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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 78; minimum temperature, 59.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Portland and vicinity: Partly cloudy; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21.

AN UNDECIDED DECISION.

While a racing yacht should be all things to all breezes, a ghost in light airs and a flyer in half a gale, it is eminently satisfactory that yesterday's contest between the Reliance and the Shamrock was cut short by the automatic guillotine of the time limit. It is not so much that a drifting match is a spiritless affair, as that in fluky winds one yacht may catch puff after puff, or a favorable slant, while the other lies a pictured ship. Disappointing as is the failure to complete the course, the rule is of the greatest benefit, and does away with the chief element of chance that attends yacht racing.

Yesterday's contest has cheered the friends of the Reliance very considerably. The cup, although regarded as a well-protected piece of plate, was felt to be attacked by a more formidable foe than ever. The long list of American victories seemed more likely to be broken this year than ever before. With this feeling in mind, although its lack of real strength was shown by the fact that New Yorkers were ready to plank down their money at 2 to 1 on Reliance, the watchers must have been greatly pleased to see the American vessel slip away from the Shamrock in the light wind that blew at the start of the race yesterday. Here was supposedly the Shamrock's best point of sailing. Her windward work in light airs had been such that she far outfooted and outpointed the old challenger; she was regarded indeed as the proverbial ghost. Yet on crossing the line yesterday the Reliance sailed both faster and closer to the wind than her rival, her clouds of canvas proving of far greater value in the conditions than the two minutes or so she had to allow the Shamrock on their account.

Sir Thomas Lipton is stout-hearted; he may still smile and talk of bringing back the cup, but yesterday's little brush has gone far to reassure any who felt that the old mug was at all insecure upon its base.

THE BRAGGART ABROAD.

One side of a story is good until the other is told. Upon the strength of this safe and trite statement the public that has heard from the maltreated man himself the story of "tar and feathers" that came in from Hillsboro Wednesday can only regard with horror and reprobation the indignity, humiliation and torture inflicted by a number of men upon an undesirable member of the community. Pending the presentment of the other side of the story, it may be well to suspend judgment in the case. It is difficult to believe that a coat of tar and feathers has been applied to a man by citizens of a quiet rural community within a few miles of this city, and of course it is impossible to believe that the victim was thus treated merely or chiefly because he, a stranger, had "married a widow" who had won the regards of his assailants. While, judging from this man's story, he is an individual that a community could well spare, there is no law that justifies his forcible expulsion. The best way to deal with an offensive braggart is to let him alone. Notoriety is as the breath of his nostrils. He would even prefer a coat of tar and feathers to being ignored, or simply laughed to scorn. Those who cater to his whim by giving him the notoriety he desires are only less foolish than he.

The individual who, in his own estimation, suffers persecution because of his superior talents or personal attractions, is known in most rural or village neighborhoods, but to the credit of the good sense of the people resident therein he seldom receives notice to quit unless he becomes indecent as well as boastful in his efforts to secure the notice that he covets. And even then, to the credit of our civilization be it said, he is seldom barbarously treated. Having heard one side of this very improbable story, the curious public awaits the other side, reserving its judgment in the meantime until the evidence is all in.

In 1827 the British, French and Russian fleets attacked and destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino and compelled Turkey to permit the organization of the present kingdom of Greece. In 1828 Turkey was rescued from the victorious Russian by the interference of the powers of Europe. In 1838 Turkey was saved from conquest by Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, by the interference of Great Britain. In 1854-56 Turkey was rescued from Russia by England and France, and in 1877-78, when Russia had Turkey at her mercy, the powers of Europe interfered to prevent the autonomy of Macedonia. Today Turkey is still in trouble with her Christian subjects in Macedonia, and Russia, with the approval of the powers of Europe, is obliged to interfere to restore peace and order. If the powers of Europe had allowed Russia in 1830, 1829, 1854 and 1877 to force Turkey to grant home rule to all her Christian subjects, such home rule as Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria enjoy today, there would have been peace in those provinces instead of the continued savage insurrections savagely suppressed. Turkey's present authority in Europe is an anachronism, and should no longer be permitted. The Ottoman Empire has no more title to be treated as a desirable civilization than had the Iroquois, the Creek or the Sioux Confederacy. If the powers of Europe fool with this matter of compelling the Sultan to grant Macedonia the autonomy enjoyed by Bulgaria, there will be a flame of insurrection all over the Balkan States and it is not impossible that the Sultan may play the Pekin trick upon them and make terrible war upon all Christians by taking an appeal to the religious fanaticism of every Mussulman in Africa, India and China.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST RESERVE POLICY.

When the late Governor De Forest Richards ventured to criticise the forest reserve policy of the Federal Government and predict antagonism from Western men to President Roosevelt at the next Republican National Convention, he was promptly laughed to scorn by all the forestry theorists of the country. Governor Richards was probably too hopeful in his estimate of the power of the anti-reserve movement. The enemies of the Government's policy seem singularly obtuse to the fact that reserves once formed are restored to entry and settlement piecemeal as the facts concerning their various parts appear, and they are actuated solely by immediate private desires of mining or lumbering interests, to the exclusion of the public welfare as involved in perpetuation of forests and water supply.

Evidence accumulates, however, that Governor Richards knew exactly what he was talking about, so far as Wyoming sentiment and probably that of adjoining states is concerned. His successor adheres to his views; and in the current North American Review is to be found an able presentation of the case for the anti-reservists, from the pen of James P. Kimball, a geologist and forestry expert of some note. Among other things, Mr. Kimball says that in the Cascade forest reserve of Oregon, where timber is redundant, important mines and mills have been closed down during the past Winter for want of fuel for steam, on the dictum that timber cut on one mineral location cannot be used on another group of locations under one and the same ownership. Strict compliance, clinched by signed promises to comply with all rules and ragulations, is made a condition to the granting of a privilege under any one of them. When the United States Courts have not been found on the side of department exactions, local forest reserve officials practice successful intimidation on the employed when the attempt has been unsuccessful with the employer. Woodcutters or herders, threatened with arrest, are not unlikely to take alarm, even in the absence of power to make arrests, and desert their jobs. No withdrawals of forest reserves have been reported except to enable a certain county of Washington to resume business, two-thirds of whose area had been turned into a reserve. Withdrawals have been vainly sought by many under the terms of the statute, for sake of release from the dictation and domination of forest reserve officials, in favor of territory immediately or closely within reservation boundaries and shown to be more valuable for agricultural or mining purposes than for forestry uses.

The area of forest reserves, thirty-five in number, on March 1, 1900, was 71,697 square miles, distributed in eleven states. The additions of 1902 made by President Roosevelt in Wyoming and Montana make the present area over 80,000 square miles, an area equal to the combined areas of the New England States, together with that of Maryland. The additions of 1902 to the forest reserves of 1891 and 1897 inclose the Yellowstone Park on all but the western side, making an expanse of 9000 square miles in Wyoming and some 2200 in Montana. In January, 1903, President Roosevelt merged the Teton, Absaroka and Yellowstone forest reserves with additional territory of several hundred square miles, all to be known as the Yellowstone forest reserve.

Under forest reserve dispensation it is now proposed to curtail the privilege for grazing horses and cattle over the vacant surface of this public domain and to withdraw it wholly from sheep. Upwards of a thousand square miles of grazing upland, destitute of forest in any fair sense of the term, and mostly above the timber line and partly on the outer border, have been taken into the new reserves now united. This territory has been the last resort of stock in times of drouth, such as has prevailed during the last few seasons. Neither water supply nor reforestation here comes into question, nor are forestry purposes subserved, except in control of grazing limits and policing against fires. Game protection is no administrative concern of the Federal Government beyond the preservation of certain wild animals in the National Park to which the Government has acquired title by purchase. Even within the National Park infractions of the game laws are punishable only by the state.

This enormous reduction of grazing limits in Montana and Wyoming was urged upon the President by cattle-growers as a measure for banishment of sheep, but two cattle-growers were appointed to supervise the new reserves. Despite the fact that the declaratory clause of the statute gives agricultural and mining interests precedence over forestry purposes, these interests have been subordinated to forestry purposes by administrative officers, in spite of appeals through the Department of the Interior to the President for remedial measures, and Mr. Kimball says:

> Until reserve laws be wrought into specific provisions, it is urged that unforested grazing territory on the outer margins of reserves, as well as certain mining territory, be restored to the unreserved public domain. The general public of the Western states, as voiced by the press, further asks the protection of game shall not weigh at Washington in the creation of forest reserves, but be left practically, as it is formally, to the states; also, that no forest reserves be created or maintained, except within the limitations of the declaration of the statute, and with due regard to all as well as single local industrial interests of importance, impartially and relatively considered.

The story of the horse that committed suicide in this city the other day is weak in that it failed to show sufficient motive to justify an intelligent animal in making an end of things. Had the animal been any one of a dozen or a hundred employed in grading streets or upon excavations for buildings in various parts of the city, he would by the act have demonstrated a clear understanding of the hopelessness of his case. That a horse upon being gently urged forward would beat his own brains out rather than take to the road for a pleasant drive is an imputation upon equine patience and sagacity that may be fairly said to be unjustifiable.

NOTABLE ACCIDENTAL PRESIDENT.

Yesterday the monument erected by the State of Vermont at Fairfield to mark the birthplace of President Chester A. Arthur was dedicated. Among the speakers announced for the occasion were ex-United States Senator William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy under President Arthur; Robert T. Lincoln, his Secretary of War, and Senator Teller, his Secretary of the Interior. President Arthur was the son of an Irish-born Presbyterian minister, a man of ability but a poor country clergyman all his days. His son earned his own support from early boyhood, taught school in Pownal, Vt., and worked his way through Union College, where he graduated with honor. He studied law and was in good practice at the outbreak of the Civil War, during which he held an important position on the staff of Governor Morgan. Despite the fact that he married a Southern woman, who was the daughter of the gallant Captain Herndon, of the United States Navy, Chester A. Arthur was a man of strong anti-slavery opinions and was an early advocate of the rights of the negroes in New York City to seats in the horse-cars and steamboats. A man of splendid physical presence, charming address, fine temper and superior executive ability, he was made Collector of the Port of New York and became a leader in the Republican party of New York State, was the ablest lieutenant of Roscoe Conkling in the great contest between Grant and Blaine for the Presidential nomination in 1880. When Garfield was finally nominated, the anti-Grant faction supported Arthur for Vice-President and he was easily nominated. Conkling urged Arthur to decline the nomination, but he accepted it, and the assassination of Garfield suddenly made him President.

It is to the everlasting honor of President Arthur that his accidental elevation to the Presidency lifted him from the level of a merely able, astute party manager of the politics of New York to that of a high-minded, magnanimous statesman. He was most outrageously abused and insulted by the anti-Conkling faction in New York, from first to last, while at the same time he lost the friendship of Conkling, who wished him to use his new-found power and opportunity to demolish the Blaine faction in the Empire State. President Arthur was a gentleman in spirit, and he replied that he regarded his elevation to the Presidency as a terrible accident; that he felt it would be dishonorable to undo the work that Garfield had wrought in the matter of political appointments in New York State. The Blaine faction did not appreciate his magnanimity, but turned the party over to defeat when Arthur's Secretary of State was nominated for Governor in 1882. President Arthur showed the same fine spirit in the matter of nomination for the Presidency in 1884. He was urged by his friends to use the patronage of the Administration to pack the convention in his own behalf; it was pointed out that John Sherman, when Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, had not hesitated to use his opportunity to pack the National convention with Southern delegates who were Treasury appointees. President Arthur replied that nothing would give him more pleasure than to be nominated for President as a popular indorsement and approval of the quality of his public service, but, said he, "The office of President of the United States is a very great office; an office that any man could afford to accept and no man could afford to disdain; but it is an office no gentleman in my position of present incumbent can afford to intrigue for by using the vantage-ground of his position to pack the National convention in his own behalf."

President Arthur was an able man of affairs, an advocate of sound finance, of tariff revision, and of all our accidental Presidents none manifested more ability for the executive and administrative duties of his high station. He left the White House in March, 1885, and he died the next year, aged 56. His funeral was attended by men of all parties; Mr. Blaine, who was his most famous enemy in life, was there, and so was United States Senator Edmunds, his most intimate political friend and confidential adviser. Mr. Blaine, while he was willing to bury the hatchet in President Arthur's grave, behaved at the funeral as if he would like to bury the hatchet in the brain of Senator Edmunds. President Arthur was naturally a man of large mold, and this he proved by being equal to the duties and the dignity of new and unexpected official responsibilities. He grew rapidly in breadth and nobility of character after he became President. His whole nature was severely shocked and deeply touched by the murder of Garfield, and he treated his new trust with reverence and administered it with absolute integrity and freedom from self-seeking and ulterior personal advantage. None of our accidental Presidents have been more than the peers of President Arthur, and few of them obtained so largely the respect, confidence and affection of the people. John Tyler increased his reputation as an able and crafty politician, but lost standing among men of honor in both parties. Fillmore, from his stupid jealousy of Seward and Thurlow Weed, had not courage enough to live up to the precedent of Taylor's administration, Johnson's personal habits obscured his natural ability and made his temper erratic.

Arthur, by his dignity, his business ability, his self-restraint, excited universal respect. Had it not been that he became an accidental President at a most unfortunate crisis, when Blaine and Conkling were warring upon each other with Indian weapons and more than Indian hate, Arthur would have easily been nominated in 1884 and might have won, as he was far stronger in New York State than Mr. Blaine. The Edmunds-Conkling anti-Blaine faction would have worked for Arthur, and Blaine himself told his followers to support Arthur if he could not be nominated, but in no event to support Edmunds in convention. The State of Vermont has done well to erect a monument to President Arthur. He was born a poor boy in one of her small towns; he worked his way up honorably by his own unaided exertions as completely as did Garfield or McKinley; he did not abuse the power and opportunity of his accidental Presidency to intrigue for his own nomination; he died in his prime and left a name which the little state of his birth has done well to honor.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey has undertaken to reply to the question "Does the Mississippi River run uphill?" and answers it in the affirmative. The mouth of the river, by reason of the fact that the earth is not a true sphere, but an oblate spheroid, is about four miles farther from the center of the earth than is Lake Itasca. The stream ascends, therefore, instead of descending, to the Gulf of Mexico. But for the centrifugal force generated by the rapid revolution of the earth upon its axis, the waters of the Gulf would flow, it follows, with tremendous force up the Mississippi Valley to the north pole. It is found by the Survey, as quoted by the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, that in the larger part of the United States east of Colorado a plumb line does not point to the center of the earth, but a line a mile long averages an inch out of true. This deflection is caused by the attraction exerted by great masses, such as mountains, above sea level, and by variations in density of the earth's crust below sea level. At certain points the plumb is attracted to one side, or experiences an attraction less than the average. In India there are great deflections of the plumb line, owing to the vast mass of the Himalayas on the north and the lack of density in the ocean depths on each side of this great cape, the deflections being sometimes as much as nine inches to the mile. In most affairs the failure of the line to point straight to the earth's center is of no practical importance, but at sea a mariner who computes his position by the stars may on this account err to the extent of half a mile.

A co-operative irrigation scheme has been planned in Choteau County, Montana, which, when worked out, will afford homes and farming and grazing lands for hundreds of settlers. The plan is for each man who wants land in the tract subject to irrigation by the projected canal to take out a certain number of shares of ditch stock, to be paid for in work with teams. It will be necessary, or at least prudent, for intending settlers or ditch stock-takers to have their rights in the premises sharply defined by competent legal agreement before they engage in this scheme, always remembering that capitalists do not engage in large undertakings from philanthropic motives. With his rights and privileges properly defined and secured, and opportunity to select lands for occupancy, the plan should be beneficial to ranchmen, since it is clear that singly no man can reclaim to agriculture even a few acres of arid land. Water rights, land boundaries, line fences and open ranges are burning questions on the frontier, and possible misunderstanding in regard to them should be avoided as a means of bad blood and its frequent disastrous results. That there are thousands of acres of lands that could be made fertile through co-operative irrigation plans throughout the semi-arid region is true. The difficulty is in securing just, honest men and considerate to enter into the undertakings.

Mr. Edward W. Bingham would repress crimes of the more heinous type, as arson, rape, burglary, train-wrecking, holding up cars, etc., by hanging the perpetrators thereof—not lynching them, but hanging them in accordance with law that he would have enacted to cover such flagrant cases of evildoing. While the remedy proposed is somewhat drastic, it is not inconsistent with justice. The burglar, for example, becomes a murderer if he is likely to be caught; a train-wrecker and a hold-up man ruthlessly place innocent lives in jeopardy, and the man who commits rape, his victim being an innocent woman or a guileless child, is guilty of an act that is commonly adjudged worse than murder. It is not a bad idea to have these acts taken out of the list of minor offenses and placed upon the list of capital crimes. Perhaps the growth of the lynch idea is due, after all, largely to the determination on the part of the public to make the punishment fit the crime—a feat which lawgivers in many instances have failed to accomplish.

Among other questions that will be discussed at the Red Cross Convention at Geneva next month will be the proposition to detail with each detachment of cavalry and artillery in the military service a contingent of noncombatants whose duty it will be to look after horses that are wounded in battle. These men will be employed as civilian veterinarians, and they will be instructed to put to death horses that are wounded beyond recovery, and to treat humanely and intelligently animals that can be reclaimed to the service. The movement is instinct with the spirit of true humanity, that requires man to be merciful to the dumb creatures that serve him, or fall in his way.

The Churchman declares that a church should have a head, a chief executive officer, just as the Nation has. In the Episcopal Church the presiding bishop is described as having nominal authority, and it cannot be denied that it is better to have a real head or none at all than one merely nominal.

Struggling authors may complain that postage on manuscript is too high, but they should never appeal for aid to newspaper men. If a manuscript is good, the reward will soon compensate the author for any expenditure in stamps; if bad, no postage rate could be too high.

The Canadian Senator who says that America is anxious for war with a European power is as keen of sight as the lynx, which, it has been said, can see in the thickest darkness objects that do not exist.

The Industrial South can now point with pride to a $14,000,000 cotton combine, as there is no more convincing proof of somethin' doin' than a big merger.

Fortunately, moral victories do not count in the yacht races; otherwise the Shamrock would have a black mark against her already.

The Hope is Speedier Justice.

Atlanta Journal.

We venture to say that if it were known from practical experience that the heinous crimes which provoke lynching would be punished by sure legal process within ten days the rope and fagot would disappear from current history. And in no part of the country would it disappear sooner than in the Southern States. Speedy justice, in Alabama, or in Illinois, or on Boston Common, is the sole remedy for lynching, so long as the two races remain together, and so long as one produces black demons and the other is of Saxon and Baltic blood.

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHWEST PRESS

Why It No Longer Hurts.

Eugene Register.

There was a time in Oregon when to call a man a mossback made him mad because it was so. Now to use the same appellation makes him laugh because it is not so. Oregon mossbackism is dead beyond resurrection.

Responsibility Where It Belongs.

Myrtle Point Enterprise.

A man who will gamble away money he justly owes some one else is no better than a thief and ought to be regarded as such. We would vote for the enactment of a law making it a felony for any man to gamble who owes money.

Then We Take It All Back.

Eugene Guard.

Editorials in The Oregonian defending the preachers' son from his long borne asperation and reputation of being the worst bird outside of a jail are welcome to Eugene reporters. Three item snatchers in Eugene are of ministerial parentage.

Trust in Religion and Morality.

Walla Walla Statesman.

Now that most of the gamblers have left the state owing to the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the validity of the new anti-gambling law, the railroad lobby will have some trouble in getting boosters and floaters to pack the primaries, as it has been in the habit of doing. The macques are also under the ban, and the machine will have to fall back on the hobos who have hitherto been regarded as a nuisance by the railroads. The elimination of the floating element from the voting population will give the law-abiding people of the state a better opportunity to control the primaries and to nominate good and true men for public office.

Coyotes Again on the Warpath.

Condon Times.

Since the repeal of the coyote bounty law these vermin have had a run of undisturbed bliss, only a very small portion of their number having bit the dust. The ultimate result of this is that sheepmen and farmers will have a hard time guarding their sheep, hogs and chickens as these varmints get very bold when not molested. Already we have had reports from the country that coyotes are numerous this year and the loss from their ravages is expected to be much larger than it has been since the bounty was instituted. Some stockmen are paying a premium out of their own pocket for the destruction of wild animals as they conclude this inducement helps herders and others to be more watchful for marauders.

The One Great Object.

Boise Statesman.

If the Trans-Mississippi Congress to be held in Seattle should devote itself to the one subject of opening the Columbia Basin by improvement of the river it might accomplish something useful. That is the one great subject before the Northwest, and such a congress might exercise great influence on Congress in connection with the subject. Three states would be directly benefited by such river improvement, and all local consideration should be brushed aside in order that the greater project should receive the attention it deserves. The congress, by uniting upon a programme of that kind, could bring this subject forward in a manner that would attract attention far and wide and materially assist in securing the needed appropriations for the work.

One Advantage of Newport.

Albany Herald.

A narrow escape from drowning and a death from chill at the Bay the last few days should be a warning to those spending a Summer at a seashore resort that the old ocean cannot be trifled with. There are two facts that they should not forget, and these are that the Pacific Ocean at that latitude is cold. If such were not so, the seashore would have but little attraction, but being cold it makes the seashore cool and pleasant. The other fact to be remembered is that the tide and waves have great force and are treacherous, and are not to be trifled with. Surf bathing at Newport beach, however, is not dangerous to the cautious, and to those who use judgment and are prudent. These two suggestions should be observed by all at all times. Never venture beyond the breakers at ebb tide, and do not stay in the water until you are thoroughly chilled.

Hoodlums Won't Be Gentlemen.

Whatcom Reveille.

If this thing could be confined to respectable, sensible people who could play at this diversion of confetti throwing in a mutually friendly spirit, it would all be well. There would be no complaint, and it would even become, possibly, a popular thing. But this has, almost invariably, proved impossible. It is never safe to grant a license or a privilege that is constantly abused by low-bred people. The additional immunity granted to people visiting street fairs and carnivals, having been shown to be so often taken advantage of by the thoughtless and the brutal, should be removed altogether. People should be compelled to behave at these affairs in the same way as at other times and places. Then there will be fewer reports of injuries received and disturbances created by people who have not the judgment to know or the decency to care when they overstep the bounds of propriety.

Commended in the South.

New Orleans Picayune.

President Roosevelt has written a letter to Governor Durbin, of Indiana, which is most timely and worthy of universal attention. The President by no means proposes to temporize with lynching, but he has gone to the root of the matter. He finds its chief cause in the failure of the courts and in the loss of confidence by the people in them. The majesty of the law is in the law's own keeping. If the ministers of the law fail to maintain its authority, dignity and efficacy in the punishment of criminals, then it is like salt that has lost its savor. It will be cast out and trampled under foot. As to the President, his utterance is full of sense and reason, and it shows a full comprehension of the entire situation which has made popular justice such a prominent feature in American life. The people have created the machinery of justice, and when that fails the people must and will apply some other remedy for the protection of society and the repression of crime.

In the Attic.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

Up in the attic where mother goes
In a trunk in a shadowed nook—
A trunk—and its lid she will oft unclose
As if it were a precious book.
She kneels at its side on the attic boards
And tenderly, soft and slow,
She counts all the treasures she fondly hoards—
The things of the long ago.

A yellowing dress, once the sheerest white,
That shimmered in joyous pride—
She looks at it now with the girl's delight
That was hers when she stood a bride.
There is a ribbon of faded blue
She keeps with the satin gown;
Buckles and lace—and a little shoe;
Sadly she lays that down.

One lock of hair that is golden still
With the gold of the morning sun;
Yes, and a dollie with frock and frill—
She lifts them all, one by one.
She lifts them all to her gentle lips
Up there in the afternoon;
Sometimes the rain from the eave trough drips
Tears with her quavered croon.

Up in the attic where mother goes
In a trunk in a shadowed place—
A trunk—with the scent of a withered rose
On the satin and shoe and lace.
None of us touches its battered lid,
But safe in its niche it stays
Sacred to all that her heart has hid—
Gold of the other days.

CONGRESSMEN AND CONTRACTS

Minneapolis Tribune.

The case of Representative Littauer, of Brooklyn, has not yet come to trial, and must not be prejudged; but the chief witness against him is a responsible business man, and his categorical statements in relation to Littauer may receive prima facia credit. This witness is a manufacturer of gloves like Littauer, and he does not seem to conceal that his attack on the Representative is inspired by the greater success of the latter in getting Army contracts. But there is public interest in the fact that a member of Congress has an advantage over a private manufacturer in getting Government contracts. Moreover, if the evidence of interested persons were excluded, no one could ever be convicted of this kind of corruption in the public service. All that can be required of this witness is that he prove his statements; and he asserts that he has record and documentary evidence to support all of them.

Briefly, this man, Timothy Keck, of Johnstown, N. Y., says that he obtained 25 Army contracts in the ten years before Mr. Littauer was sent to Congress, in open competition, and made only a fair profit. Since Mr. Littauer has been in Congress, Mr. Keck says that he has got only three minor contracts. He says that he is prepared to prove that this is because the other contracts have been awarded to a long list of bidders, who are only dummies for Littauer; that the bids of these dummies were higher than others, and the gloves they furnished were inferior; that political pressure had to be used to get Army officers to accept them; that the bidders were not manufacturers, but go-betweens paid a commission by Littauer to get business for his own factory; that Littauer refused his (Keck's) request to let him have part of the contracts, and offered him 5 cents a pair not to bid, telling him that he paid the straw bidders only 1 cent a pair for the use of their names.

This would be, not only a scandalous, but an illegal transaction in any case. When the successful monopolist uses his influence as a member of Congress to suppress competition and defraud the Government, far-reaching suspicion is aroused. Should Mr. Keck prove his charges, it will not be enough to drive Mr. Littauer out of Congress, or even to put him in jail. It will be necessary to inquire why the contracts were given to him. A complete answer ought to throw a good deal of light on the mysterious triangular relations between administrative officers, members of Congress and Government contractors, of which we get such unpleasant glimpses every now and then. We think that the President and Secretary Root may be trusted to pursue this inquiry with the same vigor and public spirit the President and Postmaster-General Payne are showing in the post-office investigation.

Southern Women's Intuitions.

The Independent.

No white man can be long in the South and on friendly social terms with its influential families without discovering that the most intense feeling against admitting the negro to social equality is found among the white women, and that it is inseparable from the instinct of race-purity. To a pure-minded woman her conduct and the blood of her race are one. She can no more think of her honor apart from the traditions of her ancestry, and the ideal of an unsullied posterity, than she can think of family integrity apart from her honor. To take from her the ideal of purity of blood is to cut off the very springs of her moral life. Through generations of social experience she has learned that the only effective barriers to intermarriage are those established in the usages and conventionalities of society. Families, classes, nationalities and races that mingle freely in social intercourse on terms of recognized equality are bound to intermarry—no power on earth can prevent it. Here is the very fountain head of the Southern determination to resist the social equality of the races to the uttermost. The Southern white woman regards intermarriage with horror, and she believes that social equality means inevitable intermarriage.

Different From Boston.

Honolulu Bulletin.

When the Young brothers were out in one of their launches cruising about Diamond Head the other day, they took soundings at a place which was marked on the charts at 28 fathoms and were naturally very much surprised to find that the lead registered but 20 fathoms. They began to wonder if some mistake had not been made, and so started to cruise about a little over that portion which was set down on the charts at 28 fathoms. It was invariably the same thing. The lead kept showing 20 fathoms or a slight variation.

Since the bottom where the soundings were taken is sandy, the filling in theory is untenable, so that the only theory left is that the bottom of the sea at the place indicated has been heaved up eight fathoms toward the surface of the water by volcanic action.

The Young brothers are most positive in their statement that the place where they took soundings is none other than that which is set down on the charts at 28 fathoms.

Distribute the Immigrants.

Denver Republican.

The remedy is to be found in a wider distribution of the flood. Scattered throughout the Union 1,000,000 foreigners would exert but little influence, and in the course of a few years they would acquire a knowledge of American ways and institutions. Their children would grow up in the midst of an environment, and, learning the English language and attending public schools, they would become American in every sense. The country is big enough and has sufficient resources to accommodate many more people than will come, even though they come at the rate of 1,000,000 a year for the next half century.

How She Got Ready.

London Tit-Bits.

She'd dressed up to go out with him,
'Twas on the topmost floor,
Before the mirror she had posed
A weary hour or more.
At last she started down the stairs,
And he was glad, but then
She tarried on the second floor
To see herself again.

Before another mirror there
She turned and turned and turned,
And took her time and seemed as though
She only was concerned.
She patted bows and touched up tucks,
And felt her fluffy hair,
And rearranged her new "flat" hat
With undiminished care.

And then she gathered up her skirts
And fixed them in her hand,
Coquettishly looked back once more
Into the mirror, and—
Went down another flight of stairs
To the reception room,
Where he was huddled like a chunk
Of rainbow-colored gloom.

He smiled as any husband should,
But managed not to speak,
And it was well; for he was sure
He'd waited there a week.
He rose to go, but she advanced
Upon the large pier glass,
And back and forth in front of it
Began to pass and pass.

She started with her hat and hair,
And carefully looked down,
Inspecting things until she reached
The bottom of her gown.
She caught her skirts again and looked
To see how she'd appear,
And, evidently satisfied,
She said, "I'm ready, dear."

He heaved a sigh, but made it soft,
And headed for the street,
But hearing not the footfalls of
Her Louis XIV feet
He turned—he staggered and he fell
Against the nearest wall—
She was gazing in the mirror in
The hatrack in the hall.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Even the wind hates to see either yacht lose.

Lipton has a little longer time to be confident.

Japan has a newspaper named the Jiji. Sounds like a racing guide.

The only thing that the automobilists cannot run down is the automobile joke.

It was another instance of horse sense when one committed suicide rather than work in August.

Neptune must be sorely puzzled as to whether he should attend the yacht races or the Astoria regatta.

In spite of all the jokes, how many people on vacation regret that they didn't get it over earlier in the year?

If Philadelphia continues to take cricket so seriously the ball team will have to quit or play three-day matches.

If the canal is to be built Uncle Sam should soon make the dirt fly, and the best place to begin would be in the Colombian Senate.

Governor Pennypacker has refused to honor extradition papers from an Illinois newspaper man. Thus doth justice overcome inclination.

A new era is said to be opening for Ireland, but there is little doubt that the individual Irishman would pay more attention to the opening of a new bottle.

Judging from the success of the Oxford and Cambridge golfers, the Americans have mastered the Scotch highball more successfully than they have the Scotch game.

When a detective awakes from sleep to find that the prisoner to whom he was shackled has made him fast to a steam pipe, robbed him, and when he finds that the train crew looks upon him as the guilty man, he feels like—well, there's only one thing he could feel like.

Can it be that Judge Marquam is working the old fairy tale dodge on Portland gardeners? You remember the man who told his sons there was a treasure hidden in their field. The sons dug up every foot of ground without finding any hidden gold, but such crops as they had the following season!

The report from New York that George W. Lederer, the theatrical man, had gone insane is now denied. It was started by some idiot as a joke and quickly gained credence. The story was that Lederer's prize of $500 for the best state song had produced such a number of replies that the donor had gone crazy in his effort to judge them.

The first class was about to graduate from the Pulitzer College of Journalism. "How," asked Henry Watterson, who had visited New York on the invitation of Mrs. Astor to see the Shamrock V defeated, "how would you describe the Holditfast and the Shamrock?"

Nine hundred and sixty-seven replies came as with one voice:

"Like greyhounds straining in the leash."

Mrs. Kinney repulsed a bold, bad burglar by catching him between the eyes with an alarm clock, that tooted its alarm as soon as it landed. The robber thinks:

Mrs. Kinney had time to spare,
The clock struck when it hit.
It went off when it landed.
It was going when it stopped.
Time flies, sometimes.
He did well to leave the clock for Procrastination.

What Maitre-Labori needs is jurors with stronger imaginations. He asks them to suppose that Mme. Humbert had national skeletons hidden in her mysterious safe, to suppose that some suppostitious person supposed that Mme. Humbert would suppose that some other person would suppose it dangerous to open the safe, in short, that Mme. Humbert was a kind woman supposing herself to be making others suppose things for the good of the nation.

From the Balkans.

Over the cable came terrible news,
The telegraph editor jumped with glee—
"The Mustasareef has surrendered at last,
It's captured," he cried, "whatever it be."

The writer on space made a page and a half,
Describing the frowning old fortress that fell;
He told how the bastions were eighty feet through,
And the donjon how old there was no one could tell.

He described the attacks it had stood in the past,
How the Christians and Turks had surged round it in fight,
He told of its owners, its legends, its wealth,
The ghost of the chatelaine murdered at night.

The writer felt gleeful in spinning it out,
But alas, what an ending there came to his plan;
The telegraph editor dashed all his hopes
With the news that the Mustasareef was a man.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"Bridget, can I trust you with the china?" "Sure, ye can, ma'am. Oi'll save every piece."—Life.

"I came near marrying that girl once." "Did her parents object?" "No; she did."—New York Journal.

Josh—They say he's the logical candidate. Elias—Shucks! There's half a dozen 'em kin argy as good as he kin!—Puck.

The Rooster—But I should think you'd have enough to eat, The Hog—Not at all, my friend! I have one of those appetites that can be gratified, but not satisfied!—Puck.

Nell—Why was their engagement broken off? Belle—He told her he was unworthy of her. Nell—Oh, they all say that. Belle—Yes; but she took him at his word.—Philadelphia Record.

"This is a new recipe I am using, George. How do you like the pie?" "You greatly relieve me, dear. I wasn't quite sure." "Sure of what?" "That it was a pie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "I's jes' discovered why a chicken allus cackles so when it lays anegg." "You g'way f'um here!" "'Deed I has. She's beggin' you to take de egg instid of her foh dinner."—Washington Star.

She (reading a scientific work)—Isn't it wonderful, Charley, dear, that the sun is supposed to be millions of miles away! Charley, Dear (suffering from the heat)—Millions of miles, darling? Good thing for all of us that it isn't any nearer.—Punch.

"Well, sir," was the straightforward reply, "it was this way: The firm had been located on the corner for a long time, and they had a big building there, so when we disagreed it was easier for me to move than it was for the firm."—Chicago Evening Post.

Goodman—I think I made an impression on Luschman today. I pointed out to him that if he'd only save the money that's usually spent for his drink, he'd have several hundred dollars at the end of the year. Newitt—Wrong tack. If you want to see that money saved speak to Luschman's friends.—Philadelphia Press.

The prisoner, soon to be tried for stealing a mule, was sitting in his cell in an attitude of deep dejection, when the jailer opened the door and a man of most sinister and forbidding aspect entered. "What are you in for, pard?" asked the prisoner. "I'm the lawyer your friends have engaged to defend you," replied the newcomer.—Chicago Tribune.