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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and warmer; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 6.

ENFORCED "CONSENT."

There is nothing wrong about "imperialism." On the contrary, there is everything in it that is right. It is the rule of those who are fittest to rule, and therefore who ought to rule. Ask the Democrats of North Carolina, who have just thrown the negro out. There is government without the consent of the governed. Mr. Bryan will never utter a word of disapproval. Any doctrine that is good enough for North Carolina, for Mississippi, for Louisiana and the whole group of our free, intelligent and highly developed Southern States should be good enough for the Philippine Islands.

"Consent of the governed" is merely a sentimental theory—never was anything else, never can be. Now and then the world has a touch of this theory or vagary, as our country had when it gave the suffrage to the negro; but this sort of thing, after a while, always corrects itself.

The Filipinos are no more fit—far less fit—to be entrusted with political responsibility than the negroes of our Southern States, whom Mr. Bryan's party, with his full approval, has cut off from participation in government. There is not a person on earth who does not know that our eight millions of negroes are far better qualified for political functions than the eight millions of Filipinos.

Hence, though our Democratic brethren are shrieking about "imperialism," it is not probable their feelings will be much hurt, in fact, if the "niggers" of the Philippines get the same treatment which they accord to the "niggers" of North Carolina and the Southern States generally. It is not that the glorious doctrine of "consent of the governed" is imperiled that worries our "anti" brethren. They smile at their own fictions. But they are in need of a party cry.

In point of fact, the "consent" of all of us is enforced.

JAPAN'S WHEAT AND FLOUR PROBLEM.

The prospective competition of the Japanese in the Oriental flour trade is attracting some attention, not alone on this Coast, where all of the business has been handled, but farther east, where the millers have been looking with longing eyes on this rich field for trade. Japan imported about 500,000 bushels of wheat from the Pacific Coast last season, the bulk of it going from Portland. The lowest price at which flour for the Orient was ever cleared from this port was $2 50 per barrel. The Japanese ground a 50,000-bushel lot of Walla Walla wheat that was shipped from Portland, and report that the cost after making allowance for duties, freight, etc., was equivalent to $2 30 per barrel. The samples sent back to Portland show the flour to be fully equal to that made in this country.

Twenty cents per barrel profit is ample for the thrifty Japanese millers, and at first glance these figures apparently have a very serious meaning for Pacific Coast mills. There are certain factors in connection with them, however, which place a different light on the matter, and show that the success or failure of the new industry may depend almost wholly on the tariff. The duty on American flour in Japan is about 34 cents per barrel. The duty on wheat is but 5 per cent ad valorem. On the amount of wheat required to produce a barrel of flour at the price at which the particular lot in question was cleared, the duty would amount to but 12 cents. This left a protective tariff of 22 cents per barrel, net, a figure which, other conditions being equal, puts the Japanese at a disadvantage should the Japanese Government withdraw its aid.

The prospects for a withdrawal of this aid are not remote, for Japan is experimenting in other directions besides manufacturing, one of her hobbies at the present time being wheatgrowing. But little wheat is produced in Japan as yet, but the amount is sufficient to cut off the imports of American flour for three or four months after harvest, and the government is experimenting with a view to determining whether it will not prove more profitable to grow wheat than it is to grow rice. If the cereal should prove more remunerative than rice, the Japanese wheatgrower would object to the competition of American wheat, and insist on the same protective tariff against wheat that is now made against flour. The question then to be determined would be whether the millers should have the protection or whether it should be extended to the farmers.

There are other obstacles in the way of the cheap labor of the far East as an active competitor with America in the production of flour made from American wheat. Bran, shorts and middlings have a commercial value, less than half that of flour, and yet the trans-Pacific freight rate is exactly the same on both the raw and the manufactured article. The Japan miller is thus forced to pay full freight on the "offal" from wheat, which, owing to the limited amount of livestock in the Orient, is not worth as much proportionately in Japan as it is in this country, where there is always a big demand for feed.

Cheap labor means much in any manufacturing enterprise, and there is, of course, a possibility that the "Yankees of the Orient" may in time capture a large proportion of the milling trade of the big and rapidly developing field across the Pacific. As yet, however, the venture has hardly progressed far enough beyond the experimental stage to cause much uneasiness among Pacific Coast millers or affect the value of milling property.

ENEMIES UNMASKED.

In the news of the day, nothing is more edifying than the declaration of principles issued by the newly formed National organization of metal-workers of the United States. This is the first principle:

> The laboring class must emancipate itself from all influences of its enemy, the proprietary class. It must organize locally, nationally and internationally for the purpose of setting the power of the organized masses against the power of capitalism, and it must see that it is represented in the different branches of the local, state and National administrative governments.

The metal-workers are nothing if not specific, and their doctrine is so definite that nothing remains but to reflect briefly upon its application where logic necessarily extends it.

In the first place, we have to consider the means to their designated end. The enemy of labor, that is, owners, must be brought low, and the power of capitalism must be destroyed. Only two ways are open; we must reach the proprietary class through their persons or else through their property. They can be removed with the secret dagger or the mysterious poison. Yet this would hardly reach the seat of the evil, for our laws, unfortunately, do not permit the seizure of estates by first comers after a rich man's assassination. The snake would be scotched, not killed, and the heirs would be morally certain to pursue the capitalist function indefinitely. The effective way is to strike at once at the capitalist's property. Ways must be found to shut up department stores, mines and factories, to destroy railroads, street-car lines, steamships, livestock and farms, and all other visible objects in which the capital of the country pursues the laboring classes with the vindictive effort to provide them work. It is obvious that as long as we have proprietors we shall have workmen, and that as long as we have capital it must employ help to carry on its enterprises.

If the laboring classes are to be fully aroused to the bitter enmity naturally existent between the employer and the employe, it will be futile for the capitalist longer to conceal his deadly designs on the laborer. His hand will be forced. He will be compelled to do his fighting in the open. No one who knows the American capitalist's enterprise and determination will be surprised to see him organize his campaign against his former co-laborer, the workman, in the most circumspect and forcible manner possible. No longer under the necessity of disguising his flagitious purpose, he will not rest till he has left in all the land not a weaver for his looms, an electrician for his dynamos, an operator for his wires, an engineer for his trains, a printer for his newspaper. When Rockefeller has put all his workmen to rest in boiling oil, and Carnegie has stuffed his red-hot furnaces full of miners and operatives, and Arthur Sewall has cast all his shipwrights and seamen into the deepest part of the Atlantic, and Depew has sealed up all the New York Central's men in the tunnels on Manhattan Island, then will those kings of industry be able unrestricted to pursue the ambitions they have set before them.

The frank and open manner in which the metal-workers address the country establishes the presumption that they are fair-minded men, and will cheerfully accord to capital the same destructive policy toward its adversaries which they claim for themselves. Under the operation of the two opposing campaigns, we shall soon see labor and capital annihilate each other. What there is left of society will speedily gravitate to that idyllic state of primitive Oregon, when the inhabitants of these hills and valleys occupied themselves in hunting grasshoppers for food.

MR. STEVENSON'S BAD TASTE.

A nonpartisan welcome such as was tendered Hon. Adlai Stevenson upon his return from Minnesota to Bloomington would seem to deserve recognition at his hands devoid of partisan attack. But if the expectation was entertained, it was foredoomed to disappointment. Though the ex-Vice-President is accounted a man of taste and of exceptional finesse in concealing positive conviction on any subject, in this case he so far forgot the proprieties as to launch an unmistakable rebuke at one of the great parties whose members were partaking in this nonpartisan welcome.

What does Mr. Stevenson mean by referring, in his Bloomington speech of acknowledgment, to "the influx and growth of an element whose principle in action is the destruction of the safeguards of law"? He certainly cannot be ignorant that in that sentence he antagonized a large and increasing element in the Democratic party. He lives in Illinois, and was alive in 1894. He had special reason to remember the part Grover Cleveland took in suppressing efforts made at Chicago for "destruction of the safeguards of law" in that very year, and the savage assaults made upon Cleveland then and ever since by numbers of determined voters, without whose votes Bryan and Stevenson cannot possibly be elected. He ought to know, if he does not, that John W. Daniel, a Senator from Virginia, who lauded Cleveland for that action in 1894, stood up at Chicago to denounce him for that action in 1896. He will probably be told, if he has hitherto been ignorant of it, that the men who are bent on "destruction of the safeguards of law," so that riotous strikers may destroy property, and with violence restrain nonunion men from working, without fear of peace officers or courts, even to the extent, if necessary, of packing the Supreme Court—that such men will swing the electoral vote of Illinois to Bryan and Stevenson, if it is swung that way.

The Honorable Adlai is a great man. He has once held the high and empty office to which he now aspires, and through his own impressive personality contributed greater attenuation to the void of its vacuum, and through his own native force and exhaustive attainments added something to the negative character of its usefulness and the abysmal depths of its oblivion. All this must be confessed to his unique and distinguished credit. But he violated all his own precedents and humiliated the infatuated admirers of his strenuous life when he jumped on a nonpartisan gathering at Bloomington with a remark almost Republican in its gleam of intelligence. Kindly forbear, Adlai, to have another idea. It violates the proprieties.

WHO GOT THE "BASE" LANDS?

Administration of Oregon school lands has so often been found open to criticism that many are disposed to condemn it out of hand and to accept as true any reflections upon it. The technical routine of the State Land Office is understood by comparatively few persons, and the mystery with which so many invest it is popularly believed to contain unlimited opportunities for fraud. The unquestioned abuses of past years make it easy to revive suspicion now. Mr. J. P. Robertson's presentation of the case from his point of view has brought a pretty full explanation from the clerk of the State Land Board, who makes clear the fact that the land-searching public is prone to expect too much of the State Land Office—to expect service which, while pleasant enough to receive, would subject the state to great expense for private gain if it were to be granted. And, of course, it will be perceived that the state must be impartial to its citizens.

If the state should dig up valuable information for the frontier rancher who might desire to add to his homestead, it should also perform the service for the land-jobbing syndicate. The syndicate would apply for and receive and act upon this valuable information first, because that would be its business. As the state does not ascertain the character or location of public land that may become base for lieu selections, all citizens are left on an equal footing for getting that information for themselves. Those who have such information may sell it, if they can find purchasers. Those who have it not, but want it, may either go into the field and get it for themselves or buy it from those who have it to sell. Thus the relation of a base-hunter to the State Land Board is similar to that of an abstractor to the County Recorder. The Recorder has in his custody much of the data from which land titles are ascertained, but it is not his business—indeed, it is not at all practicable—for him to trace transfers or give certificates of title to whomsoever shall apply. The abstractor does this after making the necessary search. Anybody may have access to the records if he choose to search them for himself.

A material point is not cleared up yet, however. It is rather broadly intimated that the bases obtained by Land Agent Davenport were disposed of to a syndicate or to private citizens having close affiliations with the Land Office, and that this is the reason the state board has no bases at its disposal. Mr. Davenport was a state official, the state paid him for his service in straightening out school-land matters, and his list of available bases was, of course, state property, to be used for the benefit of the school fund. If that list was disposed of in the interest of a private syndicate, which thereby secured power to extort money from citizens who might want state land, it was worse than unwise. Here would be flagrant example of the abuse that the clerk of the Land Board now professes to discountenance—the information gained by the state at public expense turned to benefit a private syndicate of speculators.

There has never been a public sale of those bases, and it is at least pertinent to inquire what became of the large number that Land Agent Davenport obtained for the state. In other words, are the people who are now selling school-land bases selling what they went out into the field and discovered, or selling what the state paid for discovering and turned over to them for a song to speculate with? Light upon this point might go a long way toward dissipating the suspicion that the State Land Office is the center of a series of concentric rings existing by official favor and for private gain.

HAVE THEY SEEN A LIGHT?

It is a perverse and cruel fate that sends the North Carolina episode along just at this inopportune time to harass the councils of the antis. Some of them with a remnant of logic or dimly surviving sense of humor may be induced to see the point. The New York Evening Post, the ablest of the cult, cannot escape the obvious relevance the undertaking bears to the Philippine situation and to the demand for "consent of the governed." It says:

> The most curious feature of this campaign is the fact that it arouses scarcely any protest from the Republican party of the North. That party is now committed to the policy of letting "the superior race" rule "the inferior" abroad, allowing it only such privileges as may seem prudent and wise. If this is the right rule in the Philippines, who shall say that it is wrong in North Carolina?

Of course, with this proposition established, there is no escape from the converse that if it is right in North Carolina it is right in the Philippines. Hence the peril of the position held by all Southern spouters for the "consent of the governed." Nor does the Post shrink from the application. Here is a body-blow at the Kansas City school:

> A touch of grotesqueness is added to the picture by the fact that it is the North Carolinians and South Carolinians and Mississippians and Louisianians and their fellow-sympathizers in the disfranchisement of the blacks at the South who are ostensibly defenders of the political rights of the Filipinos. The history of American politics hardly presents a picture of greater impudence than that of Senator Tillman, fresh from his boasts of the way in which his party had bulldozed the blacks of South Carolina, proclaiming the noble sentiments of the Kansas City platform in favor of justice for another inferior race on the other side of the globe.

If the Southern antis will only make themselves conspicuous and noisy enough in their two irreconcilable activities, they will in a short time discover themselves to have driven such papers as the Evening Post over to the camp of the enemy. It is difficult, in the excitement of a campaign, for the Bryanites to keep from being seen and heard. Once the mugwump gets close to them, his reason revolts and his taste is offended. The crowd of blatherskites that drove independents from Bryan in 1896 are swarming about him yet. In an intellectual sense their society is just as repellant now as it was then.

When James M. Simmons shot his wife's paramour to death at Walla Walla on Friday night, he is reported to have exclaimed to her, "I ought to kill you, too." This language was natural, for no woman who was not utterly base in her whole nature would continue to live with her husband and betray him. She could leave him before she could stoop so low as to live a life of lying and treason with him until its stillness was broken by the sound of the pistol that killed her guilty confederate. When we remember that a good woman's frown is sufficient to keep the most reckless man at proper distance, it does seem as if arbitration by the pistol would be more just if it included the woman among the victims of the avenger's hand. In such cases the married woman frequently takes the initiative in the intrigue, and, so far from being "seduced," she is not seldom the seducer. In practice, however, the married woman, no matter how aggressively wanton she may have been in the use of her blandishments, generally escapes all harm at the avenger's hands. The Coroner's jury in this case has exonerated the husband. Whether it would have done so if he had slain his wife as well as the intruder may be questioned.

To the man with blue glasses on, the entire visible universe appears clad in that soft and pensive hue. The Springfield Republican, anti and Bellamistic, recalling the demonstrations of joy at Kansas City over the "anti-imperialist" plank, says:

> It was recognized by the newspaper men in Kansas City that anti-imperialism had carried the day there. Some of the Eastern correspondents were surprised at the enthusiasm shown out West for the Americanism of the fathers. They had not looked for such fervor and resolution, in view of the apparently greater acquiescence of the East in the new conditions that had been brought about under President McKinley. "Does this betoken a popular tidal wave?" was a question frequently asked.

Now, the fact is that the newspaper men recognized no such thing, though the Republican does. A man will see what he is looking for. The shouts were at fancied deliverance from the damning odium of 16 to 1. That was why the Democrats, from East and West, fell on the neck of the "anti" plank. "Does this betoken a popular tidal wave?" would be about as impossible question for a hardened reporter to ask as can be readily imagined. A man very soon learns not to judge November elections by partisan shouts at either great convention.

They are a curious people—those of Kansas City. The town is stirred up from center to circumference over the site which has been selected for the new Federal building in that city. The site selected by the agent of the Treasury Department is in a remote quarter, inconvenient to the people and to business men. The hustling Kansas Citians, however, have declined to submit quietly to this wrong, and they are raising a hullabaloo which is calculated to make the Treasury Department come to its senses. What the result will be nobody knows, and may be allowed to take care of itself. We merely bring the matter up to contrast this obstreperous Missouri town's procedure with the model humility and self-restraint of Portland, which submitted as gracefully to location of its Federal building a mile or so from the Postoffice and a mile and a half or thereabouts from the City Hall, as it does to denial of transports and the action of railroads in playing football with its freight and passenger traffic.

The Chinese have an arsenal near Shanghai which was started thirty years ago under the direction of foreigners, and has been under their direction ever since. It employs some 2500 men, and is equipped for the manufacture of small arms, rapid-fire guns and artillery up to 12-inch bore. Guns weighing fifty tons each have been built there since 1890, and for years there has been a large and steady output of various sizes of arms. This stream has flowed up into the interior of the country, where it has disappeared. Nobody knows what has become of it, but the civilized world begins to suspect today that the large quantities of war material turned out annually for many years past at the Shanghai arsenal has been used to arm China to a degree never suspected by the powers while they were trying to agree upon a date for holding a post-mortem over the dead body of the Celestial Empire.

Mr. Stevenson views with alarm the spectacle of "population pressing upon the means of subsistence." He must be at the other end of the telescope from the Oregon and Washington farmer, who sees, or thinks he sees, pretty heavy stocks looming up everywhere, while last year's crop is largely unsold, waiting for a rise. There is a shortage in India, to be sure, but the people there seem to be inopportunely possessed of disinclination or inability to buy. The pressure most noticeable to the farmer in these parts is "means of subsistence," pressing not only upon the population, but upon the grain markets. When Adlai is elected he can make a hit out here by reversing the pressure and putting the Malthusian theory into practical operation.

Some time ago a news item was printed in The Oregonian, purporting to give an account of bunco operations on the Oregon Short Line, and intimating that the conductors of the road were in collusion with the confidence men. On inquiry the assertion relative to the conductors, improbable on its face, develops to be groundless. We cheerfully offer this correction, and regret the injustice of the original publication.

The children of school age in Oregon this year number 133,181. In 1890 they numbered 99,543. The increase is 33,638. Taking this increase as an indication of present population, we should expect the census of the United States, soon to be published, to show a population in Oregon of 428,000—a gain of 115,000 in ten years.

Taking the census returns already completed as a guide, the indications are that the total population of the United States is between 75,000,000 and 78,000,000.

Bootless Clash of Rival Interests.

New York Times.

There is woe out in Oregon because this year's take of salmon on the Columbia River has been extremely small, and an industry until recently bringing to the state an annual income of something like $3,000,000 is apparently about to be reduced to next to nothing. This is, of course, a deplorable situation, but not a bit of sympathy is deserved by the people who will suffer most from its immediate consequences, and who are therefore mourning about it most loudly. For it was several seasons ago that the packers and canners were warned by the decreasing supply of fish that they were drawing upon the supply faster than Nature was replenishing it, and though they did do a little something in the way of artificial propagation, it was not sufficiently scientific to be successful, and chief reliance was placed on multiplying the number of traps and nets. The inevitable result of this was to hasten the process of extermination, and now the end, for a while at least, is in plain sight. The record is one of mingled greed and stupidity, and were it not that the whole country must be deprived of a desirable food, the monetary losses confronting the owners of the great plants along the river could be regarded with perfect composure by everybody else. The fishing companies have at last awakened to the necessity of protecting their interests by protecting the fish, but none of them seems to know just what to do, and action of any effective sort is made difficult by the fact that the establishments on the lower reaches of the river and those nearer the headwaters are at odds, each insisting that the restrictive measures all admit to be necessary be taken in the territory of the other.

COMPROMISING ENDOWMENTS.

Reassuring Sign of Independence When Gifts Are Scrutinized.

Chicago Tribune.

Whatever one's position on the merits of the question, there is something morally reassuring in the fact that the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's $100,000 gift to Wellesley College at its recent commencement was challenged by a portion of the faculty. Of course, no such issue would be expected, for example, at Chicago University, since questions of that sort were settled in respect to that institution at the start. Wellesley, however, especially in view of its pronounced moral tone, is a college where a question as to the origin of endowments would seem quite natural, and the fact that it was raised—though apparently without hindering the final acceptance of the gift—is a wholesome reminder that the relation between endowments on the one hand and moral standards and intellectual liberty on the other is by no means ignored at that center.

That there is such a relation—that the acceptance of particular endowments tends to accredit their origin and that there is a natural tendency from them toward constraint upon beneficiaries—is, of course, not to be denied. It is equally undeniable, however, that educational institutions evince no marked disposition to discriminate concerning the moral history of benefactions. Some college presidents there certainly are who would refrain on moral grounds from asking aid in certain quarters, but it would perhaps be difficult to name one such institution of which it could with confidence be asserted that the tender of a handsome gift, from whatever source, would be declined as "tainted money."

Indeed, as the matter is looked at squarely, it becomes clear that the "taint" of money is a matter of degree, and while the degree might in some cases seem to individuals—as it did to some of the faculty at Wellesley—to prohibit acceptance by a "Christian" educational institution, there seems to be little ground for expecting the actual financial managers of such institutions to adopt any advanced standards on this subject.

The meaning of this fact is plain and important. It is that the danger of subtle constraint upon intellectual and moral freedom in such institutions must be met and disposed of by those charged with the preservation of such freedom. It means that an additional responsibility is cast upon the faculty—and likewise the students—to maintain that liberty of thought which is fundamental to the idea of all knowledge, is essential to trained intellectual integrity, and is supposed to have its peculiar home in educational precincts. That nothing can excuse the failure to meet this responsibility under ordinary circumstances is not more true than that in connection with the multiplied endowments which wealth is today bestowing upon educational institutions there is imposed an extraordinary obligation in this direction.

WHERE BRYAN MUST GAIN.

He Has a Fighting Chance, and May Possibly Make It.

New York Evening Post.

Conceding Bryan all of the 16 Southern States and the half dozen in the Rocky Mountain region, he would have 178 electoral votes, while he needs 224 for a majority. These must be secured between Pennsylvania and Colorado. The Nebraskan's best chance is in his own state, the indications now being that its eight electoral votes may again go to him, swelling the total to 186, and leaving him still 38 short. Both of the Dakotas are fighting ground, with four votes in the lower and three in the northern, giving Bryan 193 if he should carry both.

Thirty-one electoral votes must then be secured from the group of states, which includes Ohio (with 23 electoral votes), Indiana (15), Illinois (24), Michigan (14), Wisconsin (12), Minnesota (9), Iowa (13) and Kansas (10). The most promising field for Bryanite work is found in Indiana and Kansas. Iowa seems as sure for McKinley as New Hampshire, and only the most sanguine Bryanites can see as yet any signs which warrant a belief that the great McKinley pluralities of 1896 in Michigan ((over 56,000), Wisconsin (nearly 103,000), Minnesota (over 53,000) and Illinois (over 142,000) can be overcome this year.

In these computations we have allowed Bryan Maryland, which seems today far more likely to go again for McKinley; North Dakota and Wyoming, where McKinley apparently stands now a little the better chance; and Kentucky, West Virginia and Delaware, all which are by no means sure for the opposition. Whatever Bryan loses among these six states, which are given him for good measure, must be made up from the central group of states; and it certainly would be a rare piece of good luck if he should get them all.

It is hardly possible to figure out a majority in the electoral college for Bryan, unless one has almost as much faith as the candidate himself, who will "not concede them (the Republicans) a state this year, not even Vermont." The probabilities at the opening of the campaign seem largely in favor of McKinley's success. Yet the Republican managers would lose the election if they should regard it as a sure thing. They will have to make a hard fight to carry Indiana again, about which the local leaders of the party have all this year privately admitted the gravest apprehensions, and to secure Kansas, which is politically the most untrustworthy of states in its region. Nor will it do to put down even Ohio as sure, remembering how it "wabbled" so unexpectedly in 1892 that Cleveland won one of its electoral votes.

Qualms of Conscience.

The London Speaker.

We wish it were possible to face the stupendous problem that confronts Europe at this moment without some bitter heart-searching. But it is well to remember Burke's great maxim, that in dealing with any political event we must not allow the causes to be swallowed up in their consequences. Let us go back 40 years to the time when English commerce first thought to exploit the riches of China, and remind ourselves how Lord Palmerston determined to force the Chinese to eat opium, not for their own good, but for the benefit of the Indian taxpayer; how at the bayonet's point we forced an iniquitous traffic upon a reluctant government; how we carried fire and sword to Pekin, and finally impressed by the most odious means upon the Chinese mandarinate the doctrine of the open ports. That was but the beginning; the policy which triumphed with the treaty of Tien Tsin is the same policy of greed and violence by which every concession to one power or another has been wrung from the ruling caste of China. Close observers believe that the immediate, though not the only, cause of the Boxer rising was the seizure of Kiao Chou by the German Emperor. Could that act of piracy, so sudden, sensational and undisguised, which gave the signal for a fresh series of depredations to all the powers interested, have failed to arouse at last even the sluggish and dissipated patriotism of the Chinese? We will not speak of the morality of these aggressions. Survey them from the standpoint of common sense, and imagine the unwisdom of a policy which assumed that a nation of 400,000,000 could be made indefinitely the buffet of Western covetousness without retaliating! And this inability of the statesmen and diplomatists to conceive the contingency of a National reaction, in which the unpopular Manchu dynasty might see its opportunity to regain prestige, appears to have continued until the Boxer movement had taken the most formidable proportions; and even later, within a few weeks of the events which are all in our thoughts, the men responsible for European policy in the far East seem to have been as far from appreciating the perils of the situation in Pekin as that poor young Englishman, whose letter written two months ago and published the other day in the Times, is so touching in its carelessness, its cheerful and spirited expectation of a little excitement—not without a spice of danger—in the Chinese capital!

Principle—And Practice.

Spokane Chronicle.

"We declare again that all governments instituted among men derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

That's good reading, isn't it? Comes from the latest Democratic platform, you know. Fine sentiment—grand. One can't help indorsing it. Let's read some more:

"That the government not based upon the consent of the governed is a tyranny; and that to impose upon any people a government of force is to substitute the methods of imperialism for those of a republic."

It's eloquent—inspiring. And one feels such a thrill when, after reading this noble declaration by the Democratic party, he picks up the paper and reads news like this:

> RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 2.—"White supremacy!" has been the battle cry of the Democrats throughout the long and bitter campaign just closed in North Carolina, the result of which will be evidenced by the casting of ballots today. Conservative estimates made by the Democrats place the majority for the constitutional amendment, which will practically disfranchise the negro, at 40,000.

Burying the Fifteenth Amendment.

Boston Herald, Ind. Dem.

If there were anywhere any doubt that the purpose of the campaign in North Carolina for an amendment to the state Constitution means nullification of the 15th amendment of the Constitution of the United States, this declaration of former United States Senator Mark Ransom ought to be conclusive: "I spoke at Elam Springs, in Northampton County, near my home, one day last week. I told the audience there that the proposed amendment to the state Constitution would take the negro out of politics in North Carolina forever. I said that it would bury in the dust the 15th amendment."

Wickedness of Campaign Funds.

Philadelphia Press.

Since Clark, of Montana, has paid over to Croker and his gang, who are running the Bryan campaign, the sum of $100,000, it is about time for Chairman Jones to raise a shriek as to the general wickedness of the opposition in raising a campaign fund. Clark believes in settling for favors with business promptness. If Clark gives $100,000, what will Croker give in the name of Tammany, which this year leads the van of the Democracy? Such a privilege calls for a generous return, and New Yorkers should prepare to be held up.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Russell Sage will probably go abroad this month to spend some time at the Paris Exposition.

Dora E. Yates, of the University College, Liverpool, has just received her M. A. degree at that place, and is the first Jewess to gain that honor in England.

George Lynch, who represented the London Illustrated News in the Boer War, and who is a well-known war artist and correspondent, is on his way to China.

Admiral George C. Remey, who commands the United States fleet in Chinese waters, recently contributed $500 to the endowment fund of the Institute College, of Burlington, Ia., of which he is a graduate.

Prince Ching, the Chinese General, who has been so friendly to foreigners, was for some time Lord Chamberlain of the court, and was President of the Tsung li Yamun in 1886, when Lord Charles Beresford visited it.

Colonel Emerson H. Liscum, who was killed in China recently, was stationed at Fort Keogh, Mont., in the early '90s, and while there arrested the Montana contingent of Coxey's army, several thousand strong.

Ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson is very fond of the theater at its best, and while in Chicago, during Sir Henry Irving's last season there, he declined all other invitations in order to be present at almost every performance.

There was unveiled at La Teste de Buch, France, the other day a statue of Dr. Jean Haiueau, the obscure medical practitioner who, in 1836, published a study on viruses in which he partly anticipated the discoveries of Pasteur.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Ruskin's literary executor, says that Ruskin left his manuscripts and notes in perfect order, as if he expected death. He had destroyed such manuscripts as he did not wish to have printed.

Governor Roosevelt, in stopping over between trains in Chicago the other day, found time to slip out to a bookstore and buy a large package of books. He always takes several with him when traveling, and reads constantly while on the train.

The Rajah of Kapurthala, the Sikh chief who is about to visit London, is very popular with the English. He is an athlete and a warrior, and his territory in the Punjab brings him £10,000 per annum. His family were loyal to the British during the mutiny.

Rev. Francis Xavier Dutton, who, after the consecration of Rev. Dr. Moeller as Roman Catholic bishop of Columbus, will become chancellor of the diocese of Cincinnati, was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1839. He studied philosophy at Nancy, France, and theology in Paris, Rome and New York. He was ordained in 1863.

Joseph Flory, the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Missouri, is conducting a most novel campaign among the railroad men. He has secured a railway velocipede, on which he has been traveling all about the freight yards of St. Louis and other cities in Missouri, getting personally acquainted with the workers. He is in his shirt sleeves most of the time, and is a most democratic and approachable man, making friends wherever he goes.

Wild Oats.

(A picture of Mr. Bryan, eagerly examining his oat crop, has just been printed, and it is announced emphatically that the photograph was a snap shot, "absolutely without posing. Mr. Bryan being unconscious at the time.")

Young Willum of Nebrasky strayed
From out his humble cot
In modest cowhide boots arrayed
To wade around his lot.
The hens all clucked in merry glee,
The pigeons cooed with bliss;
As Willie rubbed his chin, says he,
"There ain't no life like this."
The little calf came trotting up
And ate from out his hand,
And joyously the brindle pup
Raced in at his command.
And, wiping off his massive brow,
He sighed with grief profound,
"I'd better go and see us now
Them oats is comin' round."
In one far corner still and mute
Those oats in bunches grew—
The little rift within the lute,
The cloud in skies of blue.
And he, poor man, had watched them there
Through four long, weary years,
And tended them with loving care,
And water them with tears.
"Dear me, suck cats," says Willum J.,
"I'm sure was never seen,
With all my care and kindness they
Are draggled out and green.
By gum," he says, "that durned Novem-
Ber ain't so fur away,
Them oats of mine will run to stem
Afore the harvest day."

J. R. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Chinese Army is fighting savagely with the Boxers—on the same side.

There seems to be a good opening for an industrious hangman at Walla Walla.

A man who looks for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match always finds it.

The Filipinos may come and the Boxers may go, but the Boers fight on forever.

Li Hung Chang is such a crafty statesman that he refuses to confirm the report of his own suicide.

When St. Louis views New Orleans with alarm she feels justified in pointing with pride to herself.

The Dakota cyclone stops in to fill in any dull, sickening pauses there may be in the midst of war's alarms.

"The trouble with this campaign," said the honest tiller of the soil, "is that there's too many of these here paramount issues in it."

Richard Croker says there are no opportunities for young men in this country. Bryan will likely take the same view this Fall, November 6.

The Sioux Indians want to go over and fight the Boxers. No one will ever be able to hear the cannon if these two bands of savages ever get together.

When we hear the expression, "he died a thousand deaths," we know that the person referred to must have fallen into the hands of war correspondents.

By the time the other powers get ready to start from Pekin they will meet Chaffee and the British coming back with the Chinese Government as prisoners of war.

They took seats together in the car on their way home from the beach, and shortly afterwards struck up an acquaintance. They both happened to be newcomers. One boy said he was from Kansas, and the other boy was formerly of Leaver. Being on a railroad train, their conversation naturally reverted to previous travels and exploits, and they proved to be cheerful liars of the first magnitude.

Whatever one said was accepted by the other as gospel, and with this degree of confidence between them, the stories soon grew in proportion until it developed into a contest as to which was the master of the game.

The Colorado boy was modest at first, and satisfied himself with having been every place the Kansas kid had been, but this sort of thing got to be tame, after a while, so Colorado commenced telling yarns about boulders miles in height, and followed with a tale about running past a huge mountain which toppled over on to the track just as the last car of the train had safely passed. This, he contended, was certainly the most hair-breadth escape on record. Kansas, not to be outdone, told of going through a vast expanse of prairie fire, during which the engineer's eyebrows were scorched and all of the cars rendered as tropical as bake ovens.

The Colorado youth switched off on to grades which he said were appalling in his country, and such tunnels—70 miles long—and trestles 1000 feet high.

The Kansas kid appeared to be a trifle bewildered for a second or two, but he soon recovered his equilibrium and related a tall one about being buried in a train in a snowslide in the Rockies for two weeks, and explained how they dug air holes and an entrance to the rear car so as to get in provisions. To amuse themselves, they got up a minstrel show, and held prayer meetings in the cars and church on Sunday. The Colorado boy inquired where the provisions came from, but the Kansas kid had forgotten, it was so long ago.

The Colorado boy then moved down South, and related how a train he was on narrowly escaped being swallowed by an earthquake in New Mexico, Kansas retaliated by shifting the scene to South America, having forgotten that he had previously stated that he had never been outside of the United States. His companion, however, did not question his veracity, and Kansas proceeded to detail his wonderful experiences during a ride over the Andes Mountains, and was going it strong about herds of all sorts of wild animals, monkeys, alligators and enormous reptiles seen en route, when the train pulled into the Union depot, and the boys were taken in tow by their mothers.

Imperialism In North Carolina.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our Democratic brethren cheer for Bryan and "consent of the governed" in the Philippines, but think little of that Jeffersonian principle in North Carolina. Why does not Mr. Bryan hasten to the old North State and point out to its Red Shirt followers their imperialistic error?

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Another Paass Attraction.—"Just heard from my family. They were at the Paris fair last week." "Eh! The Paris fair! Is that still going on?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lengthy.—She—"How many years have we been acquainted?" He—"I don't know exactly—a great many." She—"I feel already as if I had known you two or three days at the seashore."—Harper's Bazar.

A Question.—Ethel—"Mamma, why is the wife of a Lord called 'Lady'?" Mamma—"Because that is her title." Ethel—"But can't people see that she's a lady without being told so?"—Brooklyn Life.

His Usual Trip.—"What is meant by a Sabbath-day's journey?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "From our house to grandpapa's and back," replied Freddie Footlick, who knew where his family took dinner every Sunday.—Chicago News.

More Reason to Exterminate Him.—Watts—"Still, you must concede that the Chinaman minds his own business only." Potts—"Of course. He is notorious for that. It is only another evidence of his lack of real humanity."—Indianapolis Press.

Cheering Him Up.—Mr. Newlywed—"I saw your old lover on the street today, looking awfully blue." Mrs. Newlywed—"I hope you tried to cheer him up." Mr. Newlywed—"Oh, yes. I showed him my buttonless shirt and that new tie you bought me."—Judge.

His Time Would Come.—Rupert—"You speak slightingly of my affection now, but de time will come when you will laud me to de skies." Angeline—"An' when'll dat be?" Rupert—"When you marry some poor slob and begin giving him a earuche about de fancy guys you might have married if you hadn't been so foolish."—Puck.

Margins.

By Robert J. Burdette.

"My dreams so fair that used to be,
The promises of youth's bright clime,
So changed, alas! come back to me—
Sweet memories of that hopeful time
Before I learned, with doubt oppressed,
There are no birds in next year's nest.
The seed I sowed in fragrant Spring
The Summer's sun to vivify
With his warm kisses, ripening
To golden harvest by and by,
Got caught by drouth, like all the rest—
There are no birds in next year's nest.
The stock I bought at eighty-nine
Broke down next day to twenty-eight;
Some squatters jumped my silver mine,
My own convention smashed my slate;
No more in futures I'll invest—
There are no birds in next year's nest."