being run on rollers, the motive power being supplied by horses which are started at a gallop after being attached to the target ropes. The soldiers thus learn to gauge distance and its variations with great accuracy.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN IRON-MAKING PRACTICE.

On the engineering side I am doubtful of the ability of American steel makers to displace the use of British steel in structural work, where American suppliers claim a limit of phosphorus in their steel of .10, while British masters, in the open-hearth acid process, habitually work to a limit of .06. Every engineer knows that the lower phosphorus gives a better steel, safer in use, and will insist upon having low phosphorus while he can get it. The tendency and the practice amongst English engineers is rather to raise the standard of quality than otherwise. Too much has been said, or presumed, as to the inferiority of British iron masters in blast-furnace practice. It is true that the output from particular American furnaces, working rich ores, is superior in tonnage to British practice working on ores with a lower content of metallic iron. But figures that have come before me, from time to time, show that in the best practice the "yield" are good, and that pig iron is constantly being made in England with no higher consumption of coke per ton of pig produced than obtains in best American practice. In fact, at least one district in England, working on English ore, in which under normal conditions, structural steel can be produced at as low a cost as any figures at present obtained in America, while if the close contiguity of coal to the Lincolnshire iron field, which of late seems assured, is taken advantage of, there will be British iron and steel masters capable of holding their own against all comers.—H. J. Skelton, in the Engineering Magazine for October.

HIT TORPEDO WITH HAMMER.

A sergeant who returned from Manila a few days ago was asked by a friend whether he saw any of the work of pneumatic guns and aerial torpedoes while there, and said: "I saw just one shot fired, and the effect was great. The long missile flew through the air and fell right in the enemy's trenches. We waited five or ten minutes for the explosion, and then the air seemed to be filled with dirt and rocks and chunks of Filipino. We rushed to the trenches then and learned from one of the wounded prisoners that they all wondered what the strange thing was and thought that it carried some kind of a comforting message from Boston sympathizers, so they tried to open it with a hammer.

"With the aid of a curious enemy, I think aerial torpedoes will be a great success. The long brass case contained twelve pounds of explosive gelatin."