

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

Issued every Tuesday and Friday by the STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY. R. J. HENDRICKS, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—One year, in advance, \$1; Six months, in advance, 50 cents; Three months, in advance, 25 cents; *One year, on time, \$1.25.

* 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.

If the campaign were to last longer, a prize might be safely offered for any Bryanite seen on the streets of Salem. They are growing to be mighty scarce.

John P. Robertson seems to think the Carnegie and Standard Oil trusts are very bad ones. They are dominated by Democrats. He has overlooked the ice trust.

It is said the Bryan meeting in New York was such a hot one that it melted the ice and watered the stock of the ice trust, but this is probably a mistake. Mr. Croker has not been heard to complain.

"A gold standard discourages enterprise and paralyzes industry," shouted Mr. Bryan when he was making his other home run for the Presidency, and now he complains because people are not enterprising enough to come out to hear him talk just as foolishly on other subjects and the hum of a reinvigorated industry drowns the sound of his clamor.

"Mr. Bryan's visit here made a great commotion in Tammany Hall, but scarcely touched New York. That seems about the sum of it. It was a moral fizzle," says the New York Sun. Betting has been four to one and five to one in favor of McKinley. It did not change during the demonstration or after it, and the sporting Democrats could not be found who had any money to lose, even at these odds.

We believe there is too little attention paid in Oregon and in Salem and vicinity to the laws for the preservation of public health. There should be more disinfecting done, and more rigid inspection of the milk and food supply. This applies (and we say it not in a spirit of criticism) to the public institutions. There are ways known to modern science to prevent the spread of all sorts of contagion, and this knowledge should be much more generally used.

Jim Ham Lewis, the pulchritudinous peach of the Evergreen State, appeared before a Portland audience of Bryanites on Monday and spoke a piece in praise of Aguinaldo and denunciatory of the trusts and corporations. But he said not a word in explanation of his connection with the sleek and oily scheme by which he helped the Northern Pacific Railroad to trade off its worthless Washington mountain tops for valuable timber lands in Oregon, under the guise of creating the Rainier timber reservation, a purely "local measure." Jim Ham could make himself interesting in such a role, which he fails to do as a denouncer of the trusts and corporations and booster of Aguinaldo.

Four years ago Bryan made grand stand play by refusing to eat a five dollar dinner in New York and ostentatiously attended a dollar-a-plate supper in honor of Jefferson. During his last visit to New York he attended a Tammany banquet where the dinner was served by the Hoffman Cafe at \$12 a plate, exclusive of wines, which, having to be kept on Tammany ice, ran the cost up much higher. Mr. Bryan could not have emphasized the demagoguery of his widely advertised dollar supper more nor paid a higher tribute to McKinley prosperity than by thus admitting that the times are good enough to warrant him in increasing the price of a banquet plate eleven hundred per cent.

WE OUGHT TO REFUND. We suggest to Mr. Bryan to consider privately and specially this part of his Madison Square Garden discussion of money: "We are not opposed to that wealth which comes as the reward of honest toil, and is enjoyed by those who give to society something in return for that which society bestows upon them."

It will trouble Mr. Bryan to show anything that he has "given to society" during his last four prosperous years, except all-natural prophecies that turned out wrong. To live up to his sentiments on wealth he must give back his money.—New York Sun.

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. 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.

WHEN BRYAN AND SHEPARD MET.

New York Sun. Because of the applause which greeted Mr. Bryan as he advanced to the front of the platform in Madison Square Garden on Tuesday night, it was impossible to report the little conversation that passed between the orator and the chairman of the occasion, Mr. Edward M. Shepard of Brooklyn. Mr. Shepard, as is well known, was in 1896 a particularly high-sounding anti-Bryan "Gold Democrat," and is a highly paid agent in defending and establishing that colossal "trust," the great American Sugar Company. If the greeting of these two distinguished Democrats had been faithful to the occasion, it would have been, in substance, this: Mr. Bryan: "Glad to see you on this platform, Mr. Shepard. The speech I am about to deliver against trusts will show your private life to be occupied with the most nefarious and dishonest business known to this plutocratic age."

Mr. Shepard: "Proud to meet you, Mr. Bryan. Allow me to say, sir, that I am supporting you for President because I believe that you are willing to betray your public life's pledge to free silver, and that, if otherwise, the Republican party will be strong enough to preserve the country from damage."

GEMS OF "IMPERIALISM."

William McKinley. No political outcry can abrogate our treaty of peace with Spain, or absolve us from its solemn engagements. Wherever the flag goes there go character, education, American intelligence, American civilization and American liberty. The liberators will never become the oppressors. A self-governed people will never permit despotism in any government which they foster and defend.

The harder the task the greater will be the result, the benefit and the honor. To doubt our power to accomplish it is to lose faith in the soundness and strength of our popular institutions. It is for us to guard the sacred trust transmitted by the fathers and pass on to those who follow this government of the free, stronger in its principles and greater in its power for the execution of its beneficent mission.

FOR ABSOLUTE FREE SILVER.

When Bryan was speaking at Ann Arbor, Mich., Tuesday, October 11th, some one in the audience called out, "How about free silver?" and he replied as follows: "We are in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth." There it is—free silver doctrine in all its danger, recklessness and fanaticism. Not a syllable of qualification or caution. No hint of a safer ratio—no suggestion of securing the co-operation of any other nation, but a reckless plunge by this country, single-handed and alone, in an attempt to maintain silver at double its actual value!

Angry men tell the truth. Noticed by the timely and pertinent question, Bryan let the cat completely out of the bag. Stung by the keen reminder he dropped his campaign mask and avowed the full truth, as men do sometimes in their wrath as in their cups. The alert citizen who propounded the question at Ann Arbor did well. He surprised Bryan in so declaring the truth fully and plainly before the country. As the Democratic candidate had been compelled by Jones et al, to hide and dissemble his love for free silver, a policy game to be kept up until the end of the campaign, it only required the sting and surprise of the sudden question to

bring out the bare inner truth of Bryan's devotion to silver. Bryan loves his silver dogma all the more fanatically because he has had to nurse it in silence. The surprise sprung on him at Ann Arbor shows how the land lies. Believing in free silver as absolutely and as ardently as ever, Bryan will stop at nothing when the opportunity comes to enforce that policy in its most extreme and reckless form.

The Irish poet roars of the prophet of Khorsassan who described his frightful visage for a time, making his followers think it one of entrancing beauty, but when the hour came to drop the mask he did so with frantic joy, exclaiming, "Ye would be dupes and victims, and ye are!" So it will be with Bryan's victims if he ever gets a chance to drop the mask and give full vent to his silver mania.

What are the Democrats talking about? Do they not have faith in their own prophecies? To be sure most of Bryan's have proved to be poor stuff indeed, but there should be some faith on the part of the party in its solemn and deliberate predictions. Yet here they are again making another desperate struggle to preserve our popular institutions fully thirty years after they were destroyed. Said the Cincinnati Inquirer October 12, 1872: "This may be, and we think is, the last struggle that will be made to preserve popular institutions in the United States. If Grant is re-elected the Iron heel of despotism will not only be continued upon the South, but will be enforced upon the North and West as well. The power of patronage and money, the stealings through the national treasury, which may be so great as to re-elect Grant now and as often thereafter as he might conclude until the office became virtually for life, and from that it is easy to have a hereditary successor." Is it possible the Democrats did not believe what they said then about militarism and imperialism, or is it possible they were mistaken? In either case, is it not possible that they do not believe it now or are again mistaken? Again we ask, have they no confidence in their predictions that they needs must keep on predicting long after the event should have happened if the prophecy were true?

We have a very interesting communication in another column on flux culture and treatment, from one who understands the subject. We have the important assurance therein that capital is organized and ready to develop this field of industry, and that farmers may rely upon the prospect that machinery will keep pace with the production of raw materials. The time is bound to come when flux growing and manufacture will be one of the greatest lines of work and profit for Western Oregon. The conditions are favorable here for such an outcome, and where nature has made such an opportunity it will not be permanently neglected. We have often and persistently urged the encouragement of these industries by the state, in order to demonstrate thoroughly their practicability and to get them well started. We think the Oregon Legislature at its coming session in January should take the matter in hand. There is nothing that can be done by the commonwealth law makers that will add more to the permanent wealth and thrift of the state. Thousands of hands would be employed in the manufactures of Salem if they were located here to make up the raw materials capable of being produced in this section of the state. We respectfully call the attention of the Marion county members to this matter. But every member, from each county, should be interested in it.

G. W. Vedder, of McKee, the middle-of-the-road Populist, insists that there is only one Populist ticket in the field, Barker and Donnelly; and all Populists want it understood now, henceforth and forever, that all men who are now drilling with the Democratic party for the success of Bryan and Stevenson are classed with the Democrats; they are not regarded as Populists by any means. Will all Bryanites please take notice.

The tragedy at Jefferson is a sad one. Two families are cast into sadness and mourning by the impulsive and insane act of an abnormal youth; but one who showed by his act that it was deliberative and premeditated, and therefore not devoid of the requisite of a guilty intent to make it criminal and deserving of punishment.

The New York Herald's forecast of the election gives Bryanism cold comfort. The only unpleasant feature about it is the prediction of a fusion Legislature in Nebraska and the election of Bryan as Senator in a close Senate, where he would do everything possible to block progress and create financial disorder.

Bryan avoids expressing any opinion on the ice trusts by the lippant remark that as Senator Hanna says there are no trusts, why, of course there is no ice trust. This Eppan evasion of a great question comes from a man who aspires to be President of the United States.

Our free rural mail delivery routes are much overdue. They should have been established October 1st.

Will Be the "Farthest North" Cable

From the gay life of New York to the barren wastes of the Land of the Midnight Sun in less than five minutes sounds like a dream, but nevertheless before the long Arctic winter sets in people within a thousand miles of the North Pole will be able to carry on daily communication with any point in the world where there is a telegraph or cable office. This was made possible when the last Congress passed an appropriation of \$445,000 to be expended in the construction of a telegraphic system extending by land line from Skagway, Alaska, to St. Michaels, and by submarine cable from St. Michaels to Cape Nome, and from St. Michaels to Unalaklik. Two hundred and thirty thousand dollars of the appropriation has been apportioned for the construction of the land line, which the United States government will itself construct and operate, men and material for which are now en route. This line will connect at Skagway with the telegraphic system now in process of construction by the British government across the Klondike; this, in turn, to connect with the Canadian Pacific system.

The remainder of the sum appropriated goes to the laying of the two deep sea cables across Norton Sound—one of 132 miles in length, extending from St. Michaels, northwesterly, to Cape Nome, and the other from St. Michaels, easterly, to Fort Unalaklik—a work which when completed will bring the world into direct and instantaneous communication with a point more than sixty-four and a half degrees north latitude, and 165 degrees west longitude, or only seventy-five miles from the Arctic circle and 960 miles from the Pole.

Recently the first step toward the actual realization of this long cherished dream was made, when eighteen carloads of submarine cable left the Kirtle Works, at Seymour, Conn., en route to St. Michaels. The material will reach San Francisco by the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads in time for shipment on the steamer Orizaba, leaving that port on August 22. Sixteen days thereafter cable communication will be established between Cape Nome, St. Michaels, Unalaklik and the rest of the world; it being estimated that twelve days will be consumed by the journey and three days by the laying of the cable. The Orizaba, which has been specially chartered for the undertaking, will carry besides its freight twenty-two men, six of whom are to remain as operators of the new cable instruments.

As the submarine portion of this isolated telegraphic system will be laid entirely in military territory, its construction comes under the jurisdiction of the War Department, and will be directly supervised by General A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Signal Corps. So important does General Greely regard the undertaking that he will accompany W. R. Brixey, to whom was awarded the contract for the manufacture and laying of the cable, if this venture proves successful it means the inauguration of a vast system of submarine telegraphy to what are now practically inaccessible corners of the earth.

Besides reaching the farthest north of any telegraphic system in the world, the Alaskan cable will have another distinguishing feature. It is the first deep sea cable to be made and laid by an American manufacturer. Thus far all the submarine cables have been of German or English manufacture. When the Pacific cable bill was up in the last Congress, some of the members attacked the clause wherein it was specified that it should be of American manufacture on the ground that the American manufacturer cannot make and lay deep sea cables of any considerable length. For its operation and maintenance of the Alaskan cable there will have to be a special equipment, on account of climatic conditions.

Huts are now being constructed by the War Department at each of the terminals, and when the ends of the cable have been secured at their several destinations it will be a matter of only a half hour or more before these rude cabins will be fully equipped cable offices, with two operators each in charge thereof.

The instrumental equipment for each terminal will consist of an engine of one horse power, to be operated by kerosene oil. The ordinary telegraphic battery is practically an impossibility, for the reason that to increase the voltage with batteries it is necessary to increase the number of cells, whereas with the equipment proposed any voltage from 20 to 500 may be obtained at an infinitely smaller cost than would be possible were the voltage produced by the ordinary process. Another and more important reason is that the cells would be in constant danger of freezing and breaking the jars, and in this event the cable would be out of service until navigation opened, with no supplies nearer than three thousand miles.

NOT EXACTLY A COMPLIMENT.

Not long ago Senator Vest was seriously ill, says the Saturday Evening Post. At times he was petulant, even with his friends, but seldom was he in a state of mind that a good story, not forbidden by a good story, would be told.

"I once met a good old lady out West," said he, "who evinced great surprise of a not very complimentary sort when she met me." "And so Justice Senator Vest, the great senator?" she asked. "I'm Senator Vest," I replied, bowing. "Well, well," she exclaimed contemptuously. "After all I've heard about you, I never'd thought it!" "At another time I met a farmer from New Madrid county."

"I'm glad to see you, Senator," he said. "You see, we like you out our way. In fact, you're gettin' mighty notorious in New Madrid county."

"Do Not Grasp at the Shadow and Lose the Substance."

Many people are but shadows of their former selves; due to neglect of health. Look out for the blood, the fountain of life, the actual substance; keep that pure by regular use of Hood's Sarsaparilla and robust health will be the result. Dyspepsia, weakness, and other worries will be things of the past and life will be worth living.

Hacking Cough—"I was troubled with dry, hacking cough. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me and three bottles cured me and made me strong." George W. Bennum, Coaling, Del.

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

TALKED HERSELF TO DEATH.

Kalamazoo, Sept. 28.—Mrs. Lucy A. Reeves, colored, aged 61, who was sent to the insane asylum here ten years ago from Lansing, died a strange and unusual death yesterday. She literally talked herself into the grave. For ten years her vocal effusions have been constant, no matter what time of day or night it was. A stream of words constantly came from her mouth, and her shoutings became so disagreeable to her hearers that she was placed in a padded cell, where they could not be heard. As the woman grew older the habit seemed to grow on her, and her system gradually weakened. Even in her sleep the babble continued. Yesterday afternoon she had a more violent talking fit than ever, and her lungs literally ran out of air. The over-used vocal organs refused to perform their work, and she died in a spasm trying to articulate.—Chicago Tribune.

DEATH IN AN AMATEUR MIXED DRINK.

Lafayette, Me., Sept. 29.—Everett Richard's and Llewellyn Green, a guide and quite a noted character in the up-river towns, conceived the plan of making a mixed drink that would stagger the strongest nerves. Whiskey, cider, beer, Jamaica ginger and liniment were mixed in a bottle and of it both Green and Richard took copious draughts. Bert Spencer, a young man who lived with Richards, was enticed to partake of the liquor. The three men were very sick and on Saturday Richards died from the effects of the drink. Spencer is critically ill, the fluid having affected his eyesight and it is said it is doubtful if he ever has his sight again. Green is able to be about.—Lewiston Evening Post.

RED MEN HAVE THEIR JOKE.

Clemence, I. T.—Sept. 30.—A party of Comanche Indians played a good joke on a crowd of United States surveyors and allotting agents in the Comanche reservation recently. These men were surveying, establishing corner stones, and getting everything ready to divide the land in quarter sections. The Indians have not taken very kindly to the division and allotment of their land, and seeing that the whites were scared, they decided to act. The surveyors are all terrified, recently from Washington. Suddenly, without warning, their camp was invaded by a yelling, howling band of 500 Indians in war paint and feathers. The surveying party could not stand the pressure, and started out for the settlements along the Texas line, and kept up their flight, pursued by the Indians, until they crossed the state line. Then they telegraphed to Fort Sill, and the commander there sent out a large cavalry force to protect the surveyors. The general supposition is that a lot of cowboys and young bucks played a practical joke.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHO IS AN ESQUIRE?

How the British Postal Department Has Disposed of the Question.

"When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" The poetic interrogation, frequently propounded, has never we believe, been capable of satisfactory solution. At the far end of the nineteenth century, however, a question of far greater and more immediate importance has been raised by that or late much-abused but invaluable institution, the post-office. Put briefly, the problem which the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand have set themselves to decide is as to who is and who is not entitled to the appellation "Esq." Here, in truth, is a delicate question, the niceties and ramifications of which might well appall anything less libid-bound than the official mind. But let there be no misapprehension as to the intention of the postal administrators. The discretion of the individual in the matter of directing his letters is not to be interfered with or called into question. He is still to be at liberty, should he feel so disposed, to give his chimney sweep an "Esq." and ignore his water-rate collector's title to so much as a plain "Mr." The privilege of differentiating is to be left as heretofore to his own sweet will and fancy. But, in his personal communications with the public, the post-office, it would seem, intends henceforth to bear in mind certain hard and fast rules, from which no deviation is to be permitted. In other words, a department order has gone forth to the clerks that the appellation "Esq." is to be used in future in addressing all male correspondents, unless they are evidently laborers, personal servants, or tradesmen (writing from their house of business.) Instinctively one thinks of the old differentiation, "gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief," and of the exquisite interrogation, by way of rejoinder, "Yes, but which is the thief?"

But the official edict does not end a tradesman writing from their house of business. There is a reservation clause which says: "In cases of doubt, Esq. is to be used"—a wise provision that leaves a tolerably broad margin for possible variations in the use, abuse and misuse of the anachronistic suffix. The definition of "gentleman" will furnish material for controversy and academic discussion to the crack of dawn, and even Mr. Pickwick, if we recollect aright, found it impossible to contest the claim to that distinction of one of his companions in the Fleet on the ground that he "drank his four and a half pint of ale a day and never stopped smoking even during meals." But how comes it, one may well ask, that besides "laborers, personal servants and tradesmen" the community to be exempt from the honor of receiving an "Esq." will include "depositors in the Postoffice Savings Bank?" A millionaire of a curious turn of mind once conceived a curious fancy for depositing small slices of his fortune in independent aliases in various savings banks throughout the country. The idiosyncrasy might have entitled him to free board and lodging at Redham, but we do not know that he forfeited by these proceedings his right to the title of "Esq." The distinction in the case of trades people suggests, as an inevitable corollary to the venerable legend that it takes nine tailors to make a man, a polite proposition as to how many are really required to make an esquire. But in this democratic age, when so many "ladies of high degree" have been known to embark upon business enterprises, and a militant French name so often conceals the identity in the realms of modesty or millinery of a society dame or damsel, the decision of the postal authorities seems to derive an added invalidity. In the circumstances it is at least reassuring to learn that it is not in contemplation to drop the prefix "Mrs. of" in addressing correspondents of the other sex as to whose precise status in society some official doubt exists.—London Telegraph.

Not even the snow-claim immunity from the tax collector. The prince of Palermo, the capital of Sicily, owes his wealth chiefly to the snow, of which he has a monopoly. The snow is brought in at night in baskets from the mountains of Italy and is shipped to the towns and sold for refrigerating purposes. Thus the prince partly keeps up his establishment with the snow from heaven.

Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. —Macbeth.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of sale made and entered by the County Court of the County of Marion, State of Oregon, on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1900, in the matter of the estate of Arline J. and Andrew M. Johnson, minors, the undersigned, guardian of said minors' estate will sell at public auction, subject to confirmation by said court, the following described real property to-wit: Beginning at the center of section 16, township 6, south of range 1, west of the Willamette Meridian in Marion county, State of Oregon; thence south 89 degrees 25 minutes east on the legal subdivision line seventy-five and one-half (75 1/2) rods to the middle of the county road, leading to Mount Angel; thence south thirty-six rods (36) thence west nineteen (19) rods; thence north 55 degrees, 14 minutes, west eight (8) rods; thence north 27 degrees, nineteen minutes, west (14) fourteen rods; thence north 77 degrees, 38 minutes, west forty-four and 4/10 (44 4/10) rods; thence north nine (9) rods, to the place of beginning containing 10 4/10 acres more or less all in Marion county, State of Oregon; said sale will be made on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1900, at one o'clock, p. m. at the court house door, in Salem, Marion county, State of Oregon. Terms of sale: Cash on the day of sale, to be returned to the bidder in case sale should not be confirmed by the County Court. MRS. ANNA JOHNSON, Guardian of the Estate of Arline J. and Andrew M. Johnson, minors. 10-12-51w.

GUARDIAN SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that under and pursuant to an order, decree and license, duly rendered and entered in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Clatsop county, on the 20th day of August, A. D. 1900, authorizing and commanding the undersigned, guardian of the person and estate of the following minors, each residing in Clatsop county, Oregon, namely John Nest Gearhart, Edgar G. Gearhart, Philip E. Gearhart and Esther Gearhart, to sell, at private sale, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Marion, in the State of Oregon to-wit: The southwest one quarter of Section No. 32 in Township No. 7, south of Range No. 3, east of the Willamette Meridian, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances belong or in any wise appertaining thereto; the undersigned as such guardian as aforesaid, will from and after the 22d day of November A. D. 1900, proceed to sell the said above described real estate and the whole thereof, for the highest and best price obtainable, cash in hand at date of sale, subject to the contract of sale thereof, by the said County Court of the State of Oregon for Clatsop county. Dated at Astoria, Oregon, this 16th day of October, A. D. 1900. U. A. GEARHART, Guardian of the persons and estates of John Nest Gearhart, Edgar G. Gearhart, Philip E. Gearhart, and Esther Gearhart, minors. Postoffice address, Astoria, Oregon. 10-19-51w.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that E. J. Fleming, administrator of the estate of John C. Eiting, deceased, has filed his final account as such administrator in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Marion county, and said court has appointed Saturday the 17th day of November, 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the county court room, in the county court house, at the City of Salem, in Marion county, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said final account and all objections thereto and the settlement thereof. Done this 18th day of October, 1900. R. J. FLEMING, Administrator of said Estate. 10-19-51w.