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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Showers; cooler; southerly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17

OUR TRANS-PACIFIC UNDERTAKING.

We shall be able to make the Philippines a great outpost and station for our Oriental commerce; a naval station, of great value; a point from which our influence in Oriental development will radiate. In our Pacific States there will be immense stimulation of new production, as a consequence. We shall grow into shipbuilding; our Pacific ports will be full of vessels in the Asiatic trade.

But our antis denounce all this as "cold commercialism" and "sordid lust of markets." Is it, then, beneath the dignity of a nation to have a thought about its trade; to adjust its policy to its opportunities, so that commercial interests, the basis of the intercourse that makes for national progress and all higher civilization, shall be conserved?

"Not at the expense of liberty," would be an adequate answer, if the basis of such answer were true. But it is not true. In this case it is sophistical and false; for liberty, justice, humanity and civilization will obtain such shelter and support under the flag of the United States in the Philippines as the native inhabitants never would be able to establish, without our protection and aid.

But, it is said, "we have room for all our energies at home." The same might have been said, indeed was said, on the Atlantic slope when our pioneers were pushing out toward the West. There was "plenty of room" on the Atlantic seaboard for all the population the country then had. But the people overflowed into the Mississippi Valley. Again, there was "plenty of room" in that great valley; but our people pushed on to the Pacific slope. No enterprising people ever has "room enough."

Again, however, it is said, "Let us keep our young men at home, and not sacrifice them in this undertaking, in the distant Philippine Islands." But there are young men enough—enough both to stay and to go. It is as legitimate now to go to the Philippines as it was in the earlier day to come to the West, and not more dangerous. Besides, men who take an account of danger and death will never do much that is worth doing. We are told, however, that we should keep our young men at home, where there is work enough in clearing the forests, opening mines, reclaiming arid lands, making farms and building homes. But we have multitudes of young men who, refusing these pursuits, would prefer to enlist in the Army for the Philippines. We need such undertaking as this for an outlet to the energies of this large class of our young men. The number of men, not of poor quality either, but among the best, who would rather fight than dig stumps and hoe potatoes, is not small. Indeed, they will do the one willingly; the other not at all. Yet one of these descriptions of men is as necessary as the other. All the men of a great nation cannot be of the same type or mould. Or, when they are—behold China!

"But this is the spirit of aggression!" The spirit of aggression is all right. It is the law of human history. It is through aggression that the human race gets ahead. Our own National life has been aggressive, from its beginning till now. The nation that is no longer aggressive has begun already its downward course, soon to fall into the list of decaying nations. Power does not mean simply what is called "brute force," but all those intellectual and moral qualities which are implied in higher discipline, superior moral energy, greater intelligence and skill, and above all in the power of keeping possession of a country seized in war, by bettering the condition of its people and turning them into peaceable subjects or fellow-citizens. In these conditions there may be a natural right of aggression, the extent of which is measurable by the way it is used. In what sense has a particular group of people a right to independence? Suppose them in a chronic state of disorder, lacking ability or even inclination to enforce peace with liberty and justice, may not others interfere, even on behalf of the inhabitants of the country itself? Or suppose that a territory possessed by a particular race or group of races is fertile and full of natural resources, but that, owing to backwardness in civilization, these natural resources are left undeveloped, may not a nation capable of using them and of doing the country and its people good, take possession, as we have done in the Philippines—carried thither as we were by events we did not foresee—improve the condition of the people and carry them forward in civilization, as we shall there? If this is not to be done anywhere in the world, what right have the Saxons or Normans in England, or what right have their descendants in America? It is the result that justifies aggression. America, planted in the Philippine Islands, will be a beneficent influence and power, through all ages. Action like this is justifiable on the grounds of its success and on the better condition of large numbers of human beings resulting from that success. It is useless to stand merely on theories of abstract rights, which can be nothing unless conditions are favorable to their application—and then they are scarcely thought on at all. It is a speculative and arid discussion that our antis engage in, which never can meet the present case, nor any case like it. This is a forward movement in history, and if we are not weak and incapable we shall make the end justify it. If we are weak and incapable, we may as well learn it; for then we shall either find means to build up our character or shall fall, as we deserve.

NO PARALLEL.

There is no common ground for the Philippine insurrection against American authority and for the revolt of the colonies from King George. The radical difference has been often shown, but Bryan continues to renew the comparison, as he did on Monday at Canton:

> When you find a Republican that is willing to support the colonial idea, you ask him to show his sincerity by sending a petition to the President, asking him to apologize to Great Britain for the trouble we made her before we learned of the blessings of this colonial system, for if the Republican party is right today in administering colonies, taxing them without representation and governing them without their consent, then the colonists were wrong 125 years ago when they asserted that these principles were wrong.

He justifies the Tagals' uprising on the ground that they are resisting "taxation without representation." They are resisting nothing of the sort. They rebelled before a tax had been laid upon them, or even enacted, with representation or without.

The plain implication is that we propose to tax the Filipinos without giving them representation at Washington, and that rebellion against that is like the American Revolution. The facts are exactly contrary. The colonists did not strike for representation in Parliament. They struck for the right to legislate as to the disposition of local taxes they themselves paid. Now, nobody proposes to deny this right to the Filipinos. If it is denied them, then they can rebel. They have no right to anticipate it.

The other complaint is that the Filipinos rebelled, as our fathers did, against being governed without their consent. Here, also, is rank perversion. No American colony ever asserted the right of veto upon the transfer of its sovereignty. Holland sold New Amsterdam, Spain sold Florida, France sold Louisiana, Mexico sold Arizona, and no settler conceived his "consent" or protest to be in order. Sovereignty went by purchase, as in the case of Alaska, or by agreement, as in the case of Oregon, or by conquest, as in the case of Texas and California, and the inhabitants had nothing to say.

The rebellious territory must have a grievance. There is such a thing as sovereignty under international law. If a people are oppressed, they have the right to throw off the yoke. Then they will submit, as the colonists did, facts "to a candid world." They will recount the abuses and wrongs under which they suffer, and they will appeal to the sword.

The determination of the Tagals to resist rightful and legal transfer of sovereignty, before the acceding government had put administration into effect, is without parallel. Their case has no standing in law, it has no basis of justice in equity. To liken their insurrection to the revolt of the American colonists is without justice or reason.

HIS APPROPRIATE RESIGNATION.

The partisan activity of the National Civil Service Reform League suggested to The Oregonian the other day that Mr. Schurz' position in support of Bryan rendered highly appropriate his resignation as president of that body. The same idea has occurred to Mr. Schurz, and seems, indeed, to have occurred to him some time ago. We are in receipt of a letter from the league, under date of October 5, inclosing a copy of Mr. Schurz' resignation, which was transmitted, it is asserted, "several days before the delivery of Mr. Schurz' Cooper Union speech."

The resignation is the part of fitness and of wisdom. As Mr. Schurz himself says, in reference to his antagonism to McKinley:

> That criticism might, coming from me or from officers of our organizations supposed to act under my direction, be liable to be suspected of being prompted by a desire to carry on a systematic antagonism to the Administration, my opposition to it with regard to other policies having in the meantime become more conspicuous.

Mr. Schurz says that continuance of a pronounced Bryan man at the head of the league is likely to discredit its work, and he says truly. It is also true, as he omits to say, that the league's activity in this campaign has been exerted altogether in behalf of Bryan, notwithstanding he has declared unequivocally for fixed terms of office rather than for protection of meritorious public servants during good behavior. The force of the resignation is impaired somewhat, moreover, by the fact that it has not yet been accepted, and by the understanding that prevails in some quarters that it is not to be accepted, and that after the election he will continue as President. The incident admits, therefore, of interpretation as a campaign stroke, one of whose purposes is to clear Mr. Schurz' efforts for Bryan of whatever embarrassment might cling to them by reason of his official connection with the league.

This must not, however, detract from appreciation of the good work Mr. Schurz has done through the league in the past. Upon this head we append with our approval this appreciative word from the New York Tribune:

> Mr. Schurz has filled—not merely held—that office for a number of years, and has done therein a valuable work in behalf of honest and efficient government. For such services the Nation owes him thanks, more thanks than are likely to be openly expressed. . . . It has been given him to see, during his own administration of the office he now resigns, the beneficent success of the reforms he has advocated to a degree probably beyond that expected by him when first he put his hand to the work. Upon that he is to be congratulated, and for it he is to be thanked.

One time Bryan declined to eat at Croker's banquet, at $10 per plate. Then he made a great blow about attending a spread by the Democracy of the true faith for $1 per plate. Now the two great Democrat chieftains meet in loving communion at the festal board at $50 per plate—though Croker says it is only $5. Perhaps Bryan puts up $5, Croker that $45. No matter. No one claims it is only $1. Bryan feasts and revels and pleases his palate and stuffs his esophagus with rare dainties, while poverty and squalor and starvation stalk abroad in the land. It is a scene to bring forth the most tearful wailings from friends of the common people like the correspondent "X." There are good things to eat, and better things to drink, but why eat 'em or drink 'em? At least why eat 'em or drink 'em while an election is pending?

CANADA AND MEXICO.

There has not been a day in the last 50 years when we could not have taken Canada, if we had wanted to, and yet we have not done it. There has not been a day when we could not have taken Cuba; there has not been a day when we could not have taken Mexico. We have had an opportunity all these years to go out and seize people by force, and make them our subjects, but we have not done it. Why? Because we have announced the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.—Bryan at Alliance.

Admit, without argument, that we could take Canada. Admit without argument that we could take Mexico. Is the reason why we have not done so because we recognize "consent of the governed"? Certainly not. The reason is, we have not been at war with Great Britain, we have not had ground of war with Mexico.

But suppose we had. Suppose Great Britain declared war against us and we were suddenly thrown into the most tremendous foreign war of our history, and the most sanguinary of modern times. What would be our first move? Why, to seize Canada. We should blockade the St. Lawrence, reduce Vancouver and Esquimalt if possible, hurl our troops across the border, and try to take such possession of the whole Dominion that we could never be dislodged.

Suppose Mexico declared war upon us, and poured invading armies over our Southern tier of states and territories. Suppose the war lasted until we had been obliged to destroy all her national power and leave no government standing. Should we not retain the country, annex it to the United States as we did with Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, California, Utah and part of Colorado?

But in what ridiculous predicament should we be placed by adoption of Mr. Bryan's theory? Why, we should have to wait until Canada or Mexico "consented" to our occupation and sovereignty. It is too absurd for argument.

What we did with the Philippines is precisely what we have already done with half of Mexico's territory, with all of French and Spanish holdings in North America, and what England before us did with New France. Nobody in any case asked the "consent" of the inhabitants. Their allegiance went with the transfer of sovereignty.

Did Jefferson, who announced the doctrine of "consent," ask the consent of the French or Indians of the Louisiana purchase? Did Lincoln, now a saint in the Bryan calendar, ask the consent of the South to be governed from Washington?

Mexico is not a good precedent for Mr. Bryan in this connection. We conquered and bought territory from her, just as we have conquered and bought territory from Spain. He is hoist by his own petard.

"A POLITICAL PROGRAMME."

Franklin H. Giddings, professor of sociology in Columbia University, presents in a brief article in a late number of the New York Independent a "Political Programme," in which the great National questions which voters are in a certain extent to decide in November are set out succinctly. Briefly summarized, this programme is as follows: (1) Retain Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, Tutuila and the Philippine Islands under the sovereignty of the United States; (2) declare these insular territories of the United States, thereby distinguishing them in law from mainland territories; (3) extend to territories all rights of free trade and of territorial self-government now enjoyed by the mainland territories; (4) deny American citizenship to residents of insular territories who under our immigration laws could not have passed our ports when the Spanish-American treaty of peace was signed, and to all persons living like North American Indians in tribal relations; (5) declare that the people of the United States do not promise statehood to any insular territory; (6) establish the gold standard unequivocally; (7) revise the tariff, with due regard to revenue reform and to expanding export trade, cutting out all favors to trusts; (8) renew the effort to establish civil service reform. "From many indications," says Professor Giddings, "the Presidential elections of this year and that of four years hence will show that the programme here outlined is a fairly truthful expression of the political mind of the American people."

The election of Mr. Bryan would, of course, unsettle this programme and set up in its stead one which, in the estimate of the minority of voters, would be not only a declaration of National dishonor, but also a deliberate refusal to step forward courageously on a path of moral and economic opportunity such as has never before been opened to any nation.

The United States Treasury had, it was supposed, long since run the gamut of everything under the sun in the way of bills presented for service rendered. It remained to it recently, however, to be called upon to audit a somewhat unique claim in the shape of the expenses of a wake held last November in County Kerry, Ireland, over the body of the mother of a United States soldier who lost his life on the battle-field. At the time of the woman's death there was due her $25 accrued pension money from the United States Government. Relatives and friends arranged for and held a wake, the necessaries for a hilarious night being furnished upon credit by a dealer in funeral supplies, who was told he could collect from the United States Government. The bill rendered was as follows: One kilderkin (22 gallons) of stout, £1 3s; two gallons whisky, 8s; six pounds of tobacco, £1 7s; three gross of pipes, 14s 6d; two ounces of snuff, 10d; bread, 10s; cypress, 7s; candles, 5s; total, £4 15s 10d. The Auditor of the Interior Department asked the Controller of the Treasury whether there was authority to pay the bill. Controller Tracewell could find no act of Congress providing for the payment by the Government of the expenses of the wake of deceased pensioners, so the claim was repudiated. A suggestive feature of the bill was that the charge for the coffin was 11s less than one-fifth of the entire cost of the funeral, and as nothing was said about the place of burial, it is supposed that the remains of the woman were buried in potter's field. This claim is unique, but, after all, it does not differ greatly in kind from the expense accounts rendered against the Government from time to time for the funeral expense of deceased Congressmen, including the cost of a junket by half a dozen, more or less, of his fellow-Representatives to a distant state, the progress of which has greatly resembled a continuous wake in the amount of liquors and tobacco consumed. The difference in the expense account is one of degree, not of kind, and represents a fraud upon the Treasury of a grewsome but not unfamiliar sort.

McKinley may carry the ballots, but not the count, is the very good summary of the political situation in Kentucky supplied by a correspondent of a leading Eastern paper. While the Democrats manifest a desire for the repeal of the vile Goebel election law, and embodied a plank to that effect in their state platform, it is evident to those conversant with political methods that the move is wholly lacking of sincerity of purpose. While Goebel is removed, his methods are left in the hands of a skillful band of lieutenants, who know neither law, order nor common decency. It can hardly be expected that they will allow the scepter of authority to pass from their control when by means of chicanery and low, base methods of crookedness they can retain it. The state of affairs existing in Kentucky is certainly an unfortunate one, a dark blot on the pages of the history of our country. It would seem that right can only be returned by the assertion of might. While the opinion noted may not be correct in minute details, in the main it fully characterizes the situation.

The selection of names for the Hall of Fame is marked by some startling omissions. Few men of literary judgment will agree that Longfellow is as worthy of a place as Lowell or Holmes or Whittier, who are all far more distinctively American in thought and feeling than Longfellow, whose best work is but a fine echo of Europe. Henry Ward Beecher was a clerical Roscius, but measured by the influence of his thought upon the American people, he was not fit to unloose the shoes of Theodore Parker or Phillips Brooks. Fenimore Cooper deserves to be in the list, for he added a new and admirable character to the gallery of English fiction in the person of Leatherstocking. John C. Calhoun, beyond all question, stands in the front rank of American statesmen, measured by the power and subtlety of his intellect.

Though there is a strong feeling in favor of diversified agriculture in the Valley counties, the wheat area will be kept up to the standard of former years, increasing with the opening of land to agriculture, in just proportion to the increase in orchard, hop, flax and meadow area. This is right. Diversified agriculture does not mean necessarily the lessening of the wheat acreage. Speed the plow and the seed drill, but don't forget to prune and spray the orchard, increase the meadow and hop area, and to give proper attention to the stock and poultry interests. These things farmers can do and not leave the other undone. And herein lies the secret of their prosperity.

The arrest of Superior Judge McDonald at Colfax is simply another phase of an interminable row between the court and the newspapers. The Oregonian does not profess to know anything about the merits of the present trouble; it does know that McDonald has ever been a judicial old-man-of-the-sea to the Eastern Washington country, which had the bad judgment to place him on the bench. There has been a continual state of war between McDonald and the bar, the press, the public (much of it), and the officers of his own court. Like necessity, McDonald knows no law. In charity, let us suppose that this is the reason he does not administer it.

When a representative of the New York Herald called on Mr. Bryan and asked him if, were he President, he would pay Government bonds in silver, Bryan replied: "Say that Mr. Bryan refuses to be interviewed on that subject." Had he answered "Yes," he would have consolidated the East against him. Had he replied "No," he would have repulsed the free-silver element and have repudiated his speeches of four years ago. Likewise when Mr. Roosevelt put to him the direct question whether he would pay Government bonds in silver, he declined to answer. He is playing the game of a political juggler.

In The Oregonian's opinion, there is something wrong about Youtsey's alleged confession or admission of participation in the conspiracy for Goebel's murder. A man who had had a part in such conspiracy would not, could not, unless he was insane or irresponsible, have admitted it to a brother of the murdered man. We think it not merely improbable, but impossible. How such a story could have been made up we could not pretend to say; but it is positively incredible.

The forage supplies with which transports to the Philippines are loaded at Seattle are brought from distant states, such as Minnesota and Ohio. There are plenty of forage supplies in Oregon. We have oats and hay equal to any in the world, and transports might be loaded here for the Philippines with our own products. But we have no representation at Washington.

Of course, the inquiry of Governor Roosevelt as to whether Mr. Bryan will pay the Government obligations in gold or silver is impertinent. Why pay them at all?

Bryan has not made a hit by charging the electors of the United States with intent of selling out before November 6 the election which today belongs to him.

If Bryan should be elected, Croker will be the Whole Thing. He will be able, through his "pull," to beat old Croesus and give him cards and spades.

Effect of Bryanism on Business.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Illinois Steel Company, employing thousands of men, has been compelled to close its works temporarily for the reason that so many of its customers are unwilling to place orders of any magnitude until after the election. What are they afraid of? What else can it be but the possibility that Mr. Bryan may be elected? They cannot be under any apprehension as to what to expect should the Republican party be successful. They know by experience that the faithful execution of Republican policies is productive of National prosperity. They have the amplest assurance that under the Administration of President McKinley those policies would be ably and devotedly applied to the advancement of the National welfare. They are sure of that, because they have as proof and guide the unexampled record of the last four years. Those years have been filled with achievements of unparalleled magnitude and value. Every pledge made by the Republican party to the Nation in the campaign of 1896 has been abundantly fulfilled. The performance has, indeed, surpassed the promise, and the way in which the country has advanced along every line of National development has distanced every record.

BRYAN HAS LOST HIS HEAD.

His Pretense That He Is to Be Beaten by Bribing the American People.

New York Times, Ind. Dem.

In moments of excitement and alarm the horse is said to be the biggest fool in animated nature. If his stable is on fire it is only with great difficulty that he can be got out of it, and he will even rush back into the burning edifice after he has once been rescued. In his fright he loses his head altogether, proverbial horse sense forsakes him, and the instinct of self-preservation is overcome. If Mr. Bryan is right, the people of this country are today in a condition of mental and moral imbecility like that of the frightened horse. A great National danger confronts them, a danger that threatens the destruction of their industries, the sudden annihilation of their prosperity, serious financial disturbances, the loss of credit, the impairment of self-respect, and the tarnishing of honor. Yet according to Mr. Bryan, so far from taking measures to protect themselves from this peril and make good their escape from it, they are actually minded to rush right on their destruction, and would rush right on it, like the horse into his burning stable, if Mr. Hanna had not provided himself with funds to bribe them to seek the path of safety.

Mr. Bryan believes nothing of the kind. He knows that the people are not now and never have been willing to take the frightful risk of electing him President. No man need tell W. J. Bryan how the election is going. He knows that he is beaten, thoroughly, completely, disastrously beaten, and he knows that this defeat will be the end of him. He has had the best opportunity of any man in the United States to judge the temper of the people in this campaign. He has traveled thousands of miles, made a great number of speeches, and looked a great part of the population of the country in the face. He has become a pretty good politician and a competent judge of political signs and currents. He sees what everybody else sees—that he is doomed. The set of the current is away from him and toward McKinley. The managers of his campaign and the leaders of his party know that he is doomed as well as he does.

Mr. Bryan reveals his despair by the tone of his speeches. His eager and watchful eye long ago told him that his lamentations about imperialism and militarism left his audiences wholly unmoved. He has turned from those twin futilities to the trusts again, but more particularly to his old Populistic habit of assaults upon wealth. He is trying to stir up discontent. He has got down to the level of Debs. The ruling passion of demagogy possesses him, and now every speech he makes is intended to convince his hearers that the possession of wealth by others is a crime against them. His reckless charge that the Republicans are extorting money from the trusts to be used in bribing the people to vote against him is a perfectly characteristic utterance. A serious-minded and dignified candidate, one fit to be President of the United States, would not make such a charge without proofs. A skilled master of the art of politics would not make it, as it is sure to be construed as an evidence that he foresees certain defeat, and is seeking to explain it in advance. But a candidate who talks so much as Mr. Bryan does could hardly conceal from the public the emotions sure to be aroused by the premonition of unmistakable defeat. In every speech that he makes now Mr. Bryan exhibits the gloom and despair that have seized upon his mind.

WASHINGTON PRICES TOO HIGH.

What It Costs for Forage Supplies on Puget Sound.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Within the past six weeks the agents of the Quartermaster's Department, purchasing forage for shipment from Seattle to the Philippines, have bought over $54,000 worth of hay and oats from representatives of farmers of Illinois, Minnesota and Nebraska. This action, it is stated, was necessary because of the high prices demanded by the Washington farmers, prices so high that the Eastern farmers, although handicapped by the long and expensive railroad haul, underbid them by a considerable amount.

There arrived in the city yesterday from Illinois 10 carloads, 280 tons, of hay, which is now being unloaded and will form a portion of the cargo of the transport Carlisle City. This is a part of a contract awarded by the Quartermaster's Department early in September. The entire amount of hay contracted for at that time was 1500 tons, of which amount representatives of Washington farmers secured the furnishing of only 50 tons. Of the remainder, a contract for 500 tons was given to the Willamette Valley and another of the same amount to the representatives of the Illinois farmers.

"Appalling Growth."

Chicago Times-Herald.

In all seriousness we ask William Jennings Bryan to transfer his contemplation of "the appalling growth of combinations in restraint of trade" and fix his binoculars on the census returns from South Omaha. They can be condensed into one agate line:

	Population. 1900.	Inc., 1890.	per ct.
South Omaha, Neb.	26,021	8,062	222.51

But behind these cold figures stalks the statement that this enormous gain is due largely to the expansion of the packing industry and to the opening of the great Armour plant, which began with a force of 1200 men. Every other big packing house has doubled its capacity in the last ten years, and the stockyards' business has grown in proportion. Other enterprises, notably the railroads, are employing more men. The livestock business has grown to enormous proportions throughout Nebraska in four years, and high prices have attracted more buyers and more commission houses. Uptown business houses have multiplied. Moreover, we are told that the "appalling growth" of South Omaha, by reason of the locating there of "combinations in restraint of trade," is substantial and legitimate. We invite Mr. Bryan to visit South Omaha before the "industrial despotism" he talks so much about "completes its deadly work."

Dooley on Roosevelt.

Harper's Weekly.

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "thim fellows out West meant all r-right, an' ye can't blame anny man f'r doin' what he thinks is f'r th' good iv th' party, but I don't think it was r-right to attack him—with a scantlin'. 'Tis a poor weepon at th' best, an' anyhow, says I, give ivry man a chanst to be heerd."

"Niver fear that Tiddy won't be heerd," said Mr. Dooley. "An' don't ye be afraid if anny man hits him that he won't tag back. He's havin' th' time iv all his life."

"He'll need a r-rest cure whin he's through," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He ixpicts to be licted," said Mr. Dooley.

WHO STABBED LINCOLN?

A Parable for the Democracy of Today.

—By Ambrose Bierce, Editor.

From Hearst's N. Y. Journal (Bryan organ).

If I should prophesy that in the year 1906 the leader of the Democratic party and all the distinguished Democratic orators of the time will be quoting notable passages from the writings and speeches of William McKinley, in order to show how far their opponents have departed from the patriotic principles and sound statesmanship of that great man, I should bring down upon my head a storm of ridicule. I should deserve it, too, for not only is prophecy a presumptuous and absurd "employment of the mind," but it is obvious that I do not know, for nobody knows, if William McKinley is a great man or not; and nobody knows what will be thought of him and his utterances a generation hence. We do not know our contemporaries.

A great man is like a tall building, which, foreshortened to the eye at the foot of its wall, seems low and squat, but reveals the dominant lift of its dome more and more as distance helps comparison with inferior structures clustering about it. Nevertheless, it is not improbable that the Democrat of the future—if the future is so fortunate as to have a Democrat—will habitually accentuate the littleness and wickedness of his degenerate antagonists by copious quotation from the great and good leader of their party in the year 1900.

If in 1864 any one had predicted that the Democratic leaders of today, including the candidate for the Presidency, would fill their campaign speeches with luminous words from the lips of Abraham Lincoln, he would have been thought mad, indeed. Only those who are old enough to have a personal recollection of those turbulent times can conceive the bitter hatred of the Democratic party for Abraham Lincoln.

There were "War Democrats," as we all know, most of whom were in the army. Of those who were not a majority detested and distrusted the President as heartily as the "Copperheads" themselves. The party as a whole was opposed to further prosecution of the war—opposed with a ferocity in comparison with which the present dislike of the Philippine War is merely good-humored dissent. The typical Democrat of 1864 believed with all his mind and all his heart and the very core of the soul of him that the war was a failure; that it was prosecuted for evil purposes by a ruthless and reckless Administration; that Abraham Lincoln was an ambitious and dangerous tyrant, whose re-election would end forever the ascendancy of republican institutions on this continent. The word "imperialism" was not then in political use, but fear of the thing that it now means lay like a cold shadow upon the Democratic heart. That Lincoln intended and expected to make himself dictator was held as an honest conviction by millions of his fellow-citizens, and seemed to them the only just inference from a hundred encroachments upon popular liberty, a hundred acts of forthright usurpation, a hundred manifestations of contemptuous indifference to "the consent of the governed."

The iron hand of political necessity wrote at the head of the Democratic ticket the name of a distinguished Union General, but in palliation of that inconsistency it might have been urged that he was not much of a General, and that his military virtues had never been sullied by respect for and fidelity to his Commander-in-Chief. His loyalty was given to his country only, between which and the clownish anarch at the White House he believed himself to stand by divine assignment, like the angel in the path of the recreant prophet astride an ass.

His defeat at the polls seemed to hundreds of thousands of his countrymen—most of whom had made a sufficient advance along the line of intellectual development to sit up and take notice, and many of whom could see into a millstone with a hole in it as deeply as any prophet of evil today—a phenomenon of dismal and portentous significance. They honestly believed, worthy patriots, that it extinguished the last smouldering embers in the altar fires of American liberty. From end to end of the broad North their wail was heard above the clash of arms that came upon the Southern breeze.

> It rose, that chanted, mournful strain,
> Like some lone spirit o'er the plain.
> 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
> Such as when winds and harp-strings meet
> And take a long unmeasured tone
> To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

The vocalists of that melancholy performance are mostly dead, but their political progeny we have with us, competent to execute a similar feat of the larynx if the tyrant of Canton shall again succeed in thrusting his immortal part into the seat of authority. And the Republican prophets of doom are in fairly good voice themselves. Their somber predictions lack nothing but their own extrusion from "power" to pass from the conditional stage to the absolute. If we may believe the spokesmen of both parties—and there's nothing but brains to prevent—the country is booked for eternal dashnation in any event.

It is McKinley and despotism, or Bryan and anarchy—the difference is wide enough and real enough for all to be suited. As to me, having no politics and being of that judicial habit of mind born of a mortal antipathy to both parties and all candidates, I am not expecting a cataclysm. No matter who is elected, I hold the sure and certain hope that the machinery of Government will work along in its regular, orderly and ineffective way, and we shall see the wheels go round with no more than the customary friction. Doubtless God could have given men the power and the will to put their country into supreme peril every four years, and could have decreed that the peril be always averted, but doubtless God did nothing of the kind.

But I have wandered from my purpose, which was to warn the Democrats to stop quoting Abraham Lincoln; it is something in the nature of effrontery. It reminds me of the medieval Princess who went in tears to the village Notary (who had mastered the mystery of writing) and asked him to compose a tender and passionate eulogium on her dead lover, the noblest of men.

"Certainly, madame," assented the scrivener, pocketing his fee. "Of what did his excellency die?"

"I stabbed him 50 times," she said.

A Sample of Bryanism.

New York Journal of Commerce.

"Unless money is more precious than blood, we cannot afford to give greater protection to the incomes of the rich than to the lives of the poor." That sentence in Mr. Bryan's letter of acceptance stamps him as an arrant demagogue who is seeking by falsehood to arouse class enmity for his individual benefit. The Supreme Court has decided that the income tax of 1894 was unconstitutional, but the Government may draft men into the Army. These are the facts upon which Mr. Bryan constructed his epigram. The power to draft, however, applies of course to the rich as well as to the poor, and the right of taxation was not brought in question before the Supreme Court; it was only one method of imposing taxes. Rich and poor are alike subject to render military service, and are alike subjects of taxation. Therefore there is no distinction and no excuse whatever for Mr. Bryan's antithesis between money and life.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The full dinner-pail seems to be more than Bryan can stand on his delicate stomach.

A gang of thieves stole a sidewalk in Chicago the other day. They evidently took, stole and carried a way.

An Englishman has bought Oom Paul's pipe for $75. It is needless to say that the dream was not included for that money.

Colonel Bryan's book, "The First Battle," is not a war story. The Colonel never got even that far in his Army career.

Mr. Bryan says the Republican party wants to build a fort in every town. Mr. Bryan is not an applicant for a position in any of the garrisons.

Bryan is now playing the part of bell-buoy over the expansion reef, but the Sixteen-to-One rocks are charted, so the ship of state will not ground on them.

To the apostles of Bryan might be applied the lines from Moore's "La'la Rookh":

> So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
> Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel.

In the production of common watch-glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Discs are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disc after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6000 glasses in a day.

In the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign of 1840, the balloting began in Pennsylvania and Ohio on the 30th of October, and did not end until North Carolina finished on the 12th of November. New Jersey took two days, and New York three. Such a system would have rendered it possible for the result to depend upon a close state voting last of all, and the people had the good sense to insist upon a uniform day before the Civil War.

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, makes haste to correct a report of a political speech recently made by him, in which he was made to speak of the funeral of Mr. Bryan on the day after election. The reverend gentleman explains that what he really spoke about was the funeral of Bryanism on the day named, and he takes occasion to quote the remark of the miner who said that the funeral would take place if the fragments of the deceased could be found.

A paper read at the recent Americanist Congress at Paris, by Henry Vignaud, vice-president of the congress and secretary of the United States Embassy, demolished the theory adopted by Humboldt, Irving, Fiske and other historians that Columbus derived his scheme for the discovery of America from a letter written in 1474 by Toscanelli, the Florentine astronomer. Mr. Vignaud brought forward evidence which convinced the congress that Toscanelli never wrote such a letter.

The temptation to make disrespectful remarks concerning Boston's old and famous military company is seldom resisted. The Boston Pilot yields to it, as follows:

"The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston have solemnly decided to learn to drill. They also purpose exchanging their present muskets, which are muzzle-loaders, for breech-loading Springfield rifles. It is true that artillerymen as a rule do not use rifles; but the A. & H. A. are no common gunners, and they would be just as efficient if they were armed with ballistae or pea-shooters. Their dependence for close conflict is on the trusty corkscrew."

The following statement of farm prices explains why Bryan gets "the frozen eye" instead of the glad hand from the farmers this year: In 1896 the average price on the farm of Iowa corn was 14 cents. In 1897 it rose to 17 cents; in 1898 to 23 cents, and in 1899, the last year for which average prices are obtainable, it was still 22 cents. In 1896 the average price of corn on the farm for the whole United States was 21.5 cents. In 1899 it was 30.2 cents. On June 1, 1896, No. 2 corn sold on the Chicago markets at 27¼ cents. On June 1, 1900, the price was 37½ cents. And the prices of the other farm staples show similar increases, running all the way from 8 per cent on eggs, 13 per cent on wheat, 23 per cent on oats, 26 per cent on butter, 58 per cent on hogs, 78 per cent on wool, and 119 per cent on flaxseed, to 454 per cent on broomcorn.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS.

Foreigner—My friend, your country is fine, but you need a few old ruins. American—Ruins! Haven't you seen the Dewey Arch?—Life.

Pa—You have been a good boy today, Johnny, so I guess I'll give you 10 cents for pocket money. Johnny—I think I'd rather have it for spending money, pa.—Boston Transcript.

Merciful on Both Sides.—Dolly—Oh, dear! My Summer candy bill is $45! Polly—Goodness! What will your father say? Dolly—Well, I'm going to tell it to him $5 at a time.—Puck.

Thoroughly Modern.—Visitor—Is this an old homestead, or a modern imitation of antiquity? Tenant—Oh! it's new, brand new. The roof leaks in forty places.—New York Weekly.

Lady Assistant (behind counter, to cabman)—Pair of gloves? Cabman—Yes, miss. Lady Assistant—What is your number? Cabman—Fifteen hundred and ninety-three, miss.—Tit-Bits.

Celebrations Provided For.—"Marie, did you bring me a present from Paris?" "Of course, Harry, and I brought a lot of beautiful things for you to give me on my birthday and our anniversary."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Four Winds.

Charles Henry Luders.

Wind of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies, and sharp, clear stars,—
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands,—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains,—
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose,—
Over magnolia blooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.