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* The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years, and it has some subscribers who have received it nearly that long, and many who have read it for a generation. Some of these object to having the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscriptions. For the benefit of these, and for other reasons, we have concluded to discontinue subscriptions only when notified to do so. All persons paying when subscribing, or pay-

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.

Dr. Conan Doyke, the English author, had the History of the Boer War completed and ready for the press. Now, he half expects to leave it for his grandchildren—or Kruger's grandchildren—to complete.

Thos. Jacob, of Visalia, Cal., a director of the California Cured Fruit Association, feeds his small unmarketable prunes to his horses and considers it better than to take \$10 a ton for them. He says they are as valuable a feed for horses as barley, which costs \$18 to \$20 a ton.

The Oregon Supreme Court has declared that a county court has authority to appoint and employ somebody besides the sheriff to collect delinquent taxes. In a case in Portland recently, the same court declared otherwise—apparently—but it appears that the details of the contract in that case were illegal.

There is something sublime in the philosophy of the news man in the Statesman who yesterday morning placed the following expressive headline over a dispatch from Indiana: "An orderly mob hanging a Negro at Booneville." An "orderly mob" holding a lynching bee is possible only in America.

It is said that President McKinley has expressed the intention of visiting the Pacific coast next May. He will meet a hearty welcome and he will find, should he remain long enough to take in the situation, a region far richer, greater and more extensive on this side of the Rockies than even his patriotic geographical knowledge had led him heretofore to believe.

One of the most charming and wonderful results of the teacher's art and persistence ever shown is in the case of Helen Keller, who was deaf, blind and dumb from birth, and now, at the age of 18 years, is well advanced in education, including French, English and history, the culmination of her marvelous accomplishments being a short speech in vocal words to the freshmen class of which she is a member at Radcliffe College, a few evenings since.

D. A. McAllister, the veteran Democratic member of the Legislature from Union county, is coming again this time. He fears the old question of the county seat fight between Union and La Grande may bob up again this winter before the Legislature and he does not like it. He thinks such questions have no business before that body. And he is right. They are local questions. There should be a general law covering the matter of establishing and removing county seats, reserving the periods at which such contests might occur. There is nothing breeds such acrimonious and harmful dissensions in a community as a county seat fight, and they breed bitterness in a legislative body, also.

The Westminster Gazette, an inspired British organ thinks it natural that the United States should desire to exact guarantees against the use of the Nicaragua Canal by an enemy in the event of war. It then says "that because America desires a concession is not sufficient reason for making it without giving an equivalent in return." The Gazette may find that whatever "concession" America desires in relation to the canal will be granted without consultation as to any equivalent.

CRIMINAL INSANE.

Superintendent Calbreath, of the Oregon Asylum for Insane, displays a humane disposition toward a certain class of criminals whose condition he terms criminal insanity. He describes them as possessing natural impulses to commit crime which they cannot resist and he thinks it wrong to hold them accountable and to imprison them; that they should be treated in asylums for insane. There is a basis of truth underlying the Doctor's reasoning, but it is a dangerous doctrine to push too far, or the outraged populace in a neighborhood where one of these fellows lets his "impulses" run loose will not wait for any fine-spun theorist to ascertain whether it is natural or just acquiesced for the time. Some of the most advanced thinkers are of the belief that in a few years

the criminal by impulse who cannot be made harmless by education and by corrective methods will be made so and his ranks depleted by surgical methods. There are too many pillars behind which criminals can now hide without setting up new ones.

TO ABOLISH WAR.

Nothing is easier than to cast ridicule on suggestions to abolish war, says the Bulletin. War is a showy and costly way of dissipating the revenues of a government. It serves to bring distinction upon many men who otherwise would live and die in obscurity. The fact that a small proportion of the people of a nation are risking their lives in defense of the larger proportion confers upon soldiers an especial distinction. Physical courage which is drilled into recruits by making death preferable to life preserved by the exercise of that discretion which Shakespeare defined as the "better part of valor" is admired in proportion as it is not possessed by the admiral.

A suggestion has emanated from Springfield, Mass., by which war may be abolished. The suggestion is that a combination of the five leading world powers might make war among smaller nations impracticable. The five great powers should agree among themselves not to engage in war with each other, and to use their combined influence to prevent war between all other nations. A reduction of armies and navies by one-tenth each year for nine years would effect a saving of \$1,620,000,000, which is nearly the sum of all the gold money in the world. This seems to be a pretty good business proposition, but is open to the objection from a practical point of view that the destruction of an industry which absorbs so large a part of the world's wealth would jar upon business.

The well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who have devoted their lives to effect the prohibition of the traffic in liquor have found the business argument that the manufacture and sale of liquor was a great industry the hardest argument to answer. So it would be with the Springfield suggestion of a plan to abolish war. Are there many people who really want to abolish war? There are many who ought to want to, but do they? Will it not be found, when noses come to be counted, that war sets in motion industries by which a very large proportion of our people earn their living? This is a reason why war will not be abolished, but not a reason why it should not be abolished. War is so nearly what General Sherman described it to be that it resists the civilizing influences that round out the angles of human character among people engaged in other pursuits. War has in fact turned Christian civilization to its own uses. It is more brutal in the last year of the nineteenth century than ever before, and yet it finds more advocates among preachers of the Gospel of peace. There are stages in most wars when certain rules are observed which impart to it the glamour of civilization. But when the death struggle becomes fierce the brute in man speaks out. Scratch the soldier of whatever nation and you find a Tarzair.

ANNOYING CHICKENS.

Some very unwelcome chickens will come home to the roosts of Oregon counties and to the whole state in the shape of the results of the present system of assessment and equalization. The Eugene Register recognizes the evils ahead, as will be seen by the subjoined article relative to Lane county, though it makes the claim that the action taken there was made necessary by that of other counties. The Register tells the story: "It was intended at first to make a horizontal reduction of 20 per cent, which would have made our figures above correct but after due consideration the board concluded that to reduce the personal property valuations might involve a question of legality and the reduction was confined to land values. The total assessable property with the \$1,000,000 taken off will be about \$3,500,000. "The Board will be backed up in their action by the tax payers of the county who are willing to pay their

and proportion of state taxes and no more. "While the action taken elsewhere in the state makes this course necessary as a matter of self protection it is nevertheless a bad thing for Lane and for the state that such methods are in vogue. The taxpayers under this method pay say \$3000 less in taxes on whatever the state rate is for the \$1,000,000 that has been lopped off, but the tax rate is made corresponding high. The newcomer never asks what is your total county assessment but "what is your tax rate? What do you have to pay on the \$100?" They do not know that you have a low rate of assessment that makes your tax rate appear higher than it really is.

Oregon needs some remedial legislation along this line. We need tax reform much more than we need primary reform. Just so long as Multnomah cuts down their assessment to avoid state taxes the rest of the counties will be compelled to follow suit.

There are three other counties to hear from yet on this refractory process and Multnomah is one of them. By the time they are all in the total net valuation of the state will be about \$115,000,000. The next Legislature will be compelled to follow very strict lines of economy to keep under a 10-mill levy.

There is a piece of dry humor in the serious statement made above that the only reason County Judge Kincaid (ex-Secretary of State) and his associates did not make a reduction of about half a million more on the personal property was their fear that it might be illegal.

In other words, the matter of justice, or the equity of values, never entered into the matter at all—and indeed that has been so everywhere in the state, a sorry confession to make.

Since writing the above, the work of the Washington County Equalization Board has been reported and is of the same nature as that of Lane county, making a reduction of nearly 20 per cent, and adding the same excuse—to keep even.

THE HOG BUSINESS.

The Dalles Chronicle, taking up the subject, says:

John Minto, of Salem, advocates the division of Oregon into two states. Mr. Minto is possibly not nearly as "previous" as might appear at first sight. The coming legislature can do much to advance or retard the movement. It is mighty little we get over this way in the line of state appropriation, for the western side of the state, whether constitutionally or not, "hogs" them all.

It may be it is unfortunate for state harmony that the constitution provides for the establishment of state institutions exclusively at the seat of government, but the experience of states whose institutions are scattered is that for state economy the arrangement in Oregon is by far the best. That, then, is the only question in this "hog" business from beginning to end, because, with our present constitution, wherever the seat of government should be placed, there would the "hog" be also.

Is the "Capital City Hog" as much of a local hog as he appears in the eyes of outside portions of the state? Let us see. The appropriations of the state are expended in our state institutions. Chief of these is the Insane Asylum, for which nearly \$400,000 altogether was appropriated for the past two years. In that asylum on the last day of November were 1173 patients, 44 of whom were from Wasco county, or nearly four per cent. The assessed valuation of the whole state for last year was \$120,000,000; that of Wasco county was \$3,000,000, or two and one-half per cent. of the whole. There is an instance where one county in Eastern Oregon gets its share of the appropriation, and in transporting those patients to the asylum, its officers eventually get from the state treasury their proportionate share.

The same comparison will hold good with the population of the penitentiary and with that of every state institution, not only with their enforced population but with their voluntary, or appointed population, the members of which come from all parts of the state. The same is true of elected state officers, whose presence is welcomed at the State Capital during their incumbency, so that the population of Oregon's seat of government under the present constitution is necessarily made up to some extent of inhabitants of other portions of the state, and whatever of hogghishness is alleged must be reckoned proportionately against every county.

But what is there in all this to encourage talk of a division of the state? What remedy could be expected from such a course? Is Eastern Oregon prepared to erect a state and maintain its financial obligations, build Asylums, Universities, Normal schools, Penitentiary, Reform School, Deaf Mute and Blind School? Eastern Oregon is a thrifty, energetic, liberal and enterprising country, and can do almost anything when her people set about it, but we do not believe they would for one moment seriously consider such a proposition.

The great geographical empire east of the Cascade mountains is divided into fifteen counties, the total assessment of which for 1890 was a little

The Small of the Back

That is where some people feel weak all the time.

They are likely to be despondent and it is not unusual to find them borrowing trouble as if they hadn't enough already.

The fact is their kidneys are weak, either naturally or because of sickness, exposure, worry or other influences.

"I am thankful to say," writes J. L. Campbell, of Spearville, Ill., "that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me. For many years I was troubled with backache. At times I was so bad I had to be helped from the bed or chair. I am now well and strong and free from pain. What this great medicine did for me it has done for others."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Begin treatment with Hood's today.

over \$30,000,000, or about one-fourth of the state. Prudence would naturally suggest a little delay and a substantial increase of assets before attempting to set up house-keeping as a full-fledged independent state. In other words, Eastern and Western Oregon can do much better as part of one great commonwealth working for the common good, than in splitting up their energies.

The Statesman does not believe that Salem and its interests would suffer by a division of the state and this article is not inspired by sinister motives for its surroundings, but by a wish to benefit the entire state by breaking down local jealousies, arousing a unity of purpose and action, a recognition of the various requirements and persistent effort to secure them.

DOCTOR SMITH'S POSITION.

Dr. J. N. Smith, representative from Marion county, is a candidate for Speaker of the house and as such is entitled to be protected from misrepresentation. From certain parties opposing him the report has been sent out that Dr. Smith had declared himself as opposed to all state appropriations for any institutions outside of Salem. To this report the Doctor replies:

"The statement is entirely untrue. I have said that so long as the constitution remains unchanged I should feel compelled to oppose the creation or re-establishment of state institutions away from the seat of government, but I have always been in favor, and am now, of supporting such state institutions as we have, wherever located; this, because they are state institutions, if for no other reason. I have nothing whatever to conceal on this subject or any other of a public character."

Those who have known Dr. Smith for years and who have heard him express his views are well aware that he states them above, honestly and fairly; they also know that he would make an honest and fair Speaker of the house as well as an able one.

This is the vigorous style in which Chas. Nickell, of the Jacksonville Times, handles our own Binger: "Binger Herrmann, commissioner of the general land office, alarmed at the storm of indignation which his decision in the Warner valley swamp land cases caused, has called for its return. He decided against the settlers, who have spent a number of years in building homes on the land, and in favor of the Warner Valley Stock Co., a corporation composed of rich and unscrupulous men, headed by the redoubtable Chas. A. Cogswell, who smuggled a claim of \$2,000 for alleged services to the state in this very matter into the appropriation bill while he was a member of the senate. Mr. Herrmann's decision is unjust in an extreme degree, and it is to be hoped that he will change it."

Governor Phigree made a feast, which he spread in the Hall of Representatives of the Michigan state house, and to which he invited all the notables, but it seems the greater number of his invited guests were not hungry. Well, Governor, like all afflicted souls, you can find consolation in the good book. You are not the first whose invitations were neglected, and as in that case, we fear you will be hereafter compelled to get out into the lanes and by-ways to find a gang that will care about partaking of your viands. You see, so long as you confined yourself to potatoes, you had no trouble in finding companions and admirers, but since you have undertaken to fatten your fawning friends with friacassee, your fummies won't flock."

The Newberg Graphic, which is supporting Senator McBride for reelection, is opposed to a caucus, and says: "Let each, in the presence of his fellow members, and all the state, boldly, honestly and fearlessly declare his preference."

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST teacher. Use Acker's English Remedy in any case of coughs, colds or croup. Should it fail to give immediate relief money refunded. 25 and 50 cents. DR. STONE'S drug stores.

Twice-a-Week Statesman, \$1 a year.

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SUFFERED A SERIOUS INJURY

Mrs. T. F. Royal fell and fractured a Thigh Bone Last Evening, in South Salem.

Mrs. T. F. Royal, of South Salem, wife of Rev. T. F. Royal, the aged Methodist minister, met with a most distressing accident at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon from the effects of which she is certain to suffer for many days. The aged lady, while passing about the house, stumbled over a chair and fell to the floor in such a way as to fracture the neck of the right femur or thigh bone. Drs. John Reynolds and E. H. Bradshaw were hastily summoned and these two gentlemen made the aged sufferer as comfortable as possible, and dressed the injured member, but the result is in doubt, in view of Mrs. Royal's advanced age—she is 70 years old.

EDUCATED DOG AND CAT.

Gypsie is a little Skye terrier—a very little fellow—owned by Mrs. John F. Main, of No. 308 Lenox avenue. He is so tiny that when Mrs. Main thinks he ought to be punished she stands him in the cream pitcher, and he can't get out until he pleads.

He is the dearest little fellow in the world, and can do all kinds of tricks. To make his mistress understand that he is hungry and wants something to eat he will sit up and give five short barks, as if to say, "I want something to eat." Then he waits a second and adds the sixth bark.

The children who call to see him daily say that the sixth bark means, "Oniek." He will roll over and jump through a hoop and "play dead" and do a lot of things that one would not marvel over in a big dog, but when so tiny a doggie goes through all these manoeuvres it seems simply wonderful!

He is very fond of Tige, the great Angora cat that has been his playfellow ever since he came into this world. Tige will pick him up and hold him, and walk all about the room with him, but is ever careful not to hurt him. Gypsie, in turn, will kiss Tige and make much over him; will bite his ears and his tail and amuse himself by playing circus with the hour, jumping back and forth over the cat as he stretches himself out in the sun.

The only way Tige can get any rest from naughty little Gypsie is to curl himself up in the top of the umbrella stand. Here he stays sometimes almost all afternoon. He does not always sleep, but twists his head about, ever anxious to know just what Gypsie is about.

It is a very funny sight to go into Mrs. Main's sitting room of an afternoon and find Gypsie whirling about like a top in the cream pitcher, trying to get out, and see quite near him Tige dozing away contentedly on the top of the umbrella stand.

They eat, sleep and play together. One will not partake of the food until both noses are in the dish. Tige sleeps on a mat on the floor and Gypsie curls up close to him on a tiny cushion made as his special property.

Tige is an exceptionally large dog and Gypsie an exceptionally small dog, measuring only ten inches from tip of ear to end of tail, and they make very odd looking companions. Mrs. Main says she does not know whether Gypsie will grow more or whether Tige will grow smaller, and they have done nothing to start his growth, yet he is the tiniest dog of his kind in town.

"CHRIST" VISITS THE POPE.

There was a singular interview in the Vatican the other day. Early in the morning, His Holiness was informed that Andrews, the peasant who recently played the part of Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, desired an audience with him, and his consent being readily given, the two notable men met that same evening. Andrews, according to the Italian journals, wore his stage costume and seemed to many who saw him the living embodiment of Jesus. The Pope was active in his customary vestments, and near him stood some cardinals and other princes of the church. He greeted the visitor with his wonted kindness and asked him some questions about his life and about the role which he played with such success at Oberammergau. The contrast between the two representatives of "Christ" was the one a sturdy, handsome son of the people and the other a kindly, gentle old ecclesiastic—was so marked that every one present was struck by it, and the unanimous opinion was that of the many memorable interviews which have taken place in the Vatican this was by no means the least.

At the close of the audience the Pope presented to his visitor a golden jubilee medal.

WILL GO TO CUBA.

Archbishop Ireland Accepts a Commission from the President.

DELUTH, Minn., Dec. 20.—Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, is to make a trip to Cuba shortly after the first of the year, by a commission from the President. The mission of the Archbishop is said to be to investigate the questions in dispute respecting the allotment of church property in the island. A Government boat will be placed at the Archbishop's disposal.

VINEGAR PIE.

Pathetic Story of the Early Days in Ohio.

(Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's.) "When one understands how pie is the glad epiphany of the soul's yearning for beauty of living, as it were the hand of a plant groping its way upward between the dull, hard clouds to sunlight and the air, he understands also how some kind of pie was a story to tell, a pathetic story for those who can appreciate.

"In the early days of Ohio there was a vinegar pie. A paste was made of flour and water. Enough vinegar was added to give it a pleasant tartness and sugar was stirred in to suit the taste. Then this was used as a filling for the top and bottom crust. Smith, if you can at this poor effort, but be think you who it was that made it and where and why. We may set the scene in a log-cabin in the wild woods of the Western Reserve and people it with settlers from Connecticut, an ambitious husband and his young wife

who have left behind them the old folk at home, knowing that they will never look upon their faces more. They have come the long, long journey in their covered wagon to the far west of Ohio to seek a home in the wilderness. The Indians live but barely bygone. The timber wolves still howl at night, while the young mother hushes her babe to rest. In the twilight bears snuffle at the door sill of the rude cabin. It was a sufficient shelter from the weather, but no rag carpet covered the puncheon floor to soothe the eye with its soft covering; no pictures hung upon the mud-stained wall of logs. There was no lock of food to eat. The virgin soil, never before turned by a plowshare, brought forth riotously. Standing at his door, the husband might kill wild turkeys with his rifle. There was game in plenty, deer and squirrels, possums, wild ducks, wood pigeons and, once in a long while, a feast of that most highly-prized of all meats, pork. Wild berries grew all about, and here and there sprouting a tree, planted by Johnny Appleseed, would enliven the thicket that he was, almost a legendary hero in his beneficent resolve to scatter far and wide over the new country the best fruit ever God gave to man. There was plenty to eat, but when at last the store of fruit for winter was exhausted, the soul sickened at the plenty of mere animal food.

"I wosh't 'was so't we could hev pie luek, them we use to git back him," sighs the husband.

"Land sakes, Uralsh Kinney! I ain't got one mortal thing I could make a pie out o'," retorts the wife.

"No, I s'pose not, I s'pose not. I ain't a-faun'tin' ye. I was only sayin' I wosh't 'was so't we could hev a pie luek we used to git back him."

"Then the wife falls to biting the end of her forefinger. She plans; she meditates. Oh, woman of a thousand wonderful inventions! Something has got to give when thy brain throbs its weight against a problem. Result in this instance, a vinegar pie.

"Gosh, Polly! This is hekin' good!" exclaims the husband, wiping his mouth with one hand while he holds out the other for a third piece of pie. (Crockery was scarce in those days.) Then he spreads the news.

"By darn!" says he to the next man he meets, "my Polly Ann med a pie f' me day b'fore yistiddy was the all-fired best pie I ever et."

"She?" doubts the man that hears him. "Can't get nuppie this time o' yer. F'ratt's all gin out."

"By darn! she med anyhow; and he smacks his lips. "Smartest woman I ever see. Med it out o' vinegar she did. Tell you. Tetched the spot, it did."

"I want to know," says the other man, admiringly. And he did. The recipe was passed around, and vinegar pie spread like wild-fire to the southward to the people that call a pail a bucket and a basin a pan, and where they have a letter 'r' broad enough and flat enough to roll out pie crusts on in case of an emergency. Years have passed, and with them the memory of that dear soul that first discovered vinegar pie; yes, even vinegar pie itself has passed away, too, save in the recollections of the older people, so complete is the triumph of the self-complacent fruit can. I have used the name of Kinney, but that was because, though I thought to know her real name, and where she sleeps, that I might stand beside that well-grown hollow that was once a mound above her, that I might read the mossy epitaph on her leaving tombstone:

"A Faithful Friend, a Mother Dear, A Loving Wife lies buried here.

"I should like to lay a posy on that grave, a posy of old-fashioned single pinks and phlox and white Williams flowers that she knew and liked, to assure she would know of it and appreciate it, though she would protest it wasn't worth while making a fuss about. Yet I know that somehow she would feel that the hard times she and when they were all down with the fever and chills, she and Jershy and Uralsh chilling and an Adolam and the twins chilling the next day, and the cows got lost in the woods, and nothing tasted good, they were all so poorly, and the house looked like distraction because, seem-like, she hadn't the ambition to keep it picked-up—that somehow all that hard time was being made up to her now. I just know, she is the Good Place, not so much because she discovered the vinegar pie, though that is much, but because I don't see how the Good Man could ever have the heart to turn away any woman that brought up a family in Ohio away back in the 'irty days."

WANTS THE RACES.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—A proposition to sail the Canada's cup-races off at Buffalo at the time of the Pan-American Exposition has been received from Commodore Towse of the Buffalo Yacht Club. The Buffalo yachtsmen are already making preparations on a large scale for this regatta the last week of July.

The late Sims Reeves' artistic temperament made him so nervous that he could not bear even the loud ticking of a clock in his home. He was so easily upset that his manager could never count on his "form."

"Well, professor, how do you like my way of playing music at night?" The Professor—"Wonderful!—only the music must be full of topographical blunders."—Heitere Welt.

INDIANS STEAL CATTLE.

DALLAS, Or., Dec. 20.—Two Indians, named Joe Day and Moses Sutton, were brought to Dallas yesterday from the Grand Ronde reservation by Deputy Sheriff Grant, and were locked up in the county jail. They are charged with stealing cattle from another Indian, bringing them to this place and selling them to the Butchers. He was complaining of his horse. It is stated, is a brother-in-law to one of the men and father-in-law of the other.

IN PROBATE.—The estate of Ralph B. Rowman, who was killed last Sunday evening by the Albany local passenger train, was admitted to probate on application of D. Rowman, the father and heir of deceased. Jay Rowman was appointed administrator, with bonds fixed at \$6000. The value of the estate is said to be \$3000.

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