

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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SUBSCRIPTION MATTER.

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The Statesman has been established for nearly thirty years, and it has some subscribers who have received it for a generation. Some of these subscribers have the paper discontinued at the time of expiration of their subscriptions. For the benefit of those, and for other reasons, we have decided 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.



IMPROVEMENTS COST MONEY.

Referring again to the fact that Salem stands in need of many improvements, a few of which we have heretofore named, the reflection is at once aroused that the expense of them must be the first consideration entertained before any final steps are taken. In fact, this is the first consideration, for if improvements were to be had without cost there is no limit to which we would not at once go.

And yet, enterprising people move into and build up cities, spending thousands and millions of dollars, merely for the one purpose of contributing to the natural love most of us have for the beautiful surroundings. This could all be saved if the object in life were to make and save all the money the most miserly habits would make possible. There is an attribute in us all which calls for those things that are convenient and beautiful, but which we could deny ourselves if we were unwilling to spend money in a way that some people regard as being along foolish lines.

Pavements and parks and electric lights and fountains and public squares and band stands and lawns and a thousand other adjuncts to modern city life could be discarded as unnecessary and we would live just as long and enjoy the same abundance of clothing and food—if these were the chief end of man's existence. The difference between the Indian village and the modern progressive city is the same difference as that we find existing between those who are satisfied with the merest necessities of life and those who are willing to put forth extra efforts that beauty may be added to the ordinary menu of our daily fare.

So, since we are disposed to pay for more than the necessities of our requirements demand, the question is, How far are we willing to go? How far is the public willing to tax itself that a more beautiful city may be had? We need many better streets. In the winter time many of our streets are in a worse condition than some of the country roads. In the summer months a large majority of our streets are as dusty and unpleasant to travel as any portion of the roads between here and Woodburn. Walla Walla sprinkles the streets in the entire city during the dusty season. Of course, this costs money, but on any summer evening you can drive anywhere in that beautiful city with the same pleasure and freedom from dust that you can on the main street itself.

We need some of this spirit in Salem. With the exception of a half dozen blocks in the heart of the city you are followed with the same clouds of dust during a drive in Salem in the summer months as you would be on any country road in the county. The beautiful Willamette flows conveniently by the year around, but none of its surplus waters can be had to contribute toward beautifying our streets during the dusty months of summer.

We can't even pave a street. There is not a street in Salem that is any more than a continuation of the coun-

Half-Sick

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."

S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about the great old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

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

Springhood

OR
SPRINGTIMEIs also Hoodtin for it is the
time of all tirHood's
Sarsaparilla

Is most needed,—the blood is impure, complexion bad, appetite lost, strength gone,—the whole system is upset by an accumulation of humors.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine and have found it an excellent blood purifier. It also cures disorders of the stomach." PAUL D. COOK, Springfield Center, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world for cleansing the blood. We have taken it in the spring for years. One bottle does wonders in putting new life in us when we are all run down." MRS. FRANK GROVES, Gray, Me.

"I used to be troubled with boils and carbuncles every spring, but since using a bottle or so of Hood's Sarsaparilla each spring I am relieved of these troubles. The medicine also strengthens my system." PEARSON L. TEXTER, Hagerstown, Pa.

If There is Constipation or Bileousness Hood's Pills Are Also Needed.



try roads that enter it from various directions. Commercial street is of precisely the same composition as the road that runs through it as you drive from Jefferson to Gervais. But for the houses that line the street, the traveler would never suspect he was passing the capital city of Oregon, nor through any city. As this article is being written a shower which has lasted an hour has put Commercial street in such condition that no footman or footwoman dare attempt to cross it except upon the cross walks, and even then not without a degree of commendable reluctance.

We need a lot of things that other cities have and have had for years, and which make not only the pretensions we do toward metropolitan conditions. What are we going to do about it? Many of these needed improvements, when built, will be for the future. Those who are to come after us will enjoy them as well as we. We will be building for the next generation, and that generation should be left to liquidate some of the bills.

The improvements that Salem needs will not be had by popular, or other, subscriptions. The public should pay for the improvements that the public is to enjoy. Salem has reached that point where something should be done.

A STANDING JOKE.

Aside from the audacity of the supporters of Hearst in urging him as a serious candidate for the Presidential chair, there is nothing in sight of a political character which at all compares in immeasurable ludicrousness with the biennial appearance of John L. Wilson, of Washington, as a candidate for United States Senator from that state.

Through the means of an accidental combination Wilson was elected to the Senate a few years ago and upon the expiration of his term, instead of engaging in some business outside of a professional politician, he has never ceased for a single moment in his "butting in" propensities as a perennial candidate for the position he lost, thought his perennial candidacy only makes itself visible above the surface biennially.

Again Wilson to the front just long enough to discover his uncertain whenceness and the announcement is made that, having no chart by which he is willing to risk another voyage on the political sea, he is willing to transfer his lack of support to Furth. Of course, this will be joyous news to Furth, for if anyone under the sun will guarantee his certain defeat it will be to become the legatee of the vacuum that Wilson occupies in Washington politics.

It is not that the ex-Senator is without ability or that he did not make a good record, but when a man has been eternally licked in politics, turned inside out and hung up to dry and then roasted every time he makes another appearance, and has been through the remorseless mills of merciless pulverization over and over again, until he has not so much as a corporal's guard of followers left, he should know enough to go in out of the rain—when he has been retired he should feel and act retired.

Wilson has a good newspaper and nobody has the slightest objection to his taking an active part in Washington politics, indeed, in his newspaper he should do so—but he should know that even in an adjoining state the people have some rights that should be respected. Even the people of Oregon would enjoy that degree of sweet rest which would be the natural and welcome outcome of a campaign in our neighboring state when John L. Wilson would not be a candidate for Senator, only to later on "withdraw his

support" in favor of some man who knows how to run. We all like Wilson and his paper, and it is as friends that many people speak when they pray for just one session of the Washington Legislature when he would not appear with that "support" whose only mission appears to figure in the defeat of the unlucky candidate in whose interest it is biennially "transferred."

A YELLOW ELEPHANT.

Although so many times larger than Japan, in territory and resources, Russia has discovered that she has a larger contract upon her hands than was contemplated when she deliberately determined to stand for her "rights" in Manchuria. No one can doubt that if the present situation could have been foreseen three months ago, a different reply would have been forthcoming, and promptly, too, to the notes sent to St. Petersburg by her little adversary. Russia had no more business in Manchuria than had Persia or Iceland. The entire difficulty was sought and persistently followed up by the most audacious lying, politely called diplomacy, solely for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement. With an area already covering one-sixth of the landed surface of the earth, there has been and is now no justification whatever for her encroachment upon Manchuria territory.

Largely, if not wholly, for this reason the sympathy of the entire world is practically with Japan in her effort to stay the ravenous appetite of the Russian bear. The mismanagement of Russia's military and naval affairs, is almost convincing evidence of the intervention of Divine Providence in the interest of fair play and plain justice. In addition to the fearful loss entailed by the tragic death of Admiral Makarov, the resignation of Alexieff resulting from discord in Russia's military circles, is embarrassing in the extreme. She would seem to be having troubles enough with the Japanese without this open disruption among her own leading men.

Japan is now having built in England two new battle ships more powerful than any to be found in the English navy, their length being 445 feet, or 20 feet longer than the most powerful of the British battleships. Each will have a displacement of 16,400 tons. According to the terms of the contract, they are to be completed as soon as possible and are to have a speed of 19 knots per hour and able to discharge 11 tons of projectiles per minute from

THE ARMY OF THE SUMMER.

W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.
The army of the summertime is marching up the hills—
The van is creeping silently beside the waking rills,
For here and there the movements of the courtiers are seen
In spreading waves of grassy spears that leap to living green.

Away across the meadow lands the dandelions bold—
Each flaunting saucily his shield and buckler made of gold—
Are springing into action while the insect drummers beat
A rally roll that sounds the charge, with winter in retreat.

For soon the banners of the rose will blaze their white and red,
And orchard blooms in misty pink the army's tents will spread.
For now all bravely in the hush of hidden, mossy dells,
The outposts of the flower host have set their sentinels.

The army of the summertime is marching up the hills—
The music of the fairy horns the distant forest fills.
And soon, with crickets piping, and with flower flags unfurled,
The fetters made of garlands shall imprison half the world.

their main batteries. In addition to these two monster ships of war, Japan is contemplating ordering the construction of two more of the same description.

But unless Russia does better within the next few months than the program which she has followed recently, there will be little use for these battleships after they are completed, except they have a submarine attachment that can be adjusted automatically to suit the amphibious nature of the Russian vessels, otherwise it will probably be a losing investment on the part of Japan, after all.

Russia's experience in this war, to date, reminds one of a similar undertaking by England a few years ago with a handful of Dutch in South Africa. It sometimes pays to treat an adversary with the utmost respect, even though he be small and apparently harmless. That is the very kind that oftenest proves to be unexpectedly loaded. All that Russia lacks at this time of having a white elephant on her hands is its color—which is yellow.

ROOSEVELT, THE DANGEROUS

As the opening of the Presidential campaign approaches, the leaders of the Democratic party find themselves practically without a single issue upon which to wage a contest that will promise even a solitary hope of success. The battle cry of 1896 to the effect that the gold standard was gradually, and even rapidly, undermining the governmental fabric, has moved on to the pale realms of shade, and with one accord, barring Mr. Bryan, it is dominated a dead issue.

The dread of militarism and "Empire," which sufficed for flaming declarations against the advancing hosts of the country's designing enemies—the Republicans—appears to have vanished in thin air and joined its predecessors in the boneyard of discarded and useless remnants.

These were the "paramount issues" in the last two Democratic campaigns, and, being dead and buried, the herculean task confronts the leaders of Democracy of finding some colossal "complaint" that "will appeal to the intelligence of the people," for with an astonishing frankness, it has been frequently declared by the Democratic leaders in Oregon as elsewhere, that the party is willing to declare for anything that will afford a promise of approval by the people.

In other words, Democracy means any combination of declarations that will stand the best chance for success at the polls. Democracy is out for success—with any sort of platform, that will bring it. "Bury dead issues." Bury anything that the people seem to not endorse.

In the unpleasant situation which this dilemma presents, the Eastern leaders, so it is said, have decided to make Roosevelt the issue. There are no principles for which the Democrats have striven in recent years that are not now "dead issues," and, therefore, need "burying"—and were buried by the people years before the Democrats themselves discovered the necessity for their interment—so the only remaining prospect is to attack Roosevelt, the man, attack him personally, as the embodiment of all that is dangerous to American institutions.

Of course this directly removes that possibility suggested by a prominent Eastern Republican not long since that the Democratic party was showing some indications of "becoming sane and dangerous." Nothing which the most vicious enemy of that party could prompt it to do would better suit the Republicans than to wage the impending contest upon President Roosevelt and his administration. Instead of becoming "sane and dangerous," certainly Democracy is drifting into a condition where it will be perfectly safe and ———.

On this sort of an issue, Oregon is safe for Roosevelt by an easy 20,000 majority, and no campaign will be necessary, either.

FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES ONLY.

Every thoughtful man must at times be impressed with what appears to be a degree of assumed fright with which the Democratic party approaches the consideration of public questions on the eve of an important campaign. When a Democratic convention declares its belief that the country is going to perdition pell-mell, it is really difficult

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is for babies and children who are thin and pale when they ought to be fat and ruddy; for men and women who are weak and delicate when they ought to be strong and hearty—for all who are not getting proper nourishment from their food.

Poor blood, thin body, open the door for disease. Scott's Emulsion bars the way. Makes the blood richer, produces healthy flesh and above all provides nourishment.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.
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Chills, Colds or
Malaria,
Fever
and Ague,
Th's spring
Keep
the system
fortified
by taking
this
It is the
best preventive
on the market
and never fails to give
satisfaction—
also cures
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia,
and Insomnia
Try It

to account for the mental aberration that must of necessity precede the formal statement. Either that or a plain lack of sincerity presents itself as the next and most rational solution, and yet, as well-wishers, the average Republican has no disposition to impute either of these interpretations to the good citizen who succumbs every two years to his irresistible hallucinations, if it can be avoided.

Here is the Hearst call in Portland, for instance, oracularly repeating the statement that "today essentially the same issues are at stake that confronted the fathers." This lachrymose warning follows an extravagant panegyric on the character of Thomas Jefferson. Of course, the flighty nature of this pronouncement is revealed by the recollection that all the dangers which "confronted" the country in the days when Jefferson was having most of his troubles in saving it, were strenuously espoused and supported by Washington. This everybody knows. Will any Democrat who subscribes to these wild declarations as to what "the fathers" were fighting for, openly say that Washington, being the greatest menace to our institutions while Jefferson was doing his "struggling," was, in his opinion, a dangerous man? He would hardly do it, yet the only opposition Jefferson ever encountered in his efforts along lines of governmental science, was headed by Washington. And the Republicans of today are no more to be dreaded as enemies of good government, than was Washington in his day by that portion of "the fathers" who swore by Jefferson.

It was all politics, brothers, in those days, as it is now. In fact, Jefferson was no more alarmed in his day than you are now, and your fright is all assumed. No one knows it better than yourselves. It is politics.

FLOODS AND CLOUDBURSTS.

Baker City is one of the real, live progressive towns in Eastern Oregon that usually has a noticeable move on itself, but is, unfortunately, located on the banks of the Powder river at a point where the channel has little depth and even less fall. It is on a broad expanse of country just where the river enters the valley from the south, and during anything like a sudden melting of the snows in the mountains which are not far away, the river channel is not capable of taking care of the water. The recent difficulty experienced there from high water has suggested the proposal to widen and deepen the channel of the river from its entrance into the valley to a safe distance below the city.

This should have been done years ago, before many of the fine residences there were erected, though this can still be done without much inconvenience. There are scores of mountain towns in Oregon where this precaution should have been taken during the first stages of their growth. There can be no doubt that if the channel of Willow creek as it runs through Heppner, had been widened and straightened years ago, it would have easily taken care of the great flood that almost swept that city out of existence on the 14th of last June. The vast accumulations of debris served to make improvised dams across the pathway of the water which a straight channel would have effectively prevented, and the awful destruction of life and property averted. At the time, or rather, afterward, there was a general feeling in favor of straightening and widening the channel before rebuilding was begun or allowed, but whether this wise conclusion was adopted, we are not informed. Some of the most delightful and prosperous towns of Oregon are located on small streams where they enter fruitful valleys, and incipient floods are always possible in such places. In laying out town sites in these localities attention should invariably be paid to the matter of providing for those excesses of nature which come from the sudden melting of snows in the spring or from cloudbursts in the later season.

ROOSEVELT'S FAILINGS.

The other day a prominent Eastern Democrat censured Roosevelt, among other things, for interfering with the coal strike two years ago, "when it was none of his business." The point which it was attempted to make being that his interference was an instance of his domineering and autocratic disposition, of his natural bent toward putting himself forward and assuming responsibilities that belong to others, etc., etc. Of course it is not difficult to recall that when all other means had failed and the crisis had become acute with the probability of awful consequences, and President Roosevelt volunteered his services as a mediator, every Democrat in the United States (we do not think this an exaggeration) was loud in his praise of the President

OREGON IN 1860.

Some Things That Were Engaging the Attention of Our Fathers Forty Four Years Ago.

(From the Statesman of June 25, 1860.)

Married.—June 25th, by Rev. C. S. Kingsley, Henry H. Pitcock and Miss Georgiana M. Burton, all of Portland.

"And we boldly declare that we will never muster under the captaincy of Amabel Bush"—Delusion.
"And we 'boldly declare that we will never' desire you to." We are not ambitious of being a Captain and positively refuse to muster in a life-long traitor.

"At the June election in 1860, B. P. Harding, C. P. Crandall, Sam Parker and B. Newell were elected representatives in the Legislature and J. W. Grim and E. F. Colby were hold over senators. There were 1572 votes cast in Marion county, an increase of 216 during the previous year.

The approaching anniversary of American Independence will be celebrated in the town of Salem and our fellow citizens in all the neighboring towns and country are invited to join us. A National Salute of 33 guns will be fired at sunrise. The reading of the Declaration of Independence and orations will commence at 11 o'clock a. m. In the evening there will be a display of fireworks. Committee on arrangements, E. M. Barnum, W. K. Leveridge, Samuel Bass, Charles Bowker and P. S. Knight.

Committee on Fireworks, R. S. Barker, C. Unzofage, F. T. Glisan.

Committee on Finance, J. T. Barton, Thos. Strang, L. Westcott.

Heenan and Sayers.—We have received information which seems trustworthy, that Heenan and Sayers will fight again for the championship on or about the 25th of July.

The defalcations of Isaac V. Fowler, postmaster at New York, are reported to be \$155,000. Fowler disappeared Saturday night and has not been heard of since. Marshal Rynders has a writ for his arrest.—S. F. Herald.

Before Mr. Seward left Washington it was understood he would not resume his seat in the senate, as he proposed closing his political career. When his speech was delivered he intimated it would be his last in the senate.

Serious Accident.—We are pained to learn that on Thursday last, while the family of Col. Nesmith were going on a visit to the house of a relative in Polk county, their horses took fright, and after running some distance, upset the carriage, the top of which fortunately became detached from the springs, and came off. All who were in the carriage were more or less injured. Col. N.'s son, aged about three years, was so severely injured that for some time doubts were entertained of his recovery; but we are glad to learn that he is now out of danger. Mrs. Nesmith and Miss Clark, with several of the children, were much bruised, but they are all now recovering from the effects of their perilous drive.

for his assumption of responsibility in a great and dangerous emergency.

This Eastern critic to whom we have referred, accused the President of having pushed himself forward in a matter that should have been handled by the Governor of the state where the difficulty was located, and his action was but an evidence of that impertinent tendency of his to thrust himself forward where his duties do not call him.

And this is a Democratic argument against the election of Roosevelt. It is probably one of the strongest that will appear during the progress of the campaign.

The leaders of the attempted Hearst boom in Multnomah county, in their call for a Hearst meeting, refer to the object of their hysterical incantations as a "statesman," actually declaring that "Among the prominent men of the day who have identified themselves with the ideas and policies herein outlined, and who have persistently presented them to public favor and acceptance, we feel called upon to recognize the great ability and force, and self-sacrifice, in this field, of William Randolph Hearst. He, indeed, looms up as the Jefferson of today." Evidently that sanitarium in the nature of a branch asylum at Mt. Tabor was not established a day too soon, though perhaps with a too limited means of accommodation.

The death of Louis T. Barin, of Portland, taken from our midst one of the leading and best known men in Oregon. Originally living in Clackamas county, he was for many years a prominent factor in its political affairs and as State Senator and Register

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AND ECZEMA

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COMPLETE TREATMENT, \$1.00

For Torturing, Disfiguring Humours,
From Pimples to Scrofula,
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The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures and humour remedies of the civilized world.

Complete treatment for every humour, consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood may now be had for one dollar. A single act is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent Pills, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 100. Cuticura Ointment, 25c. per box of 100. Sold by all druggists and dealers. Write for a free trial box to J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

in the U. S. Land Office of Oregon City, became well known throughout the state. Being familiar with the different land laws, state and federal, he moved to Portland and devoted his time to practicing law, giving special attention to cases involving land litigation. The State Land Board rarely held a session without the presence of Mr. Barin as an attorney for some party with a claim against the state or a title that required attention. He was an outspoken, impulsive man, honest, and at all times taking an interest in public matters. Though he had retired from public life he will be missed by many of the old-time Oregonians and his death will be regretted by all.

In his impassioned eloquence while engaged in the great anti-Hearst struggle in the Democratic state convention Judge McFadden shouted "are we Hessians? I say, are we Hessians? Are we barbarians, that we need missionaries?" The Statesman is not certain as to its duty in the matter of answering these pyrotechnical cannon drums, and will avoid it if it possibly can. Fact is, they present a very knotty problem—one which we have never been able to solve in a manner that at all seemed satisfactory. Really, Judge, time, and time alone, can tell whether these inquiries should be answered in the affirmative.

And the Democratic convention very properly passed a resolution commendatory of "Governor Chamberlain's administration." The people are complimented upon their good sense in choosing him to his high office—it is assumed that he was chosen simply because they wanted a Democrat, and for no other reason—and incidentally the attention of these same people is called to the fact that their duty is not complete until they also elect a Democratic Legislature to go with him. The convention is of the opinion that needles and thread should go with the bolt of calico. There is nothing at all modest about the demands of our friends, the Democrats.

One enthusiastic delegate in the Democratic convention was everlastingly opposed to instructing for Hearst declaring that "we don't want our guns spiked. It is possible that the mantle may fall on Chamberlain." This is good politics. And since John Danning seems to be making just as good a District Attorney as his predecessor, it places him in direct line for the Presidency. It is encouraging all around and puts life into an otherwise languishing condition of things.

A Salt Lake baby following the usual inordinate appetite which babies have for foreign substances as articles of diet, swallowed a nail, which the family doctor succeeded in extracting from the infantile stomach by the insertion of a magnetic wire, so a dispatch all the way from Salt Lake informs us. Although not distinctly definite on the point, the inference is that the baby's name is Smith.

William Bryan represented Modoc in the Wallawa Democratic convention. It is said, however, that his name is not Modoc and that he didn't throw any.



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save all experimenting—
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