THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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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 these, 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

Red Riding Hood

Redder than her little hood
Was her blood,
So pure and good.
Pure, good, abundant
blood is made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which expels every humor, inherited or acquired, strengthens all the organs and builds up the whole system. It is

The Spring Medicine

par excellence—used in thousands of homes.

"I have been a nurse for nineteen years, and I know of no better blood renovator than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure, rich blood, tones the liver and kidneys and invigorates the whole system. It has relieved one of my friends of catarrh and cured many others of blood diseases."
A. C. PALMER, Rochester, N. H.

Accept no Substitutes for Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills.

IN MORMONDOM.

I met a little Mormon girl;
She was just eighteen, she said.
Her hair was dressed with one big curl
That dangled from her head.

"How many children, little maid,
Are in your family?"
"How many? Sixty-seven," she said,
And shyly looked at me.

Her hazel eyes to mine she raised,
And then she cast them down.
"I did not ask," I said amazed,
"The census of your town.

"How many children 'round your door
Disport in childish glee?"
"Just sixty-seven," she said once more,
And smiled again at me.

"Forty of us at Provo dwell;
At Ogden there are nine,
The good ship Jane, they sail her well—
Twelve brothers, dear, of mine."

"My father kind is drawing near,"
The little maid replied;
"He's been to roam; he's bringing home
Another brand new bride.

"With father, dear, we dwell at peace;
Our mothers are eleven;
'Round every door there's room for more,
And we are sixty-seven."

And then I left in dumb dismay
The maid with eyes like heaven;
But as I left I heard her say,
"And I'm the oldest, by the way,
Of all the sixty-seven."
—Denver Post.

THE DEMOCRATIC BANQUET

Certainly there is no disposition anywhere to begrudge the Democrats all the pleasure that was theirs Monday night as they honored the name of Thomas Jefferson, liberally partook of good things that always form a prominent part of a Democratic banquet and imagined themselves the "guardians of the rights of the people." It was a harmless pastime and the assumption that Republicans are tyrants and enemies of—themselves(?)—deceived no one unless the hilarious participants were disposed to take some stock in their own declarations, which is not at all likely.

In the excess of partisan enthusiasm Senator Miller, of Linn, declared that Governor Chamberlain "is the guardian of the rights of the people in this state," though in what respect, or to what extent, or how, the exuberant Senator could not have said if his life depended upon it. As an eloquent burst of forensic extravagance it was timely and to the point, considering what was wanted at that particular banquet, but the impulsive admirer of the Peerless Leader from Nebraska could not name one "right" of the most ordinary citizen of Oregon, that anybody has undertaken to wrest from him that has been saved to him by our intervening Governor. Nobody has wanted to deprive our people of their "rights," and nobody, therefore, has been called upon to "preserve" them.

But the Governor, himself, is reported as saying that "the issue today is the masses against the classes, as it was in Jefferson's day." You can always tell when a campaign is about to open or a Democratic banquet is under way, by the oracular professions of the leading Democrats to be the only friends of "the masses," as they are about to be crushed beneath the iron heels of "the classes." And yet, if the Governor were requested to draw a line between these two elements in Oregon and name the very men, he couldn't do it in a thousand years. There are no "classes" in this country and no one knows it better than our genial Governor. The phrase is as old as Jefferson's time, and as untrue as it is old. In his terrific onslaught against Washington's public policies, Jefferson was as unreasonable as the Democrats of 1861-5 were in their shameful attacks on Abraham Lincoln for his every public act until the day of his death. The only saving quality of these spasmodic bubblings is that those who utter them do so only for the passing effect they will have and give them no permanent lodgment in their real opinions.

There can be no "classes" in a country like ours, where every man can vote just as he pleases upon every question that affects his personal welfare. It is presumed that by the "classes" is meant the wealthy portion of our people. But when Roosevelt and Parker—supposing it to be Parker—are nominated for the Presidency, and a Democratic millionaire votes for Parker and a Republican millionaire votes for Roosevelt, how have you separated the "classes" from the "masses?" Admitting that there were such distinctions among our people, the "classes" would be utterly powerless as long as we have a government by parties. One stone mason votes for the Republican candidates and another for the Democratic candidates, and, according to the absurd theory of the Governor, one has voted for the "masses" and the other for the "classes!"

The Governor would show himself a much better friend of the "masses" if he would abandon this species of demogogy which seeks to establish the very conditions he professes to abhor—an effort to array the common people of the country against those who have some wealth, but who, themselves, divide upon public questions as do the humblest voters in the land. This smacks of the address of Horatio Seymour to the Democratic convention of New York, in 1863, when he asserted that unless something were done at once to prevent the further usurpation of power by Lincoln, the last vestige of liberty would be taken from a helpless people, etc., etc.

But the country survived in spite of the attempts of Lincoln to destroy it, as feared by the Democrats of the country, and men can even yet be found who are exercising their rights every day, and who were doing so, too, quite as fully before Governor Chamberlain became their "guardian," as now.

But such gush at a banquet is not at all harmful; it is only amusing—amusing to those who read about it and, no doubt, inspiring to those who work themselves up to a point where enthusiasm rather trenches upon the otherwise jurisdiction of plain facts.

"AN ARMED NEUTRALITY."

In an interview while in New York last week, Mr. Bryan expressed considerable indignation over what the papers had quoted him as saying a few days before concerning possible Democratic candidates for the presidency. He was so annoyed at what he termed a "misquotation" of what he had said that he declared himself as being almost persuaded to hereafter refuse an outright interview—choosing to write what he has to say or say nothing.

Mr. Bryan was particularly annoyed that he should have been reported as saying that he favored a certain candidate—presumably, Mr. Hearst. "This is absolutely unjustifiable," he proceeds to say, "by anything I have ever said. I have preserved the strictest neutrality in regard to the candidates—in fact, so strict you might call it an armed neutrality."

This would seem to finally dispose of the voluminous dispatches sent broadcast over the country not long since, to the effect that Bryan had given out that Mr. Hearst was his choice for the Democratic nomination and would work assiduously to that end.

Parenthetically, it might be intimated that the vast amount of stuff sent out as "news" which afterward is declared and proven to have had no foundation of truth, whatever, has a tendency to cause a sense of skepticism as to the truth of what is really true, in the minds of the reader who depends upon the "news" for the news.

But whether Mr. Bryan's announcement of real neutrality as to proposed candidates will be of assistance to Mr. Hearst, or otherwise, will be difficult to determine. Certainly the Nebraska man will not insist upon his armed neutrality applying to Mr. Cleveland, though he only regards those as "candidates" who supported him in his effort to become President. Free silver was the issue then and adherence to that doctrine was the test of every man's Democracy. Now, that that question is dead, and all Democrats so declare, adherence to it when it was supposed to be alive is still the test of every man's Democracy.

It is not what a man believes today that determines whether he has a right to be considered a fit candidate for the Presidency by the Democrats, but what he believed eight years ago about a question that everybody admits is dead today. And yet, Governor Chamberlain said at the Jefferson banquet last night that Democracy is "progressive."

ATTEMPTED PRISON ESCAPES.

The attempt to effect an escape from the Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson City, is another illustration of the fact that no prison is safe from such outbreaks, neither can the officers know when such attempt is imminent. The best and most vigilant officers cannot always prevent the forming of conspiracies and frequently cannot avoid their culmination.

For many years the penitentiary at Jefferson City has had the reputation of being the best managed prison in the United States. The state of Missouri has been proud of its record and has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in making it a model penal institution. All its buildings are of the most symmetrical architecture, made of stone, and the massive durability of everything connected with it impresses the visitor on every hand. The writer was there a year ago and, by the Warden, was taken through all its departments. It appeared that the very perfection of discipline had been reached and that any breach of it by a prisoner, without being at once detected, would be utterly impossible.

In spite of all this, however, the prisoners at Jefferson City managed to secrete within the prison walls a quantity of dynamite weighing 20 pounds, a bottle of glycerine, two pistols, cartridges and other necessary accompaniments of a successful outbreak. Luckily, the plot was nipped in the bud, the outbreak prevented and no lives lost, though its successful consummation was thwarted only by a hair's breadth.

This serves to show that the most vigilant watchfulness on the part of prison authorities cannot detect the cunning of a collection of such desperadoes as are gathered within the walls of the average penitentiary. In every prison are a lot of men who are willing to commit any crime that will promise to lead to their freedom. While they are at their daily work their minds are constantly upon some plan or any plan, that may contribute to a successful outbreak. The taking of life causes no hesitancy—the object being to effect an escape, no obstacle is considered for a moment if it only promises success. There are scores of Tracy's and Merrill's in every state prison, as to their willingness to commit murder in a moment without any twinge of conscience, though few have the nerve that characterized those fiendish desperadoes.

The most unceasing alertness, while at all times necessary, is never a guarantee against the progress of a conspiracy among the inmates of a penitentiary. While upon the surface the officers may feel certain that everything is secure, and no danger of any kind imminent, the most gigantic plot may be just ready to be sprung. The secretion of two rifles in the foundry building of the Oregon penitentiary was one of the easiest of plots to carry out successfully considering the almost criminal refusal of the Legislature to provide more guards at the institution at night, in the face of the repeated requests of the officials that a continuation of such carelessness would most certainly result in an outbreak at some time.

While there is much in the effort to reform criminals that is commendable, the silly namby-pamby protests that sometimes reach the public ear against harsh prison discipline should go entirely unheeded. Those in authority and upon whom rests the responsibility for discipline are well aware that nothing but the severest of corporal punishment will accomplish the desired end with many criminals. Unnecessary punishment is never justifiable, but severe measures are sometimes indispensable as the basis for that discipline which must obtain in every prison.

The fact that every penitentiary contains a collection of from 300 to 2000 of the worst and most vicious men to be found in the state, many of them ready at any time to commit any crime within their power that seems to promise escape, and even employing most of their time endeavoring to invent some opportunity for committing such crime, should serve to stay the criticism of outsiders whose responsibility ceases when they have given expression to their ex parte judgment.

THE MAN FOR THE OCCASION.

Democratic sentiment appears to be drifting this week toward Judge Parker, of New York, as the most probable Democratic candidate for the quadrennial holocaust of that party for this year. Of course, this may change next week; but at present he seems to be in the lead as the whirling eddy goes around.

And he fills the requirements to a dot. He is represented to be "a respectable gentleman who represents nothing in particular." What more could be asked? The man who "stands for anything" will have no chance in the next Democratic national convention. The man who has stood for anything in the past will be knifed by the men who stood for the opposite thing, and the earnest search at this time is for some man that no one ever heard of before, who has said nothing, who has made no record, and, therefore, who has offended nobody.

Mr. Bryan will support no one who did not support him, and the men thus publicly ostracised by him every day in his public utterances will not be dictated to by his iron clad requirements as the self-constituted dictator of the Democracy. The man for the hour and the emergency, appears to be Judge Parker, of New York. No one knows what he thought of free silver or any other question in 1896, or what his opinion of them at this time may be. He is undoubtedly the most available man to be found anywhere for the Democratic nomination.

But, by the way, who is Judge Parker?

ASTORIA.

The Portland Telegram of the 4th inst., gives extended space to a consideration of the many advantages of Astoria as one of the growing cities of the Northwest with a promising future before it, and, not desiring to spoil a good story by correcting its statement that it is "the second city in the state," the Statesman wishes to add its mite to the exploitation of Astoria's many characteristics which commend it to the favorable consideration of newcomers.

Though not near an agricultural country, and surrounded by mountains, Astoria is so situated that it will always be a thrifty and important city among the many such that will constitute the local markets for Oregon produce in the future. Located at the mouth of the Columbia river, it will for all time be the center of the fishing industry of the Northwest, and, under the care of the state as now regulated, the salmon canning business will become one of the greatest revenue producers contributing to the general prosperity of the people.

The immense forests suitable for merchantable lumber which are tributary to Astoria will also guarantee an enormous shipping business for that city for years to come, and which at this time is in its infancy. In addition to this, is the fact that as a dairying district it cannot be surpassed, the country adjacent to Astoria being capable of a development beyond the dreams of those who have given little thought to this question. The time is coming when the entire Coast Mountain range will be used for pasturage and dairying purposes. Those mountains will not always be mere waste territory. When the timber is gone the land, even to the summit and over the divide, will make excellent dairy and stock farms.

Although Astoria is situated in the extreme northwestern corner of the state, its location has its advantages and its development has but begun, and while the Willamette valley is the garden spot of Oregon, for many kinds of business, there are other sections with different environments that are unsurpassed in their particular attractions for the enterprising home-seeker, who, no matter what he is looking for, can find it somewhere in all its perfection in this "this Oregon of ours."

"THEN WHAT WOULD BE SAID?"

In yesterday's Oregonian, "F. C. B.," the identity of whom could be easily guessed, propounds this poser:

"Suppose the coming state convention should instructs its delegates to the National convention to cast their votes for Theodore Roosevelt, what would the Republicans of Oregon think if any of those delegates should vote for the nomination of any other man for President?"

They would perhaps think same as a great many people did when hundreds of Republicans in Portland refused to obey the instructions of the Republican convention in Multnomah county in 1900 and supported many prominent Democrats for so important offices as Representatives and Senators in the state legislature. Or as a good many people said when, in 1902, several Republican members of the legislature refused to support a Republican for the United States Senate who had received not only a much larger vote from their own constituents than they themselves had, but a majority five times larger over his Democratic competitor than they had received over theirs. In politics there are "regulars," and then there are "irregulars."

Everybody who possibly can, should do his or her duty toward assuring a filled house for Homer Davenport upon his visit to Salem next Monday night. Homer is a Marion county boy, born here in 1868, of pioneer parents, and by his inherent talent, developed under circumstances of the most unfavorable surroundings, has made a name for himself never surpassed in his line in any country. It is not going far from a correct statement, if at all, to say that no citizen of Oregon is known by reputation by as many people the world over today, as is Homer Davenport. He is as plain and common in his manner as when "firing" for his board on the railroad running from Woodburn to Silverton, and is never so happy as when surrounded by an assemblage of his old-time Silverton friends. He is a typical American citizen, than which nothing higher can be said of any man, and having produced him, Oregon should greet his visit here with all the pride and enthusiasm that is characteristic of Oregonians.

The San Francisco papers give an elaborate account of the marriage recently in Oakland, of Miss Bessie Yard, a talented elocutionist. There is nothing remarkable about it, however, as she was sure, sooner or later, to get there with both feet—with one to spare.

The Albany Herald wants to know what "the remorseless searching woman will do when she finds her husband wearing pocketless trousers?" Let her do nothing. It will serve her just right. For generations she has been wearing trouserless pockets.

The Washington Post says "newspapers throughout the country are printing a statement to the effect that apple pie is the favorite at the national capital. It may be the most used, but plum pie is the most used." As a first class pun, the foregoing is certainly a peach.

THE MISSION OF THE MORMONS.

At Salt Lake on Easter Sunday, the forty-seventh annual conference of the Mormon church was opened in the great tabernacle. Fully 10,000 church members were there, and President Smith expressed gratification that so many were present and that such large numbers had come from long distances.

One of the "Apostles," Francis Lyman, said, "We are here that we may have posterity. We are here that we may multiply and replenish the earth," and a more candid statement of the object of the Mormon faith has never been uttered. Aside from the contention for plural marriages, there is nothing peculiar to the tenets of the Mormon church, that may not be found in many of the other denominations throughout the country.

Unless the question is viewed from a purely sensual standpoint, there is no basis for plural marriages except the one purpose of rearing large families of children who may be secured by education to the doctrines of the church. Dominated by fanaticism, its members are possessed with the conviction that it is easier to raise children born in the faith, than to depend upon the uncertain methods of converting those of people who have never seen the gospel of Mormondom as "revealed" by Brigham Young and his successors. Connected with this degrading practice, however, is as much of lust as so-called religious conviction, the latter being only used as a blind under cover of which to escape the penalty following the violation of one of the most refined regulations of civilization.

"Apostle" Lyman also said: "When President Smith stands up to speak we know God is with him. We know that the Lord speaks through that man." It is the mind of the Lord, the purpose of the Lord." Of course, every man with a thimble full of brains knows that when President Smith rises to speak he is no more "moved" by the Lord than was the Holy Roller Creffield, who made the same outrageously absurd and impious declaration. The serious question is, what are the American people going to do about it? President Smith in terms defied the United States Government to interfere with his practice of polygamy, boldly informing the Senate committee that he intended to continue in his polygamous relations and "take his chances with the law."

Religious freedom is guaranteed in this country, and the question is, how far can a man go in his headlong violation of all laws of decency and of civilization and escape punishment behind the plea that he has had a revelation from God commanding him to proceed in the path he has chosen? At what point can the established authorities step in and decide that the assumed religion is a mockery and a blind? It, at least, can be safely concluded that any man who claims to have a revelation from God is a crank and should be closely watched as a freak whose actions and performances are similar to those, though of lesser degree, perhaps, who finally land in the asylum or the penitentiary.

There are a good many commendable qualities about the Mormon faith, among them being the attribute of industry, supported by economy, and that of attending to their own business and settling their difficulties among themselves without burdening the courts with them. But the plea that they are divinely authorized, and even commanded, to practice polygamy through the agency of a revelation from God is an abuse of the right of religious freedom that should not be tolerated in this country. If a revelation from God is to be accepted as a lawful excuse for doing an unlawful thing, then any lawbreaker can invoke his "revelation" as an immunity from the operation of any sort of legal restraint.

In general terms, the man who receives a "revelation" from God to do anything that is in violation of the established order of government or of society, should be watched closely in an effort to discover what lies behind. There is reason for believing, however, that the younger Mormons are not given to polygamy and that the power to receive "revelations" is not common among them, if, indeed, it is claimed at all. There can be no doubt that the efforts of civilization in this direction will ultimately triumph, though the official denunciation of polygamy by the church need not be expected to in any way change the opinions or the practices of the Apostles—and some others.

WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE.

For a thing of persistent and indomitable vitality, commend us to the Lewis and Clark Fair bill now pending before Congress. No matter what sort of a black eye it gets nor from whom, the headline to the dispatch carrying the information to this coast declares that the last knock-out blow was really to its advantage. The more votes that appear in sight against its passage the brighter are its chances for ultimate success. If St. Louis comes in for $4,000,000 more just as the Lewis and Clark appropriation is about to reap the reward for that elegant dinner it is declared that the granting of that additional amount is but an evidence that Congress favors appropriations for expositions, and that it augurs well for the Oregon bill. The more money Congress appropriates for expositions, the more it will continue to appropriate. If the House refuses to listen to the consideration of the bill at all, it is a guarantee that it is only taking time to get good and ready, so that when it does move, it will move good and hard. When everything else fails, reliance is had on the good intentions of Tawney. When all else deserts the ship, Tawney will be found on the burning deck battling for the rights of the people of Oregon.

If Congress can only be induced to pass that appropriation of $3,000,000 for Jamestown at once, nothing could stop the Lewis and Clark bill in its headlong rush through both Houses. It only needs a little more opposition to insure its certain success, for it has more lives than a cat. For an unyielding courage, however, we depend altogether upon the stimulating assurance of the invincible headline.

THE DIFFERENCE IS SCARCELY PERCEPTIBLE.

Roosevelt, not having a million dollars to give for the nomination for President must seek it from outside sources. Hearst, having it, is willing to pay the price. What is the difference in the tactics? Is it any more reprehensible for Hearst to spend a million dollars of his own for the office, than it is for Roosevelt to spend a million of Carnegie's money for the same place? Carnegie has offered a million for this purpose.—East Oregonian.

In morals there would be little, if any, difference between the two methods of influencing voters. The difference is, that Mr. Hearst has made the public announcement, practically, that he is willing to spend a million or two in order to secure the Presidency, in order that as President, he may officially show the people of this country what an undue power money has come to possess under a series of administrations of the government by monied Octopuses!

Mr. Carnegie, it is said, has offered a million of dollars to the Republican national committee for campaign purposes. This should not be accepted. Rather, a lot of men in official positions who have made and are making money out of them, should be sent to accompany Senator Burton as an object lesson illustrating that the crying need of the times is purity in official life and a lessening use for money with which to "run" campaigns. It is scarcely necessary to say that President Roosevelt will have nothing to do with Mr. Carnegie's offer.

A New York woman has sued a manufacturing company for damages in the sum of $5000 for printing her picture among its advertisements. And yet, if she is wealthy, she would probably have given half that sum to have seen the same picture in one of the papers as a leader of fashionable society. But we all have our notions about these things—and some others.

The Forest Grove Times says its office "has been made bright the past week by beautiful bouquets of spring flowers from Aunt Ann Smith. May her life always be as bright as the flowers she raises in such abundance." So say we, but people generally would like to know how old Ann is?

Santos Dumont, the air-ship man, has captured the heart and hand of a girl who is said to be worth a million dollars. He [illegible] after all. What a high-flyer he can become now!

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Now is the time you need a medicine to tone up the system drive out the winter impurities, and overcome that tired feeling. There's none to equal the Bitters. Try a bottle. It always cures Indigestion Dyspepsia Colds, La Grippe, Spring Fever or General Debility.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."
Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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

Take Ayer's Pills with the Sarsaparilla. They act on the liver, cure biliousness, headache, constipation.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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Scott's Emulsion is the modern idea of cod liver oil—the first instead of the last resort when such ailments appear.

The taste of the oil is not apparent and the oil itself is partly digested—makes it easy for the stomach. Scott's Emulsion is a quick, reliable help at all ages.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.
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Affects Every Age and Condition.

The Only Sure Cure is Cuticura.

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Send for "How to Cure Eczema."