

THE OREGON WEEKLY STATESMAN

Published every Tuesday and Friday by the
STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

R. J. HENDRICKS, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One year, in advance..... \$1.00
Six months, in advance..... .75
Three months, in advance..... .50
One year, on time..... 1.25

The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years, and it has some subscribers who have read it for a generation. Some of these object to having the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscription. For the benefit of those, and for other reasons, we have concluded to discontinue subscriptions only when it is desired to do so. All persons paying when advertising, or paying 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.

CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



WASTES AND BY-PRODUCTS.

One of the most interesting bulletins issued from the Census Bureau is that recently published giving statistics of the utilization of wastes and by-products. It appears from this report that in any one of our highly developed industries in these days there is hardly any such thing as waste. Science has come to the aid of industry and has devised means of making use of almost the whole of what in former ages was regarded as refuse, slag or trash.

The science which has been most effective in the work is chemistry. Of that science Dr. Lyon Playfair has said: "Chemistry, like a prudent housewife, economizes every scrap. The clippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs, from the smithy, or the cast-off woolen garments of the poorest people, and soon afterward, in the form of dyes of the brightest blue, grace the dresses of courtly dames. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the morning as Sedlitz powders to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal gas are reappreciated carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavor blanc-manges for her friends.

In some respects the operation of chemistry in utilizing waste is highly attractive. Thus we are told "her hand has only to touch the most noxious substances, when the most ethereal essences, the most heavenly hues, the most delicate flavors and odors, instantly arise, as if by magic."

That sounds excellent, but when we are told that fuel oil is used in making the oil of apples and the oil of pears; that oil of pineapple "is best made by the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid; that "one of the most popular of perfumes has among its ingredients material obtained from the draining of cow-houses," and that the very garbage of great cities is made to yield a grease which is employed in the manufacture of oils for human use, one is inclined to doubt whether chemistry has been an absolutely unmixed good.

While hardly anything achieved by man in the nineteenth century is more remarkable than the development of the use of the by-products of various industries, there still remains a great deal to be done before we make full use of all the material that passes through our shops, factories, furnaces, mills and slaughter-houses. It is believed that in the end nothing will be regarded as waste. Everything will be utilized. Such economy would be no more than an imitation of nature, where, as has been said by a great chemist: "Animals live and die, their dead bodies, passing into putridity, escape into the atmosphere, whence plants again mold them into forms of organic life; and these plants, actually consisting of a past generation of ancestors, form our present food."

One of the greatest wastes that will finally be overcome is the waste of the sewerage of cities. This will all be used in time, for fertilizing purposes, as it is now being used in Berlin and a few other cities. It will be manufactured and put up in convenient form for shipment. This will be a measure for the protection of the public health, as well as one of economy.

THE LADY AND THE POCKET.

New York Sun: The name of Judge Sidener, of the First District police court of St. Louis, deserves to be written in letters of silk and gold on every woman's heart, and especially on the hearts of those women whose husbands are curmudgeons and skinflints. A St. Louisian was brought before Judge Sidener on the charge of abusing his wife, the prisoner's wife. The wife whooped pleaded justification that the said wife had "gone through" his pockets. The wife answered that her lord stayed himself with an excess of flagons and threw away his money at times. To keep the pot boiling she had to visit his pockets and transfer household appropriations therefrom. The judge held that her financial methods were entirely justified, and fined her irritated master \$5 for disturbing her peace.

More than once fluttering, anxious

wives, full of doubt and scrupulous on conscience, have asked The Sun if it was right for the wife of a closeted or a spendthrift to levy upon his pockets. We have had no hesitation in affirming the right and duty of the consort of the more than infidel who provideth not for his own household to take the money that he refuses or neglects to give. The learned heads of divines and casuists in theology and ethics may decide as to the strict merits of such cases in the court of conscience; but there can be no doubt that eternal equity must stretch out relieving hands and countermand these orders on the purse.

It is assumed that the irregular income is absolutely necessary. To exact toll to be spent on extravagances and superfluities would be brigandage. The woman who resorts to this legitimate pocket picking must have clean pickers. She is entitled to reasonable allowance and wage. Her gowns and frills should be such as suit her station and her husband's means; and his meanness must not pique her into taxing him too high. There are men, otherwise of good principles and orderly life, who have to be coaxed or bled before you can get money out of them. They part with it as grudgingly as if it were a year of life. What an excellent and a reticent husband was Barlow, the carrier, to Clara Peggoty, yet how he would write and groan when he had to produce a guinea from his strong box under the bed. Let us not be unjust to the "close." In grandfathers and great-grandfathers, in bachelor uncles and spinster aunts, in all persons not immediately responsible for your maintenance, to whom it may occur to leave you something in their wills, frugality and penuriousness are to be encouraged. If these savers are saving for you, they are saving for a good cause. Such altruism is to be praised. The old boys and girls may deny themselves comforts if they choose. The less fun they have the more there will be for you. In a general way their thoughtful provision for posterity, this sacrifice of the present for the future is to be approved and applauded. It is sound from the economic point of view and it is satisfactory to the young folks. Let Jacob sweat and wring for twenty hours a day. Benjamin will enjoy for him and pour champagne into the silver cup. Some must work and some must cut coupons and a dash. So runs the world away.

But a stingy husband must be a plague to his wife, no matter how useful and pleasant his boardings may be to his descendants. We can't believe that there are many such husbands in the United States. The Americans as a class keep open purse for their wives and are more inclined to spend too much than too little. Still, there must be some proportion of grumpy niggards among them. To that proportion Judge Sidener speaks. There is the larger class of men who are thoughtless or selfish in regard to the allowance of their wives. "I am poor," says the saw, "but all I have I spend upon myself." There are wives who struggle along on hope and carfare, while their misters live sumptuously in the matter of cocktails and Havanas. Sworn statements of the minor expenses of any average husband and wife would be matter for some strange and entertaining comparisons.

MORGAN SEEKS AN EMPIRE.

Not satisfied with a great collection of collieries, factories, railroads and ships, J. Pierpont Morgan is now seeking to number a country or two among his holdings. This Colossus of the modern financial world is said to be planning the unification of the Turkish debt, and the man who accomplishes that task will certainly be the power behind the Sultan's throne. If Morgan succeeds, the Sick Man of Europe will find himself in a straitjacket. There will be no more slaughtering of Christians, or kidnapping of missionaries, for the trust magnate, no matter his faults, does everything according to up-to-date methods.

The Sultan and J. Pierpont have not come to terms yet, but a deal is probable. Just now several big financial houses of Europe want to take the contract that Morgan seeks. However, His Whymajesty needs danger in their kindness, and prefers to trust an American, for the reason that there is no danger that the United States will see to partition the Ottoman empire. The Rothschilds would like the job, but Morgan has these ancient magnates overshadowed when it comes to financing. The debt of the Turkish empire is in round numbers 1,000,000,000 francs, yet the sum is not large enough to stagger Morgan. The Sultan proposes that Morgan convert 5 per cent bonds of 1886 into 4 per cents, payable at 500 instead of 525. The Sultan also wants fourteen ships, ranging from 500 to 1500 tons, and will guarantee payment for their construction by concessions on the Bosphorus. This last plan is only one of the many offered Morgan, for if he accepts he will be given a fine opportunity to exploit the country. Under such circumstances, thinks a writer in the San Francisco Bulletin, we should hear much of Morgan's mines, Morgan's forests, Morgan's tramways, Morgan's waterways, Morgan's electric plants and Morgan's transports. Perhaps in time the ter-

ritory ruled now by the Sultan may become known as Morgan's empire. All this leads one to the thought that the onward march of the aggressive American cannot be checked. If he can't rule the world in one way he will in another.

LORD SALISBURY'S RETIREMENT.

One of the most famous and successful British Premiers of modern times, and a worthy successor of the Earl of Beaconsfield as head of the Conservative party of the United Kingdom, has selected the present as a fitting time to surrender the responsibility of office and to retire to private life. Nominally Lord Salisbury will retain the Premiership until after the coronation. Then immediately he will say farewell to the world of party and international politics, and pass from the stage on which for many years he has been one of the greatest actors.

Compared with many of our public men, who still are in harness and as active as possible, the Marquis of Salisbury is not an extremely old man. He is younger than Senators Hoar, Culom, Morgan, Stewart, Pettus and others in the United States Senate, who would resent the idea that their time of usefulness had passed. As a matter of fact, according to a writer in the San Francisco Bulletin, it is not old age but grief that drives the Prime Minister of England into retirement. The death some time ago of his wife to whom he was deeply devoted from youth broke the heart of the scholar and statesman who always, aside from that gentle love, had much of the "stern old Baron Rudiger" about him. But when the partner of his early struggles—the who was the comfort and sheet anchor while, although heir to a great name, title and estate, he had to fight to keep the wolf from the door—was taken from him, affairs and even life lost all interest, and those who knew the man know that nothing but a high sense of duty has kept him in Downing street to the present time.

The hour selected by him for his passing from labor to refreshment has been well selected. Under his Premiership the outh African war has been settled, coincidentally with that struggle, which at one time seemed to threaten the decadence if not the integrity of the British Empire, he has steered the ship of state safely through towering seas of dire danger to his nation and race. He has seen his beloved Queen, the great and pathetic exemplar of Anglo-Saxon wifehood and motherhood, gathered to her fathers. He has lived to see the rising sun of a new and probably successful reign. Full of years and honors, he seizes the occasion of King Edward's coronation as a fitting one for his surrender of power and for entering with grace and dignity upon the quiet evening of a life devoted to the service of his country.

A man of brains and determination—a stark man, if you like—Lord Salisbury's worst political enemy, now that he is passing from the scene of strife, will give him credit for honesty of purpose, for exalted patriotism and for the splendid success he has achieved in the exalted sphere of his public life. He is a worthy scion of the great Cecil family which gave two notable ministers to the Elizabethan era, and which ever since has been brilliantly in evidence in the councils of the Nation. Lord Salisbury will live in history as one of the most distinguished of British Premiers of the Victorian age, even when compared with such great characters as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Beaconsfield. As he resigns the seals of office, they are taken up by another representative of the Cecil stock, in the person of his nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour. The venerable leader and counselor well has earned his rest, and few right-thinking people will fail to wish that it may be long and pleasant.

LET US INVITE THEM.

The Greater Salem Commercial Club has undertaken to furnish to the immigration department of the Harriman lines 100,000 pamphlets describing the resources and advantages of Oregon, and more especially of Salem and surrounding country.

The cost of these pamphlets will be something less than \$1000. But the Harriman people will spend much more than \$1000 in putting them into the hands of people of the East who are inquiring about Oregon and tinking of coming here.

It will take \$1000 worth of postage stamps to mail the pamphlets, to say nothing of the work of the agents of the Harriman lines who are engaged in a systematic endeavor to turn desirable settlers this way.

It would cost \$1200 to \$1300 to mail all these 100,000 pamphlets from Salem, if the addresses could be had here.

The most important thing in this connection is the fact that the Harriman people will put the pamphlets where they will do the most good for Oregon. It is "up to" the people of Salem to

Difficult Digestion.

That is dyspepsia. It makes life miserable. Its sufferers eat not because they want to, but simply because they must. They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise.

They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, a uneasy feeling of puffiness, flatulence, heartburn and what not.

The effectual remedy, proved by permanent cures of thousands of severe cases, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic.

furnish this printed information to the Harriman agents for use in turning immigrants this way. It will cost a little money. But it will be money well spent. It will bring large returns.

And this work should be supplemented in every way possible. Too much information in regard to our part of the country and its resources, in an attractive form, cannot be placed in the hands of the Eastern people looking this way, and who will come and help us develop our resources and build up our country if we will but invite them.

THE NATION'S ROLL OF HONOR.

Although the Civil War practically ended at Appomattox more than a full generation ago, in the interim the pension list, one of the Nation's legacies from that unhappy struggle, until very recently has grown amazingly, and sometimes it has seemed as if it never would get tired of growing. It is to the eternal credit of the American people that they never have uttered the least murmur because of the burden the gigantic pension list has imposed upon them. On the contrary, all political parties have announced and continually reiterated their belief in a policy of liberality to the survivors of that grand volunteer army and navy which saved the Union. So, from year to year, what with widows and other dependents, and with old age creeping over the heroes of 1861-1865, the roll of honor has swelled. Thousands who suffered wounds or the loss of health in the service, but who would not take their country's bounty while they could earn a living, finally have been compelled to accept the benefits. A year or so ago, including pensions, our appropriations for the military establishment, not to mention the navy, amounted to about as much as the cost to Germany of a standing army of three quarters of a million men including the whole German pension list.

The turn of the tide has come. At the late session of the Congress pension appropriations fell off five and a half million dollars. The grand old fellows who fought at Bull Run, at Antietam, in the Wilderness and at Gettysburg are dropping off and passing to the "bivouac of the dead." The movement once begun will go on with accelerating force in the years ahead of us. Before the next generation shall have its war, almost the last of them will have answered to the assembly call from the other side of the great divide. Even this year it became necessary for the Congress to double the annual appropriation for headstones in the National cemeteries. It was a noble army that these now rapidly departing soldiers made. Posterity and history will hold it and them in patriotic and very tender remembrance.

SPRINKLED COUNTY ROADS.

The many visitors to Mount Hamilton wonder why that is our only unwatered main county road.—San Jose Mercury.

Perhaps some of our readers do not understand what the above paragraph means; perhaps they do not know that several California counties sprinkle their roads. The roads for miles around San Jose are sprinkled. It seems from the above that one of them is not. Some of the roads in other California counties are oiled, crude oil from the wells in the oil districts there being used. This keeps down the dust and makes a solid road bed.

Perhaps it will be a long time before Marion county sprinkles her county roads. We will have to first build more good roads, worth sprinkling.

NOT THE STATESMAN.

Regardless of the yellow reports in the Salem and Eugene papers the O. N. G. encampment is marching on towards success and a big attendance.—Albany Democrat.

One Salem paper only has had these reports. The Statesman has never questioned the orders issued by the military authorities, but took it for granted that, after the encampment was ordered, it would be held for the benefit of the guardsmen and the state. We earnestly hope it will be a success, and know that Albany will do the right thing by the citizen-soldiers during their stay in Linn county's capital.

Of course the State of Oregon will not be obliged to pay the reward of \$1500 for the finding of the dead body of Merrill, the escaped convict, who was murdered by his pal, Tracy. The offer read: "\$3000 reward for the CAPTURE and return, dead or alive, of Harry Tracy and David Merrill, or \$1500 for each one." The finding of the dead body of a man in the woods by accident is not the CAPTURE of the man. Perhaps the boy who found the body ought to be paid a reasonable sum for his trouble, and it would be a good thing to bring the body here for burial in the Penitentiary cemetery, as a matter of discipline.

Never before in its history has Salem had at one time as many substantial new buildings in course of construction as now, or as there will be in course of erection within a few weeks, work not having begun on some of them. Still, it is predicted that there will not be a dwelling place for rent in the Capital City this winter, and probably not a business place. If the Harriman people send the new settlers they expect to send this way next year, there will have to be more building in 1933 than this year; especially more new residences.

CAN'T EAT

WHY? The stomach is weak, the appetite is gone and the bowels are constipated. Nothing will do you as much good as a dose of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters before each meal. It will strengthen the stomach, restore the appetite, prevent constipation and positively cure indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness and malaria, fever and ague. Try a bottle and see for yourself. Don't accept a substitute.

Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters

PULLING THE
FLAX CROP

Mr. Bosse Began Operations
in His Fields Yesterday

MANY OF THE YOUNG GIRLS AND BOYS WERE UNABLE TO CONTINUE WORK ALL OF YESTERDAY—CONDITION OF THE CROP IS SATISFACTORY.

Eugene Bosse, who is superintending the primary or initiatory work incident to the installation of a flax-fibre manufactory in this city, started in yesterday morning, with a force of sixty-two hands, principally girls and small boys, to harvesting the first sowing of the crop of flax. They began upon the John Garber place, in Polk county, and the work progressed very well until noon, when a number of the younger hands played out and he finished the day with a short force. Mr. Bosse is not in the least discouraged over this condition of affairs for he realized before he started in that a great number would apply for work who were not used to it but, as he could not single them out before giving them a trial, he refused none the opportunity of the test and feels confident that, when the tender ones drop out he will have a force which he can depend upon to complete the harvest, which he thinks will require from five to six weeks under favorable conditions. He is much pleased with the first 100 acres which were sown during the latter part of April, but while the plants have attained a very good growth for the late sowing and have developed splendid fibre, he is sorry that he did not arrive early enough to sow the seed during the month of February. However, he says, the quality of the fibre and quantity will be sufficient to demonstrate, beyond any doubt, the special adaptability of the soil and climate to the culture of flax and the production of an excellent quality of fibre which, he contends, is equal to the best raised in Ireland or Belgium.

Mr. Bosse has received the information from the headquarters of the syndicate which he represents, in New York, that the new machinery which he ordered from Belgium, several months ago, has arrived in New York and, as the company gave the machinery a practical test, upon material sent from here, and found a slight defect it will be properly adjusted before being forwarded here for operation but he expects to receive it in due season to install it before it is needed.

A Banker's Narrow Escape.

Saved By Neuropathy When on the Brink of the Grave.

Mr. C. M. Buck, a well-known banker of Fairbault, Minn., owes his life to the remarkable discovery that every part and organ of the body is controlled by a different section of the brain called "Brain Centers." He says: "I take the greatest pleasure in describing my case, which baffled the skill of so many able physicians and caused me so many months of mental and physical suffering, and for two years disqualified me for business."

"I had severe pains in the back of the head and small of the back for thirteen months, almost continually. I became exceedingly nervous and melancholy; slept poorly and was afraid to travel alone. I could attend to no business. I had much dullness, pressure, confusion, dizziness, strained feeling in head, and during the day was drowsy. My eyes ached, blurred and watered in the wind. I began to cough and raise yellow matter from the lungs. Had much hard beating, fullness and soreness across the chest, as though the heart was becoming too large. I could not sleep on my left side. Headache and heart disease run in my family. My stomach also became weak and painful. I finally broke completely down and was so prostrated that I could hardly get out of bed. Before consulting Dr. Miles I had been under the care of six well known physicians, two able scientists and a famous Chicago professor. The benefit received from their treatment was slight and temporary. I thought my case beyond reach of medical skill, when it was my good fortune to hear of Dr. Miles."

"I soon began to improve. In a few months I returned to my business. I was cured of all the numerous ailments and am strong and robust once more. Even the headache and apparent enlargement of the heart have disappeared. The result of Dr. Miles' peculiar treatment was simply wonderful. I cannot recommend his great discovery in regard to the 'seat of life' too highly, and also his advanced methods. Such cases are not understood by physicians."

So far in advance of the ordinary physician is Dr. Miles' new system of Neuropathic Treatment that every afflicted person who is suffering from any chronic or nervous disease should not fail to consult him, either by mail or in person. Book on Neuropathy, Copyrighted Examination Chart and 1000 Testimonials and \$2.50 worth of Treatment, sent free. Write to the Dr. Miles Grand Dispensary, 259 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

BEWARE OF THE KID YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT OF

Dr. H. H. H. H.

In Every Print
Shop There Is
The Devil
to Pay

and besides him, we have to pay a force of over 40 men, who are employed in the several departments of our establishment in printing of various kinds. Everything printed here, from a calling card to a newspaper. Will you become one of our patrons and help to promote home manufacturing?

STATESMAN
JOB
OFFICE 'Phone Main 2041

JUST RECEIVED

A large line of china glass tinware. Call in and examine our goods before buying. Gold-band dishes a specialty. Those strainers with mashers are just the thing for the fruit season. THE VARIETY STORE, 94 Court street, Astoria, Or. Telephone 1741.

We carry Chinese Drugs and Medicines. All kinds of roots and herbs. Good for blood and all kinds of sickness.

YICK SO TONG CO.,
127 State Street, Salem, Oregon

JOHN STOUT
Manufacturer of
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Mediulogs, Etc.

Fine mantles and grates, grill work, show cases and office fixtures, a specialty. Woven slate fruit trays. Southwest corner Church and Main streets, Salem, Or. Telephone 1741.

420 Willis St. Astoria, Ore.
Take on 3d Street to Upper Astoria.
Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using A. Phone Pink 1581-04

CHINESE
Drug Store

I carry all kinds of Chinese drugs and medicines. Roots and herbs—nature's medicine. Good for all kinds of sickness. Cures opium habit. Good for the blood and kidneys.

DR. KUM BOW WO,
264 Liberty Street, - Salem, Oregon

S. C. STONE, M.D.
PROPRIETOR OF
STONE'S DRUG STORES
SALEM, OR.

The stores (two in number) are located at No. 225 and 237 Commercial street, and are well stocked with a complete line of drugs and medicines, toilet articles, perfumery, brushes, etc.

DR. STONE. Has had some 25 years' experience in the practice of medicine and now makes no charge for consultation, examination or prescription. He does a cash business. He neither buys on time nor sells on time. Ledger, journals, day-books, bookkeepers, bill collectors, and all the modern paraphernalia of credit drug stores, are unknown in his business, hence a full stock and correct prices.

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY
101 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The Largest Anatomical Museum in the World. Workmen at any construction should study anatomy for their safety. DR. JORDAN—DISEASES OF MEN—STRENGTHENED BY AN EXPERT. Medical course for Physicians. A quick and reliable cure for Syphilis, Gonorrhea and Prostatitis, by Dr. Jordan's special process.

Money to Loan

On improved farm and city property, at lowest rates. THOMAS K. FORD, Over Ladd & Rush's Bank, Salem, Oregon.

Loans..

AT CURRENT RATES. INSURANCE BONDS. REAL ESTATE. BOZORTH BROS., 232 Commercial Street, Salem, Or.

Mrs. S. A. Gibson, of Turner, and Mrs. J. H. McHaley, of Heppner, are in the city visiting at the home of their son and brother, City Marshal D. W. Gibson.

Geo. R. White, of Medford, was a business visitor in this city yesterday and will remain here a few days.