

THE OREGON WEEKLY STATESMAN

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CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



MRS. WAGGONER.

If the state officials in deciding whether Mrs. Waggoner should be paid all the reward offered for the capture and return of Merrill's body should try to please the press of the state, they will have almost as difficult a task as the capture of Tracy is proving. And what many of the papers do not know about the matter, including matters at the prison generally, is not worth trying to find out. One reporter, the time of year being dull, discovers that the Warden happens to hold different views from the Superintendent on the reward question, and at once assumes that war is on between those officials and so informs the people of the state. Not to be outdone in the matter, the season still being dull, another reporter concludes that because the Warden is the brother-in-law of the Governor, therefore, his utterances are "inspired" and are to be taken as representing the Governor's views, and the Warden "rushed into print" for the purpose of making trouble with Mr. Lee with the intention of "forcing him to resign." Still another enterprising reporter, the season still being dull, announces that Mr. Lee has, in the opinion of some observing people, been merely "a figure head" at the Penitentiary, anyway, and excepting that the present administration is nearing an end, things would pop pretty soon on account of the "woful lack of discipline, etc."

THE MAN WHO FIRST INTRODUCED THE NAVAL ORANGE.

Luther C. Tibbets, the man to whom California owes the great naval orange industry, died on July 21st, in the Riverside poorhouse, surrounded with beautiful orange orchards, luxurious homes, and all the evidences of wealth, the outgrowth of his efforts in introducing this great orange. The writer had the fortune to know Mr. Tibbets from the time of his first settlement in California, and met him for the last time a few weeks ago as he lay on his cot in the Riverside county poorhouse in his last illness. A feeble old man of 82, he assured us that his abiding faith in Christianity and the consolation of his Bible were all that he had left after a long life of sobriety, integrity and honesty. It has been stated that Tibbets sold citrus from the original naval trees for a large sum, and made a fortune from that source. Such was not the case, and we question whether he ever sold a cutting from them, although he was offered a large price for the original trees by speculators. Tibbets was a liberally educated man, and had been engaged in active life in New York for many years before he came to California. He had some means when he arrived here, and secured a large body of land in what is now part of the town of Riverside. A man with a keen sense of honor and punctilious for his rights, he was continually in litigation with wealthy corporations and others, and though he won many important cases and established rights by which others have benefited, his property was gradually consumed in costs and expenses, and in the latter years of life he found himself a poor man. It is not improbable that Riverside, his home, grown enormously wealthy through the fruit it owes to him, will some day rescue his memory from oblivion and erect a costly monument—for Riverside never does things by halves—to the name of the man to whom she owes so much. —Pacific Tree and Vine.

The above teaches us several things. In the first place, it teaches us that there are more people in the world ready to contribute to spitefully after a man's death than anxious to help in furnishing taffy during life. Some of the kind offices that may now be bestowed upon the memory of Mr. Tibbets would have been appreciated while he could have participated in the memory. The best kind of charity and philanthropy in this world is the kind that lends the helping hand and gives the cheery word personally, and not by proxy, nor waiting until after the death of the one yearning for them.

The rich may build monuments to the memory of those gone before, and they found institutions for the general and wholesale bestowment of charity; but all can give the personal encouragement, and help that go farthest to smooth the furrowed brow and bind up the broken heart. It is "not what we give but what we spare, for the gift without the giver is bare." The widow's mite was more appreciated and counted for vastly more than the surplus extortions of the Vanderbilts and Rockefeller of the old times.

What the world needs is not more wholesale charity, but more of brotherhood, and more of that help for the needy which gives them opportunity to help themselves, in order that they may be independent and self-respecting. What we need is larger individual opportunity. That is practical altruism. The charity of the wholesale givers of accumulated wealth is largely thrown away. Much of it worse than thrown away.

The death of Mr. Tibbets teaches another thing, and that is that it is well for one to live at peace with his neighbors, if he can. There are examples of injustice on every side. The world is not perfect, nor are the people in it. But most every one does the best he can, under the light of his training and his circumstances. Have patience. Endure the injustice. Rather bear a few present ills than fly to others we know not of.

Another thing. The world profits from the small things of life. It was a small thing, the discovery of the seedless orange. It was largely accidental. But it has created untold wealth. It will go on creating millions of wealth for all time. The discovery of gold in California was a small thing compared with the discovery of the seedless orange in that state. And those who make the discoveries that benefit mankind seldom profit from them themselves. The world is every reviling, neglecting and crucifying the men who do the most for it.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

Some bored and witty Frenchman has said that life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures. One is confident that this cynical epigram was written from him after he had been through a whole season of dull dinners and limesome assemblies and when he was yearning for the liberty of spending an evening at home with his wife, if he had one, and his book.

The pleasures of life, however, are not those artificial affairs which good people arrange for the bedevilment of themselves and their friends. Who enjoys those elaborate dinners which hosts get up at great expense of money and spirit for the delectation of their guests? The host and hostess do not enjoy them because during the meals they are distracted by a thousand worries. Most of the guests would enjoy a simpler dinner and are tired by numerous courses and much conversation under high pressure. Many a man sighs wearily while dressing for a dinner or dance and wishes he might prop himself up with pillows in an easy chair and smoke and read to his heart's content.

An occasional evening out is good for a man. It prevents him from becoming a recluse in his habits and a sloven in his manners. But the going-out habit is a dreadful tyrant and one from whose power it is not easy to break.

Most men acquire the going-out habit at the age of 18 years or thereabouts, when debutantes and parlor games have attractions for them. After two or three years of dancing, card parties, dinners and theatres, the young man begins to weary of the round of pleasure. He ceases to find any amusement in chattering about nothing with pretty girls who have not reached the age of reason. And from this period until he rids himself of the going-out habit he will feel like a dumb, driven slave. He will receive invitations with muttered imprecations, but will write acceptances, for he is a victim of the habit, and it requires some courage and fortitude to break away from the thrall. Three or four years of going hither and thither have given him a wide acquaintance, and in spite of the fact that he declines many invitations there are enough that he "must" accept to keep him booked several months ahead. He cannot stay away from the Smith's dinner, for he has had long notice in advance and has declined their last two invitations. He must call on the Joneses before they go East. He is obliged to the Browns for many attentions and therefore must attend their dance.

A contemporary writer declares that in 4000 nearly every man emancipates himself from the social tyranny. As he nears thirty he looks on life more seriously and time acquires a greater value in his eyes. He cannot afford to waste his evenings away from home. We want to read, to rest and to sleep, and he withdraws from the whirl of society, heedless whom he offends. He can no longer keep up his long list of calling acquaintances. He has to drop them, and he does drop them, sadly, regretfully, but firmly.

Usually the young man escapes from this social thrallhold by means of matrimony. For a year or more he gradually centers his attentions on one young woman. Society sees the symptoms and excuses his inattention in other quarters, for it respects a man displaying serious intentions. After marriage a man has for rest and study at home all the evenings which he used to spend calling on his fiancée. Matrimony is a great saver of time.

If it is a mistake, however, for anybody, married or single, to withdraw wholly from society. Going-out is tiresome and troublesome only when it becomes a constant routine. An evening of conventional pleasure, now and then, a dinner, a dance, a card party, refreshes the mind and keeps one in touch with the world of his acquaintances.

In several organized charities and never declines to contribute when solicited by a committee. People say his heart is as large as all outdoors.

This philanthropist has a wife and children, but his many benevolent activities keep him away from home and the family do not see much of him. Nearly every night he attends a meeting of some society for the prevention of some thing or other. His children often beg him to stay at home with them, but he tells them his duty to humanity calls him forth. His wife is patient, but rather sad. She is tired of hearing him talk eternally about his duties and the sufferings of the race at large. She hungers for a little foolish love-making, a little human selfishness, such as they were not ashamed of when they were young lovers. But this hunger is never satisfied. He is too unselfish to show attention to his wife and he feels that in paying the bills he does his whole duty. Often he is late at meals and keeps the family waiting, but he thinks nothing of that.

One peculiarity of our philanthropist is that he insists on having everything his own way. He is so unselfish that he knows his ideas are much better than those of anybody else. Not long ago he proposed to put into uniform the boys in an orphanage of which he is a trustee. The superintendent, a worthy man, suggested that the measure would do no particular good and would keenly humiliate many of the boys in the institution who at-

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

Housewives are complaining more loudly than ever that they cannot find servant girls who will remain and who will work faithfully, says a San Francisco exchange. One woman, the head of a large household, said yesterday: "What is the matter with the girls. I had a cook for 30 years and an upstairs girl for 26 years. They came to me fresh from the old country, the children grew up to respect and love them, and they stayed with me, faithfully, until one married, and the other, having saved a tidy sum, retired. Conditions in my house are easier for girls now than they were formerly, for all the children have grown up and several of them have married and left home. But I cannot find girls who will stay more than a few months, although I pay them more than the ruling wages and treat them with a consideration and deference which would satisfy a princess. I cannot get experienced servants at all. I therefore am compelled to take green girls and train them. As soon as they learn enough to make them useful they go away without ceremony and on very short notice. My last cook was getting \$30 a month, with board and lodging. She left me and went to work in a factory for \$20 a month. I tried to show her what folly it was, but she said she desired a more 'respectable' position than that of a house servant. She seemed to think that a factory hand was a great deal higher in the social scale than a cook in a decent family. Who puts such nonsense into their heads. The girls nowadays are not the sort that used to do housework. My two old servants were worth a dozen of the present generation. They were both good, respectable women, who loved the children and whom the children obeyed as they obeyed me. I think just as much of them as I do of my oldest friends. Each of them visits me often. But the young servants of this period are of a different stripe, and I really am at my wits' end. Myself and my daughters are doing our own housework and I almost despair of getting satisfactory help."

The problem of obtaining domestic servants is becoming more and more difficult. No doubt it is good for women in many cases to be compelled to do the work in their own kitchen, but domestic servants must be had. Why are they so scarce when there are a dozen applicants for every vacant position in other occupations open to women?

The social inferiority of house servants is, no doubt, the root of the trouble. Young women born in the United States, dislike the idea of eating at a servants' table and sitting in the kitchen while the family sits in the parlor. They prefer to be underpaid saleswomen or factory hands, laboring under conditions of hardship, but with a certain independence, rather than take the comparatively clean and comfortable berth of a house servant with its constant reminders of the difference between the mistress of the house and the maid servant.

This is, perhaps, a foolish state of mind in working girls, but what woman that censures their false pride would not act like them if she were placed in the same position. Good madam, who become gently sarcastic about the aspirations of factory girls, if your husband should die and leave you penniless, would you take your own advice and go to work in your neighbor's kitchen, or would you seek employment in a store or as an operative? Wouldn't your pride persuade you rather to be a half starved seamstress than a well-to-do housemaid.

The servant girl problem is founded on the Declaration of Independence. We are not old enough as a nation to have castes, and in the absence of immigration there is no servant caste to draw from. The Irish, German and Swedish immigration is falling off and the American girl, even though of foreign parentage, has very strong ideas of her freedom and her equality with the rest of her sex. The mistress, on the other hand, will not accept a servant girl on terms of social equality, will not call her "Miss" nor give her a seat with the family at meals. Thus there is a deadlock and much complaint.

THE FATHER OF BEE CULTURE.

Charles Dadant, of Hamilton, Ill., died recently at the age of 85, and the world is deprived of one of the highest authorities of this age on bee culture. He was a native of France, and he had an international reputation as a practical worker and importer and as a writer and publisher. In 1836 he revised and published the book "Langstroth on the Honey Bee," which has been styled the "classic of bee culture." This work was published almost simultaneously in America, France and Russia, and has now reached its sixth edition.

No doubt there are many of the Statesman's readers that would like to know something of the history of Mr. Dadant, consequently the following is given: The birthplace of this quiet, modest, but world-famous man was Vaux Sous Aubigny, in the golden hills of Burgundy, France, and he was born May 22, 1817. After his education in the college of Langres he went into the mercantile business in that city. Langres, a famous old Gallic town, is located on the hills 600 feet above the valley. Mr. Dadant prospered in business until a railroad was built through the valley. The town on the hillside succumbed to the valley's advantage in transportation, and many fortunes were lost in the

highland city. Mr. Dadant suffered misfortune at this time and came to the new world to begin life anew. He came directly to Illinois and settled on his present land near Hamilton in 1863, where he entered into grape growing. A man near him kept bees; Mr. Dadant became interested in them and finally secured two colonies, which he studied with great care and interest. He read every authority on bees, applying their suggestions and trying each new idea, and he found it not only a genial and profitable employment, but one which in his hands yielded marvelous results.

In 1873 Mr. Dadant made a trip to Italy to import the bees of that country to the United States. Later he began the manufacture of comb foundation which has made his name famous, and which has made his name famous, and his factory and output is the second largest in the world. The firm of Dadant & Son ship to all parts of America to every country in Europe and to South America and India.

Starting with two hives in 1864, by 1883-84 he had 500 colonies, and on apiary alone of eighty-seven colonies yielded 25,000 pounds of honey more than enough to pay for the farm on which they were kept.

When Mr. Dadant came to this country at the age of 46 he could neither speak nor read English. He subscribed for the New York Tribune, then Horace Greeley's paper, and with the aid of a French-English dictionary he read the news from the Tribune, denying him self all French papers and magazine during that time of study. In three years he had mastered the language and was writing articles for the American Bee Journal.

Investigating the bee culture in France, he found that his native country was much behind the times in the enterprise, and he wrote a series of articles for L'Apiculteur, published in Paris. But his articles were refused publication, his theories were scoffed at, and with unflattering names he was called "The American Barnum." However, Ed. Bertrand, of Switzerland, was attracted by the discussion and established the Revue International D'Apiculture, and invited Mr. Dadant to collaborate with him in editing it. Mr. Dadant complied with articles which revolutionized bee culture in Europe.

Mr. Dadant improved the Quinb hive, and what is now known as the Dadant hive is the most popular one in the world and is used exclusively in some countries. His chief enterprise, however, was the manufacture of comb foundation. His firm received a generous shipment of crude beeswax, put it through a refining process and converted it into comb foundation, which are used almost entirely by bee keepers. This work was all done by hand till in 1896 when they received the right to use a patent process, which has made their comb foundations the best in the world and greatly increased the capacity of the plant.

The story of the way Dadant & Son secured the use of this patent method is interesting. About 1896 F. B. Wood of Pennsylvania, the inventor of the method, came to Hamilton to place his ideas before Dadant, with the hope of selling. The Dadants were not convinced that the invention was complete enough to be of any value to them. After two weeks' sojourn Wood said he would go back to the East and try to perfect it. He was destitute and Dadant gave him money for his needs. F. B. Wood's gratitude for their assistance, promised the Dadants that if he ever made a success of his invention he would give them a share in the benefits. Mr. Dadant did not expect to hear from him again, but he did make a success of it and wrote them. Not hearing from them at once he sold his patent to an Eastern firm, reserving the right for Dadant & Son to use the method. So these two firms have the exclusive use of this important invention.

In 1900, when C. P. Dadant went to Paris to attend the International Beekeepers' Association, as a delegate from the United States National Beekeepers' Association, he was hailed with pride and joy by the beekeepers there assembled, because of what his father had done for the industry. C. P. Dadant's son would have gone into the firm this fall and the firm name would have been Dadant, Son & Grandson, but the death of Charles Dadant leaves the firm as it was, Dadant & Son the young man becoming the junior partner.

NEITHER TO BLAME.

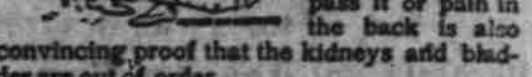
There has been much discussion in the Oregonian recently of the need of a meat-packing establishment in Portland, conducted on the same plan as the large establishments at Omaha, Kansas City and other well known packing points. One of the writers called attention to the fact that the prices paid in Portland for hogs range from a cent to a cent and a half a pound less than is paid at Omaha.

Another writer says the farmers of Oregon are to be blamed for allowing such large quantities of pork products to be brought here from the East, and the fault should not be found with the butchers for the existing condition of things. The fact is that the farmers of Oregon always increase rapidly the production of hogs when it pays them to do so. The butchers in Portland have never paid more for hogs than has been necessary to keep Oregon hogs from going to Eastern markets except when there has been a temporary unusual scarcity. Whether they should be blamed for this or not, we do not say, but it is exasperating to see a statement that the farmer is to blame, and the butcher blameless.—Oregon Agriculturalist.

Neither is to blame. It will all work itself out pretty soon. When there are enough hogs raised to justify packing houses, butchering on a large scale, there will be packing houses. This time is now not far away. It is closer than most people imagine. Never before in the Pacific Northwest was there such a rapid development of swine breeding. The Statesman does not take a great deal of stock in the assault that is being made on the Eugene Divinity School. Perhaps the man who wrote the catalogue for the Divinity School was more enthusiastic than prudent in extolling the advantages of attendance at that institution on account of its proximity to the State University, where students may have advantage of the free education provided at the expense of the state at large, while pursuing their studies for the ministry. But there is no law against any other denomination locating its divinity school there and securing the same advantages. Or

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out. Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours. A sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also



convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order. What to Do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects invariably a bold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

against any other denomination locating its divinity school at Salem and thus giving its students the advantage of the literary training to be had at the Willamette University. There should, of course, be no connection between the State University and the Divinity School. But the simple fact of the location of the latter near the former does no harm, and is not subversive of the principle against the union of church and state.

It is truthfully said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor of his race. The man who creates a market for a product where there was no demand for it before is truly a benefactor of his kind. Then Hop Lee, who conducts a wash house opposite the Willamette Hotel, is a benefactor. Hop Lee is a native of the Chinese Empire. He has created a demand for the common turtles found in the creeks and slough hereabouts. He buys the turtles at remunerative prices and ships them to Portland, where they become the basis of the turtle soup of the Chinese residents of that city. There is good money in turtles—from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per dozen, delivered to Hop Lee, "cash on the block."

The colored people of New Orleans declare that they will not patronize the separate care the law requires the street railway company to put into operation October 15. They propose to establish stage lines and run in opposition to the street cars. There is much indignation expressed by them, but little common sense. They cannot think seriously that the stage lines will be financially successful; they must, therefore, recognize that their remedy is of temporary nature. Stage lines will not break up the street car company, and it is doubtful if they can be operated long enough to serve as an object lesson to the next Louisiana Legislature.—Mobile, Ala., Register.

The American people are with Theodore Roosevelt because he enforces their laws without fear or favor. They are with him because he stands for policies of national duty and national honor. They are taking serious thought of no other Presidential candidate, because of what Theodore Roosevelt has been, what he is and what they know he will be. And no "Bickering flames" of "ambitious partisans" can alter this situation.—Chicago Inlier Ocean (Rep).

Samar is disposed to be revolutionary about the selection of a civil governor; but when we reflect that the United States has done more for free government and the extension of civilized rule in the Philippines in three years than Spain did in three centuries the situation looks hopeful.

Most of the patrons of the rural mail routes are gratified to know they will not be obliged to sit up late at nights and wait for their mail. Our farmer friends are not sitting up late at nights these days. But they are getting up early of mornings, in order to take advantage of all the daylight.

The California newspapers are attempting to prove that the recent earthquakes in the southern part of their state did not amount to much. They fear it will scare Eastern people and thus keep away their excursion traveler and tend to stop immigration.

Forty-two years ago a California miner buried \$2,000 under his cabin floor. The other day he found the principal but no interest. Think of the good this money and the profits or interest thereon might have accomplished in these forty-two years.

King Edward, say London advices, may have to be crowned in a bath chair. That's not so bad. We'd be willing to be crowned in a high chair or a wheelbarrow. If absolutely necessary, we'd sit on the floor.—S. F. Bulletin.

Tracy got back to his first page position in the Portland Evening Telegram yesterday.