

R. J. HENDRICKS, Manager.
J. T. GREE, Editor.

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The Statesman has been established for nearly fifty years and it has some subscribers 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 their 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 50 cents a year. However, 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 it in 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



REPUBLICAN TICKET STATE

For Justice of the Supreme Court,
F. L. MOORE.
For State Food and Dairy Commissioner,
J. W. BAILEY.
For Presidential Electors,
J. N. HART,
JAS. A. FEE,
GRANT B. DIMICK,
A. C. BOUGH.
CONGRESSIONAL
For Member Congress—First District,
BINGEE HERMANN.
Second District,
J. N. WILLIAMSON.
JUDICIAL DISTRICT,
For Judges,
GEO. H. BURNETT, of Marion.
B. L. EDDY, of Tillamook.
For Prosecuting Attorney,
JOHN H. M'NARY, of Marion.

MARION COUNTY TICKET
County Judge—John H. Scott.
Sheriff—W. J. Culver.
Clerk—John W. Roland.
Assessor—Fred J. Rice.
Treasurer—W. Y. Richardson.
Recorder—John C. Siegmund.
School Supt.—E. T. Moore.
Commissioner—I. C. Needham.
Surveyor—B. B. Herrick.
Coroner—A. M. Clough.
Representatives—J. O. Calvert, Hubbard; J. G. Graham and T. B. Kay, Salem; John Richie, Scotts Mills; Jesse H. Settlemier, Woodburn.

COMMITTEES
Chairman State Central Committee—Frank C. Baker, Portland.
Chairman Congressional Central Committee—Walter L. Toole, Woodburn.
Member State Central Committee—Hal D. Patton, Salem.
Chairman County Central Committee—Chas. C. Murphy, Salem.
For Justice of the Peace,
H. H. TURNER.
For Constable,
ROBT. O. DONALDSON.

FIT AND ABLE CANDIDATES.

In nominating candidates for the judicial bench in Oregon the Republicans have ever considered fitness and ability as being more important to the people than that its candidates should be good Republicans. It always has selected men in the prime of life, and of vigorous mind, and men whose integrity and erudition were equally unquestionable. It is not that a man should have a good knowledge of law, only, but that he should also have the judicial temperament, the power to analyze, but also a perfect memory. This latter is equally as necessary as either of the former characteristics or qualities in a judge of a court at law, and that this faculty be at its best, it is necessary that the mind be young, and may have that vigor which makes it retentive.

In nominating Hon. Geo. H. Burnett and Hon. B. L. Eddy for the circuit bench of the Third judicial district, the nominating convention has taken into consideration fully all the natural requisites for the exalted positions to which they will undoubtedly be elected in June.

Judge Burnett has a clean and creditable record of twelve years, he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

Mr. Eddy is well recognized as a

man of an eminent judicial temperament, strong in body and active in mind.

The people of the counties which form the Third judicial district will know how to help maintain the high standard of their circuit court by electing these two honorable gentlemen by a substantial majority.

AN IMPORTANT LEGISLATURE

While there seems to be no fight against any particular one of the Republicans on the Legislative ticket in this county, yet the Democrats are making a very hard fight for the election of one of their two candidates. The idea in view is the securing of enough votes under some sort of wheedling to defeat any one of the Republicans. Voters should therefore remember that if their Democratic friends beg votes of them, it is for the insidious purpose of defeating a Republican. They will tell you there is no politics in the Legislative ticket this year, as there is no Senator to elect.

But have you Republicans forgotten that a question of the greatest political significance will come up in the Legislature at its next session, and it will require a TWO THIRDS vote in that body to carry it!

The matter referred to is the amendment to the Australian ballot law, providing for grouping all candidates under their respective party headings, so a cross (x) placed opposite the name of the party and no scratches appearing, the voter would express his intention of voting the entire ticket of that particular party.

Failure to have this amendment made to the law before has already cost the Republican party a great deal. Among the instances notable, it defeated Hewitt, the Republican nominee for circuit judge.

One argument held out against this amendment was that men should be sufficiently capable, and highly enough educated to be able to vote intelligently. But while this may be an abstract truism, it is only capable of a theoretical application in point of fact. And "it is a condition that confronts us, not a theory." Men are not all able to unravel the sinuosities of the Australian ballot, and justice demands that it be so amended that justice may be done not only every political party, but every individual voter.

The Legislature passed this amendment at the last regular session, and the Democratic Governor of Oregon vetoed it. It will be presented to the next Legislature for consideration, and to pass the law over the Governor's veto will require a two-thirds vote. The minority will vote against it, for the law as it now stands is in favor of the minority. Therefore it is necessary that the Republicans elect every candidate they have placed before the people on the Legislative ticket. The loss of a single one may mean the loss of a two-thirds majority in the Legislature and therefore the failure to pass the bill over the Governor's veto.

SHADES OF JACKSON!

W. R. Hearst says he will support any man for President who has been a Democrat for twenty years. But what does Hearst admit as a Democrat? Is it a "gold bug" Democrat, a "free silver Democrat," a "protection Democrat," a "free trade" Democrat, or must the man have been a "Hearst Democrat" all this time?

The two old "democrat Democrats" are dead! Their shades hover for a moment and disappear in despair failing to find whereon to rest. The "Jefferson Democrat," and he who continued voting for Andrew Jackson for twenty years "after the war" are no more. "Price's left wing" has disappeared off the face of the earth, and its memory is no longer a substance—it is only this "hot air." The yellow journal has swallowed up and consumed their ashes, and their spirits have turned to ether which has been entirely dissipated by the exhalations of Colonel Editor Bryan of Nebraska, and of Bailey of Texas.

Where, then, is the twenty year old Democrat demanded by Editor Hearst? Show us his stripes! Do they run lengthwise or only across his body?

A deeply interested nation awaits the turning of the wheel, to see what sort of an animal is offered to inspection.

AN UNIMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Mr. Bok's discovery of alcohol in a number of proprietary remedies and patent medicines is hardly destined to result with the discovery of radium, the X-rays and numerous other finds of recent years. Had he discovered an absence of alcohol in them, it would have surprised the average man far more. Again, he need not have gone to the trouble of "dissecting" bottle after bottle of medicine to discover alcohol. He could far more easily have discovered it in large and merchantable quantities on either corner of his block, or nearby.

To astonish the world Mr. Bok will have to discover something else.

FOR PORTLAND'S SHERRIFF.

The Republicans of Oregon should use every endeavor to secure the election of their candidate for sheriff. It does not pay to underestimate the en-

emy's strength, nor to overlook knowledge of his tactics. It is true that all traveling men of Portland feel that their fraternal duty to elect a Democrat these all Republican merchants should also feel that their fraternal duty as Republicans to note this down in their business memoranda. Republican principles are making this a great and wealthy country. Republican office holders are working out these principles. The deduction is evident, and Portland's Republicans should remember that the loss of one candidate there is as much a defeat as it is in Marion county.

LOOK OUT FOR LIES.

There are a good many lies in circulation in Oregon this campaign, and Republican voters will do well to chase them down. Remember that if anything is said against the Republican candidate for any office by the opposition, that the thing to do is to ask for absolute proof to all charges before believing them. Many a story can be so twisted as to make an absolute canard out of something which amounted to nothing in the beginning. Look to it, Republicans, that you are not misled by any tales the enemy springs on you.

It really tires a man who has an ounce and a quarter of gray matter in good working order to see Democratic newspapers juggle with the name of Lincoln, and how about the way Republicans have changed from Lincoln's Republicanism? What do they know about Lincoln's Republicanism? When Lincoln was alive these same Democrats were fighting him. Now they claim that he was all right. A few years later they will find that Roosevelt and Hermann were all right.

The gathering in Marion Square Sunday afternoon simply showed how appreciative Salem people are of slight improvements. The few benches in the park were occupied nearly all day, and many who could not get seats wished there were more of them. The suggestion that the fathers of the city council take this and a few other improvements in this park and Wilson's avenue under consideration, is not entirely out of place, perhaps.

In voting for Hon. Jno. H. McNary for prosecuting attorney the electors of this judicial district will not err in any way. He is as well equipped for the position as any man who has ever been in that office. He is careful, erudite, active and attentive to his duties. He is a good lawyer, of even temper, not easily frustrated, having the mental balance so necessary in one in that position. He should have the vote of every Republican in this contest.

Republican voters will remember that a vote for a Democrat means a vote for defeat.

IS AT THE FAIR

THE EDITOR FINDS IT WILL BE A BIG THING WHEN COMPLETED.

A Week Ago It Was Mostly One Great Gob of Mud of Variegated Color and Various Consistency—A Warning for the 1906 Fair at Portland.

(Editorial Correspondence.)
Exposition Grounds,
Tuesday, May 17.

I arrived in St. Louis yesterday evening at 6 o'clock and at the union depot took a car for the Fair Grounds, requiring about 30 minutes in transit and was "deposited" on the outside of the "Louisiana Purchase Exposition" grounds in the mud, with no walks to the entrance gate, and several roads and uncompleted railroad tracks to cross—in addition to which, it was raining steadily and had been for twenty-four hours.

After waiting to the gate, following the railroad tracks "on a curve" in order to keep above water, I undertook to enter with both hands loaded with grips, I had taken pity on a lone woman who was similarly loaded and had no

A TEXAS WONDER

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.
One small bottle of the Texas Wonder, Hall's Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.

One small bottle is two month's treatment. Dr. Ernest W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. box, 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists and Dr. S. C. Stone's Drug Store.

READ THIS.

To Whom It May Concern:
This is to certify that I was down for nine months with kidney and bladder trouble, and tried all known remedies to no avail until a neighbor induced me to get a bottle of Texas Wonder, one half of which cured me sound and well; this I would cheerfully swear to, and for the benefit of those who are afflicted and wishing to be permanently cured, they can obtain a bottle at my house located on West 11th street. Yours truly,
J. J. SEALE,
Medford, Or.

I had been provided with a complimentary press ticket of admission, but upon presentation at the first gate was told that I would have to sign it and countersign it again in seven different places and in three languages, if I knew that many. After complying to the best of my ability I gathered up the baggage which the lady had been sheltering with her umbrella where I had deposited them temporarily in the mud, and we undertook to enter the first gate, there being four in succession, but there I discovered that the lady had no ticket and the keeper would not accept her money, so another deposit of the baggage was necessary in order that a special trip might be made to the ticket office which was some yards distant, and in order to reach which a wholly different variety of mud had to be navigated. Having complied with all these plans and specifications we made another start for the World's Fair Grounds, but this effort was but partially successful. The lady succeeded in shooting the chute and I undertook to follow, only to be told by the keeper that, having a press ticket, I would have to enter by the adjoining gate.

By this time, however, I had passed half way through the narrow revolving cylinder, which was on end, and on account of three of the grips in one hand refusing to recede, could not proceed either way. But at this particular juncture, with a kindness for which I shall always feel profoundly grateful, several unemployed guides came to my assistance and took the baggage bodily over the gates. I then made a retrogressive movement and entered the sacred precincts through the proper channel, feeling all the indescribable thrill that is the portion of him who has finally triumphed over a formidable and relentless opposition.

I joined the Grange twenty-five years ago by initiation, and recall experiencing something of the same feeling during the ceremony that overcame me after successfully running the gauntlet of the Entrance Gate to this Exposition.

Both our destinations being the famous "Inside Inn," we started in that direction, it being but a hundred yards distant, wading through the most villainous mud found in the entire state of Missouri, or elsewhere. There was no escaping it any more than if we were walking in the middle of a country road in the Willamette valley in January. What few paths that had been improvised, converged toward a bridge that had to be crossed, all around and on top of which, the mud was four inches deep and of the same consistency as batter out of which cakes are made. If it had been only two degrees thinner, it would have disappeared through the sheer operation of the law of gravity.

To remedy the outrageously disagreeable situation, the authorities had hauled all the bricks and refuse cinder that could be found in the West and made an artificial covering over the prepared paths, but the constant use and continued downpour of rain had reduced these to liquid state, thus deliberately adding insult to injury. Even this would have been endurable if any one path had been completed with either pulverized brick or the granulated cinder, but, as if to represent the effect of landscape gardening, that one would be used for a few yards only to be superseded by the other, the next few yards having neither. The effect was that just as soon as our shoes became gorgeously bespangled with red, we were compelled to plunge into a lake of black cinder, always emerging into the beautiful white mud which is the natural distinguishing color of the clay upon which the grounds are located.

Having finally reached the broad piazza of the "Inside Inn," I deposited the baggage (gladly) on the floor and upon trying the door found it locked! At this point we began to very fluently express our opinion of the entire management of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Jefferson himself coming in for a share of the denunciation for ever buying the country, anyway, when a dark visaged man came to the door and, opening it, invited us in. I asked him why he had the door locked, when he replied that it was "after office hours," that probably we were looking for the "Inside Inn," that the building he had led us into was the Indian Territory building, but that to come on through and he would show us where to go. He was the very soul of kindness, adding that quite one half of the visitors to the Fair made the same mistake. He was quite used to it!

Another fifty yards of wading brought us to the hotel, a perfectly immense, but temporary structure, with 2300 rooms and where at least 5000 people are at this time staying. It covers eight acres of ground and there are twenty-nine acres of flooring in it. The dining room seats 1000 guests at once, and there were 7000 meals given yesterday. But it is decidedly easier to display some enthusiasm over the acres the hotel covers and the number of guests it can seat at the table at once than it is in describing the character of the meals or other accommodations. And yet, some allowance should be made for the temporary nature of everything, for the convenience of not being compelled to "go to St. Louis for meals and lodging is worth counting. It is said to have cost \$450,000, and from present appearances people here general are more disposed to predict

it a successful venture financially than the Exposition itself.

It would be utterly impossible to adequately describe the condition of incompleteness prevailing here. Nothing is ready, save the omnipresent fellows who are ever on hand to impart information, and always for money. If you are a full grown man you will be compelled to literally push these pests from your path at every turn, otherwise nothing can be done but to unconditionally surrender. And so surcharged is the very air here with the uppermost intention to graft somebody that a stranger doesn't know who to accept in his quest for information without carrying a quarter in his hand with which to liquidate upon demand. If you are "turned around" and politely ask a bystander, who looks as though he might know, which direction is west, if you don't pay him a quarter for the effort of opening his mouth he will probably proceed to abuse you for your ingratitude. If you listen to the conversation going on around you in the crowded hotel, nine tenths of it consists of men recounting what it has cost them and the apparent fact that the great "show" has the money-making proposition more in view than a commemoration of a great historical event in the world's history.

It was the original intention to hold the Exposition in 1903, the real centennial of the purchase of the Louisiana country, but it was postponed one year, after it became plain that it could not be got in readiness by that time, but it is now very apparent that it should have been postponed two years. This summer will be fully half gone before the grounds are completed and the exhibits are in place. And by that time it will be so hot that a visit here will be robbed of half its pleasure.

I put in three hours today sauntering around the grounds, first taking a trolley ride on the "intramural line" around them half way and walked back. I have already referred to the muddy condition of most of the grounds, but have not at all adequately described the fact. To do so would make an improbable story. What ought to be the most beautiful woods and parks, and would otherwise be, are filled by thousands of wagon loads of all kinds of possible refuse—lumber, boxes, barrels, ashes, bottles, hoop iron and a thousand other articles not necessary to mention, making the most unsightly perspective one could imagine. There were millions of feet of all kinds of lumber used for scaffolding around the numerous immense buildings which have been constructed, and this is thrown in the most abandoned confusion all through the parks, along the trolley lines in the grounds and piled against the very sides of some of the most magnificent buildings that themselves will not be finished and ready for visitors for two months. On this intramural line you pass many of the most beautiful buildings, the conductors call out the names at the little stations and stops, but no one gets out because there is no way to get to the building save by wallowing through mud of the most persistent affectionate character, perhaps only to find that the building is closed anyway.

I was "easy" enough to try this once—only once. After leaving the Administration building, I concluded I would make a break and see something. I wanted to have a run for my money. I saw a most beautiful building across the road with the word "Belgium" inscribed in golden letters high up towards the sky, with many kinds of elaborate paintings around its base, and I wanted to explore the inside of it. But to reach it involved not only getting across the muddy road but a walk of fifty yards in front of it, which was no better than the road. I hesitated, like a man who has decided to take a cold bath, and plunged in. I triumphed over the mud by going through it and encountered a plot of grass for a change only to find that it had just been deposited in huge squares of sods removed from some other clime, and that it was underlaid with water. My first thought was that it was a miniature floating island—merely a work of art. I finally reached the entrance of the building, however, where an officer was stationed supposedly, to welcome visitors, but he at once informed me that no one was admitted and would not be for two weeks. A peep inside disclosed ship loads of huge boxes of exhibits piled ten and twenty feet deep, which it appeared hundreds of men could not properly place in position for months.

And many others, indeed, most of the other buildings are closed. Those that are not, ought to be. Not one is ready. Thousands of teams are hauling through the grounds all the time and thousands of men are digging and building and tearing down and tearing up until one becomes actually dizzy at the unlimited acres of unsystematic "unpreparedness," to use one of President Roosevelt's favorite expressions. Many of the buildings that are ready for visitors—that is, partly—you can't get to, and the ones you can reach are closed.

To lend a degree of dignity to a feature of all expositions that is popularly supposed to be lacking somewhat in that respect, the Midway is called the "Pike," but even it is not ready for the rush. There are at present over 200 carloads of exhibits, so I was told today, that are standing on sidings not yet unloaded.

Of course the mud will disappear at once upon a change in the weather, and

this disagreeable feature will be removed, but the public should know that the Exposition is not ready for visitors and will not be for a long while yet. The magnificent extent of it is wonderful beyond description, and when completed will be a human creation such as the world never saw before. The degree to which it surpasses all former efforts in this line, illustrates vividly the progress of man's dominion over the forces of human nature and the exploitation of the earth's resources. It is to be regretted that the month of May, the most pleasant of the six it is to last, in this climate, will not afford that degree of satisfaction to the thousands of visitors who are here now for that reason, which would otherwise be theirs. Let our Lewis and Clark Exposition managers remember this mistake made in St. Louis and begin now to provide against its repetition in Portland.
T. T. G.

LOCAL OPTION

OBJECTIONS OF WHOLESALE MERCHANTS TO THE MEASURE IN GENERAL.

Would Throw Fifteen Thousand Men Out of Employment in Oregon—Is Not a Fair Proposition—Would Greatly Reduce Revenue—Would Mean Vacant Buildings.

There seems to be an erroneous impression on the part of the general public as to the so-called local option law which comes up for a vote at the June election. This local option law is really a radical prohibition measure. With a view of placing the matter briefly before the public, we desire to state our objections to the law.

In the first place it is glaringly unfair. For instance, it provides that if a majority of the people in any county vote against the issuance of liquor licenses, no license can be obtained anywhere in that county, no matter if every vote in some particular precinct was cast in favor of license.

We leave it to every liberal minded man whether this is a fair proposition. It is certainly not local option. Local option means local choice. Is there much choice where every vote in a precinct may be in favor of a license and still license cannot be obtained? The prohibitionists—they are not local optionists—claim that a majority should rule. If the vote of the majority of the people in any precinct "for prohibition" prevents the obtaining of a license there, then would it not be fair that a majority vote cast in that precinct "against prohibition" should allow the issuance of licenses, which it would not in the instances set forth above?

The adoption of local option in Multnomah county would result as follows:

The city and county would lose \$140,000 revenue every year. One-quarter of the buildings in the business district would be vacant.

About 4000 men would be thrown out of employment.

The expenses of maintaining the city government would be as much, and there would not be enough revenue to pay it.

Taxes would be so high that no one could afford to own property.

The prohibitionists have recently gotten out a pamphlet in which they make the following statement:

The adoption of the proposed local option law, it is estimated, will throw out of employment in Oregon about 15,000 men, but the immense sum of money now expended for intoxicating liquor which would go into the purchase of household goods and personal supplies would bring into employment to meet the increased demand not less than 125,000 men.

We think the state of Oregon can scarcely afford to adopt a law which its own advocates admit will start out by throwing 15,000 men out of employment. The statement that it would later result in the employment of a larger number of men is ridiculous and is disproved by the unprogressive record of every town or state which has adopted prohibitory laws.

If the proposed law were really local option the legitimate liquor interests would oppose it. They have never opposed any reasonable legislation, but as a matter of fact local option law is merely an attempt of the prohibitionists to obtain under the deceitful name of "local option" something which they have no chance on earth of obtaining, if they were to call it by its right name, "Prohibition."

BREWERS' AND WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

DIRT CHEAP GOOD FARMS AND CITY PROPERTY

166 acres, 100 acres in cultivation, 6-room house, 2 good barns, 40x40. New sheds, fine spring water, 25 acres of grass, 200 cords of oak wood, 1000 of fir. All under good fence, 1/2 mile from school and 3 miles from town. Price, \$32.50 acre.

105 acres, 55 acres in cultivation, 7-room house, barn, orchard. All fenced. Good spring water, 3 1/2 miles from railroad town. Price \$25 per acre. Part cash, balance to suit.

10 acres, 8 acres of fine orchard, small fruit of all kinds, good 8-room house, barn 18x24. Good water, near school, 4 miles from Salem. Price, \$1500.

7-room cottage, lot 75x145 in a fine location, near car line, for \$875. The house cannot be built for the price they ask for entire property.

8-room house, large lot, barn, fine shade, located on car line. Will return 12 per cent on the investment in rentals.

Modern 10-room house, good lot, large barn, fruit, located 3 blocks from court house. Will exchange for farm property.

We have farms of all kinds and prices. Stock ranches from \$5 per acre and up. See me before you buy.

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ing arrived on last evening's overland train. He will leave this morning for Albany and Lebanon to transact business with the military organizations at those points.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

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Weak?

I suffered terribly for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again. —Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood. Don't doubt it; put your whole trust in it.

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

Recovery will never be complete if the liver is inactive. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Purely vegetable.

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