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Supreme Judge.
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Secretary of State.
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Superintendent of Public Instruction.
J. H. ACKERMAN, of Multnomah County.
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J. R. WHITNEY, of Linn County.

MARION COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

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Justice of the Peace.
(Salem District)
E. D. HORGAN, of Salem No. 1.
Constable.
GEORGE H. IRWIN, of Salem No. 2.

BEN BOLT.

Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt," who died a few days ago at Newark, N. J., was born in Philadelphia in 1819. His parents were descendants of Quakers who came over with William Penn. The English family settled in Monmouth county, N. J., where there is still a town that bears their name. Thomas Dunn English attended a Friends' school at Burlington, N. J., and his father intended that he should be a physician, but business reverses obliged him to leave the academy at the age of sixteen years. He wrote for Philadelphia newspapers and was afterward regularly employed upon Polson's Advertiser.

He decided, however, to study medicine and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839 with the degree of M. D. His interest in politics caused him to study law and in 1843 he was admitted to the Bar. He had also mastered a trade—that of carpenter—in conformity with the custom of the Quakers.

When James K. Polk was nominated for the Presidency in 1844, the candidate sent young English to New York to get the support of the Postoffice and Customs House authorities, in which Dr. English succeeded. From 1842 to 1852 he wrote many plays, which were produced in Philadelphia theatres. He went to West Virginia in 1853, where for five years, he practiced law and medicine. He moved to New York in 1857, and a year later went to Hackensack, N. J.

Dr. English served two terms in the New Jersey Assembly during the Civil War, where he introduced several measures for raising forces for the Federal army. He was classed as a war Democrat. He removed to Newark, N. J., in 1878, and he had since made his home in that city.

He was elected to the United States House of Representatives in 1890. His appearance in the House was the occasion for recalling to many that he was the author of "Ben Bolt," and made him the recipient of many attentions from his colleagues and the press.

Although an author, a Democrat, a physician, a lawyer, a statesman and a journalist his chief title to fame was acquired by writing the following lines:

Oh! don't you remember, sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who went with delight when you gave

her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the cold church yard in the valley,
Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noontide shade
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces,
Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree and its motely limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The trees you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were school mates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new,
But I feel in the depths of my spirit
The truth—
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy presence a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

WAR ON MOSQUITOS.

Mosquitos are suffering severely at the hands of modern science, and if all is true that is alleged against this little tormentor of the human race such a relentless war will be waged against him as will drive him from the abode of mankind. It has long been claimed that yellow fever is only transmitted by this little creature, and recent investigation seems to establish the fact beyond a reasonable doubt. The mosquito is also charged with spreading malarial diseases, and the Japanese Government is the latest to investigate the theory by making some experiments in malaria prevention in the island of Formosa. One battalion of soldiers were kept entirely protected from mosquitos for 161 days during the malarial season, and not a single case of malaria was reported among them, whereas another battalion at the same place and time, but unprotected, reported 259 cases. This is the most positive proof so far on record that malaria is carried commonly by mosquitos.

These discoveries, together with the discovery of petroleum in such great quantities, which is a deadly poison to the mosquitos, will encourage and enable the people to wage a very destructive war at little expense upon this pest.

A SWEET TOOTH.

The appetite for sugar grows by what it feeds upon, says the Toledo Blade. The more sugar we eat, the more we desire, all the dire warnings of hygienists to the contrary, notwithstanding. In 1850, the people of the United States consumed 22 pounds per capita. Even then it is probable the smaller fry thought they were not getting all the sugar that was coming to them in the form of candy.

In the 60 years from 1840 to 1900, the population of the entire world increased about 50 per cent, while the increase in the consumption of sugar was about 650 per cent. However, this increase should not be attributed entirely to an increased liking for the increase in per capita consumption has gone upward every time that new and improved processes in its manufacture have cheapened its retail. Many, no doubt, remember the violent assault made upon the proposition a few years ago to pay a bounty on beet sugar. Of course this opposition came from the Democratic side of the House. At that time the country was producing but one-tenth of

the amount of sugar consumed. The idea, however, was embodied into a law, and we have as a result the beet sugar industry, and are now producing one-fifth of the amount of sugar we use, and it is quite probable that in another ten years we shall be making all the sugar we can consume. The Department of Agriculture has been helping in the industry, and the Secretary recently declared that one State in the Union was capable of raising all the sugar our wants might require. The Republican idea of protection and fostering home industries has made us the greatest and happiest nation on earth, and this is but one example of the benefits that have come from this idea.

The people are satisfied with the present condition of affairs and are ready to declare in favor of letting well enough alone and keeping the Republican party and its policies in the ascendancy.

price. Then, too, the enormous increase in beet sugar production has cheapened its price greatly. In 1840, the world produced 50,000 tons of beet sugar and 1,100,000 tons of cane sugar; in 1900 the beet product was 5,960,000 tons, and of cane 2,850,000 tons. The advantage of the beet product is that it does not require a tropical or sub-tropical climate, but can be raised in the communities where sugar has its largest market.

A REPUBLICAN ENTERPRISE.

There is a general rejoicing throughout Japan in approval of the British-Japanese treaty, which safeguards Japanese interests in China and Korea as against the encroachments of Russia. Numerous titles of nobility have been conferred in honor of the historic event; Marquis Ito, who was influential in securing the alliance and who has just returned from his trip around the world, is being lionized; and Japan is to send some warships to England to be present at the coronation maneuvers, all in token of the new friendship.

AMERICAN HORSES.

The export trade in horses is becoming important, and it is a growth of one more than a decade. In 1891, our total equine exports amounted to less than \$800,000. Last year, the total value was over eight million dollars. Of course, a portion of the total number of horses were for use in the South African war; but the bulk of the trade was in carriage horses, saddlers and trotters. Of course, the total does not include mule shipments for South Africa. Europe is getting too crowded to render horse-breeding profitable. The land is too valuable. The same is true of cattle as everyone knows. So Europe turns to the Western Hemisphere for her supply of horses and cattle—the most of the latter being shipped as dressed meat, however, instead of on the hoof. A few years ago, when electricity supplanted horses with marvelous rapidity in street car service, there was much talk as to the unprofitability of horse-breeding. The same talk was revived when the automobile began to come into general use. But, under the impulse of the rapidly increasing export demand, the rearing of good horses has come to be a very profitable business, and the outlook is that it will become more and more so in the future.

A GROWING TRADE.

Colonel Edwards, chief of the division of insular affairs of the War Department, made public a comparative statement of the commerce of the Philippines for the ten months ended October 31, 1901, and 1900. The figures are exclusive of quartermaster's supplies. It is shown that the total value of merchandise imported during the ten months ended October 31, 1901, was \$24,888,141, as against \$20,243,152 for the corresponding period of 1900; and the exports of merchandise during the months ended October 31, 1901, amounted to \$30,884,395, as against \$19,378,820 for the same period of 1900. These figures show an increase of 21 per cent for the imports and 8 per cent for the exports. This is not a bad showing, considering the unsettled state of the islands. When peace is restored and the people of the archipelago realize the wants of the world they will be able to supply them with little effort and great profit. The commerce of the Philippines is destined to be enormous and the advantages of this country in holding them will be beyond anything dreamed of by the most ardent advocates of the retention of the islands. Their wonderful soil and splendid climate make it possible for them to become the most productive territory on the globe.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

The widowed or dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt has applied for a copyright of her name in order that her daughter-in-law, the wife of Cornelius Jr., may not call herself "Mrs. Vanderbilt," according to an exchange. The dowager contends that she is the Mrs. Vanderbilt, and that her son's wife is a pretender, is not the head of the family and should be compelled to style herself "Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr." The late Cornelius Vanderbilt in his will cut off Cornelius Jr., with a bare million and one-half and declared that the younger son, Willie K., should be

PIMPLES

We talk about them for their removal.

We talk about them at this time more than we do at any other because, for various reasons, they are more common in the Spring than in other seasons.

You can get rid of them, but you must cleanse your system, thoroughly.

You can't get rid of them any other way.

Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the system, cures pimples and all other eruptions, makes the complexion clear and wholesome, corrects all run-down Spring conditions, and builds up the whole system.

"My sister and I have been in the habit of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla in the Spring and we find it works wonders. It relieves that tired feeling, purifies the blood, clears the complexion and makes us feel better in every way. I believe it to be a duty to speak in praise of so beneficial a remedy." ERNEST RUMER, 509 East Esplanade St., South St. Louis, Mo.

Accept No Substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

head of the house of Vanderbilt, because Cornelius, Jr., had married Miss Grace Wilson for love and in spite of the thunders of his parent.

Mrs. Cornelius, Jr., on the other hand, contends that Mrs. Vanderbilt is a dowager and that she, by virtue of being the wife of old Cornelius Vanderbilt's eldest son, is the reigning Mrs. Vanderbilt. She denies the right of papa Vanderbilt to deprive his eldest son of the headship of the family. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has cards reading simply "Mrs. Vanderbilt."

The solution of the question of etiquette and precedence involved in this matter is of the first importance to the American people. Hitherto, while we were growing from a raw and provincial nation into a law and power, we neglected the social usages which distinguish the nobility and gentry of the Old World. We were ignorant of the correct titles by which to address the nobilities who honored our shores by their occasional presence, and we have called simple knights "My Lord," and their wives "My Lady." We have had practically no system of social precedence, and the youngest son of a youngest son has called himself "Mr. Jones," and has put on as many airs as if he were the head of the noble house of Jones, instead of being a remotely connected cadet of that ancient strain.

But we are becoming a world power and we must give some heed to family names, social position and the etiquette of caste. It will not do, nowadays, for the wife of Johnny Jones, who is a clerk in a dry goods store, to usurp the proud title of "Mrs. Jones," which belongs exclusively to the proud spouse of the great John Jones, Sr., wholesale dealer in soaps and tallow. True, Johnny Jones' wife may insist that she is, in fact, Mrs. Jones, since she bears her husband's name, but there must be a correct social usage in these matters. There ought to be one Mrs. Vanderbilt and one Mrs. Jones, and all others ought to be legally declared spurious imitations. Unless the copyright law protects the head of a family in the use of her name, this country will remain a vulgar democracy. If we are to develop an aristocracy, if primogeniture is to be recognized by society, if birth is to give any rights of superiority over common persons, there must be a distinct and acknowledged head of every genteel family. Mrs. Vanderbilt, if she succeeds in copyrighting her name, will be a benefactor of every snob in America, and of every shallow-pated ape of moribund and rotten European royalty.

A FOLLOWER OF ROOSEVELT.

New York Sun: Since Theodore Roosevelt enforced the Excise law seven years ago there have been sneers at him in plenty. His courage was Quixotic, injudicious and vain. Even the moral argument for it has been pretty well swamped in the political talk of its impracticability and in slurs at the usefulness of it.

All the same, instead of being forgotten, it has remained impressively prominent as a model of faithfulness in public administration. It was the seed of the agitation which District Attorney Jerome, to almost unanticipated public applause, has just precipitated among the police. The sense of relief at the sudden striking down of the previous system of official viola-

tion of laws seems to be general. Mr. Jerome's achievement may be wiped out, apparently, as Roosevelt's was. As to that, however, the Raines law, which was designed to meet the situation Roosevelt brought about, has remained wholly untried up to now. But whether it proves adequate or not, or whether Jerome succeeds or not in establishing permanently the policy of enforcement, his vigorous and honorable support of law cannot fail to make respect for that deeper and stronger in the public mind.

MUST NOT BE ELECTED.

The nomination of George E. Chamberlain for Governor gives the Republicans the strongest antagonist the Democratic party has in its ranks. He is a good man with a splendid record as an official in every capacity in which he has served the State. The most satisfactory reason why he should not and cannot be elected Governor is his politics. The office he seeks is political in character, and Republicans cannot think for a moment of lending their support to a Democrat for the place. A Democrat might fill any other State office with less danger to party interests, but to place the office of Governor under the control of Democracy might be very detrimental to the interests of the State. If one of our Senators should resign or die the Governor has the power of appointment. For Oregon to be represented in the United States Senate by a Democrat is a contingency that must be avoided at all hazards. We cannot afford at this time to do anything but elect the Republican ticket from top to bottom, and by all means the top, at least.

The hearty reception given President Roosevelt and family at Charleston is characteristic of the hospitality of the Southern people. These people like the free and unassuming manner of the President, and they don't hesitate to show their feeling toward him. The action of South Carolina in passing rebuke to Tillman, who no doubt was anxious to have his state show coldness toward the President for the part he took in withdrawing an invitation to the Senator from South Carolina requesting his presence at a banquet given in honor of Prince Henry after the Tillman-McLaurin scrap in the Senate. South Carolina feels the disgrace of the affair as much as any state in the Union, and the warmth of welcome to the President was intended as one way the people found to express their disapproval of the disgraceful affair.

The new battleship Maine, now building at Cramp's ship yard, is 78 per cent completed, according to the calculations of the Navy Department. This is such a rapid advance on the new ship that naval officials are satisfied that she can be placed in commission by February 15, 1903, which will be the fifth anniversary of the sinking of the former battleship Maine in Havana harbor.

Henri Watterson had a very bad nightmare recently, in which he saw all sorts of things that threaten the peace and integrity of the American nation. He saw in his dreams imperialists, despots, monarchs and other horrible things. He says he fears Roosevelt is going to become a dictator like Diaz and Mexicanize the country. Let's see, it was only a short time

ago since many of Mr. Watterson's followers were holding up that country as a model of prosperity and happiness among the nations of earth, declaring that on account of its currency and other laws Mexico had the best government in existence. Mr. Watterson should take something for his digestion to prevent the recurrence of these dreadful scenes.

The crusade for pure food is making progress in all parts of the country. While the subject is under consideration in Congress the courts in the various states are occupied in construing local laws to prevent the injurious adulteration of food products. Oregon has not been behind her sister states in this matter. The development of the dairy interests has resulted in the passage of a number of laws to prevent food products from being adulterated. The office of Food and Dairy Commissioner has been established and a suitable map chosen to fill it. His duty is to enforce the laws on this subject and his vigilance has had the desired effect.

The Democrats are working, or at least attempting to work, a pretty clever scheme to attract voters into their fold. Knowing how much Democracy is in disfavor, they are in a number of counties putting out their ticket under the name of "Citizens." This is an old game and has been worked so much that there is little danger of its succeeding. Clackamas county Democrats have put out such a ticket, and Clatsop county will follow a little later. The device has been tried in Marion county in the past, but it met with very little encouragement, as many Democrats refused to support such a scheme.

Who said the Democrats in Congress couldn't agree? A few weeks ago they agreed without a dissenting voice in a caucus on a resolution of sympathy with the Boers. Although they had to go five thousand miles from home for a subject on which they could get together, yet they demonstrated that they are not wholly without common precepts. That probably will be about as close to home affairs as they will be able to get and at the same time be united on one proposition.

If peace should be declared within a few days, as is reported again between the British and Boers, the Democrats would be robbed of an issue upon which they can all agree. This thing may happen, for Democracy has been having a streak of hard luck for the past seven or eight years, and it would be a strange thing if their resolution of sympathy with the Boers, on which they all agreed, did not get the props knocked from under it before they could make use of it.

They may have voting machines in New York. The Press, of that city, says: "Voting machines, the Board of Elections has decided, may be given a trial, as perhaps more economical than the blanket ballot. Two types of machines, it is said, have been subjected to tests for the last few months, and it will cost \$660,000 to equip the city with them."

The Mobile Register says: "Tillmans and Jeffries are to have a prize fight at Charleston. We still maintain that Tillman and McLaurin would draw a bigger crowd."

TH JOHNNY JUMP-UPS.

In cozy nooks when spring has come,
Mid bright green grasses, hiding low,
Sly peeping from their lowly bed,
The yellow Johnny-jump-ups grow.
The happy children tried in glee:
"Come, let us all together go,
Down by the shady brook today,
To where the Johnny-jump-ups grow."

The little ones with footsteps light
Searched here and there with childish zest—
Oh, see! I've found! one liddle shout,
"What's better still, a birdie's nest."
"Tis empty now, the birds have flown
Away from winter's ice and snow—
I long to hear their songs again,
In summer they'll come back I know."

With sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow,
And baskets all with blossoms hooped,
Thus passed the pleasant afternoon,
Then homeward turned the merry feet.
Long years since that spring day have passed,
How swift the seasons come and go!
Still off in fancy I return
To where the Johnny-jump-ups grow,
—Grace Edwards, in Oregon Teachers Monthly.

THE WASTREL WIND.

Do you remember the eerie gloaming?
The yellowing boughs all wan and cold
As a ghost at prayers? and the night birds, homing
Wide-winged, slow, to the spectral fold?
The long, low fallows, dim and shrunken,
As the face of the dead that hath loved and sinned?
And the reeling moon, round, redly drunken
With "withering wine of the wastrel wind?"
Oh, love and the day they died together!
Sweet faith grew wan with the waning leaves
Fate fareth afar in the Autumn weather,
To rend and cleave as the lightning cleaves.
A sigh and a word, half sighed, half spoken—
The lifted lash of an eye too kind—
And the troth we had pledged was proudly broken
To the lusty horns of the wastrel wind.