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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair, preceded by showers during the forenoon; westerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 65; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, 0.21 inch.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, SEPT. 13.

PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION NEEDED

England once had to deal with a group of political anarchists in shape of the famous Cato-street plot, whose organizer and leader was Arthur Thistlewood, an ex-Captain of the English Army, the son of a civil engineer. Thistlewood was a desperate adventurer who had lost his wife's fortune in America and France playing the turf and in speculation, but his associates were genuine political fanatics. These desperate men to the number of twenty or thirty had assembled in a stable on Cato street, London, and were in the act of arming themselves when they were arrested, on the 23d of February, 1820. Their purpose was to murder the whole of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, while at dinner in the mansion of the Earl of Harrowby, seize the Bank of England and the Mission House, and proclaim a provisional government. The conspirators resisted arrest and a policeman was killed before they were overpowered. The prisoners were all put on trial for treason. Thistlewood, Brunt, Davidson, Ings and Tidd were executed as traitors May 1, and five of their associates were sentenced to transportation for life. When asked on the scaffold if he repented, Thistlewood replied: "No; not at all; I shall soon know the last grand secret."

Here we have a group of political anarchists as desperate as the organizers of the famous "gunpowder plot" to blow up King James I and his Parliament, save that it lacked the animus of sectarian religious fanaticism. These English political anarchists of 1820 bear a strong resemblance to the anarchist assassination that took place on the night of May 4, 1886, in Haymarket Square, Chicago, when three policemen were killed outright by bombs and three others mortally wounded. The procedure in England in 1820 against the anarchists was simple enough; they were not tried for resisting arrest and killing a policeman; they were tried for treason because they plotted the murder of the English Ministry. The English courts drew a clear line of distinction between these anarchists and Bellingham, who shot Prime Minister Perceval in 1812. Bellingham was tried simply for murder, which he had committed because of a fancied personal grievance, but the members of the Cato-street plot were tried for treason, having plotted the murder of the Ministry and the overturning of the government. Under the English form of government an attempt on the life of the sovereign or his Ministers could be promptly punished, but under our form of government today we are without any special protection for the person of the President.

At present the murder of the President of the United States or a criminal assault upon him violates no Federal statute unless it is done in a fort, navy-yard, arsenal or other place within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. The recent attempt to kill the President is an offense not against the United States, but against the laws of the State of New York. The President's assassin can be tried only for felonious assault, and can be sentenced at the most under the New York code to ten years, which, by commutation for good behavior, may be reduced to six years. If the President should be assassinated while in Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan or Wisconsin, which states have abolished capital punishment, the assassin could be only punished by imprisonment. It will be remembered that the assassin of the Empress of Austria escaped the death penalty because the code of the Swiss canton in which he committed the crime does not inflict it.

The offense of assassinating the President is wholly a state affair in this country, and the penalty varies with the state and its imposition rests wholly with the state officers. This situation is not desirable when we remember that Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, in June, 1893, issued a pardon to the Chicago anarchists whose lives had been spared in 1886. The same indifference to public justice and safety was recently exhibited in Minnesota by the release from prison on parole of the Younger brothers, who were serving a life sentence for murder and highway robbery. With these object-lessons before our eyes, it is folly without alloy to trust always to the vigilance and fidelity of state officers for unfailing protection of the President and the imposition of the death penalty upon his assassin. Suppose Lincoln had been murdered in the State of Indiana instead of the District of Columbia, and the Governor had been a virulent copperhead, like Dan Voorhees, does anybody suppose it would have been as easy a matter to have convicted and punished Booth's fellow-conspirators as it was in Washington, which is directly under Federal jurisdiction, and was then, too, under martial law?

In any country in Europe the assault of an assassin on the life of the head of the nation would be construed as treason, and on this charge he would be held and promptly executed. But our Constitution defines treason as levying war upon the United States or adhering to its enemies, and the crime of the President's assailant cannot be brought within the constitutional definition of treason against the United States. Congress has not given the President the necessary statutory protection which the murder of two Presidents and the attempted murder of a third clearly shows he ought to receive. Attempt on the life of the President, wherever committed, should be made a crime against the United States, triable in the United States Courts and punished with death. To give a man but six to ten years in the New York penitentiary for nearly succeeding in the murder of the President of the United States is wholly inadequate protection. The crime should be made a Federal offense, punishable with death.

THE TWO DOCTORS.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock Wednesday night two doctors came out of the Milburn house at Buffalo and started down the pavement. They were Dr. Eugene Wasdin and Dr. Herman Mynter. Dr. Wasdin had the news, but for some reason he was ignored by the busy watchers. Dr. Mynter, on the other hand, the report says, "was hemmed in on all sides by the newspaper men." Mynter is a good fellow, and, though he himself hadn't much to tell, he turned the reporters over to Wasdin, who gave them the scientific interpretation of the count made of the President's blood.

It is not an unusual thing that the man who knows something and has done something stands unheeded by, while the crowd rushes eagerly up to hang breathlessly on the accents of him whose best service, if he is both wise and generous, is to turn the expectant questioners over to unpopular and unpretending merit at his side. One is reminded of the old and pathetic verse:

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell;
Only this I know full well—
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

How often have we seen the poor doctor! How often, as some one has pregnantly said, have we been the poor doctor! And it is as likely as not that the one deficient in attractiveness is one who covets affection and praise far more than he does to whom it comes unsought. There is, indeed, a craving for sympathy and attention that defeats through very importunity its own object, as the lovesick swain wearies his inamorata with his persistence, as Venus only dismays Adonis with her importunities. And on the other hand there is an indifference that in itself imparts a zest to the campaign of the seeker. Affection that is cheaply had does not enlist the best ambition, which is satisfied only with prizes of the difficult chase.

Yet there is always something akin to tragedy in the failure of the eager aspirant for kindly recognition, compared with the readiness with which some men and women surround themselves with admirers. Their mien, their tones, their motion, their unconscious smile, their very glance, earn a quicker and fonder adherence than others who are starving for love and praise can gain by a lifetime of sacrifice and devotion. Dr. Mynter, the good fellow, is surrounded by an eager throng. Dr. Wasdin, who has the real prize they seek, stands by himself, and unless some generous Mynter points him out, his secrets of knowledge and power and helpfulness will go down with him undiscovered to his grave.

There is no recipe for love or royal road to popularity. Charms and philters died out with Pan and Satyrs and the Holy Grail. But of one thing we may be sure, and that is that for every smallest particle of grace and attractiveness, winsomeness and magnetism, there is some definite controlling cause in heredity or environment or training. Eyes and fascinatingly chiseled lips can only come from parent to child. The engaging smile that brings admirers to the careless youth of either sex has been built up for him or her by generations of gentle ancestors. A man makes his children Mynters or Wasdins largely when he chooses his wife. The mother sends her boy out to be courted or shunned, very much because of noble and genial thoughts and ways she has imparted to him through infancy and boyhood, or else in ignorance or indifference neglected. Nor should we too hastily conclude that surface attractiveness always goes with inefficiency beneath. The boor has seldom anything of wit or wisdom that we should desire him, and Nature is often prodigal enough to put her most precious jewels in her finest caskets.

INDIRECT RESPONSIBILITY.

It is a noteworthy fact that when the Chicago anarchists were found guilty and sentenced to death many persons of high character and intellect, like William D. Howells, who certainly did not approve of the Haymarket Square murder, opposed the execution of the death penalty on the persons whose speech and writing obviously incited the crime, but Judge Gary stoutly held to his view that they should be treated as guilty and made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

If there should prove to be really an anarchist plot, of which the President's assailant was only the stupid hand that held the pistol, every member of this conspiracy, on proof of instigation to murder or previous guilty knowledge of the plot, would be subject to equally severe punishment with the assailant of the President.

Nobody pretended that August Spies actually made or threw the bombs that killed the Chicago police, but he prompted their manufacture; he knew of the murderous purpose for which they were constructed; he incited their employment for this purpose, and he was privy to the plot before its execution. Under this view Spies, who did not make a bomb or throw one, and was not even present at the murder, was hanged for murder.

If the President's assailant had any confederates who knew of his purpose, they will suffer equally with their miserable tool. Under the Federal jurisdiction of the District of Columbia Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt, who actually assaulted nobody, were hanged on the same scaffold with Payne, who had stabbed Secretary Seward, for they had guilty knowledge of the plot.

This was the view taken by Judge Gary, of August Spies, in the Chicago anarchist trial, and he was found guilty and hanged. If anybody can be shown to have been confederates with the President's assassin, they will suffer equally with him.

LAW AND LABOR.

The anarchist has two grievances—the oppression of law and the inexorable price of labor. Law he conceives as unnatural. It presses down the natural man just as the tight corset squeezes the vital organs. It thus becomes the parent of a thousand ills of manners and society. It impedes development, restricts freedom, builds up tyranny and fosters grievous inequalities. If it were not for the law, we should have freedom. If it were not for the law, we should be happy.

Liberty within the law is as old a theme as the Apostle Paul, who upheld it with his always picturesque if not always convincing logic. Only through obedience to the law, he maintained, is true freedom. Transgression only is bondage of the most grievous kind. There is a shade of fancifulness about this reasoning as there is about his argument for immortality from the seed that dies. But his main contention, and the anarchist's stumbling-block, is powerfully supported by the analogy of Nature. The mighty universe, with its efflorescence in human character, has moved up to its present august state only through implicit and unquestioning obedience to rigid law. Gravitation rules the greatest star and the tiniest grain of sand. In their appointed spot the constellations shine, and only in its decreed orbit each celestial traveler pursues its wondrous way. Nowhere else can it exist, nohow else can it escape paroxysm, annihilation, oblivion. Only as it falls in with irrefragable rules, changeless as the laws of Medes and Persians and more despotic than any edict of Czar or Sultan, can the plant receive its sustenance from earth and air, can the coral build its reef or the lioness feed her cubs.

Just as imperative is law in the higher walks of creation. How relentlessly does heredity visit the sins of the fathers upon the third and three-hundredth generation; how ruddy glows even yet the cheek descended from the Vikings of the Northern seas, how black the skin that came down from old Ethiopia! The philosophy of Franklin tells us how to get and keep, but it was written down by the Hebrew thinkers of centuries ago. Emerson's wise maxims are in Plato, and the laws of the mind we merely rewrite from Aristotle. There is no change in these general orders of Nature, and from their penalties no escape.

Then there is the inexorable price of labor. To be forced to earn what we have is too hard. Why should we need to burn the midnight oil, and pace the floor till morning racking over great schemes of industry, and grow gray before our time in order to be comfortably off, when there is so much on hand that might delight us empty-handed ones by a mere process of division? Why should the dearest prizes need to be so hardly won? Why must enormous incentive be put before the man who is to achieve stupendously? The answer is that this is Nature's way. That great rewards shall follow great exertions, that the fruit of idle dreaming and ill-natured protest shall be nothing, is not an artificial thing imposed upon society by man's malevolence, but it is the first article in the constitution of human nature. Nobody is going to do anything unless the result accrues to him. There is reward always commensurate with achievement, but there is no reward for the grumbler. To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the law. It pleases not those who are unwilling to comply with it. No law does. But there is no other way. When law is done away, when by any process but by painful adaptation of means to ends can comfort be acquired, then will human nature have been revolutionized, then will the order of creation be reversed.

Toil is the law of life,
The cosmic theme;
Web of prevailing prayer and winning strife,
Woof of the poet's dream.
Each pebble bravely tugs at Pleiades,
Each raindrop bears its burden to the seas.
O man, proud heir of all the ages built,
Let not the battle falter through thy craven guilt!

THE FREE KINDERGARTENS AGAIN

The position of Director Thompson in the matter of the disposal of the kindergarten fund seems to be well taken. There is, indeed, little ground for controversy upon the legal points raised in his contention that the kindergartens may legally receive the benefit of public tax that is made part of the school levy "only when they become part of the common school system."

This statement is entirely apart from the question of the expediency of attaching these infant schools to the public school system in this city. Of the efficacy of these schools there can be no doubt. There is abundant proof of their usefulness in giving children of tender years the training in manners and in pretty handicraft that they should receive, and, as tradition fondly reports, did formerly receive at their mother's knee. The objection to making the infant school a part of a system of free education represents at one end of the line the extreme in the public school idea that is represented by the free university at the other. It is putting all upon the state and leaving nothing to parental or individual responsibility. "Free" is the catchword proposition. The truth is that nothing that pertains to civilized life is free. Somebody must pay, pro rata, or in excess of his just proportion, for everything that is assessed in the mind of the philanthropist as "free." Thus, according to Mr. Thompson's estimate, which it is fair to presume is a careful one, and well within the outside limit of the expense entailed, it will cost $30,000 properly to engraft the kindergartens upon the public school system of this district. This he believes is an expense that the taxpayers of the district cannot at this time afford, and will object to incurring.

Up against this cold fact, or statement of a supposed fact, comes all the pretty logic of the kindergartner, claiming an offset. Perhaps it is an offset; possibly it may prove by experiment to be more than an offset, but there is a ring of justice in the suggestion that the taxpayers, having been duly notified of the purpose to attach the kindergarten to the public schools, be given a chance to express themselves by vote fully and freely upon the question, supplementing last year's authority to levy a special tax. A proper time for this expression will come at the taxpayers' meeting in March, when, if they express a willingness to support kindergartens, having first provided means for their establishment, all opposition to the matter will be withdrawn as irrelevant or silenced as useless. In the meantime, the School Board will no doubt exercise due care in the disposal of the fund now on hand for the support of kindergartens, to the end that a troublesome precedent in the unauthorized disbursement of public moneys be not established.

General Daniel E. Sickles, who is a candidate for commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., has had to encounter the distribution among the comrades of the speech defending secession which he made in the House, December 10, 1860, when he was a Democratic member of Congress from New York City and one of the leading Tammany tigers. Among other things on this occasion General Sickles said:

> No man will ever pass the boundaries of the City of New York for the purpose of waging war against any state of the Union. I look upon secession as the last dread alternative of a free state when it has to choose between liberty and injustice. The opposite dogma, that no matter what wrongs a state may have to endure it may and ought to be compelled to remain in the Union, is a most dangerous error.
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> . . . . . .
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> The City of New York will hold men to a just accountability for whatever woe shall betide the Confederacy. When this Union is no more, New York City will never consent to remain an appendage and a slave of a Puritan province. She will assert her own independence.

This was certainly a speech that General Sickles would not wish to resuscitate today, but it was uttered four months before the firing on Sumter, and a good many Northern men talked in defense of secession and against military coercion of the South then that promptly answered Lincoln's first call for troops after the firing on the flag. General Scott and Horace Greeley were both quite willing that the South should go in peace, and a number of leading Democrats and Republicans were of the same mind, but the shot at Sumter changed all this. Even Fernando Wood and ex-President Pierce, who had been in correspondence with the leading secessionists, declared for the Union after Sumter. Caleb Cushing and Benjamin F. Butler, who at the Charleston Convention were partisans of Jefferson Davis, declared for the Union after Sumter. General Sickles had plenty of support for his speech then in New York City, but he repudiated it manfully by at once joining the Union Army, in which he fought gallantly, if not skillfully, until he lost his leg at Gettysburg.

As early as the midde of August last the London correspondent of the New York Sun reported that a revival of political crime was expected in Europe the coming Winter, and that unprecedented precautions had already been taken by the police. The number of policemen in plain clothes charged with the protection of King Edward had been doubled at that date. These detectives accompanied the King in his journey to Germany, to his sister's funeral, and subsequently to Homburg. Chief Superintendent Melville, of the detective service branch of Scotland Yard, apprehends anarchist danger chiefly from Italy. The famous Italian anarchist, Malatesta, is in London, but is so closely watched that he is powerless. Louise Michel, the famous petroleuse of the Commune, and a number of other anarchists, live in London, but are kept under the strictest surveillance. Just before the last jubilee a number of these anarchists were arrested, not as anarchists, but upon some frivolous charge, like being drunk or disorderly or resisting the police, sufficient to keep them in confinement for a fortnight. When Emperor William of Germany came to Queen Victoria's deathbed the English detective police watched over his safety night and day, and arrests of well-known revolutionists were made at that time upon trivial pretexts sufficient to keep them in jail until the Emperor departed.

To most persons it will be news—and in the sense of justice good news—as stated in connection with the trial of Ed Brisbo, ex-Chief of Indian Police on the Umatilla reservation, that criminal assault upon a female child in territory exclusively under Federal control is a capital crime, and as such punishable by death. This crime is in general far too leniently dealt with by law, hence the temptation, wrathfully contemplated and not infrequently indulged when a crime of this character is perpetrated upon a little girl, to give the guilty wretch short shrift and long rope. A term of years in the penitentiary, which may be and (shamefacedly, be it said) frequently is shortened by executive clemency upon petition of persons of whom society has a right to expect better things, is wholly inadequate as punishment for this most revolting crime.

Attention is drawn to the illustrated article in yesterday's issue, descriptive of the Hill Military School for boys, soon to be opened, at Twenty-fourth and Marshall streets, Portland. The school's construction is a piece of commendable enterprise. Its principal's experience promises well for success, and the addition thus made to the city's educational equipment speaks well for the growing needs and financial resources of the community's homes. We have many good schools already, but of such there is always room for one more.

The many friends of Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., Chief Commissary of the Division of the Philippines, will be glad to learn that he will return before many weeks from Manila and expects to be stationed at San Francisco. He has enjoyed excellent health at Manila, but his little daughter, Virginia, nearly 11 years old, died March 25 last, after a lingering illness not due to the climate. His eldest son is with him at Manila as Adjutant of the Third Battalion of Engineers.

If the vehement protestations of leading anarchists are to be believed, they do not teach the assassination of rulers to their dupes and followers as a tenet of their faith. Perhaps a cold-hearted and suspicious public misguided these gentle folk when it found in their joyous acclamation of "well done" over the assassination of the Empress of Austria and of King Humbert the delight of men and women who believe in the cowardly murder of rulers for murder's sake.

STILL WEDDED TO PRYANISM.

New York Tribune.

In all projects for rewriting Democratic principles and reshaping Democratic leadership, the influence of party sentiment in one important section of the Union has so far been singularly overlooked. Strangely enough, it is this section—the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States—in which alone in recent years the Democratic cause has made material progress and Democratic effort has been rewarded with increased political power. Since 1896 the Democratic party has gained seven seats in the Federal Senate from the States of Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado and Utah, and it has more than an even chance, perhaps, to gain two additional seats next year from Colorado and Nevada. So it is noticeable that from the single region where party fortunes have bettered themselves no voice has yet come to encourage the "reorganizers," who are now planning to defy the Chicago and Kansas City platforms and to displace Colonel Bryan from party leadership. Probably the Eastern managers are wise in not attempting to carry their missionary work into what is still clearly, in a factional sense, "the enemy's country." Certainly they will find the Rocky Mountain and Coast States stony soil for their enterprise, if Democratic opinion there is fairly reflected in a forecast of party policy made recently by Senator George Turner, of Washington.

Mr. Turner was sent to the Senate four years ago as a Fusionist, having the support in the Washington Legislature of Silver-Republicans, Populists and Democrats. He has now, however, become a straight-out Democrat, as have other ex-Republican and Populist statesmen from his section, like Senators Dubois and Heitfeld, of Idaho; Senator Harris, of Kansas, and Representatives Newlands, of Nevada, and Shafroth and Bell, of Colorado. Speaking, therefore, as a Democrat, Mr. Turner, in a statement written for The Portland Oregonian, dismisses as "moonshine" all current talk about a proposed "reorganization" of the Democratic party. "The party," the Washington Senator declares, "is already well organized, and the present organization will continue to fight for good government, sound principles and constitutional liberty." It follows that Mr. Turner still believes in the sufficiency and efficacy of Colonel Bryan's leadership. For in response to the suggestion that "Bryanism had been eliminated" by the action of recent Eastern and Southern State Conventions, he replied decisively: "If you mean to imply that Mr. Bryan and his friends have been eliminated from leadership, I do not believe that this has occurred or is likely to occur in the near future. Mr. Bryan is a very great man, and will continue to exercise a commanding influence in the councils of his party."

On other party problems Senator Turner's views are strikingly in accord with those expressed a week or two ago by Senator Vest, of Missouri. Like Mr. Vest, Mr. Turner admits that "it is neither wise nor patriotic" to continue the agitation for free silver coinage. The next Democratic National Convention "will not insist," the Washington Senator declared, "on the restoration of silver as one of the money metals"; nor, he added unexpectedly, "do I expect Mr. Bryan to urge anything of this kind." Imperialism and trusts, Mr. Turner concluded, would be the paramount Democratic issues in 1904, and for the presentation of these issues the party would neither have to rewrite its present tenets nor upset its present management.

Senator Turner's loyalty to Bryan and Bryanism cannot be questioned; nor will it do to underrate the significance of his interview. If he really speaks for the people and the section he represents at Washington, the reorganizing elements within the Democratic party will have to revise their calculations. It will take a greater effort than they have counted on to persuade the Democratic organization as a whole to abandon Bryanism for some new wild goose venture on a platform of "anything to win."

Professor and Mister.

New York Sun.

The professors in the Chicago University will be plain misters henceforth. At least, "mister" will be their style and title when they address one another or are spoken to by students. The Philistine world is likely to continue to bespatter them with "professor"; and it will be hard to disassociate that somewhat faded word from some members of Dr. Harper's collection who love to profess. Triggs, the poet-killer, for example. Who doesn't know and venerate Professor Triggs? There may be other and minor Triggses, but Professor Triggs is unique. He is unthinkable save as "professor." It would seem like profanation to try to make him a mere mister. Doubtless Professor Triggs is specifically excepted from the rule.

It is an old rule at Harvard, where the feelings of sensitive members of the faculty are sometimes torn by ignorant freshmen who utter the forbidden word. A word of solemn and majestic sound to the ingenuous youth who, perhaps, has propitiated rural schoolmosters with it; but probably a Harvard professor would about as soon be called a "port chuck" as "professor." If there is any affectation about this insistence upon "mister," it is in the direction of simplicity. Mr. Smith walks in the yard. Professor Smith would have to ambulate in the campus. "At Harvard," a Harvard instructor who loved his little joke used to say, "the President's wife goes to bed; at Yale the President's lady retires." "Mister" is also the title of Navy officers of lower rank than Commander.

The dislike for "professor" is confined to a pretty small number of people. It is a word which a great multitude of persons love to roll in the mouth. In common usage it belongs to the following professions especially:

Acrobats, astrologers, astronomers, bandmasters, barbers, barkeepers, chiropodists, dog doctors, elevator men, fiddlers, geographers, gravel-train conductors, hobos, hypnotists, "Indian" doctors, janitors of schoolhouses, Kansas Populists, lung-testing-machine men, musicians, negro minstrels, opticians, organists, pugilists, palmists, pill poets, quiremasters, rubberneckers, schoolmasters, Tammany trust smashers, umbrella menders, vegetarians, watercurists, watchmakers, writers of almanacs, xylophonists, yodlers, zoologists.

But the title "professor" is by no means restricted to these persons. It is much more comprehensive. Every man who is not a Colonel is a professor. Every man who is not a professor is a colonel.

Where They Make a Mistake.

Boston Transcript.

The fallacy in the position of the prohibitionists is, first, that all drinking, and therefore all selling, is a sin; and, secondly, that unless the liquor evil can be rooted out altogether it is inexpedient, not to say vicious, to attempt its amelioration. It is because they are extremists and are not content to secure what they are aiming at a little at a time that the prohibitionists exert so slender an influence in the land, even among those who are most earnest in their temperance yearnings.

Supply Greets the Demand.

Philadelphia Record.

The cry for cheap money has been answered by a heavy increase in the volume of sound money. There is no complaint in any part of the country because every dollar in circulation has been kept at par with gold, and apparently there is no longer a fear that there will not be gold enough to meet demand.

Merely a Suggestion.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Many suggestions are made just now as to the best way of dealing with the anarchists. In the old days it was customary for Western counties to pay good prices for wolf skins brought to the County Clerk. The wolves have all disappeared.

NEWSPAPER STANDARDS

Philadelphia Times.

The young Anglo-American journalist who started the hoax about the great wager which had been laid upon the yacht race, having won all the notoriety from his adventure which it was possible to gain, has confessed that his story was a canard. He doubtless is in a position now to return to London and boast to his club fellows how simple a matter it is to gull the American press. If this is to be his reward, he should remember while he is telling his tale that it was also the American press which found him out, and put the stamp of discredit upon the story and a mark of dishonor, in the view of right-thinking people, upon the author of it.

The fact is commonly overlooked how great is the real responsibility of every reporter to the press. The editor merely arranges and comments. The unit in this great journalistic organization is the collector of the news. If he does his work faithfully and well he gives character to the whole body of newspaper information, and the reader is instructed. Otherwise, the public is confused and deceived. The publisher who will carefully select the reporters, correspondents and news collectors taken into his employ gives the readers of his newspaper guarantees in regard to the accuracy of the information he offers to them which they should be quick to appreciate. In the last instance it is the reader who, if he be careful and discriminate, exercises control over a situation of which we often hear on his part very free complaint.

Errors will be made when intentions are of the best. Mistakes occur when every effort is put forth to guard against mistake. But much of the untruth which is spread abroad is not attributable to error, and no charity can give it this character. It is manufactured for sensational effect. It is meant to raise an unnatural thrill and to feed a morbid taste.

We believe, however, that American readers detest deception in their newspaper no less than in a business transaction. They may read the journal which brings them the sensations they crave, but at heart they do not respect it. They should despise the lie just as they should proclaim against indecency in journalism. They, themselves, can solve this problem, and put a new aspect on the newspaper by buying that one which makes the most diligent attempt to free its columns of degrading and false news and by encouraging no other.

Our Forest Area.

San Francisco Call.

A statement of the forest area is published, apparently upon the authority of Federal statistics, which shows that 37 per cent of the total area of the United States is covered by forest. We are inclined to question the figures. Mr. Brown, secretary of the Indian Forestry Association, seems to have established the error of official statistics on that subject in his state. He believes that the statistics are made by substracting from the total area the lands devoted to agriculture and assuming that the remainder is forest. This method would be obviously erroneous.

Such statistics should be the result of actual inspection, and no other can be more than approximate. The danger of incorrect statement of the forest area is that it cools the zeal and effectiveness of those who are trying to arouse public opinion to the necessity of forest preservation.

In the statistics of the use of trees firewood heads the list, the consumption for fuel being put at 150,000,000,000 feet board measure. Of course most of this, however, is timber undersized for use as lumber or dimension timber, and some of it is the waste of lumbering operations in limbs and trunks that prove unfit for sawing upon being felled.

In the area of forest land California is credited with 44,700 square miles, and is exceeded by Texas with 64,000, Arkansas with 45,000, Minnesota with 52,200, Washington with 47,700, and Oregon with 54,300. In percentage of their area covered by forest Arkansas with 84 and Maine with 79 per cent lead all the states. The percentage for California is 22. The practically treeless states are North Dakota, with only 1 per cent of her area forested, South Dakota 3, Nebraska 3, Kansas 7 and Nevada 6.

The arid states show the least timber, which exhibits the reciprocal relation between forest and moisture. Forest fires are given as the most potent agent in reducing the timbered area, and the arid states especially have the greatest interest in preventing them and in reforestation of the area they have stripped.

The Declining Cigarette.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

According to the trade journal Tobacco, the manufacture of cigarettes in the United States appears to have reached high-water mark in the fiscal year of 1897, when 4,153,252,470 were produced, or about 660 for every man, woman and child in the United States. Thereafter a steady decline took place, caused in part by a general awakening to the pernicious consequences of cigarette-smoking among the young and by much unfriendly state legislation, but accelerated by the imposition of additional taxes by the general Government. Within three years ending June, 1901, the decline amounted to nearly a billion and a half cigarettes. This, according to the paper named, means that "an equivalent of at least 200,000 smokers have ceased to use paper cigarettes, or a larger number are more moderate in their use." Tobacco expresses a hope that, now the revenue is no longer needed, Congress will reduce the tax and so aid in the recuperation of the cigarette business. To this, it would seem hardly necessary to say, the American people will not be apt to assent. Most of them will view with great satisfaction the successes which have attended philanthropic effort to check a peculiarly emasculating and destructive habit, and would prefer such legislation, if any, as will bring about a still further decline in the use of "coffin nails."

"The Lesson."

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

It was their fault, and their very great fault,
and not the fault of Kipling—
They built their army without the aid of any
poetical stripling;
It faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, and
every precept ratified,
Yet he was not consulted, so he felt very much
dissatisfied.

So he took a pen—and a very big pen—and he
wrote him a wobbly poem
In which he struck many rhythmic snags in
his wild impulse to show 'em
That the think to have done was to have hired
a certain party for the post of poet laureate—
A man, forsooth, who would sing the truth,
no matter where he should quarry it.

He told them it cost a hundred million pounds
to prove the potent fact that horses are
quicker than men afoot, when with due
science tracked,
For he said that two and two make four, and
men have but two limbs,
And two into four goes twice, said he, or else
arithmetic dims.
But he overlooked what he should have booked
—that the man who goes awheel
Can beat the horse, and so can the man who
rides in an automobile;
But still he wrote—did this strenuous "pote"—
and he worked some phrases twice,
And all they got was their lesson, at the usual
Kipling price.

It was a bluff, and a very big bluff, for a fellow who writes like Kip
To put such feet in his poetry, and say that
it could not trip.
No line was true, so what could they do, when
none would own his brother
But scatter out in a wordy rout and tumble
upon each other?

He wrote some verse, and some very big verse,
which matched like six and eleven,
And spread it loose in a peculiar way on an
island nine by seven,
And the beautiful part of the whole thing was,
though it lacked both sense and wit,
That they got the lesson he sang, and he got
a dollar a word for it.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Nation's pulse is also normal again.

The President is out of danger, which is more than can be said of anarchy.

Let us be of good cheer. The America's cup is of a very stay-at-home disposition.

Emma Goldman says she is a trained nurse, but anarchy has been her only patient.

Professor Triggs says the poet is a maker. Perhaps, but never with the prefix money.

Ibsen has come back from the brink of eternity to illustrate his book "When the Dead Awake."

Probably the court of inquiry will not inflict the death penalty on either Sampson or Schley.

It is noticed that the rapid fire poets are not doing a great deal with the name of Czolgosz.

After all, Alfred Austin can always write worse poetry than Kipling when he sheds his coats and tries hard.

The first frost will soon come along and show scientists a few things about the extermination of mosquitoes.

Emma Goldman was able to pronounce the assassin's name, which proves that she must have used it a very great deal.

Both the steel strike and the South African War will have a hard struggle to reinstate themselves in public attention.

A French physician has discovered the bacillus that gives people that tired feeling. These insects fairly swarm from the pages of a number of late poplar novels.

In Detroit there is a remarkably affable and intelligent Boston terrier whose owner carries a photograph of the dog. On the back of the photograph is an order signed by the superintendent of the lines directing the conductors of all street-cars in the city to permit the dog—Ben Bolt is his name—to board their cars. As Ben is known to most of the conductors it is rarely necessary for his owner to show the order.

There are some things which seem household necessities in the United States for which there is no market whatever in France or Southern Europe. One of these is the range with a hot-water back, another is the refrigerator, and a third is the rocking-chair. Americans living abroad often want these articles so badly that they even send home for them, but among the French there is no demand for them whatever, and American manufacturers only waste energy in trying to create a market for them.

"Mr. Dooley" advises "Hennessy" to advertise for a Democratic Presidential candidate for 1904 as follows:

"Wanted—A good, active, inergetic, Dimmycrat, sthrong iv lung an' limb; must be in favor iv sound money, but not too sound, an' anti-imperyalist, but f'r holdin' onto what we've got, an' inimy iv thrusts, but afrind iv organized capital, a sympathizer with th' crushed an' downtrodden people, but not be anny means hostile to vested inthrests; must advocate sthrikes, gover'mint be injunction, free silver, sound money, greenbacks, a single tax, a tariff f'r rivinoo, th' Constitution to follow th' flag as far as it can go, an' no farther, civil service rayform iv th' la'ads in office, an' all th' gr-reat an' gloryous principles iv our gr-reat an' gloryous party or anny gr-reat an' glorious parts thereof."

An Englishman, writing to a London society journal, gives Uncle Sam's daughters a chance to see themselves as some others see them. Perhaps some returned tourist may recognize this picture: "Will some American be so kind as to tell me why all the American girls who are sightseeing over here at present are so very much alike, and how it is they all dress like sisters? You can tell the traveling American half the length of Regent street away. She is always the same medium height, inclining to tall; seal-brown hair, colorless complexion; darkish, bright, observant eyes; thin lipped mouth and firm chin; no fringe, hair heavily rolled over the forehead underneath a 'platter' cloth toque tilted well forward; washing skirt too much pulled down over the belt; well cut tweed or cloth skirt, an inch or two off the ground all around; large leather bag at her waist. Does an American traveler ever wear anything but that platter hat? Ever show a shade of color in her rather waxy skin? Ever hold her head at any but the bird-like, observant American angle? Ever look as if she had time to sit down in a cool corner and flirt a little by way of relaxation? I like Americans and admire them, but their energetic hair and globe-trotting skirts 'make me tired' it times only to look at."

Prosperity Well Rooted.

Cleveland Leader.

Good authorities say that the farmers of the West will not feel poor or be compelled to restrict their purchases materially by the shortage of 500,000,000 or 600,000,000 bushels in the corn crop. That is eloquent testimony to the progress toward complete financial independence and forehandedness which has been made in the past few years. No one, however sanguine, would have ventured to cherish any such opinion in 1896 or 1897.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Miss Poplin—How lucky of Maud Pritzer to capture the only man here. At the end of two days she was engaged to him. Miss Pinkerly—What caused the delay?—Tit-Bits.

The Crowded Front Row.—Scribbs—You used to have some literary ambition. Stubbs—Yes, year ago; but fame is so common now that I wouldn't have it.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Do It.—Greenie—How do you manage to make so much money on the races? Sportie—I go round and get tips. "Ah! I see." "Yes; and then bet on the other horse."—New York Weekly.

A Remarkable Man.—Mrs. Drumm—That piano-tuner you sent here today was a most peculiar character. Mr. Drumm—Was he, really? Mrs. Drumm—Yes; he admitted that the piano wasn't very badly in need of tuning.—Philadelphia Press.

Bunker—Is Brassie much of a golf player? Lofter—Well, he is no good at holing, and at driving he's a dead failure; but I don't suppose there is a man or woman on the links who can holler 'fore!' with such picturesque effect as he can.—Boston Transcript.

Cleverly Planned.—"Mamma, I've asked Jimmy Blue to come over, and won't you please let us have that candy?" "But I don't think there is enough for both of you." "That's all right, mamma, Jimmy's got the mumps and can't eat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Chief Objection.—"So you object to piano-playing." "I do," answered the boarder who wears a continuous scowl. "What is your principal objection to it?" "The fact that it is not dangerous to the performer, like bicycling or automobiling."—Washington Star.

He Wanted to Know.—George—Papa, how deep is the ocean? Papa—Very deep, dear. They have never been able to fathom some parts of it. George (after a moment's hesitation)—Papa, I would like