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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 70; minimum temperature, 58; precipitation, .25 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; northwesterly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1903.

THE OLD FAMILIAR THING.

Mr. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, known erstwhile as a blind leader of the blind till leader and followers tumbled into ditches together, still harangues and holds forth on the excellency of that method of procedure. In his issue of The Commoner, June 26, he deals with a remark by the New Orleans Picayune:

"Today silver is worth per ounce in London, the greatest silver market of the world, about 38 cents, so that our silver dollar would be worth about 38 cents. If we had the free coinage of silver, anybody could go into the market and buy silver at, say 50 cents an ounce, have it coined and pay it out at the rate of 129 cents an ounce."

And this is the way in which he deals with it:

"The position taken by the Picayune is absurd. It is strange that a man who has enough intelligence to occupy a position on the editorial staff of any paper should be guilty of the ridiculous statement. Why would any man sell his silver at 50 cents an ounce and another man make the profit on it? We do not sell hogs or corn, cotton or cattle, in that way. The moment the price goes up in New York it goes up all over the country, and so long as a man can go to the mint and coin an ounce of silver into $1.29, he will not sell it to the editor of the Picayune for 50 cents or anything less than $1.29.

"This is a hopeless state of mind. It would be interesting to know to what extent it still pervades the minds of the misguided masses who followed Mr. Bryan to two crushing defeats.

"If the man who has silver may take it to the mint, have it coined at $1.29 an ounce and be authorized to put it into circulation as legal tender money at that rate, doubtless he would do so; but silver bullion would for a time undoubtedly show a considerable rise in price. But this artificial value could not be maintained above the world's market value; everybody would bring his silver in for coinage so as to 'save' it at the forced price and make the profit; silver would displace gold, and our redeemable in coin would fall to the silver basis. From the very first there would be a premium of gold; silver and paper redeemable in silver would become the sole currency of the country, the value of which as the process continued, would settle to the value of silver in the world's markets, subject, of course, to its fluctuations. We would simply exchange the gold standard for a silver one."

Bryan's ludicrous yet persistent error has its root in the fact that he regards utterly the value of his "dollar." His fixed idea is that silver and gold, with free coinage at 16 to 1, would be equal in value, if so declared by government. It awakens certain interesting recollections to see the face of this familiar old fallacy again. Is Mr. Bryan trying to force its acceptance on his party once more?

AND TROUBLE WITH RUSSIA.

In diplomacy, as in tariff and finance, President Roosevelt is not the man to dictate a policy. The decision, the action, the dauntless determination, will supply; but the direction he will chiefly be determined by the recommendation of his advisers. That what Cabinet officers are for, and Roosevelt is a type of the wise executive who knows how to get their true value out of trained subordinates. He knows more law than Roosevelt, Wilson more agriculture and Hay diplomacy. This means that the deal to Russia has been approved by Secretary Hay, and pretty certainly by Secretary Root. Its effect has been probably ascertained in advance. It is not a violent assumption that Casino has been sounded.

It would not be good policy for this country, vulnerable as it is on the head of riots, to take Russia to task for what has happened in Bessarabia, and a cautious man than the President would well hesitate to go as far as the presentation of a petition which incensures Russian administration and even more openly proceeds on the hypothesis of official ignorance at Petersburg. The strong men in the cabinet have apparently said to President: Here is a course which we say, in our judgment, take with dignity, if you have the courage; and Roosevelt thereupon takes it. It is a leap; but boldness sometimes wins on sheer audacity what circumspection would lose through very prudence. Russia will not resent the presentation of the petition. With the rest of Europe, her cue is to cultivate Uncle Sam. Whene'er he speaks, it is to appease.

Granted that it will not be an awkward thing for Russia; but in her present perilous state, one awkward moment or less does not greatly matter. Her domestic situation is anything but reassuring—to what extent can only be imagined. The dispatches are too confusing for any accurate conclusions. The report that the common people are rising in revolt against a Jew-baiting government and the other that at the same time they are rising promiscuously against the Jews are mutually contradictory and incredible. It is not to be supposed that a government whose agents are abroad with clubs and warrants for sedition is eager for the continued activity of those it is apprehending. The hundreds of literary men and others who are clubbed and thrown into prison could hardly be persuaded that they are doing the Czar's will in their uprisings against the Jews.

There have been no more embarrassing episodes in our foreign relations than the occasions when European and Asiatic powers addressed themselves to Washington on the theme of outrages in the United States against aliens here resident. To these inquiries we have apologized and paid damages, but we have blushed and stammered. In view of these things, we are not likely to make ourselves conspicuously offensive toward Russia concerning the sorrows there of people who have not the rudimentary claim upon us of being American citizens. We ought to do everything we can for the Kishinef Jews, without transgressing international comity and the scriptural designation of the suitable person to cast the first stone at offenders. These considerations we do not believe President Roosevelt has contravened; and if he has, the Russian government will be inclined to look leniently upon our assumption of the part of intermediary, under great pressure. Surely there must be those in authority at St. Petersburg to whom the cry of humanity appeals as well as the dignity of the Romanoffs.

INSTINCTS TO BE TRUSTED.

Man likes to forget that he is an animal. Most persons of 45 were taught in youth that the so-called "reasoning being" differs from his fellow species of the planet, not only in degree, but infinitely in kind. Scripture utterances have been taken literally, and early traditions of mythology persist, so that the essence of evolution will require another generation, perhaps, to permeate the general mind. Man, we are used to believe, has reason, while the brutes have instincts; but Darwin will show you on almost any page how the brutes reason; and as for instincts, mankind is as full of them as his bodily frame is full of vestiges of its lowly origin, in cave, between mountain and sea, in the primeval forest, in the ebb and flow of the tide and the light of the waxing and waning moon.

Of instincts in the human animal there are many. There is the instinctive fear of the dark and the instinctive dread of the snake. The babe turns as instinctively to its mother as the tiny chick does to Biddy's sheltering wings. But there are three instincts of humanity which rise to a high place in history and in destiny. They are the religious instinct, the patriotic instinct and the racial instinct. Heavy inroads could be made upon the logic of these instincts, if one were inclined. But they were implanted in us for most beneficent purposes, and he who rises superior to them rises to his confusion and overthrow. As in the Jehovist Eden, so in the maze of twentieth century life—there is a tree of knowledge of good and evil which it were better to leave untasted. He who becomes wise enough to discard religion, and the prejudice of nativity, and the hostility of race, has made himself no happier and the world more miserable.

How much of error is bound up in every religious creed, how much of hypocrisy in every great body of worshipers, it would be profitless and depressing to inquire. Suffice it to say that he who renounces the religious instinct is indictable for high treason to the race. There is one doom for the apostate and the traitor. He who values his faith so lightly as to abjure it under threats of bodily violence or mental distress is not worth much to his companions or his posterity. The blood of martyrs is the seed, not only of holiness, but of moral achievement. There is no preservative of virtue like the belief in the supernatural. The miracle of the Bible, the miracle of Christianity, the miracle of Christian philanthropy, art and literature, may be safely opposed to the barren, hopeless and helpless annals of infidelity. The religious instinct was given for our good.

Then there is the patriotic instinct. How foolish it is for a man to die for his country would not be difficult of demonstration. How utterly impossible it is that the faith of the Frenchman in la belle France and the faith of the German in the Vaterland can both be true is too patent for argument. Each in his own tongue and in his native city vows that his is the noblest land on earth, and his neighbors agree with him. And it is better they should. The Northern man who persuaded himself that the war for subjugation of the South was unjust has no busts in the Capitol. The Southern man whose judgment sent him into exile, a defender of neither cause, has no panegyric from blue or gray. The man who, when his country called him to the field, refused to hear the call, has no monument on any field the sun shines on, no heroic memory anywhere among the sons of men. The instinct of patriotism was given for our good. It makes nations, it makes peoples, it makes ideals, traditions, glorious memories and grand achievements.

It would be equally foolish to suppose that when nature gave us the instinct of inter-racial repugnance she made a mistake. What the apostate is to religion and the traitor is to patriotism, the offense of miscegenation is to the race. The half-breed is everywhere held in contempt, not so much, perhaps, for any demonstrable inferiority in his physical or mental make-up as because he is the tangible evidence of a connection that is universally recognized as unnatural. In twenty-four states and territories marriages between whites and negroes are void, and the reason they are not legally void elsewhere is that it is thought better policy to let such couples live in marriage than to establish them in open adultery. It is an exception when members of unlike races manifest that peculiar and uncanny passion for each other that results in sexual union, and they invariably bring down upon themselves the contempt of both races. Society has no place, never will have a place, for the white man with a negro wife, or the white wife with a black husband.

This instinct of color is the imperative authority which accounts for much of the Southern reluctance to accept the negro as a man and a brother. The difference between the industrial equality without social recognition which the South is willing the negro should have and the industrial equality unqualified which it is not willing he should have is too subtle for our language, but it is there, the most stubborn thing in the world. No bar must be let down between whites and negroes, the South feels, which threatens the fundamental instinct against intermarriage. On the other hand, it is contended with some show of reason, that dreams of political and social equality are largely responsible for the blackest crimes of Southern negroes. It is altogether probable that the violence offered white women by blacks in the South is something due to the desire of the negro to demonstrate that he is as good as his victim. When the negro accepts the fact that he can never hope to cross the line that separates white from black, he will get much better treatment from the whites. The color instinct was given for our good. It should not be despised.

CLOUDY IN THE EAST, CLEAR IN THE WEST.

The cloud which has been hovering over the financial situation in the East for several weeks is not showing signs of lifting, and, at the same time, business in the West continues to break records. The stock market last week was dull and lifeless, many of the prominent securities continuing to seek a lower level of prices. And yet wheat and corn advanced from 3 to 5 cents per bushel during the week, much of the advance being due to strong speculative buying, induced in part by unfavorable weather conditions, but mostly through the decidedly healthy statistical position of the cereals. This apathy of the stock market and strength of the wheat market reflects in a marked degree the conditions which make an easy money market and prosperous times in the West, while an uneasy money market and growing stringency in general trade is noticeable in the East.

The West has wheat, corn, lumber, wool, livestock, salmon and other commodities which are always in demand, whether times are good or bad. The sale of these commodities may be restricted at times when the purchasing power of the people is abridged, but there is "something doing all the time." The man who purchases a bushel of wheat for 75 or 80 cents, whether he buys it on the farm or on the Chicago Board of Trade, knows that, under existing conditions, there will be no water squeezed out of his purchase. It has an intrinsic value which the whole world recognizes. The man who invests in some of Wall street's "undigested securities" is less certain of the intrinsic value of his purchase, and so long as this uncertainty exists the stock market will remain heavy. New York bank clearings last week showed a decrease of 11.2 per cent, compared with the clearings for the same week last year, and the average daily clearings for the week were $24,000,000 smaller than for the week previous. Frequently in past years the West has suffered with New York, which is and will always remain the financial center of the New World, but at the present time there is so much money in Western banks and the general condition of the people is so prosperous that the strained situation in the East finds but small reflection here.

According to Bradstreet's weekly review, every city west of the Rocky Mountains except Seattle showed an increase in bank clearings over the corresponding week last year. This decrease in Seattle, which was over 18 per cent, was undoubtedly due to a natural relapse which follows overcrowding, and is no indication of a change for the worse in the rest of the Pacific Coast cities, which were less affected by the uncertainty which always attends a mining boom. The entire system of mining in Alaska has changed. The hundreds of miners who in previous years came into Seattle with rich "pokes" of gold dust are no longer in evidence. The pockets and claims from which they secured their fortunes which they spent with a lavish hand in Seattle have either been worked out or have passed into the hands of the big companies, who are mining on a different scale. The rich dividends, when there are any, are now passed on to the stockholders of the big companies, many of whom reside in the East. Seattle, of course, has other resources, but they are insufficient to warrant any such growth as followed the Alaska mining boom, and until there is a readjustment of conditions the financial showing of the Queen City will be less favorable than that of the cities dependent on natural resources of greater stability.

Stock speculation and the financing and operation of big industrial undertakings have brought great wealth to many of the Eastern money centers. The Alaska mining boom has been correspondingly beneficial to Seattle, but for assuring steady, permanent growth of a city, through good times and bad times, there is nothing can equal the agricultural resources of a country. Factories may close, mines "peter out" and other industrial enterprises collapse, but the grains, grasses and fruit continue to grow, and by day and by night are adding wealth to the country and to the cities to which it is tributary.

EXPORTATION OF SHOES.

In London, as in Liverpool and other provincial cities of England, you may often see the sign, "American Shoes."

In the year 1902 the number of pairs of shoes sent from the United States to the United Kingdom was 1,035,396. How rapidly this trade is growing may be seen from the fact that the number of pairs in 1892 was only 1507.

Of the $6,000,000 worth of boots and shoes exported in 1902, $2,000,000 worth went to the United Kingdom, practically $1,000,000 worth to British Australasia, over $500,000 worth to Mexico, $500,000 worth to Cuba, and about an equal sum to Canada.

The total number of pairs of boots and shoes sent abroad from the United States in 1902 was 3,966,766, and of this number two-thirds went to British territory, distributed as follows: United Kingdom, 1,035,396 pairs; Quebec, Ontario, etc., 269,164 pairs; British West Indies, 389,445 pairs; British Australasia, 550,469 pairs; British Africa, 168,097 pairs; Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, etc., 32,980 pairs; British Columbia, 25,059 pairs; Newfoundland and Labrador, 13,194 pairs; Bermuda, 54,678 pairs; British Honduras, 49,021 pairs; British Guiana, 31,451 pairs, and British East Indies, 12,029 pairs, making a total of 2,536,983 pairs sent to British territory out of an aggregate exportation of 3,966,766 pairs. To Germany our export in 1902 was 122,689 pairs, no great quantity, but the trade promises large increase.

Our exportation of shoes ought to increase from year to year. It would be difficult to set limits to its possible or probable growth. With our production of hides, skins and pelts, with our materials for tanning and our labor-saving machinery, we can compete in making shoes for the world.

The 15th inst. was the twentieth anniversary of the enactment of high license in Chicago. Previous to 1883 the fee for a license in Chicago was $52, and the city received a revenue from this source during the last year the law was in force of $385,964. There were 3785 saloons in the city, the population being then about 600,000. Last year, with a population of 1,800,000, there were 6743 saloons, and the revenue derived by the city from liquor licenses was $3,371,644. While the population of the city has trebled, the number of saloons has not doubled, and the revenue has increased nearly tenfold. In twenty years Chicago's total revenue from high license has been $51,869,973. The cost of a license in Chicago is $1000. The Raines high-license and local-option law has been in force in New York State nearly seven years, and in that time has returned almost $80,000,000 in revenue to the state, cities and counties. At the last session of the Legislature the law was amended and the cost of all licenses raised 50 per cent, so that the total annual revenue from this source in the whole state, it is estimated, will be about $18,000,000. Half of this goes to the state treasury and half to the cities or counties in which it is paid. In Boston the fee for a first-class license is $2000, while in the great City of Philadelphia a license costs only $1000, although Philadelphia has three times the population of Boston, which has more than half as many licensed saloons as Philadelphia. If a license to sell liquor is worth $2000 in Boston, it ought to be worth more than $1000 in Philadelphia.

Last week the statue of Major-General Joseph Hooker was dedicated on the Statehouse grounds in Boston with appropriate civic and military ceremonies. In his "Personal Memoirs" Grant writes:

> Of Hooker I saw little during the war. I had known him very well before, however. When I did see him, at Chattanooga, his achievement in bringing his command around the point of Lookout Mountain and into the Chattanooga Valley was brilliant. I nevertheless regarded him as a dangerous man. He was not subordinate to his superiors. He was ambitious to the point of caring nothing for the rights of others. His disposition was, when engaged in battle, to get detached from the main body of the army and exercise a separate command, gathering to his command all he could of his juniors.

General Hooker was possessed of superior military talents, but was unfit for supreme command in the judgment of General Couch, who was second in command at Chancellorsville, because he lacked moral courage. That is, he lost his head when he needed it most in the critical hour of a campaign. In proportion to his numbers, he did not suffer any more loss at Chancellorsville than Grant did at the Wilderness; but Hooker became dispirited and retreated across the river, although he had 70,000 men in his army that had not fired a shot. In spite of the protests of Generals Meade and Couch, Hooker evacuated a hill that was as much the key of his position as Little Round Top was of the Gettysburg line. General Meade indignantly said to Hooker: "If we can't hold the top of that hill, how do you expect to hold the bottom?"

In every European country the state to a greater or less degree assumes authority over the forests, those in private hands as well as those which are part of the public domain. Every European state has a forest policy. In France the state now owns 2,800,000 acres, some 12 per cent of the total forest area, managed by 700 officials and protected by 3500 guards. Private forest property is absolutely controlled as regards clearing. No clearing may be done without notice to the government authorities, and in the mountain districts without special sanction. In France village and city corporations hold over 27 per cent of the forest area, and these must submit their plans of management to the state forest department for approval, and they are debarred from dividing their holdings. The state is continually expending money in buying and reforesting worn-out lands and in reservoirs to check the mountain torrents. In Switzerland no clearing can be done without permission of the federal government. These governments rest their forest laws on the principle that a man cannot do what he will with his own if it be contrary to the interests of all. In Italy nearly half the forest area not owned by the government is under government control. In Russia the law interferes and restrains the management of forest lands that are in private hands, and in Germany no man can cut down a tree in his own forest without due notice to the authorities and obtaining their approval.

Lassoing a guard and binding him to the bars of a cell is the unique exploit of a Montana train robber who made his escape from the County Jail at Knoxville, Tenn. Prison managers and employes have not learned that it is unwise to be careless with Western desperadoes who are skilled in the use of firearms. Tracy in Oregon and McKinney in California should have taught the custodians of criminals elsewhere that eternal vigilance, handcuffs and shackles must be employed in dealing with Tracys, Sontags, Evanses and McKinneys. Jailers cannot safely apply to train robbers and other highwaymen the same light restraint that will suffice for forgers, postoffice grafters, municipal boodlers and students who rob college stores. Law makes it the duty of private citizens to aid police authorities in arresting criminals, but human life is too precious to be sacrificed in recapturing demons who have escaped through lax discipline in penal institutions.

Three young men of Macon, Ga., were convicted of the crime of holding a negro in involuntary servitude and fined $1000 each. The penalty was immediately suspended by the Judge who imposed it. All the world can see why it was imposed, but the labored explanation of why it was suspended is not convincing to the ordinary mind. "The purpose to warn and deter others from committing such a crime" was given as the reason for imposing the fine. To most persons it will appear that the warning would have had greater deterrent force if payment had been insisted upon, or in default thereof the culprits had been given a term in prison.

GAS FROM FIR STUMPS.

New York Herald.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Discovery of a new illuminating gas which can compete with coal gas for illuminating purposes, the detection of processes by which a new turpentine in limitless quantity and of properties permitting its general use in manufactures and the arts, can be produced from material formerly thought worthless, and the solution of the problem of utilizing the by-products of the great Douglas fir, forests of which cover thousands of square miles of the Pacific Northwest, will be announced to the American Chemical Society during its session at Cleveland, on June 29, by Professor George P. Frankforter, dean of the School of Chemistry of the University of Minnesota.

Professor Frankforter's discoveries are the result of many months of experiments in the Western forests and in the laboratories of the State University, and are of immense commercial value. They relate entirely to the utilization of stumps of the Douglas fir left by the lumbermen and until now thought to have no value. These stumps cover a tremendous area of Western "cutover" timber lands, and so little have they been regarded that it has been the custom to burn them out to rid the land of them and to permit agricultural operations.

The burning process left ash deposit which for several years robbed the soil of its agricultural values. For each stump burned, Professor Frankforter announces, the owners have thrown away the equivalent of $200.

The Douglas fir is one of the best of the Western timber trees, and is much sought for building purposes. Its lower portions are filled with a resinous pitch, and the portions containing the pitch deposits have been valueless for lumber because of the impossibility of forcing the saws through the pitch soaked fibres of the log. For this reason the lumbermen have cut the trees, frequently eight to ten feet in diameter, at a height of 20 feet from the ground. This left the pitch soaked stump standing, to be burned or allowed to rot away.

Announcing the results of his discoveries, Professor Frankforter said today:

"It has long been known that the pitch in the abandoned stumps had a commercial value, but means of extracting it have not been at hand. It was to provide these means that I spent months experimenting.

"I have been astonished to find, by exact scientific methods, that 40 per cent of the abandoned stumps is valuable pitch. This pitch, properly treated, produces a turpentine inestimably superior to that now obtained from the Southern forests, the supply of which is decreasing year by year.

"The new turpentine has all the chemical and medicinal qualities of the common commercial turpentine, but is absolutely free from its disagreeable smell and taste. These two features have been the greatest drawback to the more general use of turpentine in manufactures and the arts. The odor of the fir turpentine is mild and balsamic, and its taste is mild and pleasant. It might be utilized in a thousand ways, even in chewing gum and for soda fountain flavors, so pleasant is its taste.

"To give tersely the results, I will say that each stump contains 40 per cent of its bulk in pitch. It contains five or six cords of wood. Of the pitch in the stump, 20 per cent can easily be resolved into turpentine, 30 per cent into tar oil, and 50 per cent into common tar. The tar is an excellent product and can find ready sale. The minor product is pyroligneous acid, containing acetic acid.

"All the products of the fir stumps can be removed by what is technically known as 'destructive distillation.' One of the most marvellous features is that during the distillation process the fir gives out a gas of strong heating and illuminating powers, sufficient to maintain the process and furnish the means of extracting the products desired for commercial purposes. The distillation pays for itself and leaves the products of the pitch practically clear profit.

"After all the products have been extracted—turpentine, tar oil, tar, acids, gas— there is still left a charcoal, the superior of which is hard to find. The wonderful value of these stumps may be summed up in the single fact that not a shred is without an actual commercial use.

"Regarding the gas given off, it is a strong illuminant, and with reduction operations carried on on a large scale it would be produced in volume sufficient to conduct extensive gas-lighting operations.

"For a half century these gold mines of cutover land have lain idle. Even the very refuse of the mills, which the owners have burned and given away for years, contained values sufficient to pay a large profit on the work of extracting them.

"A new source of turpentine at this juncture is especially important. I have made thorough tests of the Western product, and am able to announce that the South has a new competitor in the field, which will supply a better article, and in larger quantity than it has ever been able to do.

"The United States yearly supplies three-fourths of all the turpentine used throughout the world."

Professor Frankforter has been conducting his experiments at New Whatcom, Wash., where there are large mills and extensive forests.

The Soldier and the Pass.

There are many stories of private soldiers who have been praised and possibly promoted for their obstinacy in not allowing their superior officer to pass when he is ignorant of the countersign. The New York Tribune tells this anecdote of an Irish volunteer, who was acting as guard over a Spanish storehouse in the Philippines, and had received orders to let no one pass without a special permit from the Provost Marshal of Manila.

General Hughes was Provost Marshal at the time, and when he drew near the storehouse he found himself confronted by a bayonet, and heard, in a particularly rich brogue:

"Halt! If yez come a step farther, I'll jam this inter ye!"

"Why?" asked the General.

"Niver moind! I know me ordhers: 'Tis a pass ye must have from the Provost Marshal."

"Well, I'm the Provost Marshal," said General Hughes.

"I don't care if yez be the Prisident. Not a foot do ye step inside here till yez show me yer pass."

The General drew out a blank book, and scribbled a pass. The private surveyed it, and passed him, remarking, scornfully:

"Why didn't yez do that without all this palaver?"

Miners Tired of Strikes.

Indianapolis News.

William Tarr, a colored delegate to the Scranton convention of miners, may have made himself unpopular with the delegates by declaring that the miners have had enough of strikes, and that the convention is for the purpose of avoiding strikes, but he undoubtedly voiced the sentiment of many of the miners, and also stated the real business of the meeting succinctly. It is unreasonable to suppose that the present differences concerning the conciliators cannot be amicably adjusted, after all the provisions for peace made by the late anthracite strike commission. The miners should bear in mind that just now haste is not so desirable as progress.

The Current Vocabulary.

Washington Star.

I used to know a lot of words,
I understood them well.
'Twas hard to bring me one which I
Could not pronounce or spell.
But as I scan the papers now,
A blush makes warm my face,
I dread that soon I'll have to feel
The dunce-cap's dire disgrace.

These myriad patent foods with names
Each fraught with mystery deep!
These sleeping cars with titles queer,
That woo the brain from sleep!
The list of horses in a race!
The chatty baseball scores—
Is there no school where I may go,
Once more and learn to read?

NAPOLEON AS AN ADMINISTRATOR

In "Studies of Napoleonic Statesmanship; Germany" (Clarendon Press), H. L. Fisher deals mainly with the Emperor's administrative work. He observes, with apparent justice, that, among all the numberless achievements of Napoleon, there is none to which one can turn for a comprehensive view of his purely civil work. Mr. Fisher intends to make good this deficiency. He begins with Germany, and hopes to follow this with studies of France, Italy, Holland and Belgium.

We are too apt at the present time to adopt Seely's point of view, and to think of Napoleon, in so far as he affected foreign countries, as a purely destructive force. Mr. Fisher, on the other hand, sets forth strongly his constructive qualities, and indorses Gladstone's verdict that he was the greatest administrator in history. To understand the magnitude and the significance of his work, one must realize, and it is difficult now, the chaos in which Germany was left by the collapse of feudalism, and the pathetic and ludicrous helplessness of the German states, and when the strong man presently appeared. Here is Mr. Fisher's presentation of it:

> The secular princes, eager for the spoils of the church, sent their envoys to Paris to treat with Talleyrand, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who handled the map of Germany with a freedom little short of being complete. The base obsequiousness of the envoys was only equaled by the timorous greed of their impatient masters, and the favors of the First Consul were supplicated in terms that would not have been exceeded for abjectness in Byzantium. The house of Talleyrand became the mart in which so many square miles, peopled by so many souls, could be acquired for so many snuffboxes, and so many francs, and so many attentions to Mme. Talleyrand's poodle. Princes and Dukes, Princesses and Duchesses, paid huge sums to be comprehended in the indemnities.

Out of all this Napoleon evolved order and modernity, and if his system appears partially to have broken down, it was, Mr. Fisher maintains, owing to the incapacity of the agents by which it was applied. In any case, the book will serve to call attention to an important phase of Napoleonic history which has been little studied, and to throw interesting light on the psychology of the most conspicuous figure of modern times.

Rough But Good.

New York Evening Post.

So we are to have some tariff legislation next Winter, after all! It appears that the profits of the sugar trust are going to be endangered by the "cartel" system of Europe, which is designed, with fiendish cunning, to enable foreigners to dump cheap sugar upon our devoted shores as soon as the abolition of sugar bounties goes into effect on September 1. The only way to avert the calamity of cheap sugar and diminished sugar-trust dividends is to revise the tariff, or at least to extend the system of countervailing duties; and we are not surprised to learn that "appropriate legislation" will be pressed upon Congress as soon as it meets. This enables us to understand just when and how you may revise the tariff without being a traitor. If you propose it in the interest of the consumer, or to thwart monopoly, you are a disturber of business, if not an enemy of your country, and all the "stand-patters" in the land cry out upon you for daring to lay an impious hand upon one sacred Dingleyism. But if it is a question of keeping up the cost of a necessity of life, or of swelling monopolistic gains, why, the tariff can be revised as speedily and as often as you please. This fable teaches that it is a wise protectionist who knows when to "stand pat."

To Displace Baer.

Walter Wellman's Letter.

While in New York recently I learned upon very high authority in financial circles that great discontent with Mr. Baer exists in the minds of the men who actually control the corporations of which Mr. Baer is president. There is talk of displacing him. These men recognize Mr. Baer's ability and energy, but they say he is foolish and reckless in his affronts to public opinion. They admire his courage, but they regard him as a good deal of a zealot or fanatic. His indiscretion, his wholly unnecessary defiance of public opinion, have done more than anything else to stir up feeling against the trusts and corporations.

"Mr. Baer may be a good man for your interests," I said to one of these men who are in position to chop Mr. Baer's head off whenever they get ready.

"No," he replied, "he is not a good man for our interests. No man is good at the head of a big corporation who quarrels unnecessary with his employes and with the public."

The Postmaster-General.

New York Sun.

We fail to sympathize with the prevailing clamor for the resignation or dismissal of the Postmaster-General. We think he had better stay where he is. As the head of the department and as a member of the Cabinet, possessing and, doubtless, deserving the confidence of the President, he is in a much better position than anyone else could be to root out the iniquities of the service and visit the guilty with condign punishment. The worst that has been so far urged against Mr. Payne is that he has been slow to believe in the charges laid against his subordinates, that he has been incredulous of existing evil and therefore incapable of action against it. These weaknesses he now seems to be in a fair way to correct. It would be just as well, in all fairness to the Postmaster-General, to bear in mind that he was not brought into office because of his reputation as a reformer, but that he was chosen by President Roosevelt for his well-known gifts as a sensible politician.

A Tale of the Seashore.

Baltimore News.

So the proprietor of the seashore resort got out his telescope and watched until the sea serpent had landed in a little cove half a mile down the shore, and then jumped into his auto and went there.

"Mike," he said to the chief swimmer of the bunch, who had cast aside the mottle covering with sang froid and a deep sigh, "you tell dat guy swimmin' in de tall dat ef he don't t'row more water he's got t' git another job. See?"

For he was a very conscientious landlord, and was trying hard to please his guests and charge it in the bill.

One Touch of Nature.

Roseburg Review.

The recent burning of a negro ravisher in Illinois, and another in Delaware Monday night shows that locality makes no difference in the terrible punishment administered to such fiends, notwithstanding the hypocritical protestations of some highly moralizing paragraphers.

What They Say at "The Corners."

Chicago News.

There's Tommy Jones, he lef' this little town,
I reckon it was thirty years ago,
They tell us that the boy's got salted down
Five hundred thousand dollars cash or so—
Some folks says that he's clear a millionaire,
They take their hats off when he passes by,
But here we've got no bows or scrapes to spare,
We knew him when he's jest about so high.

An' Billy Smith—they talk a heap of him,
He's writin' books, they say, is suthin' grand.
One day I know my apple tree he climb
An' I jest lammed him till he couldn't stand.
An' Silas Hopkins—he's in politics;
They tell us he'll be President, will SI.
But both of 'em—we're on to all their tricks—
We knew 'em when they's jest about so high.

There's been a scad o' boys 'at went away
An' somewhere's else they've made a regular fuss.
They're famous people, them outsiders say,
But that don't make no difference to us.
We ruckerlect 'em when they run around
Here barefoot, one suspender all awry;
They're not much when they strike this stampin' ground,
We knew 'em when they's jest about so high.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

What is so raw as a day in June?

The ball teams seem to be slowly recovering.

Morrison street seems to be suffering from a relapse.

Who's going to be the pope of the Episcopal Catholic Church?

The small boys are already beginning to prepare for Saturday. Likewise the Fire Department.

The dispatches say that Postmaster-General Payne feels weak. We should think so after the disclosures in his department.

Two managing editors and two city editors of Logansport papers have been appointed special policemen by the Mayor of that city to do work that should be done by the Metropolitan cops. It may come to that in Portland.

The Medford Mail comes to the front with the following pertinent remark on the Portland baseball teams:

> The Portland teams in both leagues remind one of the oft repeated story of the farmer and the automobilist. It was the first time the farmer had ever seen a horseless carriage. He was informed on inquiry that it was an automobile. The city automobilist was unfamiliar with agricultural machinery and asked the farmer what kind of a machine it was that he was tinkering with. "Well," responded the tiller of the soil, "it ought-to-mow-hay, but the durned thing don't." On paper the Portland teams autoplayball, but they don't.

Just as Senator Burton, of Kansas, was about to start from Abilene for Salina on a handcar during the recent floods, he asked the section foreman: "Where shall I sit?" "Sit," roared the foreman; "you'll stand up and pump like blazes at these handle bars if you want to make this trip." The Senator declares that he obeyed instructions, "for," says he, "no other human being could pump quite so hard as I did on that awful journey."

A petition has been sent to the archbishop of Vienna by the Catholic priests of Southern Austria, asking permission to wear beards. One of the reasons given for desiring this indulgence is that they are often mistaken for strolling actors with their shaven faces, and another is that many of them are suffering from "preacher's sore throat," which, they think, flowing beards will cure. The priests do not say which of the two evils is the more annoying.

Rev. Francis D. McShane, one of the Dominican fathers connected with the St. Mary's Church in New Haven, has just completed arrangements with the officials of Yale University by which he is to become a member of the senior academy class for 1904. He will begin his studies with the seniors next Fall for the degree of bachelor of arts. This is the first instance of a Catholic priest with a parish appointment entering Yale for a degree or for study of any kind.

Count von Haeseler, who has just resigned command of the Sixteenth Army Corps, undoubtedly was the most popular General in the German army. It was his ambition to see that even private soldiers carried out orders with intelligence. On one occasion he ordered a cavalryman to ride to a hill a mile distant where stood a solitary tree. When the soldier returned the General asked what sort of a tree it was. "I do not know," said the man, drawing a twig from his boot, "but I brought this for your excellency." The soldier's forethought was rewarded with a piece of gold.

The president of the New York Stock Exchange is one of the most important personages in the great metropolitan city, for upon his action sometimes depend the fortunes of thousands of financiers. That position is now held by Rudolph Keppler. He has completed recently his fifth term of service. He spends an hour a day probably in the executive offices of the exchange, the remainder of the time being taken up with his own private business at 25 Broad street. He receives no salary as president of the exchange, although like work in any other financial institution would command a handsome reward.

They say in Minnesota that when he was in Congress, Joel Heatwole had the best political machine that ever was built in that state. But most voters in John T. McCleary's (the second) district, think that gentleman's system quite as effective. He is in constant correspondence with his constituents, looks after all their wants, answers all their letters and sees that every farmer gets a package of seeds. He goes over the district and when there is a gathering of people goes among them and shakes hands and speaks to each one, telling them who he is. "Now, all that sort of thing counts," said a man who has always opposed McCleary. "It means that a lot of people are going to vote for McCleary instead of the man they never heard of and who has never shown any interest in them."

You Can't Lose Him.

Atlanta Journal.

The report that Mr. Cleveland was about to take the job of President at the University of Virginia was scarcely a week old before Mr. Roosevelt was right on the spot at Charlottesville.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Bacon—I see a man and woman recently waltzed for four consecutive hours. Egbert—They ought to know something about the strains of a waltz.—Yonkers Statesman.

Jack—Six fellows say they can't live without her. Tom—Of course, she will marry the handsomest? Jack—No; the richest. The others can get into heaven easier if they die.—Judge.

She—How I wish we could only conceal it from the world that we are bride and groom. He—Easy enough. You try to buy everything you see, and I won't let you have the money.—Brooklyn Life.

He (dilating on his new motor)—Oh, yes, the other day we ran over 35 miles an hour easily. She—Really! How nice! Do you know we heard it was over two poor little dogs and a pig.—Punch.

"Don't you know that it is wrong to gamble?" "Yasser," said Pickaninny Jim, as he shook the dice. "I know it's wrong to gamble, but dishere isn't gamblin'; dishere is a guessin' contest."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Newed (as husband arrives home from work)—Oh, George! Our new cook is a perfect gem! Why, she already has the kitchen looking like a parlor. Mr. Newed—Humph! Expecting company tonight, is she?—Town and Country.

Giles—I saw your fat friend, Wider, in a drug store yesterday. He asked the proprietor to give him something that would make him lean. Miles—Did he get it? Giles—I guess so; I saw him an hour later leaning up against a lamppost.—Chicago Daily News.

Restaurant proprietor (to guest)—It's too bad you have had to wait so long.