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The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years, and it has some subscribers who have received it nearly that long, and many who have read it for a generation. Some of them 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 notified to do so. All persons paying when subscribing, 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



((()))
 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF
 SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So, soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away;
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 O, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?
 —Thomas Moore.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Our southern exchanges, as might be supposed, take up the lynching of the negro at Springfield, Ohio, recently, as a subject for editorial comment, invariably citing it as a proof that negro hatred is as ripe at the north as at the south. And the southern papers are correct in this assumption. In fact, the southern people are much more tolerant with many of the almost unbearable features of negro peculiarities than the northern people would be.

Much of this is the result of hereditary conditions, coming from the peculiar relations existing between the two races for two hundred years, the relations between master and slave. Many of the great southern statesmen were nurtured by the milk from the breasts of the colored "Mammy" of the plantation, and the custom is in vogue in some portions of the south today—a sort of close alliance from which almost any northern man or woman would instinctively shrink. The existence of fully one million mulattoes in the south is another proof that the negroes are not altogether forgotten, neglected, or shunned by the superior race when occasion favors. They are universally members of southern households today, as servants of different degrees of trust, and in many ways are "used" in the south for purposes denied them in the north, not only because they are less numerous in the north but because they are not wanted there.

If the northern people were more kindly to them than those of the south, the negroes would undoubtedly go there in large numbers as an easy way to escape the many hardships to which they are undoubtedly subjected in the south. The northern people do not want the negroes among them and will not tolerate them with anything like the lenient treatment of their exasperating

traits that is meted out to them in the south.

There are a great many negroes of good character and entirely worthy of help and sympathy in their efforts to improve their own individual conditions and to uplift their race, but, naturally, the overwhelming preponderance of them are lazy, worthless, ignorant and have no higher ambition than to live and prowl without any more labor than will secure sufficient food and clothing for the day. The average laboring negro of the south is so shiftless that if his employer should pay him a few dollars in advance on his wage account he would cease his work at once, and could not be induced to return to it until his money was entirely gone. The average negro will not work unless starvation, or the prospect of it, drives him to it. He never works if he has any money in his pocket.

Every southern city has an army of negro loafers which has to be watched incessantly. The wonder of the visitor from the north is constantly at work on the problem "how do they live?" They loaf in squads, laughing and merry, but the very picture of desolation and want. This condition does not apply, however, nearly so largely to the negro women. They are always busy and can be seen at all times in the southern cities carrying large baskets of laundered clothes along the streets, earning the means of supporting, in many cases, worthless husbands.

But in the matter of social equality the lines are rigidly drawn in the southern states, especially in those furthest south. The traveler will easily observe the change toward exclusiveness as he goes southward. Negroes have many more privileges in Kentucky, or even in Tennessee, than in Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas. At a southern railroad depot separate waiting rooms are prepared for colored people, with signs over the doorways to that effect, and a negro who would venture into a waiting room for whites would be subjected to a sort of treatment that he would not soon forget. He never does it. When trains arrive no colored person even ventures to stand in front of the waiting room for whites, but all such collect in a group in front of their own quarters. Street cars are provided with two seats at the rear for colored persons, placards being placed at such seats giving this information.

Perhaps the negroes have as few objectionable traits as a white race would whose people had been in bondage for two hundred years, but this probability has no bearing toward removing the disagreeable condition at present existing at the south. The only feasible remedy for it appears to be the application of a vast amount of patience and to let the southern people solve the question as best they may. They are undoubtedly better qualified for it than are their inexperienced neighbors of the north.

FAIR PLAY IN POLITICS.

A correspondent of the Albany Democrat, signing himself "Populist," calls attention to the fact that when the Populist party disbanded in Linn county it cast about 1800 votes while the Democrats cast but 1000. This correspondent wants it remembered that the Democrats "earnestly urged the Populists to disband, promising that they (the Democrats) would treat the Populists with the utmost fairness in making future tickets." This patriotic appeal closes with the suggestion that in making up their tickets this spring in Linn county the Democrats should remember that solemn promise.

But what chumps the Populists of Linn county were when they disbanded, while numbering 1800 voters, merely on the promise of a party numbering but 1000 voters that the 1800 voters would be suitably remembered by the 1000 in the matter of the offices! "And the tail wagged the dog," etc.

Now, that the substance of the deal by which the Populists of Linn county were persuaded to surrender to an inferior foe has been made public, people generally will be deeply interested in seeing that the greedy but forgetful Democrats of Linn come to the mark in the matter of properly distributing the spoils. Of course, the Republicans of the county will secure most of the offices, or all, but the Democrats should keep their agreement with the Populists according to the terms of the capitulation.

The correspondent closes his reminder with the candid statement that "if the Democratic party wishes to secure the Populist vote it must make good its promises." While the Statesman desires to protest against this intimation that the Populist vote will go to the party that promises them the most offices, irrespective of what that party stands for as to public policies, it wishes to see the Democrats of our southern neighbor carry out the promise it made to the complaining correspondent and his associates. The Democratic convention of Linn county has a grave duty to perform and the eyes of the entire state will be turned in the direction of Albany on the 14th of April.

LOCAL OPTION AND THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

We print this morning a very readable article from a "Citizen" who, although strongly in favor of reason-

able temperance laws, rather questions the efficacy of a local option law for the very good reason that the legal restrictions we have on that and kindred questions are ample to afford all the protection society needs if they were but enforced.

And there is much to this suggestion. It is directly along the line pointed out by the Statesman on several occasions and is worthy of serious consideration, for the continued indulgence of a law-breaking tendency is going to make trouble for our country at some time. It is a safe and sensible rule to establish and to follow, that no law should be enacted on any subject, no matter how trivial it may be, unless it is to be enforced. Other countries, practically all of them, monarchies, kingdoms and what not, enforce their laws with a strictness never known in the United States, and one of the portentous signs of the times in our country is the growing disposition to submit to an increasing disregard for established legal requirements. This is especially so regarding municipal regulations though it is spreading into the realm of the state statutes year by year that has become noticeable to everybody.

Does the Legislature declare that certain game shall not be killed during a certain season and for a specified time? If so, a farmer will say, with an air of independence, inherited from Ethan Allen, (no doubt, he realises), that "the law is palpably unjust and that he has a right to kill any game that may be found on his land, etc., etc." So, he proceeds to kill the game with the same freedom as though he were not openly violating the law of the land. It is well to be an independent citizen of a great and glorious country, but no man should be permitted to be so great and independent that he becomes greater than the boasted country of which he is a citizen. Men who are other wise good citizens take this view of the matter of obeying the laws of the land, often little thinking what it means and what the example really stands for in embryo.

In the interest of the great salmon industry, the Legislature prescribes regulations regarding fishing, all in the interest of the fisherman themselves, primarily, and they are taxed for the purpose of maintaining a system of legal protection of the very business that furnishes them their means of livelihood, yet the state is obliged to support a small army of water bailiffs to patrol the river during a part of the closed season to prevent a class of fishermen from continually violating the very law enacted to protect their business.

A great fight will be made in a city for the purpose of electing a council which will suppress the admitted evil of gambling, the fight will be won overwhelmingly, and yet the officers elected for no other purpose than to enforce the laws—no other—will gradually drift into a channel where gambling is universally permitted and no protest by the great public can be made to penetrate the official ear. The gamblers cannot be found. No proof of gambling can be had. The officers would be only too glad to enforce the law if any proof could be furnished that it was being violated—so they go to the gamblers once or twice a month and receive their fines for violating the law—"because the city needs the money!"

When public officials permit a continued disregard of plain laws, openly violated under their personal observance every day, what can be expected of the younger generation in the years to come? Accustomed to seeing a well known statute repeatedly violated, that may, indeed, be, in a measure, of small consequence, the tendency is to risk the same thing in regard to some other legal requirement that may seem in the way of a greatly desired consummation whose realization would be a positive crime. Seeing these things done every day without molestation or punishment, the impulse naturally is to run the risk on a larger scale. It all tends to make us a nation of law-breakers.

If any man does not like a given law let him inaugurate a contest before the people looking to its repeal. This would be manly and proper as to any law. But no law should be violated, and no officer should permit it in any case. This is a reasonable ground to take, there can be no rational objection to it by any one and the result would be an increased devotion to the great principles of law and order and a noticeable decrease of crime in matters of larger importance that cannot be overlooked by the necessities of governmental existence.

A local option law which would give a community the right to regulate certain evils would seem to be of no very great benefit to that community when it already has that right and laws providing for their suppression, but which are not enforced. As our correspondent well says, the great need of the country is not more laws but the enforcement of those we have. If the laws already on our statute books were strictly enforced we would have a state of society that would be ideal.

AN UNFORTUNATE SITUATION.

While the Statesman is not inclined to adversely criticize the State Board for its action in deciding to not fur-

ther pursue the initial step towards building the Portage Railway between The Dalles and Celilo, it is to be regretted that the relief which either of these schemes would afford the producers of the Inland Empire must be postponed until the canal may be completed. The manner in which these two propositions have been presented to the Board is embarrassing, since, coming practically at the same time, there is a conflict between the two which cannot be avoided.

The narrow strip of land upon which the portage road must be built is at many places hardly wide enough for the O. R. & N. Co.'s track and already established right of way. To get a right for the portage road the state has instituted condemnatory proceedings and a contest with the O. R. & N. is now being waged. But just here comes the General Government with a proposition to proceed with the construction of the Canal and Locks, the permanent means of overcoming the great natural obstacles to navigation at that point, and which is desired in preference to any temporary device for that purpose.

There is no room for both the portage road and the canal, and there is no necessity for them both. The country is so narrow in many places that the same right of way would be needed for them both, but the regrettable feature of the situation is the proverbial slowness with which the General Government moves. One day with the Lord is said to be as a thousand years, and in this respect our Government trenches very closely upon this supposed exclusive right of Divine Providence. The producers of the country east of the mountains want the relief from hindered free transportation while they live—they want it while it will do them some good. And this is natural, as is their plainly expressed disapprobation of the delay on the part of the State Board in proceeding with the portage road which could be built within one year and which was duly authorized by the state Legislature after a protracted struggle.

The situation is an unfortunate one and has confronted the State Board with an embarrassing alternative. If the Government will proceed at once with its improvement, there is no necessity for taking any further step toward building the portage road. This is manifest, and perhaps the State Board has assurances that this will be done. Certainly the promise of the Government to this effect is out, and although there have been overtoppings lately that did not "look good," it is to be presumed that since the state accepted the assurance of the Government and provided the right of way for the great undertaking, the agreement will be kept.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

At the risk of crowding out more important matter we want to inform our readers that Britt walloped Corbett in San Francisco Friday night in good shape. The blood curdling affair is thus officially described as to the last and fatal round:

"Round 20 and last—They shook hands and immediately mixed it, neither landing. Britt missed a left to the jaw, and a right and left swing by Corbett went into the air. They mixed it again, Britt crossing with left to the jaw. Corbett missed a right for the jaw and they clinched against the ropes. As they broke Britt sent in two lefts and a right to the jaw. Britt missed a terrific right swing for the jaw and Corbett's efforts were wild. Very few blows found a lodging place. Britt sent in a right to the head and followed it with a left to the face, Corbett stalling desperately."

And yet we object to the Mexican bull fight because it is degrading. Of course an exhibition such as the above must have an elevating effect on the civilized Americans who flock to see them but who find difficulty in expressing indignation at the "brutality" of semi-civilized Americans! It is merely a matter of whether you think more of a four-legged bull or a two-legged brute by another name.

ANOTHER ERUPTION ON THE BODY POLITIC.

As the Statesman predicted only two days ago, the difficulty between Platt and Odell has taken on a new spell of strenuousness. We did not for a moment believe that peace had perched permanently on the banners of these two bloodthirsty warriors, though the public was assured that Platt was again placed in the saddle and that Odell was floating around in the dreamy realms of the seventh heaven of undisturbed delight at the satisfaction of seeing Platt take up the reins of party management in the Empire state. Odell was offered the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee but refused it (so it was reported) but was to have the Chairmanship of the State Committee—so it was reported—and Platt was willing to retire from active service—it was reported so—and everything was serene on the Hudson and Manhattan Island—so it was reported.

Only yesterday, however, the dispatches were red with fiery threats and read with deep interest also, as they detailed how "Platt refuses to bow to Odell," and since his friends must "be saved," the ambitious Governor should be humiliated. If Odell triumphs the Chairman of the state committee will



From the Office Window

A Reminiscence.

The recent visit of W. S. Gilliam, of Walla Walla, to the scenes of his early life in the Willamette valley recalls the prominent part he took in the development of the country in the times when it is said some people settled down in this country because they could not settle up where they came from.

At the time of his visit to Salem in January last, the published report of the fact alluded to his being the first sheriff of Polk county and that, as such, he officiated at the first legal execution which ever took place in our sister bailiwick across the river. An inspection of the files of the Statesman for that date reveals the fact that the murdered man was named Serenus Hooker, and his murderer was William Everman.

Hooker owned a farm across the Rickreal but a mile or two south of the present town of Dixie, not far from the Nesmith home, and having missed a watch which had been taken from his house did not hesitate to publicly say that Everman was the thief. The accusation coming to Everman's ears he threatened to kill Hooker for it. Not long afterward Hooker was found in his field dead, having been shot twice. Very naturally, Everman was suspected of the murder and inquiry brought the information that the day before he had started to California, and had pretended to, in company with his brother Hiram and two other men named Smith and Coe.

A party consisting of Hen Owens, J. N. Burch and James Foster immediately started south in search of the missing men and G. W. Basket went to the mouth of the Columbia river to watch outgoing vessels. The murder occurred on Friday, February 12, 1852, and the pursuing party overtook the fugitives on Deer creek, in the Umpqua country near where Roseburg now is, and they were arrested at the house of a man named Walker, on the Monday following. They were brought to Dallas and the preliminary trial was had before Justice of the Peace Lovelady on March 14, who bound them over to be tried in a higher court.

In the meantime, as the Statesman of February 24, 1852, says, "they were lodged in jail, if the upper story of the court house can be called a jail."

Judge O. C. Pratt presided at the trial and the accused men were defended by David Logan. R. P. Boise was prosecuting attorney and he was assisted by Matthew P. Deady. William Everman was sentenced to be hung, his brother Hiram plead guilty as an accomplice and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, while Smith plead not guilty, but the jury disagreed in his case—eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. They

were ousted and that would cause the aged Boss much tribulation which he proposes to avoid by assuming a more trouble in order to escape his first difficulty. It is added that Platt is "too old a politician not to know what defeat means," as though a great many young politicians were not on Easy Street when it comes to being on intimate terms with the monster Defeat!

But through it all shines the one ray of uplifting hopefulness that "while the fight for control will be bitter, both factions will heartily support Roosevelt." Men may come and men may go but no matter where they go, or when, everybody is for Roosevelt. At the same time, this difficulty in New York should be heroically met and settled, Roosevelt or no Roosevelt, in order that a suffering public may turn its attention to the war in the far east, or, it may be, to the Rise and Fall of Senator Smoot. The President should summon these two red-eyed combatants to dinner at once.

The sadness which at all times attends the visitation of death in a community seemed more than unusually intensified in the unexpected demise of Mrs. Mary Cunningham, whose funeral took place on Thursday afternoon. The old historic Congregational church was filled to overflowing on the occasion, an impressive testimonial to the high esteem in which she was held by the entire city. It is seldom that the heart-felt grief over the death of a member of the community is so pronounced as was manifested by the minister and congregation throughout the service. Mrs. Cunningham was a model wife, mother and daughter, still young, always kind to her associates, congenial in every walk of life, and no woman in the Capital City seemed to have a more promising future before her than she. Her husband and lovely little daughter as well as her parents, sisters and brother, have the sympathy of the entire city in the sorrow which is the common lot of humanity. While she has merely preceded her friends and associates to the Better Land, it is the lesson of philosophy to accept the inevitable with that spirit of resignation

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

both applied for a change of venue which was granted—to Yamhill county—but before the trial Smith jumped from the second story of the court house and escaped, but was recaptured within a few days in Yamhill county. At his second trial he was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung, but was afterward pardoned by Governor Gaines.

Before his execution Everman made a full confession, detailing how he went by Hooker's field where he was plowing with two yokes of oxen. As he approached the fence at one side of the field, Everman secreted himself in an old "hog house," and as Hooker was turning his team around Everman shot him from his hiding place. He fell to the ground, after which Everman climbed the fence and shot him again, Hooker begging and promising never to tell who shot him if he would only permit him to live. In the confession he made before the execution Everman said he told his brother he was going to kill Hooker, for he would rather do so and run the chances of getting away and never being suspected than to have the report reach his people in Missouri that he had been accused of stealing a watch.

Before his death Everman took his guards to the place where the watch was secreted under some bushes on the banks of the Rickreal. He said he was 25 years of age, of good parentage and was the victim of "bad company."

The growth of newspaper enterprise during the half century is well illustrated by the fact that though this execution was an important event in the life of the new territory, and was but twelve miles from Salem, no account of it appeared in the Statesman until two weeks after its occurrence. The regular weekly edition of the Statesman was issued on Tuesday, the 12th of May, 1852, the day of the execution, but no reference to it was made on that day nor on the following issue, but on the 26th a report was printed on the editorial page, furnished, as was explained, by Col. Jo. Meek, who had happened to be in Dallas and had come over to Salem.

Is There to Be No Escape?

That exceedingly busy State Board of Health of ours is now entering upon a vigorous campaign against the bacteria which it has discovered in the milk supply of the state, with the assurance that most of it, and perhaps, all, is inhabited by the destructive bacilli, bent upon the annihilation of the human race. We can stand fairly well the ban placed upon the crystal waters of the Beautiful Willamette, as they go swooping onward, ever, toward the Moon-mad sea, and, if need be, resort to beer in the interest of personal health—and the hop raisers, incidentally—occasionally, and say nothing about it, but when the Board, emboldened by the uncomplaining resignation which has characterized the community since it was notified that certain death awaited those who dared to consume Salem water, has gone a step further and de-

nounced the milk of the country, we feel it our duty to raise a voice of protest against the unspeakable atrocity.

If this thing goes on where in the name of common sense are we to turn for safety? Does the State Board know of anything that is safe to eat—or drink? If so—which is doubtful, however—will it please name it? Is there a single article of food or drink on the earth that the imperceptible but ubiquitous and voraciously destructive microbe-bacilli does not secretly inhabit? Hot biscuits were taboed by a board of health-prescribers a few years ago, the cold, old-fashioned light bread was pronounced practically indigestible unless made according to duly prescribed rules, which it was not always, or even occasionally, possible to follow, and the result has been the appearance of a perfect deluge of "breakfast foods" each warranted to be the indisputable incarnation of rock-ribbed health.

Now, however, comes a "Professor," whose home is in Chicago, of course, who declares that health foods themselves, and especially those of the breakfast variety, are wholly unsafe to take into the stomach on account of the prevalence of chloroplastid granules which are produced through the incomplete fermentation of the microscopic, rod-shaped vegetable organisms known as bacilli—or words to that effect. We have not made a literal quotation but have repeated the description from a fallible memory.

Bathing has recently been pronounced a dangerous experiment, since recently cases have been cited where both men and women who had not entered a bath tub for thirty years were in excellent health at ninety years of age while others who had obeyed all the prior, but now proscribed, rules for frequent bathing, had died while still wrestling with their teens! Hence, bathing has been found unsafe, removing, as it does, these natural porous excretions which nature intended for a necessary protection from the prowling inroads of insidious disease.

We have undertaken to follow all these new discoveries of science in the interest of that health we prize so highly—have abandoned the use of water, beer, all the principal varieties of food upon which our ancestors fed—and lived to a good old age, not knowing the danger they were in—have relegated bathing into the limbo prepared for all the other discarded enemies of bodily strength and have but now turned with loathing against the deceptive, undermining breakfast food, but until our State Board of Health gives us the name of some article of food that can be depended upon as being free from the dastardly bacilli, we propose to remain true to the family cow and the product thereof. We began using milk early in life and have more faith in its saving qualities than in the researches of our esteemed Board of Health—which must in some manner be vigorously sat down upon. If they are encouraged in their aggressive investigations by the unresisting listlessness of a supine community, their next innovation will be the discovery of an army of devouring bacteria in the milk of human kindness—an impending encroachment upon territory foreign to their jurisdiction against which a threatened community should unite in defense of the general welfare.

CHEAP

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