

THE WEEKLY OREGON 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 .50
Three months, in advance .25
One year, on time 1.25

The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty-two years, and it has some subscribers who have received it nearly that long, and many who have read it for a generation.

CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



DECAY OF COMPLIMENTING MARKS RISE OF INTELLIGENCE.

San Francisco Bulletin: The time is past when men were required to "pay compliments" to women. Not so very long ago when a girl mentioned the stars it was a gentleman's cue to ask whether she did not mean her eyes.

In France the art of complimenting was perfected, and a French compliment ranked with French perfumes and French gloves. Courtiers studied complimenting as carefully as they studied fencing.

But compliments were not invented by the French. They date from the earliest period of history. In absolute monarchies where servility is greatest, they flourish best.

"Ah, sire, the rain of Marly does not wet," the dripping Cardinal de Polignac had the hardihood to say to Louis XIV when he was caught in a fierce shower at the rural retreat which the monarch had fitted up for himself and Madame de Maintenon.

But compliments were not invented by the French. They date from the earliest period of history. In absolute monarchies where servility is greatest, they flourish best. The hero-glyphics on the tombs of the pharaohs reek with exaggerated praise of the dead within.

English courtiers, barring a few, were never so neat at complimenting as the French. Some Englishmen of letters, however, have made compliments that were not amiss. "I spent the morning with Mackintosh," said Robert Hall, the preacher, "and heard him talk, but, oh sir, it was like pouring the Euphrates into a teacup."

"The charms most royal of every fair Te frame a perfect whole," he must have meant it, for the lines

were composed after the lady had discarded the amatory poet.

In some Latin countries, it is said, the custom of giving exaggerated compliments still thrives, and it pleases a lady when a youth places his hands over his eyes to signify that her beauty dazzles him.

One of the most disgusting compliments on record is that paid by the poet Dryden, not to a woman, but to a man, Lord Hastings, that had died of the smallpox. The poet compared the pustules first to rosebuds and then to gems, and at last, as Dr. Johnson said, exalted them into stars, and wrote:

"No crown need foretell his change drest on Whose corpse might seem a constellation."

No language has a match for this similitude of the pustule-covered corpse of a smallpox victim to a constellation of stars. To offset Dryden's fulsome verses there is Dick Steele's compliment to a lady—not his wife, by the way—which some one has pronounced to be the finest compliment ever paid to a woman.

One of the best signs of the intellectual emancipation of men and women is the decline and fall of the compliment. Women nowadays have too much brains to be gratified by a nonsensical compliment attributing to their merits which they do not possess.

A sincere, well meant compliment should please any rightly constituted man or woman, especially if it come from one whose opinion is of worth, but the man—or woman—that habitually deals out compliments is a despicable creature whose day is over.

TO THE VOTERS.

For the information of those legal voters who are not already advised in the matter, the Eugene Guard gives the following: "We will state that you are not required to again register for the special election called by Governor Chamberlain to be held June 1, 1903, for the purpose of electing a Congressman to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Thomas H. Tongue."

"The law provides for the registration of voters only for general elections once in two years and not for special elections like this coming one next June. For this the last registration is in force, and those who have since become legal voters may exercise that right upon the affidavit of six freeholders as provided by registration blank 'A.'"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This is the day sacred to the memory of Saint Patrick, called the patron saint of Ireland. It is the anniversary of his death, not of his birth.

The baptismal name of Saint Patrick was Succath ("brave in battle"). His birthplace is not certainly known, and the dates are all disputed. He says of himself, in his "Confessions," that he was born in the village of Bonaven of Tabernia, which some think to have been Kirkpatrick, near Glasgow in Scotland, but others, more probably Boulogne, in Northern France. He was born about 387; was a captive in Ireland from 403 to 409; went thither as a missionary in 432, and died in 465.

Ireland was then occupied by a great number of petty tribes, most of which were evangelized by Patrick. And so well was the work accomplished that Ireland was known in subsequent centuries as the "Island of the Saints." The method employed was that of dealing cautiously and gently with the old paganism of the people. The chiefs were first won over, and then through them their clans. Of Patrick himself, much that has been related is fabulous. But his autobiographical "Confession" and his "Epistle to Coroticus," both of which are unquestionably genuine, reveal to us a devout man and a most discreet and energetic missionary.

Saint Patrick's Day, the seventeenth of March, is observed the world over where there are men with Irish blood in their veins, and the Catholic Church in every clime assists at this time in keeping fresh the memory of the name that is revered not only in the Green Isle, but throughout the realms of civilization.

CARDINAL VIRTUES.

Says the New York Press: "Every day we hear some one talking about the 'cardinal virtues.' What are they? How many of us know them? It is back as caren cmfwy shrdlu cmfwy said that among the ancients as far back as Socrates, there were four virtues—Justice, Prudence, Temperance and Fortitude. They were called 'cardinal virtues' because human virtue turned, or hinged, upon them—'cardo,' Latin, meaning 'a hinge.' The Roman Catholic Church called them the 'moral' virtues, to distinguish them from the theological virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity."

The Salem Real Estate Exchange is getting itself in good shape to regulate the business here and make this line a

creditable one for the Capital City. Eighteen firms and individuals have become members of the Exchange; no man or firm having refused to join and to agree to stand by the rules of the organization. It is to be hoped that the Exchange will have the loyal support of the public as well as of the members. In this case much good will be accomplished, and new comers will be given a favorable reception, instead of being driven to other points by men trying to cut the business throats of one another.

According to a bulletin sent out by the publicity bureau: "Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela, reports that President Castro will make an effort to arrange his affairs so that he can visit the World's Fair, St. Louis, in 1904." As the court at The Hague will no doubt be still considering his case, it is probable that President Castro will be successful in so arranging his affairs. In fact, he may by that time find it convenient to be absent from Venezuela, on account of the ambitions of some revolutionary leader.

By way of testing the steadiness of the big ship Cedric, which is described in another part of this morning's Statesman, a glass filled to the brim with champagne was placed on a table in the cabin when she left Liverpool, and she managed to make the trip to New York without spilling a drop. It was a triumph for the steadiness of the ship and also a proof that the passengers were a strictly abstemious lot.

Old Yamhill won both the principal prizes in the oratorical contest of students at Eugene, the first being awarded to McMinnville College and the second to Pacific College at Newberg. It will be said that all Oregon's great men were either born in old Yamhill or at some time lived in that county or passed through it. This latest decision will make old Yamhill "feel her oats" again.

While a Berkeley, Cal., philosopher has been announcing that the creation of life by chemical process is well within the realm of probability, a French genius declares he can give sight to the blind, and a young Alabama man says he has discovered an apparatus which enables the deaf to hear. And still there are some among us who declare that an advocacy of miracles is idiocy.

The Salem postoffice is to be turned over to its custodian on April 1st, and it will then be ready for occupancy, though some finishing touches will probably still be needed. There should be some appropriate ceremonies to celebrate the turning over of the building. It will be elegantly and conveniently finished, and Salem will have good reasons to be proud of it.

Whitaker Wright, the London "promoter" arrested in New York, was the organizer of a lot of rotten financial enterprises in which the names of some of the most exalted persons in England were used, including several sons of royalty. He had up to this time evaded arrest, on account of these high-toned personages. The bursting of his financial bubbles occurred some two years ago.

There is a project on foot for an electric road from Hood River fifteen miles up the river and valley of that name toward Mount Hood. Is it not time such projects were being considered for the Willamette valley? The time will come when the valley will be covered by a net-work of electric lines—and it will not be many years in coming.

The city of Victoria, B. C., is to have a Carnegie library. There is no reason in the world why Salem may not have one of these libraries, excepting that we do not organize and ask for it. The state of Oregon is one of the few that has not secured a Carnegie library.

Salem must not be satisfied with anything short of the most beautiful grounds money and good taste can provide around the new postoffice building. There must be an additional appropriation for the permanent improvements.

The original Uncle Tom of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is dead at the age of 111 years. And it is remarked that he leaves a large and nomadic family of Elizas, Little Evans, Simon Legrees and miscellaneous bloodhounds.

It is said the Southern Pacific will build a new depot at the State Fair Grounds at once. This is a needed improvement that will be appreciated by the people of Salem and the traveling public.

Exhibitors are already engaging space at the grounds for the State Fair this fall. It is going to be the biggest and best ever held west of the Rocky Mountains, without question.

A New Jersey preacher is endeavoring to prove that St. Patrick was a Baptist. But he does not go so far as to insist that every Baptist shall be allowed to celebrate the day.

It is said the \$1000 advertising fund will positively be closed up this week, and the first of the 30,000 descriptive pamphlets started off within a few days.

A few dollars yet are needed to complete the \$1000 advertising fund. Only a few dollars. If your name is not on the roll of honor, get it there and close up the list.

President Roosevelt is to be in Salem on Thursday, the 21st of May. Our people must commence preparations at once to make the reception a fitting one.

Salem will be as proud of her new postoffice building as a boy with a new pair of boots.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Senator John D. Daly, who is slated for Surveyor General of Oregon, is one of the best known men in Oregon, and he has a host of friends in all parts of the state. He has long been a resident of Benton county and a great friend of the State Agricultural College at Corvallis. He is an experienced surveyor. Henry Meldrum, who has been serving as Surveyor General, will be dismissed.

It is said that Hon. A. S. Dresser, of Oregon City, is slated for Register of the Oregon City Land Office. The many friends of Hon. C. B. Moores, of this city, the present Register, will be sorry to learn that he will not be able to retain the place. Mr. Moores has made a good and competent officer.

Marion county's treasurer will, within a few days, have in his possession over \$100,000, though his bond is only for \$50,000, and that is as much as the present law will allow. However, Marion has a good and honest treasurer, and the funds would be safe if they amounted to a million dollars, and there was no bond at all. But the salary of the office should be more than \$1000, and the county should pay for the bond, which costs him \$200 a year. Or else provision should be made for the depositing of the funds in a bank or banks, which would be the more modern way of keeping the funds, relieving the treasurer of the necessity of giving a large bond.

Professor Shaler, of Harvard, points out that European peasants are suspicious of "the people of the west." Age-long feuds like that between Siena and Florence are common. In this country, owing to constant travel, the most ignorant are ready to trust any stranger.

United States Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, in an address in Baltimore recently, on "The Thoughts of Robert E. Lee," said that the nineteenth century produced five soldiers to whom the world has given the title of great, these being Napoleon, Wellington, Von Moltke, Grant and Robert E. Lee.

Two elderly women were sitting in the House gallery in Washington carefully scanning the various members of that body on the floor below. One of them turned to a man next to her and inquired: "Could you tell me the name of that patriarchal gentleman there?" "That is General Grosvener," was the reply. "Grosvener? Grosvener?" the woman exclaimed. "I wonder if it is possible for a man to be as wise as he looks?"

ON ECONOMY.

Economy is the easiest thing to preach and the hardest to practice. The time to practice economy is when you've something to economize with. Don't wait until the flour is all out of the barrel before you begin to save it.

A lot of fellows go around economizing on bacon and eggs, but feeding fat the slot machine at the corner cigar stand. It is a freak man and hard to find that is able to economize in all directions.

Every man has his own pet economy. But for every economy he practices you will generally find about six extravagances to balance the account.

You will find it difficult to preach economy to a man when he has money and wants to spend it. The best time is when he hasn't anything and no place to spend it.

If men would only economize their vices there would be no need of economy in the cash register. A man will waste more money on some measly little sin than would serve to keep his dues paid up in the best church in the land. And the worse the vice the more extravagant he is with it. Some fellows will swear a blue streak from the dawn until dark and never grow tired. If only people were so fond of saying good things as they are of reeling off the bad the earth would be a sweet dream and there would be no immediate desire to emigrate over Yonder.

When a man decides it is good to economize he generally begins with his wife.

When a woman decides to economize she usually patches her whetted husband's trousers where they have come most in contact with the grinding office chair.

Economy sometimes strikes the young. When a boy economizes he buys a bank takes up a collection—and bursts open the bank with a hatchet the next day.

Men begin to economize their strength when they haven't any left. Use your judgment all the time and as a general rule you'll find you won't need to dabble very deeply in economy.—Exchange.

UNCLE SHAD PHILOSOPHIZES. Ah can't help wondering mo' and mo' Bout lots of folks Ah see; De way dem people carries on; Sho' do seem strange to me; Can't explain it, no way dat I try; Dey's wuss dan 'rithmetic To figger out an 'clar to you Dem folks mos' makes me sick!

Ah used to meet 'em at de chuch An' out upon de street; An' eb'ry time dey's wearin' ob A smille mos' good an' sweet; Kain't unnerstan' why dey should smille On strangers all aroun' But soon as dey get home dey wear For loved ones an ill-natured glare, An' jaw an' sneer an' frown!

Thursday, May 12, will be a big day in Salem. The President will be here. President Harrison visited Salem May 7, 1901, and he is the last President who has so honored us, though President McKinley had his date set, and was prevented from coming on account of the sickness of Mrs. McKinley.

This is the day for the wearing of the green, in honor of the memory of

Saint Patrick of Ireland. Not knowing the date of his birth, the day of his death is celebrated.

Marion county should capture that Congressional nomination. The stock of Blinger, the inventor of the celebrated compound handshake, is growing farther below par, and there is a chance for a new man.

It is announced that Jackson county will demand the nomination for Congress of Hon. W. I. Vawter, of Medford. Mr. Vawter is a good man, but Marion county should capture the nomination.

The Albany Herald says: "Hon. Percy R. Kelly would be an ideal Congressman. Young, active and full of vigor, he would make a record for efficiency and usefulness not only for himself, but for the entire district. Senator Kelly has not announced his candidacy, but has received many letters from friends throughout the district urging him to allow his name to be used. A solid delegation from Linn county will demand his nomination, and after June 1, 1903, it now looks like Congressman Kelly of the First Oregon District."

A TALKING ALARM CLOCK.

"Ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding! Get up, you lazy loafer! It's 7 o'clock!" Those strenuous words, preceded by the tinkle of a brisk little bell, caused the visitor in a West Philadelphia house to hop out of bed the other morning with immense suddenness. The words were an authoritative statement that he had the same feeling as submission he had had when a schoolboy and his father called him. So he jumped up now without question.

What had awakened him was a phonographic clock an ingenious arrangement devised by his host which was so set that the time spring which started the alarm started a moment later a phonographic attachment. The maker of the phonographic clock said he had thought of patenting it. "You see," he said, "the phonograph speaking to you after the alarm wakes you, can be made to say different things—can be made, for instance, if you have an important engagement, to tell you of it—can be made to state, emphatically to you, don't you know, the exact reason why you should arise. Usually my phonograph says to me: 'Get up, it's 7 o'clock. Get up or the boss will dock you for being late.'"

ECSTATIC EULOGY.

A story is going the rounds, of a youthful minister who, when he preached his first funeral sermon over a woman in a small Maine town, praised her so highly that the bereaved husband, sitting there listening, could not recognize her description. Finally, in a glowing peroration he pictured God and the archangels and the angels of the redeemed joyously forming a parade to welcome to heaven this "one of the very best of women." The patient husband, who had never been able to rule his own household could stand it no longer, and, leaping up, interrupted the preacher with a beckoning hand, gasping out: "No, no, elder, not quite that! She was only 'best middlin'!"

FORTY ACRES FOR A YALLER DOG

Tuskegee, Ala.—One of the most entertaining and most profitable speakers at the negro conference this year was a woman, Mrs. Lucy Nelson, of Dadeville, Ala. This woman had passed beyond the glimmer sunshine stage, in which so many women yet come to the meetings. She wore a neat jacket, a fur collar around her throat and a becoming hat although the garments were not so expensive as to seem out of place in such company. Mrs. Nelson is very black, a shiny black.

"Do the people in your community own homes, Mrs. Nelson?" asked Booker T. Washington.

"I thinks they's fixin' to own em, sah."

"But do they own them?"

"A heap of times you can't jest tell, sah. But they's holdin' 'em down."

"Do you own your home?"

"Yes, sah, I do," proudly. "And I can tell you just how I got it. I swapped a puppy dog for it."

The conference laughed.

"Huh?" said Mr. Washington.

"Yes, sah," the woman persisted. "I means jest what I says."

"Tell us about it."

"Well, it was 'this way. When I started I didn't have nothing at all but just a little yaller puppy dog. I took the little dog over to my brother-in-law's. He had eight little bits of pigs, oh, just so little and I swapped the puppy with him for one of the pigs. It was such a little pig it didn't look like it could live, but I nursed it good, and I prayed to the Lord to make that little pig come forward and do me good, and the pig lived and grew. The first year I turned her out and when she came back in the fall she brought me seven little pigs with her. That was my start. I've never had to buy any meat since. This winter I've killed three hogs, and I've got another at home now ready to kill. I've got forty acres of land now, all paid for, and a home, and it all come from that one little puppy."

"Do you hear that," exclaimed Mr. Washington, "you men?" I wish some of you would go home and swap your dogs for pigs."

EDISON'S WAY OF WORKING.

The play of Thomas A. Edison's mind is as wonderful as the characteristic way in which he does his reading. Outside of his technical reading he is said never to read a book unless it is spoken of to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problems" and was nervously pacing up and down his library like a caged lion.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

"No, I never have. Is it good?" Mrs. Edison assured him that it was.

"All right. I guess I'll read it now," and within two minutes the "problem" whatever it was, had been forgotten, and he was absorbed in Dumas' great story. As he finished his book he noticed the light of day peeping in and on looking at his watch found it was 5 o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind and, putting on his hat, he went to his laboratory and worked

Charles Bancroft Dillingham has a reputation as a wit among the theatre managers, says the New York Times. One of the stories told about him relates to the time when he decided to become a theatrical man. He was not in receipt of sufficient salary to supply his wants and that was one of the reasons he accepted an offer to take up the task of amusing the great public. After he tendered his resignation his employer came to him.

"Mr. Dillingham, I hear you are going to leave us," he said.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I thought your work was pleasant."

"It is, very," said Mr. Dillingham.

"Well, doesn't everybody treat you properly?"

"Yes, couldn't be nicer."

"Then," said the employer, "why should you leave us?"

"Well," said Mr. Dillingham, "you see, dad refuses to send me any more money."

MY GLASS HOUSE.

I sometimes think that other folk Are not as right as they should be—I often think my neighbor's yoke Is not as tight as it should be; But when I stop And think again, The fault, I find, Is in the stone, Not his at whom the stone is thrown— For I've a Glass House of my own.

The floor is big, the entrance wide— The hall is rich, and spacious, too, And piled about are sirs I've tried, And right things I have failed to do; The harsh word said, The wrong act done, And everything From sun to sun That lives to nurse regret I see, In my Glass House, to mock at me!

Some windows there are still intact, That tell the sins that I conceal— And others just a little cracked, And others just at their reveal; But there are some That shattered lie, To pierce my feet.

And I pass by— And dust of heedlessness, alas! Begrimed my broken House of Glass.

Would I the way to life might learn That leads to pure unselfishness? Would I the road of life might turn That points to truest happiness? Would I might see The faults that lie So thickly with The selfish "I,"

And ere I threw the traitor stone Repair that Glass House of my own! —Henry Edward Warner, in Baltimore News.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

The Statesman office has received a copy of the Harrisburg, Pa., Patriot, of Saturday, March 7. The Patriot is the principal paper published at the capital of the Keystone State. In the issue at hand the following article is found: "From distant Oregon comes a copy of the Chemawa American, the little weekly newspaper printed and published by the Indian boys at the Training School there. Chemawa is a reservation close to Salem, the state capital, and it is to the public spirit of the citizens of that place that the location of an important Government institution is due. The American can be a readable and instructive description of the Training School, which is modeled upon the lines that have given the institution at Carlisle its prestige. Major Wilkinson was almost contemporary with Col. Pratt in the establishment of the present Chemawa school at Forest Grove more than two decades ago, and like the founder of Carlisle, earnestly devoted to the elevation of the Indian in the social and moral scale. The membership of the school is above 600. Its Superintendent is Thomas W. Potter, who has for his assistant, William P. Campbell the latter for many years disciplinarian at Carlisle, where with Mrs. Campbell, the musical instructor, he enjoyed great popularity and gained useful knowledge of the best method of treating the Indian problem."

PUT ON NEW DEPUTY.

On account of the increased activity of real estate circles the work in the County Recorder's office has reached such proportions that Recorder J. C. Slegmund found it necessary to employ additional deputy hire. The new deputy is William Esch, of this city, who for several years past has been an employe of the fonsorial parlors of Jack Ryan. Mr. Esch is well known in Salem, and has many friends who are pleased over the appointment. By an act of the recent Legislature the allowance for deputy hire in the Marion County Recorder's office was increased from \$1200 to \$1800, thus enabling the Recorder to employ the additional help required to properly take care of the work in his office, the volume of which is growing rapidly.

THE COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Chairman W. J. Culver, of the Marion County Republican Central Committee, has called a meeting of the committee, to be held at the city hall on Saturday, March 21st, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of fixing dates for the primary and county convention, and appointing delegates to the latter, to elect delegates to the Congressional convention, which is to be held in Eugene on Thursday, April 9th.

THE RIVER RECEDING.

The maximum temperature for the 24 hours preceding 2 p. m. yesterday was 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and the minimum for the same period, 35 degrees. The stage of the river was 7.6 feet. This shows a fall of two feet since it reached its maximum height Friday night of 9.6 feet as a result of the rains of the past week.

TO THE HOSPITAL.

Mike W. Krebs, junior member of the firm of Krebs Bros., hop dealers and growers, was taken to the Salem Hospital last evening suffering with an attack of typhoid-malaria.

ITS FIRST PAYMENT.

Curry county yesterday paid \$1,525.50 into the state treasury to apply on its 1902 tax.

THE KIND YOU WANT ALWAYS RIGHT

Ask your doctor what he thinks of this great old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.

Ayer's Pills aid the Sarsaparilla greatly. They keep the liver active and the bowels regular.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Health
For 25 years I have never missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring. It cleanses my blood, makes me feel strong, and does me good in every way.
John F. Hedette, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Pure and rich blood carries new life to every part of the body. You are invigorated, refreshed. You feel anxious to be active. You become strong, steady, courageous. That's what Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for you.
Ask your doctor what he thinks of this great old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.
Ayer's Pills aid the Sarsaparilla greatly. They keep the liver active and the bowels regular.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.