

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

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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...

CIRCULATION (SWORN) OVER 4000



MODERN TACTICS IN WARFARE

Stripped of all unnecessary verbiage, the object which a nation has when it goes to war with another, is to kill as many of the other's soldiers as possible...

But, singularly enough, the reverse has followed. Armies numbering way up into the thousands can "fight" all day with the latest appliances...

In this respect, modern "wars" constitute a travesty on the idea. Guns have been invented that will carry a mile, say, so the armies are careful to remain a mile and a quarter apart...

The Russians and Japanese will probably "fight" through entire summer without killing as many men altogether as lost their lives at Gettysburg...

It should be remembered that there were 54,000 men killed, wounded and missing at Gettysburg, 25,000 at Antietam, 28,000 at Chancellorsville, 33,000 at Chickamauga, 23,000 at Shiloh, 18,000 at Fredericksburg, 23,000 at Stone River...

But the men in the great Civil War were fighting for what they regarded as a great principle, and when two armies found themselves within fighting distance, they proceeded to get near enough to accomplish what they had in view...

AT SEA.

Notwithstanding the long and disjointed platform adopted at St. Louis, the Democratic party appears to have no definite idea as to what really ails the country to a sufficient extent that

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

31.25 a bottle. All druggists. If you cannot get it, send your name and address to J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

will warrant the promulgation of a specific grievance. Protection is said to be robbery, but just what system of "tariff reform" could be devised that would rob more people in the same length of time than was accomplished within four years under the only Democratic tariff we have had for fifty years, would be difficult to imagine.

Even Governor Chamberlain, in his interviews since returning from the East, says nothing about the tariff as an issue in the pending campaign—going so far away from it, in fact, as to admit that "Wall Street," that distressing hodge man whose very name prostrates the Democratic masses, is about equally disposed towards Roosevelt and Parker.

But the tariff in its protective form has come to stay in this country for many a year in the future. The Democrats will not seriously attack it in this campaign and the voters will gladly let it alone.

MUTUAL ECSTASY. Secretary Shaw should be the happiest man in the United States. He says high prices indicate prosperity, and prices are going higher every day.

But Secretary Shaw has no right to a monopoly of this inexpressible pleasure. For about four years, to-wit, between '93 and '97, the Democrats all over the country shouted themselves hoarse in bitter denunciation of the gold standard, giving not only as a reason, but the reason, that it had caused money values to appreciate and all other values to correspondingly depreciate.

Oh, no. Now that under the gold standard prices have turned from that pitiable condition, our Democratic brothers should not be so painfully modest that they feel themselves unworthy to share in the general rejoicing over the narrow escape guaranteed by the timely return of high prices, for which deliverance the Democrats themselves uttered their most devout and constant implorations.

INHERITED CALAMITIES.

In an effort to utterly discredit Alexander Hamilton as a great statesman, using as an excuse for so doing the centenary of his death a few days ago, Col. Watterston says, among a lot of other things that are unfounded conclusions, that "Hamilton is not without many adherents to his views in this country today, whose influence is seen in the existence of trusts, subsidies, and other centralizing tendencies as the outgrowth of his teachings."

Among which, perhaps, might be mentioned \$40,000,000 that have been piled up by Uncle Cassaway, every dollar of which has been earned by the sweat of his face—and of other people's—the cheerful support of the Democratic nominee for President by Wall Street, and the Democratic criticism that if Roosevelt, as the President of a centralized government, would "but say the word," and enter a sovereign state and suppress its militia with Federal troops, we might expect justice to prevail in Colorado! Oh, yes, there are evidences of Hamilton's hand to be seen here and there in this country yet.

SECOND PLACE.

In speaking of Salem's population the Portland Journal refers to it as the second city in the state in importance and population, but adds that such claim "would be disputed by Astoria and doubtless by Baker City."

The claim is so manifestly true that one is surprised to read in the Astorian such a paragraph as the following: "Perhaps by Astoria's is good—such a cute way of slurring the undoubted second city of Oregon, with fully 3,000 more people than Salem and 4,000 more than Baker City."

But Astoria said nothing about the statement of the Journal until the run of sockeye salmon became phenomenal, as the dispatches inform us. We will gladly submit to a test of the matter at any time save during the open fishing season.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES. It is certainly doing no injustice to other speakers who entertained the visitors to the late Chautauqua assembly at Gladstone Park, to say that Dr. Dwight Hillis was the ablest of them all. No ordinary man could hold

CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I; Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I; Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I.

Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I. Cleon true possesseth acres, but the landscape I; Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot buy.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I; Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I; Wealth surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die.

Death may come he'll find me ready—happier man am I. Cleon sees no charm in nature, in a daisy I; Cleon hears no anthems ringing 'n the sea and sky; Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I; State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

—Charles Mackay.

his position in Plymouth church, as the successor of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott. He is a deep thinker, a very entertaining speaker and with a manner of delivery wholly his own, it being peculiar in that he makes few gestures, frequently speaking a few minutes without moving either hand and talking straight before him—over the heads of his audience.

But Dr. Hillis has some peculiar ideas, nevertheless. His sermon last Sunday afternoon, delivered to 5,000 people, was based upon the proposition that sorrow and adversity are as essential to the development of the best there is in a man as are joy and an unbroken experience of gratifying success. To this proposition, in the abstract, few people of observation will take exception, but, certainly, most thoughtful people will dissent from his position that God directly visits personal afflictions upon people that the development of stronger character may ensue and that individuals so punished may feel themselves drawn closer to the Divine Power as a result of the chastisement.

The fallacy of this doctrine is shown by the mere statement of it. If God were taking a direct interest in the welfare of individuals in this manner, to be fair and impartial, such afflictions would be universal, whereas, we frequently see the most devout of men loaded down with afflictions of various kinds, men who, apparently needed no reminder of their duties in this respect, and, on the other hand, the world is full of men, making no pretense to Christianity, rich in this world's goods, with excellent health, surrounded by every comfort and entirely free from such sorrows as Dr. Hillis described as being sent to men and women at times, solely for the purpose of making them certain inheritors of that beatific life which the future holds for the faithful.

Such a doctrine is the essence of foreordination, destroys individual responsibility for the sort of life men may lead, and says, in terms, that the man whom God neglects to visit by severe affliction has a smaller chance for ultimate redemption than his more fortunate neighbor who has been severely chastised, and, therefore, in large measure, not responsible for what after life has in store for him.

This indefensible doctrine had its day during the last two centuries but has few sincere advocates today. Dr. Hillis took for his text, primarily, the instance of a woman whose little babe had been taken from her by death and had appealed to him for consolation, if any were to be had, and he had replied that it was a direct visitation from God to weave a golden thread which should at all times through her life draw her heart to the treasure—that lies secure in Christ's bosom, etc.

The inference from this is, of course, that if her babe had been permitted to live, she herself would have in all probability wandered away from the correct path and finally been lost! And yet, both the doctor and the woman could have named thousands of other women whose babes are spared to them in all their beauty and comforting companionship, thus, by inference, contributing to the final consignment of the mothers to a world of unending punishment!

At the late campmeeting at Turner a minister who believed this doctrine of implied individual irresponsibility, gave the instance of a member of the Nebraska senate a few years ago, who voted "no" on a bill providing for prohibition in that state. He had been married but a week to a lovely woman, who was in the gallery during roll call, and so chagrined was she at her husband's vote, that she called a page and sent him a note saying that "if you love me, change your vote to 'yes' at once." He read the note, looked in the direction of his wife, exchanged looks with her, and arose in his seat and changed his vote, thus carrying it through by a majority of one.

"Who can doubt," added the enthusiastic minister, that God was in that

woman's heart and that He had used her as a means of converting her husband to the great cause of temperance?"

And yet, the average mind, free to reason, will at once inquire why such attention should be lavished upon the cause of temperance in Nebraska, while so much remains undone in Missouri and Kentucky? There are many legislators in those states voting wrong all the time, and with faithful wives who would be only too willing to give their aid to the cause of temperance at their hearts were but touched in the manner that inspired the wife of the delinquent Nebraska legislator!

This idea of special providences of God in small matters directly destroys individual responsibility and has done more to undermine true religion than all other causes combined. There are certain fixed laws of right and wrong, well understood by everybody, and no one is going to escape the consequences of their violation by attempting a shelter behind the plea that God helps some people more than others. God is no respecter of persons.

THE BENSON LAND CASE.

Of course, there is not an honest man in Oregon (and most men in Oregon are honest) who does not wish to see all grafters, in whatever branch of the public service they may be found operating, city, county, state or nation, punished to the fullest extent of the law governing such abuses. The best results of civil government can only be realized through the prosecution of such instances of betrayal of a public trust. Not only will no man who has the best interests of his country at heart object to this, but every good citizen will aid in ferreting out such infractions of the code of public honesty as far as he has the power to do so.

The present administration of the Interior Department at Washington has made a record, not only for honesty, which is good, and to be commended, but it has gone so far in that direction that in many cases it has blemished the standing of good and innocent men in its desire to emphasize its reputation for pursuing those bent on plundering the public land department.

If Mr. Benson and his associates in their business of acquiring lands on a huge scale have violated the national or state laws regulating such matters, they should be visited with whatever punishment the law provides for such cases, but the examination of the nature of their transactions by the district court of New York indicates that the zeal of the Interior Department has out run its discretion. If these men are guilty the Statesman trusts they may be adequately punished, but so many of the cases so industriously worked up by inspectors whose first desire appears to be the establishment of a good reason for their appointment have fallen through upon the first investigation, that the public has begun to have little faith in the "exposures" that are from time brought to light.

"ECONOMIC WISDOM."

"Of course, it would have been a matter of great satisfaction to those of us who have always been insistent and unyielding gold standard Democrats if we could have had a declaration in the platform committing our party in distinct terms to the acceptance and constant defence and maintenance of the gold standard—not because of an unexpected increase in gold production, but on the grounds of economic wisdom and national honor."

And it is presumed that Judge Parker holds precisely the same views relating to the money standard that should prevail in this country. Mr. Cleveland takes no stock in the subterfuge of the Klondike mines, but relies upon the principle as one of "economic wisdom and national honor." Whether Judge Parker will declare in his letter of acceptance his belief in the gold standard as one of political expediency or as a measure of "economic wisdom and national honor," will be watched with much interest.

INFECTED FRUIT.

The fruit inspector for Seattle recently condemned an aggregate of two carloads of California peaches which had been bought by the dealer in that city and placed on the market. They were from Yacaville, Sonoma county, and were badly infected with what is known as peach moth, a worm that buries itself in the fruit and causes it to decay. One house alone had bought 1200 crates in one of which there were but four sound peaches to be found.

While we have no regularly authorized state or city fruit inspector, the horticultural commissioner from each district can do much toward looking after the interests of fruit consumers by examining the samples offered for sale by local dealers, especially that which has been sent here from other states. This protection is not only due the consumers of fruit, but pests should not be thus imported on general princi-



From the Office Window

Hiawatha Barred.

A few days ago one of the London papers contained this advertisement: "Wanted: Office Boy; polite, attentive, quick; one who does not whistle 'Hiawatha' preferred. Address, etc."

A London man who saw the advertisement remarked to a friend that the advertiser would never find what he was after—that he had twenty boys in his employ, every one of whom whistled "Hiawatha."

While it is likely that such a boy will never be discovered, the anxiety of the advertiser will generally be appreciated. One of the greatest nuisances on this planet is the unconscious whistler of "Hiawatha," and they are all unconscious. Nobody ever commits that unpardonable offense if he knows it, and therein lies the only avenue to its toleration. Right here in Salem, boys belonging to the best families we have, while going along the streets with the best of intentions, apparently, every surface indication pointing to a sound mind and honorable intention, will suddenly stab the otherwise quiet atmosphere with the rickety, disjointed and discordant elements of jarring inharmonious character these particular bars of "Hiawatha" which engage the attention of the helpless boy.

It is perhaps the suddenness, the utter absence of any apparent indication of approaching outbreak, which is always a part of it, that constitutes the chief ingredient in the unforgettable misdeed. The boy himself doesn't know what he has done. The affront has been committed unconsciously. If you should ask him the next moment why his object was, he would honestly deny that he had whistled Hiawatha—or anything else—and at that very moment he was, perhaps really thinking of his dear mother at home.

Public sympathy will be with the London advertiser, since he will be compelled to pursue his business without help—unless, indeed, he secures a girl as an office boy, some of whom, it is believed, do not whistle "Hiawatha," at least not in its acute stages.

In Old Kentucky.

Down in Kentucky, Carrie Nation seems to have found her equal in strenuousness. A few days ago, at Guthrie, in that state, she met a young man on the streets who was smoking a cigarette, and without warning, slapped it from his mouth. The wicked fellow rejoiced the damaged, but still burning appliance for sending him to the bad place, when the female Kansan repeated the act, whereupon, the young man promptly knocked her down with his fist.

After loudly bewailing the departed chivalry in the Blue Grass state, she wended her way over to Elizabethtown, doubtless thinking that in a city boasting such a charming name she would be

ple. It is enough to be compelled to contend with those that are indigenous to the country.

And now the indictment against Benson, the alleged land grafter, whose running down by the "inspectors" sent out by Secretary Hitchcock was said to have been the greatest case of unearthing frauds ever accomplished on the face of the earth, involving practically every prominent man on the Pacific coast, has fallen through after a thorough examination in the United States district court in New York. It will be remembered that after the 2,000 Republican majority in Oregon last June Secretary Hitchcock took all the credit to himself, claiming it was the result of his prosecution of land grafters in Oregon. After Roosevelt's election this fall we may listen for Hitchcock's modest assertion that it was the result of his "unearthing" of Benson's unparalleled crookedness in the prosecution of his land deals. In the meantime one can readily foresee the result of the McKinley-Ware trials—if they ever come to pass.

Marion county should lose no time in accepting the offer of the Lewis and Clark managers to donate \$500 toward a county exhibit at the Exposition next year, provided, as we understand it, the county will expend as much in addition. Since it is to the interest of every county in the state to make of the Fair as great a success as possible, and since without a magnificent display of Oregon's resources such success cannot be expected, it will be the duty of every county in the state to earnestly and enthusiastically assist in this matter. This offer of the Lewis and Clark managers is a liberal one, and should enlist the co-operation of all our people. Now is the time to remove that bush which has been covering Oregon's possibilities most successfully ever since it was settled.

The suggestion is respectfully made to Judges Burnett, Galloway and Scott that before any serious cases are tried in their respective courts involving

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

treated with more consideration for the sex she adorns—more or less.

But her career here was even more turbulent than at Guthrie. Her first act was to invade a saloon, owned by Mr. A. R. Neighbors, who, upon her second attack assaulted her in a manner that at once put her out of business so far as that town is concerned.

Carrie no doubt now recalls that there are different kinds of Neighbors, and that while you have no right to covet his wife nor his man-servant, the injunction lies equally strong against coveting his saloon. The perceptive faculties of Mrs. Nation have been fearfully neglected if she has failed to learn that the Kentuckian, of all men, will stand no nonsense when it comes to interfering with his whiskey or his tobacco.

We're Hard to Please.

When the pilgrims who wended their way to Oregon from Illinois and Missouri in '43-4, there was a well-grounded complaint that it was a long and tedious journey, involving a great waste of time. Later, when stage coaches were substituted for ox teams, there was general rejoicing for awhile, but more rapid transit was longed for, which came in the '70's. Since then it has been possible to go to Chicago in four days, pleasantly encoased in a gorgeously upholstered Pullman car, with every attendant comfort that could be imagined.

But the Pullman car has become inadequate. It is poky. After riding about two days, the average passenger will get out on the platform at some station, say, at Green River, and audibly wonder how he will ever endure two more days of it! (The writer's mother, then a girl of fourteen years, walked practically every step from the Missouri river to the Willamette valley in 1847, herding the few head of loose cattle in the trail of the emigrant train.)

What we want now, is a flying machine that will take us to New York in ten hours. After that, a pneumatic tube through which we can make Chicago in twenty minutes and around the world in a day, with stop-over privileges. Beyond that, at present, at least, we "seek not to penetrate the veil."

But Uncle John Minto easily recalls when times and even aspirations were different. On the 5th day of December, 1844, he mailed a letter to his father, who was living in Pennsylvania, from Astoria, the mail going out by a Hudson's Bay steamer for Liverpool. After reaching that English port, the letter was returned to America and in the course of human events, it reached his father in Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Minto received an answer to his letter on the 13th of July, 1847, at Astoria. It was one of a large batch of letters brought from the Missouri river, addressed to people living all over this country, by Mr. J. M. Shively, afterward, and for some years, postmaster at Astoria.

The letter was handed to Mrs. Minto just where the town of Hammond now stands, and he says, take it altogether,

Perhaps Milt Miller was not very mad, anyway. What is a mere membership in a Democratic National committee to Milt in a campaign with a gold standard man at the head of the ticket? The Governor probably impressed this fact upon him, as we are assured that all is peace on the Santiam.

All such street corner cranks as Dowie and Creffled should be suppressed by the authorities at the incipency of their demonstrations, instead of waiting until the poison which has undermined them has inoculated a lot of other people. There should be no exhibition of mawkish sentimentality as to the "freedom of speech" for a man whose mouthings prove that his mental equilibrium is a thing of the past.

In disgust, Santos Dumont has gone to Europe with the intention of not returning until next year, doubtless convinced that he would have no fair chance in the United States in competition with the hot air period of a Presidential campaign.

Have you noticed that Carl Schurz has not yet given the public his views on the political situation? He is no doubt carefully thinking it over, but when he does come to the front you will find him talking like a Dutch Uncle.

questions of a purely ethical nature, the frazzled condition of the scales which the beautiful Goddess of Justice on the court house holds in spectacular prominence should be submitted to a careful process of direct examination.

Col. Watterston warns Parker, whom he is enthusiastically supporting, that he would accept no office under the sun. But he should communicate his intention to Roosevelt, who will have the question of offices to deal with.

The Baker City Democrat says "Eagle Valley, appropriately called 'The Garden of Eden,' is breaking all

notwithstanding the "delay in the mails," that it was about the happiest day of his life. He had been married the day before to one of Astoria's fairest daughters, Miss M. A. Morrison, and they were then on the bank of the Columbia ready to go aboard the skiff in which they made the trip from there to their future home near Salem.

And Mr. Minto says, even now, nearly sixty years afterwards, that times didn't seem so bad, since he can imagine nothing that would have added to his store of happiness, notwithstanding it required two years and a half to send a letter to Pennsylvania and get an answer.

Forgetting Details.

The other day a party of Salemites were discussing the rather dry summer we have experienced, when one of them recalled the dry summer of 1883. Another added that he remembered that summer and how exceedingly smoky it was. Then several others recalled the smoke of 1883. Still another recalled that it was so smoky that as he came up the Columbia in August of that year, passengers on the boat could rarely see either shore, and that the pilot was constantly blowing the whistle and running under slow bells. He remarked, incidentally, that he came to Salem on that trip and heard Henry Beecher deliver his lecture here, casually adding that ex-Governor Gibbs introduced him to the audience.

It happened that most of the party heard Beecher on that occasion and at once one of them said that not only did Gibbs not introduce him but that nobody did. He came on the stage unattended and began his lecture without even addressing the audience. Further conversation disclosed the fact that the entire party denied that Gibbs was there except the positive individual who had made his way here through the smoke. Several of them insisted that in 1883 Gibbs had been dead for ages.

Of course the dry summer was forgotten in the newly-created interest in the more important subject as to who introduced Beecher at Reed's Opera House on that August evening way back in '83, and as there is no file of the Statesman for that year in Salem, the disputant with the discredited memory, having business in Portland a day or two afterward, went to the public library, consulted the files of the Oregonian, and found in the "Salem Notes" for August, 23, 1883, that, on the evening before, Beecher had lectured here and was listened to "by the intellectual classes of Marion and adjoining counties, the lecture was up to the fullest expectations and no one was disappointed in the great conversational orator, either in manner of delivery or vigor of thought." It was added that "ex-Governor Gibbs had the honor of introducing Mr. Deceiner."

So Loring K. Adams was right, after all. Ex-Governor Gibbs died in January, 1887, in London, and his remains were brought to Oregon for interment by an act of the Legislature which appropriated money for that purpose.

records this year in the amount of its fruit yield." The Garden of Eden always was noted for its fruit yield, but Eagle Valley is religiously administered to refrain from undertaking to break the record. Success in that line would mean certain trouble.

The New York Herald says Fairbanks "is as pink as a girl from the country." But why this indefensible implied discrimination against the girl from the city? Think of the lovely pink tea she attends.

The latest London fashion decrees that the creases on men's trousers shall be on the sides instead of the front. This will be a new wrinkle to the Igorrotes we saw at St. Louis.

The Prohibition Presidential ticket, Swallow and Carrol, is a genuine ethnological combination, but we are not certain whether a Swallow over Carrols—unless it goes on a Lark.

So far as known, Parker hasn't spoken since he sent Hill's telegram to St. Louis. No doubt when he is notified of his nomination and asked to accept he will respond, "I will."

The St. Louis Globe Democrat suggests that the favorite form of opening Democratic meetings this year will be "My Fellow Gold Bugs."

"The smoke of battle has cleared away" and among the missing is Dan Lamont. Also Hoke Smith. Likewise, Horace Boies.

Judge Parker is said to be a good horseman. He certainly turned a famous somersault when he flopped from Bryan and free silver to Parker and gold.

When the facts are all known England Malacca little of having any just cause for complaint, after all.

No doubt Grand Pa Davis' check book is what put a stop to his matrimonial program.