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TODAY'S WEATHER—Probably fair; southwest to northwest winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 61; minimum temperature, 52; precipitation, 0.04 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29.

The difference between law and justice is again shadowed forth in a legal decision. This one is by the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon, and from it we are given to understand that a saloon-keeper is not to be guided by a young man's word as to whether he is 21 or not. It is obvious that the man behind the bar is in serious case when applied to by a youthful man with the price. If he serves him and he is under 21 he is liable to arrest. If he refuses him and he is over 21, he makes an enemy. It has long been argued with much force of justice that the saloon has done its full duty when the applicant is asked as to his age and replies that he is 21 or more. As to the entire justice of this arrangement, few habitues of the saloon would express a moment's doubt. But the Supreme Court says otherwise. The saloon must take all the chances. The law looks with approval upon the probability that the saloon will either offend a customer or earn a fine. This is because the law looks with disapproval upon the saloon. It exists under sufferance. It is the enemy of the home, the birthplace of vice, the incubator of crime. The law and the courts are not concerned to give it justice, but to encumber its path with all available thorns and pitfalls. The victim always has his remedy. He can do something else.

Decline of wages paid in Great Britain, as announced in a report of the London Chamber of Commerce Journal, amounting to some $7,500,000 for 1891 alone, is greeted with unjustifiable glee in the United States. Hard-up British workingmen will not be in a position to buy prodigiously of American bread and meat. It is well to remember, also, that the United States got its start in manufactured exports in the lean years and low wages from 1893 to 1897. Something like this may be on the cards for Great Britain, especially as the lowering of wages is almost wholly confined to the iron and steel trades. We should say that another very suggestive testimony of this report may be the limitation of trades-unions in keeping up wages. British trades are notoriously under the domination of the unions, yet in this important branch of labor, wages have declined, and the expectation seems to be of still lower schedules to come. There is a hint here that the amounts applicable to payrolls are determined now as ever by the conditions of supply and demand in the world markets. However strong their unions, the British workman must take what the British employer can afford to pay. It is noticeable, furthermore, that in the British textile industries wages have actually increased. Altogether, the showing is one to give pause both to free trade and to high-tariff idealists.

The closing week of the campaign finds the situation in the State of Washington far from inspiring. If we take the word of the opposing factions, the strenuous conflicting elements are actuated by most discreditable motives. The ancient feud of Wilson and Ankeny is scandalously recrudescent, and Republican knives are out for Republican candidates in Seattle, Spokane and other important places. Anti-McBride Republicans, anti-Ankeny Republicans and anti-Wilson Republicans obscure the situation in several counties. To add to the confusion, we have Governor McBride and Senator Turner daily being driven closer and closer together, if not from deliberate choice at least by force of circumstances. The Governor is outspokenly hostile to such nominees as are friendly to Wilson and Ankeny, while Senator Turner offers his audiences the amazing counsel to send Democrats to Olympia this Winter to hold up the hands of the Republican Governor. The Oregonian may be pardoned an expression of pride that its dispatches from the seat of war are the only ones pretending to give trustworthy information, the leading Washington papers being too deeply engrossed in their own purposes to seek anything but partisan claims. The indications point to a Republican Legislature, composed of the different hyphenated brands, and a Senatorial struggle of unusual picturesqueness and venom.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad added something more than $3,000,000 to its surplus last year, the total of which is now in excess of $20,000,000. This accumulation is, of course, over and above the payment of 7 per cent dividends on the stock of the corporation. How to get the profits into the pockets of the stockholders is the question that is now agitating the managers of the railroad. They recognize the inexpediency of increasing the dividend rate above 7 per cent, for such advance would be likely to invite hostile legislation, and it is now said that distribution of the surplus will probably take the form of an additional stock issue. It is manifest that if the capital stock be expanded enough the annual 7 per cent dividend will consume all the surplus and it will go into the pockets of the stockholders who will get the extra issue for little or nothing. The extra stock for this purpose is nothing but water. Its immorality is exposed by its motive. Nothing, by the way, could more signally direct attention to the proper source of relief from the difficulties under which state, county and city governments everywhere labor through inadequate revenue from taxation. Corporations complain of taxation when their earnings are light. It is for the state to increase taxation when the earnings are so large as to be difficult of disposal. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

At Forest Grove, in Washington County, there is just now occurring an interesting incident in the industrial evolution of the Willamette Valley. A Seattle firm is setting up a condensed milk factory which will call for the product of 10,000 cows, or about the whole number within easy reach of Forest Grove as a center. To obtain the necessary supply of milk, contracts have been made with the local creamery associations, of which there are four in the immediate neighborhood, and the carrying out of these contracts will involve the shutting down of the creameries, which only recently came into existence, and which are doing a profitable business. There was some natural hesitation in taking up with offers involving abandonment of enterprises in which the country had only recently embarked, with the sacrifice of a new and profitable investment in creamery buildings and machinery; and it was not agreed to until it was made manifest that there would be more profit in turning the milk into the condensing factory than to continue to operate the creameries. Here we have an instance of an evolutionary movement so quickly achieved that it enforces a waste both apparent and real. But, so far as the Forest Grove farmers are concerned, it is no waste, since it has been the means of securing for them a larger and more profitable industry. But for the creameries and their demonstration that a large and continuous supply of milk could be depended upon, the factory men would never have been attracted to Forest Grove. It was the establishment of the creameries and the organization of the milk supply in connection with them that brought the condensing factory. So far as our information goes, no disposition has yet been made of the creameries soon to be shut down. Possibly the farmers will find such means of developing their milk resource as will supply them in addition to supplying the demands of the condensing factory. But, even if this cannot be done, the creameries have served a good purpose in organizing the local milk industry and securing for it a large and permanent market.

A VERY PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

Governor Odell, of New York, who for the past two years has held a very large place in the political life of the country, and whose re-election seems assured, is an interesting specimen of the practical politician in his best character. Before his election to the Governorship Mr. Odell was a member of what in New York is known as the Platt Gang; that is, he was closely identified with Mr. Platt's organization, and one of its well-known and most dependable agents. He worked in strict and apparently willing subordination to the machine, and it was through the support of the machine that his political advancement was brought about.

Mr. Odell was nominated and elected to the Governorship upon the presumption of his loyalty to the ruling party organization, but he had not been a month in office before it was found that in the Governor's chair he was something very much more and very much better than a mere machine politician. He still asserted, as he continues to assert, his allegiance to the organization and his adherence to the rule of political rewards for political service, but he has never in the slightest degree abdicated the powers of his office or turned them to the support of "gang" policies. Wherever in the matter of official appointments or the employment of men or the bestowal of contracts he can, with full regard to the public service, favor his political friends, he does it openly and above board. He prefers, he declares, the workers in politics to the drones; but he draws the line at the point of the public interest. Nobody, not even the great Platt, is permitted to trade in the authority of the Governor's office. No deals are made in connection with the state patronage; no pardons are granted through political pull; in short, there is no traffic in influence.

Mr. Odell has said, when forced to the point, that he is a party man and an organization man, and that his idea of party loyalty and loyalty to the organization is to make these forces capable and useful. And he is as good as his word. He has made, all things considered, the most satisfactory Governor New York has had in many years, for not even Mr. Roosevelt, in the term which preceded his election to the Vice-Presidency, so completely won popular approval as has this son of practical politics. He has given himself with devotion to the detailed duties of his office. He has a gift for administrative business, and he is a persistent worker. It is the universal testimony that the business affairs of the state have not been so well in hand in half a century. He has, in his character as an administrator, won the unqualified commendation of the most conservative critics. Men like Lyman Abbott, who habitually hold the politician in scorn and contempt, have publicly acknowledged the practical merit of Governor Odell's management of the state affairs, and are supporting his second candidacy with enthusiasm. And even Mr. Platt, in spite of the fact that some pretty heavy "falls" have been taken out of him in connection with state affairs, has the grace, forced or otherwise, to maintain cordial relations with the Governor.

Mr. Odell is the very reverse of a professed reformer. His theory of public service holds that better results will be attained nine times out of ten by appointing trained politicians to office rather than men without experience or connections in politics. The politician, under this theory, is accustomed to discipline; he is not easily thrown out of his natural mood by preferment; there has been educated in him a sense of responsibility to his political associates which he is not likely to forget or disregard; in addition to his official responsibilities he is responsible for his conduct to an organization which cannot afford that its agents in office shall go wrong.

These theories are novel. But whoever has had much observation of public affairs must admit that they are not without some justification. It is certain that thoughtful men always suffer some anxiety for the public interest when a group of reforming officials take office. Four times out of five it is the man elected on a "purity" ticket, the untrained, untried and unsupported man, who makes wreck with the funds committed to his care. And certain it is that every man who, in a political relation, gains and holds the good-will and support of the public, makes it a point of almost religious observance to be a good friend to his friends. Possibly, after all, Mr. Odell is only a very outspoken man, not very different from other men successful in public life, excepting in the frankness with which he preaches what he practices.

SENATOR HANNA AVENGED.

The strong side of Senator Hanna is that he is an able and upright man of business who has always been on good terms with his employes because he is a humane and just man. Long before the great strike was settled Senator Hanna denounced the mine operators without stint as responsible for the beginning of the great strike through their own folly in refusing to consult with Mitchell, president of the United Mineworkers. These same mine operators recognized the unions of conductors, engineers, firemen, switchmen and telegraph operators on their railway lines, and yet refused to have any dealings with Mitchell, the president of a respectable, conservative and fair miners' union. Senator Hanna says that he and many other mineowners deal with this same union in the soft-coal fields, and get along so well with it that they would be very sorry to have it disbanded. Strikes are of rare occurrence where the owners meet in joint conference with the miners, as they do in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and the soft-coal fields of Pennsylvania, and Senator Hanna asks why the same recognition and conference would not work well in the anthracite region.

Senator Hanna says that there never can be permanent peace in the anthracite field until the owners adopt the policy which other coal mine owners have found necessary to adopt, to-wit: Recognition of the National union and amicable arrangements with it through mutual conventions and agreements. The position of Senator Hanna is that the mine operators cannot afford to insist upon an unreasonable position. Organized and federated capital cannot afford to deny the same right to labor. Capital must expect that labor will oppose combination with combination. Furthermore, Senator Hanna sees that if labor cannot redress its wrongs and maintain its rights by organization and trade unions, it will turn to politics and eventually succeed in restraining capital through Government control. The whole political power of labor would force the Government, State or Nation to take the coal mines and operate them on public account.

Mr. Hanna does not want this to happen; no long-headed man of business wants it to happen; labor does not want it to happen. But if this attempt to crush the Miners' Union had succeeded, it is quite possible if not probable that labor would have gone to the ballot-box determined to place the coal mines under National ownership. The mineowners, Mr. Hanna sees, will have to choose between recognition of labor unionism or forcing the coal mines into Government hands. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster agrees with Senator Hanna that the operators will find it to their interests to deal with the anthracite miners just as has been done by the operators in the bituminous coal fields. During the last five years soft coal operators have dealt with the union once a year, and good has resulted. Senator Hanna has successfully dealt with the workman in a similar manner for a quarter of a century. He has never had a strike, and is esteemed and thoroughly trusted by his employes as not only a very able man of business, but as an entirely just, honorable and humane employer.

Senator Hanna thinks that the coal operators were arrogant and bigoted; that if they had been willing to act like modern men of business, recognizing conditions as they are, and not trying to ignore the existence of forces they do not like, they might have arrived at a full understanding with Mitchell. There need have been no strike, no onerous increase of wages. In a few hours of serious and friendly effort to arrive at an understanding the whole matter could have been amicably adjusted. This was the position of Senator Hanna regarding the great strike, a position assumed and avowed as long ago as last June, when the coal operators gave out statements to the New York newspapers condemning the Civic Federation and intimating that "Mr. Hanna would do better not to try to mix politics with labor questions." Senator Hanna has been avenged by time, which has brought these mine operators that sneered at Hanna on their knees to the President, who did not hesitate to "mix politics with labor questions."

NONESSENTIALS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

An utterly useless waste of time and money, and of such energy as is enlisted in the matter, is represented by the teaching (alleged) and the study of music in the public schools. According to present rules, a teacher must spend a certain amount of time in the study of vocal music, during her first year's service in the Portland schools. That is to say, she must take a specified number of lessons in the rudiments of vocal music, in order that she may teach this accomplishment to the pupils under her charge. And this whether she has an ear for music that will enable her to tell whether the band is playing "Yankee Doodle" or "Marching Through Georgia," or a voice which she will venture to use when the "Doxology" is being sung to the tune of "Old Hundred."

Equipped by these "lessons," she is required to put the "scale" on the blackboard of her room and "teach music." The result is known to such patrons of the public schools as are themselves musical, in the cracked voices and nasal tones in which their children squeak or drawl out the words of the school ditties, following due practice in squeaking and drawling out the "scale." The effect in a majority of instances is painful in its lack of tone, tune and harmony; more or less serious in its permanent effect upon the child's voice, and withal a distinct waste of time, money and energy. It represents one of the nonessentials in the public school curriculum, to which is sacrificed drill in the old-fashioned arts of spelling and reading that will enable the schools to turn out pupils at the close of eight years spent in the primary and grammar grades who can spell correctly and read understandingly.

The reverse of this, generally speaking, is true, blundering spellers and mumbling readers being the rule in this day of free schools, with their modern attachments of drawing, music, dabbling in water colors and daubing in clay. If any one doubts this, let him require his 14-year-old son of the seventh or eighth grade in the grammar school to read aloud to him the proceedings of the first meeting of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission; or to write for the paternal inspection a half-page letter to his grandfather. These are plain statements the truth of which can easily be proved or disproved. The fact that many thoughtful people believe them to be true is witnessed in the rapid building up of private schools in our midst. The necessity of sending boys who graduate from the High School to a business college before they can take a business position is further evidence in this line.

Unquestionably great labor is bestowed upon our public schools by those in authority. The system has been carefully planned and is rigidly supervised. The teaching force is, in the main, as good as can be secured under existing conditions. But that nonessentials have crept into and become a part of the public school system, abating the usefulness of the schools as practical educators, cannot be doubted. That the tendency is toward the increase rather than the diminution of these nonessentials is plainly in evidence. Water-color painting has been or is now to be added to the seventh and eighth-grade courses, and the election of a supervisor of music in order that the musical work (so-called) in the schools may be enlarged, is under consideration by the board.

Is it not time to call a halt in this matter of nonessentials in a common school education? Popular education is justly regarded as one of the safeguards of the Republic. But in granting this must the public be called upon to pay for "accomplishments" for the multitude? Let practical common sense answer.

The assurance given by President Hill to the Minnesota farmers that he has only "made a beginning" in the matter of reducing grain rates will be good news to the farmers of the Columbia River Basin whose country lies within the jurisdiction of Mr. Hill's traffic policies. The action of a few weeks ago was in the right direction, but it had the fault of not going far enough. After this reduction is reckoned it still leaves the rate to the seaboard higher than it ought to be—above what the service can be done for with profit, above what the country ought to be required to pay. A cut of 25 per cent instead of 10 would have been nearer right, and we suspect that the producers of the country will not be content until they get it—as, in truth, they ought not to be. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that any rate under which the grain product of the Columbia River Basin can be carried over the Cascade Mountains with profit to the carrier is too high, since there is another route by which the service can be done more cheaply. The producers of the Basin have the right to a rate adjusted to the most direct route and the easiest grades, and there is not nor can there ever be any justice in a rate based upon a roundabout and difficult route. This is simply the common sense of the situation. It rests upon considerations which any man can understand and which all railroad experts—when they are not dealing with specific cases in which their own lines are interested—readily concede. Mr. Hill has himself on many occasions declared it as a general principle of transportation; on one occasion at least he has conceded it in relation to the situation in the Columbia River Basin. In the long run this principle must prevail; and in the meantime it is right for every producer to know that any rate which permits his product to be hauled over the Cascade Mountains is an arbitrary one, made in disregard of an established principle of transportation science and of common sense, and maintained by conspiracy among the railroads in essential violation of the spirit of the law, if not of its letter. The country must pay the rates because there is no help for it. The injury it is compelled to endure. But there is no reason why it should lie under any delusion as to the facts.

The public was under the impression that a strike of five months had left the members of the Mineworkers' Union—Polish, Lithuanian and Slavish, as well as others—in a financial condition not in conformity with the purchase of a gold badge and a gold watch bestudded with first-water diamonds for anybody, for any reason. Empty flour barrels and cellars, barefooted children and half-clad wives do not look well in the background of an imaginary picture representing the president of the Mineworkers' Association receiving from the hands of long-idle miners a gold badge and a watch set with brilliants. Of course, Mr. Mitchell is not to blame for the expensive and effusive adulation bestowed upon him by men who can ill afford it, and whose families, if they have any, cannot afford it at all. It is simply an exhibition of enthusiasm gone mad and making unseemly or at least untimely display of itself. Mr. Mitchell could do no less than accept the offering, which he did in words overflowing with gratitude and big with prophecy and promise.

Fearlessness in dealing with vicious animals is a quality that is absolutely necessary to human dominion over them. Its exercise, however, should at all times be properly restrained by prudence. Frequent illustration of the folly of forgetting to temper courage with caution in dealing with this class of brutes is seen. Now it is in the death of a sturdy stockraiser by being gored to death by a mad bull, and again in the overconfidence of a lion-trainer who enters the cage of the beast that he has taught to fear him without taking note of the creature's temper. An exceedingly tragical event of this character was that of the death last Sunday night of John B. Gilbert, a farmer of this county, as the result of a heedless encounter with two fierce boars in one of his stockpens. The occurrence was most shocking, and its lesson should prove salutary.

Should Have Been Settled Before.

Memphis Commercial Appeal.

There was never any reason why arbitration should not have been resorted to at the start. The miners suggested it, but the operators wouldn't have it. Had it been adopted four months ago there would have been no suffering, no bloodshed on either side, no violations of law, and the strike would long since have been called off.

CENTENNIAL AND SPECIAL SESSION

Oregonians Are Broadgauged.

Salem Statesman.

We think the persons who are claiming that the proposed appropriation for the 1905 Exposition will be voted down are belittling the people of the State of Oregon. They are broader-gauged, more progressive and enterprising than their detractors paint them. They will, we believe, take advantage of this opportunity, if it is given, to show it.

Would Mean Two "Awful" Times.

Toledo Leader.

Talk is being renewed of a special session of the Legislature, the principal argument in favor thereof being the Senatorial fight which is bound to come up and either sidetrack or retard much important legislation at the regular session. It is doubtful if the argument is sound. The aspirants for Senator Simon's shoes can "unduly influence" the members at the special session just as easily as they can at the regular. That would mean two awful times instead of one. Reasons for electing United States Senators by direct vote—or abolishing them altogether—are accumulating.

Referendum of Doubtful Value.

Lebanon Criterion.

Some insist that the matter be submitted to the people under the referendum act. To this there would be no objection were there sufficient time in order to do so and then have the appropriation made; but whatever the state does must be done before Congress meets so that our representatives at Washington may have something upon which to base their claim for an appropriation from the General Government. There is no way in which the matter can be submitted to the people before 1904, unless there be a special election held for that purpose, and to do this would require the outlay of a large amount of money that had better be used in the interests of the great fair than in the holding of a special election.

Just as Well at Regular Session.

Union Republican.

We believe the people of Oregon are willing to make a liberal appropriation for the big Portland fair, but it is very questionable whether they desire to meet the expenses of an extra session of the Legislature in order to give them that privilege. The bugaboo of the Portland politicians, that the initiative and referendum might prevent the needed appropriation, is very attenuated. If the people want to make an appropriation they will do so, and if they don't want to they will not, and the efforts of Portland to force the matter may result very differently than they anticipate. The Republican thinks the state should make a liberal appropriation, but that it can be done at the session next Winter, and the expense of a special session saved to the taxpayers.

Special Session Favored.

Eugene State Journal.

There has been no demand for reducing fees or expenses either, and the advocates of a special session have been skinned alive on numerous occasions and their hides hung up to dry in full view of an admiring public. But now comes another big flop, another record-breaker, and a special session is favored in order to secure a big appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Exposition! As a general rule a special session or any other session of the Legislature does more harm than good, but if there are any exceptions to general rules, it would seem that if there is a chance to do anything for the good of the people by the Legislature, the surest way to reach it would be by calling a special session for the reason that it is doubtful whether anything of importance can be considered properly at the regular session, on account of the Senatorial election.

A Protectionist Warning.

Boston Herald.

The Washington Post, speaking as a newspaper that has been consistently protectionist, and still holds to that position, remonstrates strongly against Mr. Hanna's statement that the call for tariff reform is substantially confined to the Democratic party. It says in this connection: "If all the voters who within the last three years have advocated tariff revision—or changes in the tariff—were Democrats, the outlook for the Republican party would be very gloomy. That alignment would sweep millions of Republicans across the party line and transfer Republican states and sections in the Democratic column." Including tariff reform by reciprocity, it claims both President McKinley and President Roosevelt among this number, and it continues:

There are Republican candidates for Congress in a number of states who are advocating tariff revision with even more of earnestness than is displayed by the standpatters in opposition to any changes in schedules. Add to the millions of Republicans who are in favor of reciprocity the other millions who demand anti-trust amendments, and to those add the large and growing number who believe that the time has come for a comprehensive reduction of rates on general principles, and send them all over to the Democrats, and the G. O. P. would be little more numerous than the Prohibitionists.

"Standpatter" seems to be the contemptuous word coined by our Washington contemporary for the species of Bourbonism to which it is applied. It has equal scorn for another parrot cry, of which it declares that "neither 'the wages of the laboring man' nor the legitimate interests of capital would be adversely affected by reducing schedules that shelter monopolies or schedules that were 'purposely made too high' in the expectation of almost immediate reduction."

The Matter of Ages.

Kansas City Star.

In a dispatch from a Missouri town a bride of 62 is spoken of as "aged." Will reporters and correspondents never learn that women do not enjoy that sort of thing? Nor men either, for that matter. In the first place, a woman is not aged at 62. She is, in fact, particularly if she has sufficient enterprise to get married, 20 years from being aged. In these times of comfortable and enlightened living the world is full of spry, chipper octogenarians who would not thank anybody for calling them old, or even venerable. A man is as old as he feels and a woman as she looks. Why not let it go at that and leave off all officious and impertinent adjectives until the subject is dead and knows nothing about them?

Knocking Out the Sweatbox.

St. Paul Globe.

The Indiana Supreme Court has sustained a verdict for heavy damages against a police officer, who subjected a prisoner to the ordeal of the sweatbox in order to extort information or a confession. The officer had neglected the little necessary matter of getting out a legal warrant for the prisoner, and the jury very promptly scorched him with a hot verdict. It would be well for police authorities to everywhere take note of these legal precedents and so order the work of their departments as to do away with the drastic and cruel methods of illegally treating prisoners and the prevalence of which in most of our cities is undeniable.

A Slight Difference.

Philadelphia Press.

Miss Gushington—Mr. D'Auber was showing us some of his sketches in oil. I think his style is just cute, don't you?

Mr. Knox—Oh, I wouldn't say "cute" exactly.

Miss Gushington—No?

Mr. Knox—No; I should say "artless."

Has Neglected Its Duty.

Cedar Rapids Gazette.

The declaration that Congress has full power to deal with the trusts is also a declaration that Congress has the power to do necessary work that has been avoided.

PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPT.

Des Moines Register.

Abraham Lincoln was chosen to his second term as President of the United States in November, 1864. After the official canvass of the votes, a committee of the two houses of Congress was appointed to notify him of his election. The committee consisted of Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, and John F. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, on the part of the House. It will be remembered that Mr. Wilson was at that time a member of the House of Representatives. Waiting upon him at the Executive Mansion, the committee, by its chairman, notified him of his election to a second term. Mr. Lincoln, in anticipation of this official visit, had his acceptance, written by his own hand, and filling a little more than half a page of old-fashioned letter-paper, ready for the occasion. He read as follows:

"Having served four years in the depths of a great, and yet unended, National peril, I can view this call to a second term in nowise more flattering to myself than as an expression of the public judgment that I may better finish a difficult work, in which I have labored from the first, than could any one less severely schooled to the task. In this view, and with assured reliance on that Almighty Ruler who has so graciously sustained us thus far, and with increased gratitude to the generous people for their continued confidence, I accept the renewed trust, with its yet onerous and perplexing duties and responsibilities."

When the official ceremony was over, Mr. Wilson said: "With your permission, Mr. President, I would be glad to keep that page of manuscript." "You are very welcome to it," replied Mr. Lincoln, handing it to Mr. Wilson. This paper, which was Mr. Lincoln's formal and official acceptance of his second term as President of the United States, was retained by Senator Wilson until his death. It has since remained in the possession of his family. Just now they have turned it over to Mr. Charles Aldrich, by whom it has been placed in his great autograph and photograph collection in the historical department of Iowa. While it is not signed, it is yet a manuscript of great value. It would command a price in New York City or London which would have to be expressed in three figures. It is a precious memorial of the great martyr President and of James F. Wilson, of Iowa. We may add that the page upon which it is written also contains seven lines, which are in the handwriting of Mr. Wilson, explanatory of the manuscript.

Happy Days in Maryland.

New York Sun.

Our venerable contemporary, the Baltimore Sun, brushes away the tears which it has been pumping over the wickedness of the trusts and invites a discriminating public to its sweet-potato counter:

Seven massive sweet potatoes grown on the farm of Mr. George W. Downs, one mile from Waltham's postoffice, Anna Arundel County, were exhibited Saturday at the Sun office. The potatoes more than fill a half-bushel basket. They are known as the big-stem variety, and Mr. Downs says he has had a more than prolific crop.

Yesterday the members of the ancient one's editorial collection ate sweet-potato pie in the thought parlors, and the Hon. Jeremiah Blue, the sage who squirts red ink at the devil fish, had a double portion. It was a day long to be remembered. And other Maryland editors are welcoming Autumn with his loaded wain and loading themselves therefrom. Colonel Francis King, of the St. Mary's Beacon, gratefully acknowledges his "indebtedness to William S. Crane, of California, St. Mary's County, for a sweet potato weighting 4½ pounds." A solid tuber, but, as Mr. Blue mournfully confessed the day after the sweet-potato luncheon, "a 4½-pound sweet potato is rather too much for one editor all by himself."

The Hon. Dhu Rhoderick, of the Middletown Valley Register, returns thanks for strength as well as sweetness:

Mr. Isaiah Minnick, one of the Western visitors now here, who is a prosperous meat dealer at Springfield, O., brought the editor a fine lot of the good sausage he makes for the Springfield people. Our family enjoyed the treat and all say thanks to our clever friend and patron.

The Baltimore sage can find but one unhappy editor in all Maryland. That is, Brother Melvin of the Ellicott City Times, who complains in an affecting editorial article of "a wasp sting which was received more than a week ago on the left hand." But his undaunted right still holds the fire-tipped pen; and this wasp sting is "the only physical ailment he has had to complain about in 20 years." So the one unhappy Maryland editor is more than tolerably happy.

Shining with sausages, apoplectic with sweet potatoes, all the crops large and their own crops stuffed full, the Maryland editors may growl a little, professionally and as a matter of habit, about the terrible trusts, but really they are as happy as a Hottentot and can sing, in the beautiful words of an unknown bard,

We don't care a cuss
For the Oc-to-pus!

Courageous Cummins, of Iowa.

Harper's Weekly.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, is evidently a courageous and honest man. In a recent speech at Chicago he declined to agree with the Republican leaders who insist that there is no need for revision of the tariff. He said that "the Republicans of Iowa are deeply convinced that the time has come, through the progress of our industries and the changing relations to the commerce of the world, when modifications of the tariff are imperatively demanded." If the Republicans of Iowa and of the other 44 states are, as Governor Cummins said, of this belief, those Republicans are right, and the leaders who, like Mr. Hanna, are insisting that the Dingley bill is a perfect measure, are fighting against the future. No one who has felt the popular pulse doubts as to who is right in judging between Governor Cummins and Mr. Hanna. The former is expressing the convictions of the country and the needs of the country, while the latter is touting for campaign funds from tariff beneficiaries. In the end, Governor Cummins' idea will prevail. If there was a strong opposition party it would prevail this year; if the Republican leaders continue long to keep their party from carrying out the ned ideas, the strong opposition party will surely be born.

She Came and Went.

James Russell Lowell.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

To Death.

Robert Herrick.

Thou bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years;
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry,
"God, mercy!" and so die.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Whose meat is Bryan?

Bryan must be playing for large steaks.

Is Mr. Bryan still inveighing against the meat trust?

Mr. Bryan finished his trip in a Swift refrigerator car. History repeats itself.

Friday night being Hallowe'en, each Scotchman will gang after his ain gait the morn.

Next Saturday the bicyclist will be legally in possession of the sidewalks. Pedestrians are supposed to fly.

A British ship brings 1000 tons of Shanghai mud to this port. It is reported that it will be used to pave Seventh street.

The citizens of Valdez, Alaska, have presented President Roosevelt with a moose's head. If Pennsylvania would give him a Baer's head joy would be complete.

In refusing to grant a private interview to a certain politician who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation, President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tail and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting the conversation."

A Briton of the consequential species once descended on the British Embassy at Washington, demanding to see his country's representative. "He's not in," replied Henry Labouchere, who was then an attache. "Then I'll wait," said the Briton, pompously, seating himself. At the end of half an hour came the query: "When—er—do you—er—expect Lord Lyons back?" "Oh, in six months or so," said the ever-obliging Labouchere; "he left for Europe this morning. But you said you'd wait, you know, and I did not like to contradict you."

Apropos of duckhunting, a veteran sportsman of this city tells a story on a newspaperman well known in marine circles here. It was on a foggy morning, during a cold spell, in the good old days before the carp came and ate up all the wapatos, that the newspaperman armed himself with an old-fashioned muzzle-loading shotgun and made one of a party of duckhunters. They chose stands on the banks of a lake cut on "the slough," where there was a space of open water between the ice and the shore, and where ducks were flying in numbers along the open space. All went merrily until once, after discharging one barrel, while the man with the muzzle-loader was busily occupied ramming down a charge of powder, a pair of geese came by. "Look out!" cried the old hunter to him, and without stopping to take the ramrod from the gun the scribe hurriedly fired the other barrel, missing both birds. "It was a mean trick, I know," said the man who told the story, "but that ramrod sticking out of his gun was too tempting. I couldn't help shouting, 'Give 'em the other barrel—quick—Ed!' and he did—ramrod and all. The unwonted recoil, combined with the slippery ground, provoked a mixture of arms, legs and gun to excite the envy of a Bedouin juggler, and when at last he induced his feet to perform their normal functions he looked indescribably foolish and used language—but that is surplusage and unprintable.

It is stated that during the Civil War several Northern soldiers were talking together just before the advance upon Corinth. A raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand, and asked: "Do you know where I can get this washing done?" "Oh, yes," said one of the two practical jokers, "we know. Just go up there with your bundle," pointing to the headquarters of General Grant; "you will see a short, stout man"—describing the General—"who does washing. Take your bundle to him." The recruit soon gained entrance to headquarters, and stood in the General's presence. "What can I do for you?" said General Grant. "I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing, and I have a bundle here." General Grant's imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question: "Could you identify those men again?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; you shall have the chance." Turning to an orderly, he directed him to call a guard, go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing ready to enjoy his discomfiture, and let him identify them. "Take the men to the guardhouse, give them this man's bundle of clothing, and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is well done." We are told that the General was obeyed to the letter.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

A Little Angel.—Mother—Willie, I hope you never do anything so wicked as to tie tin cans to dogs' tails. Willie—No'm. I never do nothin' but hold the dog.—Detroit Free Press.

"What is the difference between a monologue and a dialogue, pa?" "A monologue, my son, is a man's wife talking to him, and a dialogue is his wife and her mother talking to him."—Town Topics.

She (to returned warrior, enthusiastically)—And I suppose you almost lived on horseback out there? He—Well, yes, toward the end of Ladysmith we did. It makes rather decent soup.—Punch.

"Let's go have a drink, Smithers." "No, I've sworn off this week for a test." "Why, what are you testing?" "Myself. As long as I find I can stop, I won't stop; but as soon as I find I can't stop, I will stop."—Town Topics.

Parson Jobson—Ah wants ter speak ter yo', deacon, erbout de habit yo' has ob goin' ter sleep in ch'ch. It worries me. Deacon Jackson—Oh, doan' let it worry yo', parson; Ah allers leaves mah pocket-books at home, yo' know.—Judge.

Richard—Hello, Bob; got back from your vacation? Had a good time this Summer? Robert—I should say I had. I suppose you haven't heard I found a nice little wife up in the mountains. Richard—Did you find out who lost her?—Boston Transcript.

Pound of Flesh.—Financier (tenant of our forest, after a week's unsuccessful stalking)—Now, look here, my man; I bought and paid for ten stags. If the brutes can't be shot, you'll have to trap them. I've promised the venison, and I mean to have it!—Punch.

The Librarian's Humor.—"What," we ask of the librarian, "do you suppose is the greatest library book in the world—the book that is in the most demand?" "Carnegie's bankbook," he responds confidently, without looking up from his work.—Baltimore American.

"Gee! I've discovered a great book to dramatize, and the copyright's run out on it," exclaimed the theatrical manager; "why, I can get a dozen or more good plays out of it." "You don't say? What is it?" "Why, it's called 'Tales From Shakespeare.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Waggs—Young Doolt is going the pace that kills. Jaggs—Ah! Drunk? Waggs—No. He's running an auto.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Kamra Feend—I'd like to take a photo of your farm hand at work. Farmer Brown—All right—if yew kin spare the time. Miss Kamra Feend—Oh, this camera will catch him in just one-twentieth of a second. Farmer Brown—Yes; but it'll take ye two hours tew ketch him workin'.—Judge.

"If you leave all your property to your second wife, your children will certainly try to break your will." "Of course. That's what I want them to do. I want them to have their full share of my money." "Then why bequeath it all to your wife?" "Well, you see, it will be easier for my children to break my will than it is for me to break hers."—New York Weekly.