

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year in advance	\$2.00
Six months in advance	\$1.00
Three months in advance	.50
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. Some of these object to having the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscriptions. For the benefit of those, and for other reasons we have concluded to discontinue subscriptions only when notified to do so. All persons paying when subscriptions, 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 do not. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, we will keep this notice standing at this place in the paper.

CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



WHEN LOVE WAS DEAD.

When Love was dead, quite dead,
and past all pain,
Beyond all prayers, and all re-
proaches said,
I laid him where no other love had
lain.
When Love was dead.
In a dark chamber of my heart, so
faint
I was to let that heart be com-
forted,
Remembering no longer, but in
vain.
One night, I crept and touched his
brow, instead,
And suddenly my tears fell
warm, like rain:
I could have sworn Love sighed
and stirred again,
Though Love was dead.
—Nannie Byrd Turner.

**ARE WE BECOMING A NATION OF
LAWBREAKERS?**

The refusal of the City Council to pass a resolution declaring its intention to support the police authorities in the enforcement of the new bicycle ordinance which that body had just enacted, is in a sense surprising. Taken with the subsequent declaration of the Chief of Police that without such agreement of the Council he will make no arrests for any violation of the ordinance, it presents a phase of modern tendencies toward lawbreaking worthy a little consideration.

While the bicycle regulations have never been rigidly enforced in Salem, nor elsewhere, for that matter, they have been absolutely ignored for the past few months, principally because it was given out that no arrests would be made for any kind of violation of the law, and since there was going to be no law recognized by the officers there was practically no law to be broken by bicycle riders. This was supposed to be partially excusable for the reason that the new law was generally unsatisfactory and further because a new council had been elected and another law would be passed.

Now, however, that a new and satisfactory ordinance has been enacted, the officers renew their intention to not enforce it. Why? It would be much better and would have a more salutary effect on the public to repeal the law outright, turning all the streets over to bicycle riders, than to pass a law regulating the matter and in the same breath announce that there is no intention of enforcing it against its violators.

But there is a drift in that direction in all our cities, which is noticeably extending to the people at large. A great many of our minor laws are ignored and it has become a popular saying that it is useless to pass a law that does not meet with public approval, for it cannot be enforced. After a prolonged consideration of the question by a committee of prominent citizens, the city of Portland adopted a reform charter formulated by that committee, one of the chief provisions of which was a strict prohibition of gambling, but all pretense of enforcing this important guarantee against this most hurtful of vices is abandoned and those who vio-

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."
—W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain, —
Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling out of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will send you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

late it are practically notified of the fact by the officers themselves.

In many parts of the state the game laws are openly violated the year around and officers frequently assert that they will make no more arrests, since no one can be found to testify against the offenders. Whole neighborhoods systematically ignore that law, giving as a reason that it is unjust, therefore, they consider themselves justified in becoming law-breakers. That the law does not suit some people is a sufficient justification for them to violate it. It requires no argument to show the utter unsoundness of this position, nor to what disorganization of all government its general application would lead.

The state and district officers have met with the greatest difficulty in enforcing the fishing laws, first, because few men can be found who will give testimony against the violators of those laws and, if such witnesses give their evidence in court, few juries will convict, no matter how convincing the testimony.

The State and Commissioner has the same difficulty in discharging the duties of his office. Public sympathy appears to be with the man who can "beat" the state or city in a contest to ascertain whether the law shall be observed or whether the violator of it can come out triumphant from a contest with the authorities. The state, as a rule, at least makes a pretense of enforcing all its laws, but in the cities an absolute surrender to the lawbreakers has in many cases been publicly announced.

Mayor Williams recently made a public statement that he intended to "revive the curfew ordinance" in Portland, adding that he thought it a good law. But the lengths to which we have gone as lawbreakers is here startlingly illustrated. A good provision is municipal law as a curfew ordinance is allowed to lie dormant or "revived" at the will of the authorities. It was a law all the time.

The effect of all this on the rising generation is hurtful in the extreme. Contempt for the law in small things leads soon to a similar disrespect for a more important law, and the result is the necessity for conventions, similar to that in session in Portland now, agitating the necessity for "Juvenile Courts."

We have here under the folds of the blessed Stars and Stripes "the best government under the sun," no doubt, but the very freedom we boast of, witnesses, if it does not lead to, more infractions of the law than is tolerated elsewhere on the face of the earth.

PROVING TOO MUCH.

In a headlong tirade against the Republican party in the House of Representatives a few days ago, VanDuser, of Nevada, vociferously attacked the "claim of the Republicans," as he termed it, of bringing prosperity to the country. He declared it all-bush, adding that the "unjust laws of the Republican party" had brought a condition at the end of Harrison's term where we were on the very verge of a tremendous panic which even Cleveland's election could not stop! He then declared, in a moralizing mood, that "prosperity is the gift of God—the result of a generous nature, not of the Republican party."

Of course no one would be so cruel as to even attempt an interference with such a heavenly frame of mind as this, but one can hardly suppress the inclination to inquire why, if God brings prosperity, it should ever come to an end? And, if He brings it to an end, why is He not the author of adversity, as well? And, if so, why Harrison's administration should be held responsible for "an approaching panic which even Cleveland's election could not stop?" Verily, the brother proves too much. His bunch grass enthusiasm became unmanageable.

NATIONAL SELF-INTEREST.

The present short lull in hostile demonstrations between Russia and Japan is portentous of events that may lead to a conflict involving many of the leading nations of the world. And underlying it all, in fact, is the importance of that old relic of barbarism, almost reaching into the obscure realm of antediluvian times, the Chinese Empire. Undeveloped, unprogressive and decadent, that great portion of the world's domain is most certainly waiting for the advance of modern civilization to absorb its territory and turn it to the uses of modern intelligent advancement.

Although one of the oldest nations of earth, China is almost as helpless as the present crisis as the Panama Republic. With hundreds of millions of people it has practically no army and its navy is a farce among the nations. Nothing more ludicrous could well be imagined than a modern warship manned by "Chinamen. Superstitious beyond any of the tribes of the desert, unaggressive and desiring nothing but to be left alone with the bones of their ancestors, the Chinese are simply in the way of the advancing hosts of civilization and their room and country are wanted.

By degrees they will be forced to give way to this advance. Their country may not be taken from them, in name, but in fact the markets of China are wanted by the great governments

of the world and in some way will be had. (The present contest between England, France, Germany, Russia, and indirectly, the United States, is based largely on a disposition on the part of each to see that no more than a proportionate share of the territory or trade may be secured by the other. It is the last conquest of importance which the earth affords and there is a great rivalry to secure as much of the "swag" as possible.

Japan is fighting for national existence, as it believes, but the larger nations of the earth are drawn thither through a substantial interest in the pie-counter. One of the pertinent questions is, does it pay?

POSSIBLE FUTURE COMPLICATIONS.

Assuming that the people will adopt the Direct Primary law which will be submitted to them at the coming June election, the interesting question arises, how far will it be immune, if at all, from the power of the Legislature to amend or repeal? Will the Legislature have the power to repeal an act which has been enacted by the people themselves? In other words, when the people in their sovereign power have said by popular expression precisely what they want regarding a certain proposition, have their representatives the right to declare that their action needs revision and to proceed to act accordingly?

This opens up a question of far-reaching importance. If the Legislature can amend or repeal an act adopted by the people, what have the people gained by their action? If the Legislature has this power under the referendum amendment, then the principle of that amendment is exactly reversed by its own provision. Under the former system the Legislature was both the initiative and referendum. Its action was final. The amendment was demanded that undesirable laws might be referred to the people, but under its operation, now that we have it, the people will initiate a law and refer it to the Legislature—unless, indeed, the claim be advanced that that body has no such authority.

Here will probably be an opportunity for some hair-splitting decisions by the Supreme Court, for if a law be adopted by the people through the initiative, and it seems to require amendment, even according to popular judgment, will there be no opportunity for changing the law except by initiating an amendment? And suppose there may be a dozen amendments necessary to cover as many acknowledged defects, who will propose them and by what method will they be agreed upon? Sometimes a law passed by the Legislature is repealed at the next session by unanimous vote—it has been found so unsatisfactory. Suppose a law initiated by the people should be so considered even by themselves after its trial, would it be beyond the authority of the Legislature to repeal it, being in session, or must the distasteful law stand until the sovereign people can reach it at the polls?

And, further, can the Supreme Court pass on the constitutionality of a law which the people have "initiated" and adopted by a popular vote? Can the people themselves do an unconstitutional thing at the ballot box, and has the Supreme Court the right to say so? The people can undo the Supreme Court but can that Court undo the people? And how far can it go in that direction without getting itself into a vast deal of trouble? Can the Supreme Court even undertake to decide whether it has the power to decide such a question. In fact, where does the referendum leave the Supreme Court and the Legislature and who will decide the question?

After all has been said about the principle underlying the initiative and referendum, there remains a very strong suspicion that the Missouri Judge was not far wrong when he said there was a wide divergence between that system and a republican form of government. Two law making powers, each distinct from the other, is an anomaly in any kind of government, especially, when each appears to have the authority to put a quietus on the acts of the other, with the only recourse upon a Supreme Court which may decide that it has no right to decide whether it can decide a question that the people, which created the Court, have already decided.

The adoption of the Direct Primary law may open up some very interesting constitutional questions, but we must have it.

PRIOR RIGHTS ON PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

The disagreements constantly arising between the old-fashioned people who will insist on driving horses on the public roads and the more modern automobilists, on the one hand, and between the slowgoing people who still walk on sidewalks and the bicycle riders who claim equal rights with them on the other, are difficult to settle in a satisfactory manner by legislative regulation. The natural conflicts which arise between the fixed customs or one decade and the invented innovations of a succeeding one keep us in a state of interrupted turmoil, which suggests the possible com-

fort enjoyed by those unprogressive nations that are willing to "let well enough alone," and to swear by the perfection of their fathers.

It has always been a difficult matter to find the proper place for an innovation and this is the age of constant changes. When the bicycle first appeared it was almost impossible to force a horse nearer to it than the furthest point he could reach in an effort to get away. To meet one in a country road confined in its width to a mere matter of fifty feet was like going into the jaws of death. With custom, however, this all passed away, since horses, like other animals, including the biped species, are not afraid of anything they are accustomed to meeting every day, and hence, rules governing the duty of a bicyclist upon meeting a team in the road, which were necessary ten years ago are now nowhere thought of.

But the automobile has come with all its hideous outlines and uncertain two-step movement to frighten the suspicious equine nature, and a newly found trouble confronts the legislator. In the eastern states this is a serious question, more difficult of solution than the bicycle problem ever was, for the bicycle rider can easily dismount in case of seeming trouble and when in a standing posture by the side of his wheel he offers no cause for fright to the average horse, provided he is able to discard the horrid facial expression commonly worn by the scorcher.

But with the automobile the situation is different. Singularly enough, the average country horse is possessed of a deadly fear of the automobile even when it is not in action. Although its appearance is not very dissimilar from the ordinary carriage without horses hitched to it, the horse—having horse sense—at once discovers the vehicle in motion without the ordinary visible motive power and, seeing the usual effect without any perceptible cause, at once suspects something supernatural and undertakes a short cut to the nearest point of probable safety.

But the automobilist cannot very well stop his machine every time he discovers a frightened horse, and a law providing this requirement would at once drive him from the road. In the first place, when the average exploiter of an automobile gets ready for action, with his jaunty cap tilted at the proper angle and his hands properly moistened with expectation, he starts on his journey with that determined air and expression of countenance that declares his belief in his undisputed divine right to the road and all its appurtenances, even unto the end thereof. Nothing mundane, terrestrial or unclassified must interfere with his prior right to the public highway for he proposes to get there on time or break a leg, frequently doing both—Salem automobilists excepted.

But, like the bicycle, the automobile has come to stay and it will have to be regulated, thought it will be a matter of growing into becoming accustomed to them, on the part of horses, and more consideration for the welfare of others on the part of drivers of the machines. A regulation requiring an automobile to slow down on the approach of a team would answer the purpose partly, but to stop absolutely, as is proposed in some of the eastern states, would almost be prohibitive, since starting an automobile is often one of the most annoying features about it.

After our horses become accustomed to bicycles and automobiles, and our Legislatures and City Councils succeed in regulating them in a satisfactory manner, it is to be hoped no other contrivance for attaining a greater speed in locomotion will be invented or discovered—unless, may be, a flying machine might be excusable, since their right of way would be absolutely unlimited and all the risks incurred would fall exclusively upon those foolhardy enough to test their case entirely on the unsubstantial promises of the air, either hot or cold.

A FALSE PROPHECY.

With the present struggle between Russia and Japan only fairly begun and the prospects good for other leading nations being drawn into it, the fact is recalled that it has not been long since the Secretary of the Boston Peace Society delivered an address before the Twentieth Century Club in Chicago, in which he said that "we are at present on the eve of international peace."

But we can never say with confidence that we are on the eve of a permanent era of peace. National and international interests have become so complex and interwoven that a clash is possible at any time. While the increasing intelligence of mankind may have a tendency toward peaceable arbitration of national differences, yet the complicated national interests and strife for commercial supremacy, especially since the complete subjugation of the globe has been accomplished, are likely at any time to cross the claimed rights of some nation in a manner that no arbitration will reach. All nations are sovereigns to a certain extent, and know no higher law than that of might under sufficient provocation, and each is the sole judge of the sufficiency of its provocation. We may advocate charity, arbitration and more patience, yet there is a vein of truth after all in the claim that "might makes right." Every appeal



Living Beyond His Time.

The tenacity with which Senator Morgan sticks to his theory of a Nicaragua canal, in spite of the march of events, but serves to emphasize the fact of his extreme age. In the days when the Nicaragua canal seemed the most feasible route, and conditions were favorable to its selection, Senator Morgan, with his great ability, became its special champion. It became his one object as a public man and the assistance he gave to the furthering of the great international undertaking was invaluable. But events have changed all that. The Panama route is now the one the United States has selected as the most feasible, but Senator Morgan is wholly unable to abandon his former pet scheme and his futile opposition to it and continued advocacy of the Nicaragua route afford a picture almost melancholy in its evidence of the old Senator's inability to keep pace with the rapid movement of current events.

But Senator Morgan is a very able man. He is one of the most entertaining men in public life today, in spite of his great prolixity as a speaker. His language is always of the best and his addresses show extended study of his subject, but the length of his speeches is appalling. And he speaks frequently. The complaint of the Ohio visitor to Washington is recalled, when he lamented to the Capitol attendant that every time he visited the House it had adjourned and when he went to the Senate Mr. Morgan was speaking.

But the aged Alabamian always has something to say when he speaks that is worth listening to—no matter what the subject, though during the last ten years of his senatorial service his subject has usually been the Nicaragua canal. Referring to this quality of Mr. Morgan as a public speaker, while discussing him in a private conversation a few years since, one of his colleagues said to another, "Morgan could take that chair as a text, stay rigidly by his subject, and make a two hours speech that would be worth any man's while to listen to."

A Valuable Souvenir.

The tearing down of the old wooden shacks adjoining the Statesman building has naturally furnished a text for a deal of indulgence in reminiscence talk by the groups of "oldest inhabitants" who stand around and comment on the manner in which the contractor is doing his work and, incidentally, on the old-time citizens who have occupied them in the bygone years but who departed so long since that their names have been well-nigh forgotten.

The removal of these reminders of departed days leaves the Statesman building, itself, unprotected from the public gaze, as it was when first erected. Inquiry from old timers brings out the fact that this building was erected in 1865 by Charles Stewart, and the paper was moved into it in the spring of 1869, having been published here continuously since—thirty-five years.

The room where the business office is now was originally used for a saloon, with a sort of trap door leading through the floor to what is supposed to have been a beer cellar. The false covering to this door, put in when the

Editorial Sidelights and Observations on Various People and Things, Picked Up and Scribbled Down at Odd Times.

Statesman came to occupy the room, is within a few feet of the chair which has been occupied by R. J. Hendricks so long that he has grown bald headed in the service. For thirty-five years that abandoned beer cellar has been closed to public or other inspection and what is in it, if anything, will never be known, perhaps, until the building is removed to give place to a sky scraper such as will be quite common here in the pretentious days of the future "Greater Salem."

During these thirty-five years there have been many changes in the personnel of employers and employees in the Statesman building. One day last week, during a personal call by Frank C. Baker, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, he remarked that he worked as a printer for the Statesman in these very rooms, while W. H. H. Waters had control of it, in 1876. There is no one connected with the Statesman at this time who was employed here when Frank Baker was a devil in the office.

A good many years ago the Statesman Publishing Company bought all the fixtures of the job office of the late E. M. Waite, including several cabinets containing apparently valueless papers of various kinds. Many of these were never disturbed until last week when in recesses of a dusty drawer was found an old paper of yellow parchment texture, about sixteen by twenty inches in size and containing a series of resolutions passed by a "Journeymen Printers' Convention," held in Portland, June 11, 1853. Where it has been all these years is merely a matter of conjecture, but presumably had been preserved in Mr. Waite's office effects, and when his business was transferred to the Statesman, was overlooked.

These pioneer resolutions were carefully engrossed in a neat hand, the signatures of the Chairman and Secretary having been copied, also. The first paragraph announces that "Pursuant to notice, the printers of Oregon and Washington Territories met in Convention in Portland, on Saturday evening, June 11, 1853, for the purpose of organizing a Typographical Society," and, "on motion, Ed. M. Cowne, W. B. Afflick, W. H. Stipp and R. D. Austin were appointed a Committee to draft resolutions."

The preamble, with the two most important resolutions, reads as follows:

"Whereas, we the printers of Oregon and Washington Territories, in considering the great disadvantage attendant upon the present system of our labor in these Territories, and with a view of obviating, as far as practicable, present evils, and establishing a basis on which all connected or interested in the cause of right can heartily endorse, consider the organization of an association for mutual protection and advancement of the Journeymen printers of the above named Territories necessary, Therefore,

"Resolved, That, after the 20th day of June, 1853, we, as members of this society, will not work at the printing business for less prices than the old established rates of fifteen hundred dollars a year or five dollars per day and will use all honorable means in our power to prevent rattring by either employed or employers.

"Resolved, That any printer belonging to this society, accepting a situation and working for less than these rates, shall be treated by us as a dishonorable man and hold it as our privilege to publish him to the world as a rat."

Of course, the printers in the Statesman office value this old relic very highly as a souvenir of the first stand taken by their brethren on the union principle more than fifty years ago. It has been nicely framed and will occupy a prominent place on the walls of the Salem Typographical Union lodge room.

The Silverton Switch.

The good people of Silverton through their city council, are in the midst of

a serious trouble in the matter of granting a renewal of the right to build or to continue a switch from the depot along Water street to the flouring mills at the upper end of the town.

For twenty years this switch has been used but it appears the franchise has expired and the contest is over its renewal. Public feeling is running high, as it frequently does in Silverton, and the end can only be made subject of a guessing contest. If the council grants the application for a new franchise which rests on the withheld decision of the Mayor's casting vote, threats are freely made to tear up the track and heave it into the turbulent billows of the ever-hurrying Silver Creek. In fact, this has already been done on a small scale, which act furnished the basis for the recent contest.

Gracious, how times have changed in Silverton since "before the war!" In those days the only switch on Water street, in Silverton, was to be found resting over the "master's" desk in the little school house at the head of the street, still beyond the mill, brought hither by the recalcitrant barefoot boys from the adjacent mill race, but at the earnest request of one G. W. Doland or, later, one William Cline both yet living in this county. And what a lot of restraining orders there were in those days. And how conditions do change! At that time Matt Brown was usually the victim of some restraining order while now he is earnestly clamoring for one. But the teacher or always had the casting vote, as the Mayor has now, and it always was decided in favor of the switch, as it is predicted the Mayor will in the present case—for which, without considering existing conditions, the Statesman assures him he has an illustrious local precedence of over forty years' standing.

For nearly half a century there never has been a time when some kind of a switch on Water street, Silverton, was not giving annoyance to somebody, and the writer saw the beginning of the trouble.

Those "old-timers" who have lived in Salem for a great many years will remember a dentist who, in the early history of Salem, had office rooms in the old "White Corner" building, up stairs. In his time he was one of the boys and a great favorite with the best young ladies of Salem. No man enjoyed life more than he, and his coming into any gathering of young people was not only a welcome innovation but invariably added to the gaiety of the program. But years ago he moved away to the wilds of Southern Oregon, married a lovely daughter of that historic section of the Commonwealth and had passed from the memory of all but the oldest of our citizens, when, the tearing down of the old buildings adjoining the Breyman block exposed to view his old sign, still fastened firmly to the side of the building at the foot of the stairway. In a fairly good state of preservation this ancient guide to that unfortunate portion of the public which might be suffering from toothache announces with letters yet unabashed in their boldness that "Dr. J. M. Keene, Dentist," was about the proper person from whom to seek relief. This faithful sign will recall to many of our very oldest settlers that there was once such a man here as "Doc Keene."

In reporting a Boston church meeting a local paper said the clergyman "made the finest prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience." But since Boston knows no higher or more cultured power than one of its own audiences, to whom should the clergyman have addressed his prayer? When General Grant was told that Sumner did not believe the Bible, he replied, "Why should he? He didn't write it."

When Your Joints Are Stiff
and your muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Painkiller. Perry Davis. Price 25 cents and 50 cents.

CUT THIS OUT

If You Are Interested in Poultry

To the Northwest Poultry Journal, Salem, Oregon:

Enclosed please find ten cents for a three months' trial subscription to the Northwest Poultry Journal. If I do not stop it at that time you may continue to send it and I will pay 50 cents within six months for a year's subscription. If not paid until the end of the year the price will be 60 cents.

Name _____

City _____

State _____