The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 64; minimum temperature, 50; precipitation, .27 of an inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and slightly warmer; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7.

A SOCIALISTIC CONTEST.

In Ohio the Democratic party, under the lead of Tom Johnson, has virtually adopted the creed of socialism. It will not win, probably; but there is an exciting and interesting campaign.

The trust leaders have done much to bring this to pass. The course they have taken has forced the issue; and Ohio is always an early battle-ground of political and economic vagaries.

The trust movement has altered industry in large degree from competition to combination and non-competition. Its authors, having reached this point, now find it absolutely impossible to go back, while the Socialists have taken up the movement that the trusts had prepared for them. It is not wonderful that a large class of people gravitate rapidly to the Socialist policy of deposing the managers of the trusts and calling in the state to take control.

But herein, as in other cases heretofore, the average conservative sense of the American people may be trusted to prevent radical change. On this Socialist issue realignment of parties on no small scale is going on in Ohio. Each party is losing rapidly to the other. The misfortune is a tendency to rearrangement of parties on property lines. Such division of parties is to be regretted and deplored. Nothing else could separate the people into classes so fast. But the trust promoters began it, and the common judgment of the people must be depended on to arrest it. A hopeful sign is that many of the trusts are falling down by their own weight, and many more are manifestly weak. In a little longer time this disturbing movement will largely right itself.

IMMIGRATION AND HIGH WAGES

High wages constitute a blessing, but with important limitations. Other things being equal, a well-paid body of workingmen will be better physically, mentally and morally than an underpaid. It is hard for the very poor to obtain that educational equipment which is necessary to an equal footing in the struggle for comfortable existence. It is with the very poor, also, that immorality is encouraged by environment. The ordinary decencies of civilized life are pretty certain to be lacking in the isolated cabin or the crowded tenement where young and old of both sexes occupy the same apartment.

Yet there are times when high wages become a menace to a people's prosperity. Especially there are occupations which must have cheap labor or stop. Many local and domestic industries are of this kind. The price of farm and orchard labor, for example, is measurably determined by the produce markets. When hops are low, pickers must work cheaply or the crop will rot on the poles. The same is true of fruit. The principle applies to development work in a new country—clearing land, making roads, building railway tracks, etc. It is a misfortune to any new country to have labor scarce and high.

Labor cost is an element of vital significance, moreover, whenever a people begins to appear as a seller of manufactured goods in the world's markets. It is understood, of course, that labor is only one of the factors in the cost of production. Shrewd operators find some other way of making themselves whole on advanced wages. They get more out of the workmen, they exert combined pressure for lower transportation rates, they mark up their selling prices when they can, they introduce economies wherever possible, they install new machinery as fast as the inventor brings it to perfection.

All these, however, are at best but mitigations of the handicap under which one employer labors with wages at $5 a day, in his struggle with a competitor who gets men at $4 a day. As the various civilized nations approximate nearer and nearer to each other in interest rates, types of machinery, economy of organization, the discrepancy of labor cost stands out more and more significantly. The rate of wages comes nearer and nearer being the determining factor in international industrial competition. England's attention is diverted to protective tariffs now because the cheap labor she was promised by free trade has not been forthcoming. Wages forms a very important item in the problem of exports, especially in crude and partly manufactured articles like foodstuffs, coal, iron, lumber, etc.

And yet we notice that the immigration of cheap labor to the United States is opposed by the very class of thinkers who oppose the high wages demanded by American trades-unions. If we are to mine coal and iron successfully in competition with Europe, and make lumber and export foodstuffs, where are we to find the cheap labor necessary unless from the European immigrants who will do coarse work which our ambitious, educated Americans will not do? What good would stoppage of immigration do for our large fruitgrowing sections, our mines and our lumber industry? Those who complain at the burden put upon our domestic production by the exactions of organized labor—do they think to decrease the labor cost of staple products by stopping the supply while the demand goes on increasing?

THE LATEST TURKISH INFAMY.

We invite the attention of Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, to the current bulletin of the "Department of Commerce and Labor, through its bureau of statistics," on the subject of our trade with Turkey. It is possible that the traditions and red tape of Washington officialism have successfully conspired to withhold from the Agricultural Department the information conveyed in these essays of the Department of State, or the Department of the Treasury, or the new Department of Commerce and Labor.

The jealousy which these separate manufactories of statistics and schools of economics manifest for each other is the commonest of commercial themes, transcending even the independent and irreconcilable policies enforced upon the public domain by the three bureaus of the land office, forestry and geological survey, and equaled only by the separate governmental departments of Russia, one of which may be at profound peace with Japan, for example, while the other has withdrawn from all diplomatic relations with the Hermit Kingdom. If this is Secretary Wilson's luckless fate, he shall learn from these columns what the hostiles under Secretary Cortelyou are doing.

The present bulletin is couched in more conservative and self-contained phrase than is usual with a salaried Government essayist in his contemplation of his own statistics. Whereas he usually bristles with invidious references to his own figures, the offending foreigner who dares to sell us goods and the craven natives here who bemean themselves to buy, the only outspoken censure this time visited is upon the Turkish statistics compiled in Turkey, for their failure to correspond with the Turkish statistics compiled in the new Department of Commerce and Labor, through its bureau of statistics. This offense is too clearly stated, however, to escape the notice of the most casual, and the offending statistics can be dismissed as hereafter without a friend on earth.

It is probable that the lessons of shame and degradation borne by the record of our trade with Turkey are stamped so plainly on its face that the customary reprobation of Turkey for selling to us and of us for buying of Turkey appeared to the conscientious statistician as a work of supererogation. It is enough to know that the triple crime of imports from Turkey in Asia, Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Africa, reached a total infamy last year of $21,232,453, with but the pitifully inadequate mitigation of a paltry $1,313,407 in exports. Turkish massacres are obviously nothing in turpitude compared with these offenses in predatory importations. Secretary Wilson should know of it. He does not know, or he must have spoken.

Let there be an end, then, of American purchases of Turkish rugs, Turkish tobacco, Turkish goatskins, Turkish wool, Turkish licorice, Turkish figs, Turkish dates, Turkish raisins, Turkish gum arabic. These things must be grown here under the paternal tutelage of Secretary Wilson. Let the Turkish rug of Lowell, the Turkish morocco of Texas, the Turkish cashmere of Ohio, the Turkish gum arabic of Minneapolis flour and water, take their rightful places in the homes and hearts of a patriotic people. And especially let the perfumed Turkish cigarette of Pittsburg and Connecticut shed its incense on the loyal air—the ranker the better, each one wearing the union label and not made by a trust.

PAYING THE FIDDLER.

General John C. Black, the new commander of the Grand Army, has announced that it will be the policy of the organization to fight henceforth for a pension for every veteran of the Civil War more than 62 years of age who saw sixty days of actual service, "and for their widows after them." The only essential, we assume, would be that the claimant could produce an honorable discharge. General Black rests his plea for the enactment of a service pension law upon the fact that a service pension was granted the soldiers of 1812, the fighters of our Mexican War and our Indian War veterans.

This service pension bill cannot be called unexpected. Intelligent men predicted when the Mexican War service pension law was enacted in 1887 that it would be only a question of time when Congress would be called upon to enact a similar law for the benefit of the veterans of the Civil War. It would be easy to frame a strong argument against such a measure, but it will be difficult to prevent its enactment, for not only Congress, but public opinion, has become so demoralized by the indiscriminate pension legislation of the past that this demand is likely to be but feebly resisted. There will be seventy-seven men in Congress this Winter who fought in the Civil War. Forty-seven fought on the Union side and thirty served in the Confederate army. In the Senate there are thirteen Union soldiers and thirteen ex-Confederates. In the House there are thirty-four Union veterans and seventeen ex-Confederates. The Union soldiers will most of them probably support a service pension bill, and the Confederates will most of them vote for it, because the Mexican War service pension bill was enacted largely for the benefit of ex-Confederates who were shut out from the benefits of the Civil War pension legislation.

The ex-soldiers on either side in Congress are not likely to offer any serious opposition to such a bill. The professional politicians in both parties from the North will few of them dare fight the enactment of a service pension bill. The G. A. R. is behind it, and the influence of the G. A. R. is not to be measured by the number of men upon its roll. The sons and daughters of the members of the G. A. R. and their other near relations, together with their families, count for considerable social and political influence in every state. Few professional politicians from the North who live in closely divided districts care to excite the hostility of the "soldier vote," which is of more political significance than the prohibition vote to which some very worldly minded Congressmen are not entirely indifferent.

If this bill becomes a law, it will probably place some 200,000 new beneficiaries upon the pension roll, but by 1908 it would probably include all the surviving veterans. Of course, a service pension law would benefit all, rich or poor, decent or indecent, all who bore arms for sixty days and had an honorable discharge. The plausible argument against such a bill would be its cost; the lack of necessity, since a really needy soldier can get a pension today under the act of 1890, and the demoralization that will follow its enactment, for its precedent will be sure to be invoked by the Spanish War and Philippine veterans. And yet this bill is dangerously likely to become a law, for opposition to an extravagant pension law has been without effect in the past, and was never so weak as it is today. The time was when distinguished members of the G. A. R. like Generals Slocum, Franklin and Gibbon not only vigorously opposed extravagant and indiscriminate pension legislation, but urged the revision and purging of the pension rolls of illegitimate claimants, and all of these eminent soldiers are dead and the ruling powers in the G. A. R. are represented by younger and less critical men. This is not saying that General Black, who was a gallant soldier, and is a man of excellent standing in civil life, is an unscrupulous man, but he has heard his comrades plausibly say that today any veteran who cannot get a pension under existing pension laws secures a pension by special legislation if he has a political "pull" enough, through his Congressional delegation. Since this is so, they say a general service pension law would practically stand for more universal justice to the influential and noninfluential veteran, and would not greatly increase the burden of the pension appropriation.

There is some force to this plea, inasmuch as the fellows who obtain a pension by special bill do not have their claims critically considered, and generally obtain a higher pension than they would secure under a general service pension law. The general service pension law would make a clean sweep and end this ceaseless passage of special pension bills for the relief of men whose claims have been disallowed by the Pension Bureau. In view of the failure of opposition to extravagant pension legislation in the past; in view of the weakness of that opposition at present, it is probable that we shall witness the enactment of a general service pension bill by Congress within a few years. The beginning of the mischief was the enactment of the arrears of pension bill; then came the disability pension act of 1890, and, with the passage of this legislation, public opinion within the G. A. R. and in Congress became so demoralized that it is not safe to predict that any legislation demanded of Congress by the G. A. R. will be refused. The consolation is that the American people will have burnt deep into their memory the fact that in war or peace the nations that dance have to pay the fiddler.

ORATORY OR RESULTS?

The gradual atrophy which is conquering the deliberative capacity of Congress is an ancient and fruitful theme. The moment the special session convenes, we shall hear the same old complaint about the oligarchy in the Senate and the autocracy in the House which dominate all business to the exclusion of that fair and full consideration which the Fathers contemplated and which is enjoined by every consideration of representative oratory and Senatorial courtesy. What shall we say, then, of this deliverance from the editorial columns of the Chicago Tribune:

> The party leaders ought to get together before Congress meets and agree, if possible, on a party policy as regards financial legislation, instead of allowing the Senate to elaborate one plan and the House another, with a probability that neither will come to anything, while the individuals outside of Congress who think legislation of some kind is needed will be disappointed. No plan can be devised which will be satisfactory to all the Republican Senators and Representatives, but if one can be formulated in advance of the meeting of Congress which will be acceptable to a majority of them, much time will be saved and a wrangle between the two houses will be avoided.

If the Tribune is right, the world is wrong. It is obvious that for the party leaders to get together in advance and agree upon a currency bill which shall be rushed through both houses without "wrangle," that is, without debate except on the affirmative side, would only be to solidify the already noteworthy tendency to make Congress a place for work rather than yawp. And if the currency question can be settled so, why not also the tariff question, the status of the dependencies, and the appropriations? There is evidently more than one side to the question.

The truth probably is that while debate must be kept open, and the virtue of fairmindedness be assumed though we have it not, the disingenuous palaver which passes under the euphemism of "speeches" is a fearful price to pay for the blessed boon of publicity. Congressional oratory convinces no one, probably deceives no one; but it is one of the palladiums of our liberty. Justice calls loudly, not for its prohibition, but supervision and control. The House stands painfully in need of an instructor in elocution, and the discussions of the Senate should be raised at least to the level of Marquis of Queensberry rules.

A VARIABLE STANDARD.

The question "When may a man in New York City be considered rich?" was recently asked by the New York Times, with the purpose of drawing out the opinions of intelligent people upon that subject. Many replies have been printed, which are instructive in a way as converging toward the common point of view from which all opinions upon this matter radiate.

The estimate of riches is always a relative one, and hence a variable one. Even New York standards are various. There, as elsewhere, though perhaps in a more limited sense, are happy homes of thrifty working people who esteem themselves rich in that they are able to supply their daily needs by honest endeavor; who account health and cheerfulness, home, family and friends as the greatest of all earthly possessions. To some $100,000, to others $500,000, to yet others $1,000,000 or $10,000,000, seems necessary. The individual's idea of riches depends upon what he estimates as luxury and his ability to compass it in full measure. In common phrase a man desires enough to supply his wants. Needs are not considered. And here the prospect at once begins to expand. Wants multiply with the power to supply them. There is always something just beyond that is desirable, and that, being dwelt upon, becomes a necessary adjunct to happiness. The simplest definition of riches and perhaps the most accurate is, "something more than one has." A wise man is he who can echo the petition, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," and who is satisfied with the answer that honest endeavor renders to his plea.

The funeral of Sir Michael Herbert, late British Ambassador to the United States, occurred at Wilton, England, yesterday. The country has sustained a great and unexpected loss in the death of Sir Michael. He was but 46 years of age, and gave promise of a long and useful life in diplomatic service. His reputation as a great diplomat had yet to be made, but there was much promise of future success in his initial work in Washington, in his close family relations through his American wife with a number of men prominent in public affairs, and in the confidence in which he was held by the Administration. It will doubtless be difficult for the English government to find another man so well adapted to the place which his death has left vacant. Our relations with Great Britain, financial, commercial and domestic, are very close. It is extremely important that the direct representatives of each government should be men of broad views and nice discrimination. Trade negotiations of an exceedingly delicate character are likely to follow in the trend of new economic ideas that are coming to the fore in England. It can only be hoped that the successor of Sir Michael Herbert will be as well qualified as he was to conduct the business of his office.

There seems to be a good deal of unnecessary choler displayed by some of the citizens of Salem in the matter of the alleged impurity of the city's water supply. In such a case as this, assertion, however stoutly made, cannot compete with well-established fact. The percentage of typhoid fever cases in Salem in the past three months has been large—so large, indeed, that to account for it the State Board of Health is forced to the conclusion that the city water supply, of which the Willamette River is the source, is the carrier of the germs of the disease. This fact, if it proves to be a fact, is lamentable, but not necessarily disgraceful or reprehensible. The assumption is true or it is not true. If true, the discovery of the fact should be regarded as extremely fortunate, and in no sense to be deprecated. It is said that "to know ourselves diseased is half our cure." If the State Board of Health wins in this investigation, half the battle against typhoid, which it is clear the people of Salem must wage if they would be free, or relatively free, from the scourge, will be won.

The half-crazy anarchist has made a record of homicide in high places in the United States which representatives of his class are ready and even anxious to repeat. It is only by the utmost vigilance of men trained in the detective service that the President of the United States can hope to live through his term of office. This would be a National disgrace but for the character of the man from whose murderous intent the executive has to be guarded, and for the fact that these perverts are from foreign countries where anarchy breeds. Twice within a month the life of President Roosevelt has been sought by one of these creatures, for no other reason than that he is at the head of the Government. Past tragedy and present menace justify the most rigorous penalties in cases of this kind.

The race question has been rampant in the town of Princeton, Ind. One of its citizens returned lately from the Philippines and brought with him a small native of Manila to be educated. But the haughty Caucasian spirit of the citizens revolted at the idea of having this dark-skinned youngster placed in the public schools. In the tempest that followed the child, who had had the temerity to be born with dark skin, had to be sent elsewhere, or remain an untutored semi-savage to the end of his days. More enlightened communities looking on are of the opinion that the boy did not lose much. The education that he would have gotten among such people would certainly not have advanced him greatly in the principles of humanity.

Bishop Hamilton preached good Christian doctrine when he admonished the class of newly made ministers not to treat any man with contempt because he is ignorant, poor or black. If Jesus himself had come to the Oregon conference he would have voiced a similar sentiment. But in all this Christian America, how many ministers are there who greet the colored members of their congregations as cordially as they do the whites? How long would a church maintain its membership of white people if every other person who knelt at the altar to partake of the bread and wine were a negro?

Charles Fredrick Putnam, whose death occurred near Drain, Douglas County, a few days ago, was one of the men who had seen Oregon come up from a beautiful wilderness to a great and prosperous state. Of his life of nearly seventy years, fifty-six were passed in Oregon and fifty-two on the donation land claim where he died. He was a pioneer printer, miner, school teacher and farmer, and in each vocation was faithful and competent. Of such a man it can reverently be said at the close of his simple, steadfast endeavor, "He hath done what he could."

In event of war, the Bulgarians can place without difficulty in the field 250,000 men and 400 guns, with an admirably organized transport. On the Turkish side there are said to be 300,000 men—a well-organized army, save in its commisariat and transport service. The Turkish military director and strategist is reported to be the German General von der Goltz. The Turkish artillery is excellent, as was proved by its superiority in the war with Greece in 1897.

The McCoys and Hatfields are again at it in West Virginia. A young son of the first-named family a few days ago shot and fatally wounded a son-in-law of the second. The tragedy was the outgrowth of a feud that began twenty years ago, while yet the young murderer was in his cradle—possibly before he was born. The conditions represented are those in which children are brought up in ignorance of every purpose but that of revenge.

FALSE STANDARDS IN COLLEGES

Boston Beacon.

Already the sons of our rich men are in many respects the most unfortunate youths in the country. And too many of them are demonstrating the truth of the saying that in this country there are only two generations between shirtsleeves and shirtsleeves. The boys who fit up their college rooms with more attention to the cushions of the window-seat than to the conveniences of their study desk are greatly to be pitied. The youth to whom the ivy twining about the doorposts of Holworthy means nothing, the gayly caparisoned boy whose eyes do not fill with tears as, for the first time, he reads the Veritas over the gates of the Cambridge College, and realizes that it is in pursuit of that truth that he has come there, is, indeed, to be commiserated. And we mean just this: the boys are to be pitied and the parents to be blamed. Those young men who have come to college after a "fit," during which the home people, their teachers and the servants, to whom they gave heavy tips, combined to sap their manly self-reliance, are poor victims of low ideals. Naturally, therefore, they herd in dormitories as expensive as they are tasteless in construction, and, after furnishing their rooms without any regard whatever to the bills, settle down to a career as far as possible removed from that of even the richest men who were Harvard boys of two generations back. Not long ago, several students were reported to have spent $100 apiece on a little dinner in New York; and then one of them wound up the evening by paying $70,000 to investigate the game of roulet. But the saddest part of the story lies in the comment made on this act of spendthrifty indulgence by one of the New York millionaires, whose own son had been of the party. "Well," he declared, "Smith's two sons will inherit $30,000,000, and unless they learn now to spend it pretty fast they'll never be able to get rid of their incomes."

Happily, however, even this picture has another and a more cheerful side. A gentleman, who for years occupied at Harvard University a position of trust which brought him into intimate contact with the fellows there, tells us that the very rich men do many very kind and unselfish services to poor fellow-classmen. Of these they will have nothing known, but numerous examples of helpfulness might be quoted. And many of the very rich men shrink, this same authority assures us, from the ostentatious life of their set. One of them, whose name would be recognized at once if given, assured our informant that the life he was almost compelled to lead by the size of his income and the standards of his friends was to the last degree repellant to him. All of which shows that even the very rich son of a money-worshipping father is occasionally—aye, not infrequently—a gentleman, as well as a scholar, in posse. Let Harvard and the other colleges continue to erect buildings furnished with all necessary appliances for health and comfort—but nothing more. Let a man's alma mater at least set him the example of that simplicity which spells soundness. So only can our colleges preserve their noble tradition of plain living and high thinking.

Loose-Ended Genius.

Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache writes to the London Spectator:

"After reading the interesting review of Mr. Lucas' edition of Charles Lamb in the Spectator of August 15, I am anxious to call attention to a passage from the pen of Fitzjames Stephen which is noteworthy as confirming and illustrating the contention of your reviewer that the combination of the highest moral with the highest literary excellence is hardly as common as might have been expected.

"Southey was as punctual, as business-like, as prompt and industrious a man as ever lived. His life was blameless, manly, and honest, and his works are miracles of literary workmanship. Coleridge, on the other hand, passed his whole life out at elbows, morally and physically. He was inexact, he loitered, he wasted his time, he undertook schemes of all sorts which he never carried out; and when he died he left behind him a heap of 'remains,' literary and philosophical, unfinished, disheveled and confused. For all this, however, Coleridge was far the greater man of the two; and it is difficult to deny that if there was not a direct connection, there was at least a strong sympathy, between his genius and his slovenliness. He had a gift for seeing the difficulties of life, its seamy side, its incongruities and contradictions, which he would probably have lost if he had been more respectable and victorious. If a man has to do justice to the world in which he lives, he must have a sympathy for the skeptical and unsuccessful view of things which a sturdy and resolute man is almost certain to despise. It is no doubt the great mystery of life that, whenever any good quality is traced up far enough, it is found to involve bad consequences."

Pension Bureau Safe.

Springfield Republican.

The Democrats dare not attack the Government Pension Office as a place extravagantly administered, because they are mortally afraid of offending the old soldiers of the land. Yet there is no doubt that the Pension Office is a mere burlesque of modern business efficiency. No one would ask the Government to imitate some of our railroad corporations in establishing the dead line of employment at 50, or in hiring no new clerks who have passed the age of 35 years; yet it is a cause for legitimate complaint when a great administrative office like the Pension Bureau is clogged and doubly overloaded with employes too aged or debilitated to render efficient service. The Pension Office is probably from one-fourth to one-third less efficient in doing its work than a private institution would be. But the Democrats dare not attack the bureau. The old soldiers who have berths there are really enjoying, for the most part, a kind of pension at the Government's expense, and to attack the present system would be interpreted as an atrocious assault upon the men who save the Nation. The Pension Bureau, then, is sacred.

Prescience of Napoleon.

On his somewhat devious route from London to Versailles, M. Gautier found occasion to visit the battlefield of Sedan. Here the question arose in his mind—Was not the first Napoleon gifted with some sort of prophetic instinct when he wrote of Sedan the words which occur in his correspondence under the date of August 30, 1803?

> Could not the fortifications of Sedan be destroyed? There is no disguising that it would take millions to put the place in order, that the system is extremely vicious, and that if the enemy came upon it they could take it easily. We should thus lose a garrison, a large quantity of artillery, and the moral effect of the capture of so well-known a place would be of the worst.

Napoleon III, who edited the correspondence of the great Emperor, might have given these lines more careful attention.

A Reading of Panama.

Louisville Courier Journal.

The contrivance known as the Panama Canal scheme may be truthfully described as two-thirds swindle and one-third obstruction. If we want to adopt the Panama route, let us adopt it by all means. But let us secure our own concessions and make our own contracts. The French company has nothing to sell which we need or want to buy. It is a delusion and a snare. It is worse than a delusion and a snare; it is a scandal, a tragedy. We should avoid it as pestilence and famine. Over it, and over all concerned in it, may be seen the trail of the trade mark; the gray wolves of the Senate; the skunks of the lobby; the "yaller dogs" of the press, with old Transcontinental Lobby sitting in the background.

APPENDCITICS INSURANCE.

American Medicine.

Insurance against appendicitis has been undertaken by the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, of England, which will issue policies at the rate of $1.25 a year for every $500. The holder is guaranteed all the medical, surgical and nursing expenses up to the amount insured. In commenting upon this impolitic policy, Lancet wonders how the applicant can answer the question, "Have you or any of your family ever suffered from appendicitis or from any of the symptoms pertaining to it?" What is meant by "family," and is a pain in the belly a symptom of this disease only? Moreover, has the patient the requisite medical knowledge either of himself or his family to give a discriminating answer? The insurance company's leaflet says that during 1900 15,000 operations were performed in the United Kingdom for appendicitis. Were there so many in the whole world? The company estimates that about 1 in 400 per annum will be attacked by the disease. But would the rate be the same in the United States with its appendiceal beliefs as in conservative England? And then how about all the other ailments and accidents which may happen to one? There are a thousand ways in which one may be sick or die; should the prudent man not secure a policy for each one of them? This would in time result in a distinct form of monomania, a morbophobia which might be called insurance disease. Could the companies devise a policy for these afflicted ones?

Hospitality and Sense.

Collier's Weekly.

Americans, however critical, have a way of doing things in public without the sense of measure. We whoop a man to a dizzy height for nothing and drop him for the same reason. Suppose a good-humored grocer should make a great deal of money, use it to pay a Prince's debts, get thus into the faster wing of British society, acquire a title, buy a lot of yachts, and show equanimity in defeat, a certain reward should normally be his. Unless, however, he has more than money and cheerfulness, need he become a public personage and the cynosure of every eye? Is it dignified that he be looked upon as a National figure, or the Nation's guest, as Mr. Chamberlain would be, or M. de Witte, or M. Waldeck-Rousseau? Even, we will say, a Meredith, Ibsen or Tolstoi might be? Is their not a greater trail of Barnumism in our cities than we need, with all due appreciation of that illustrious exponent of publicity? We read with resignation that a marrying duke has imported his solicitors to make sure of a more liberal settlement from his purchaser than was secured a few years ago by a predecessor. We are also willing to read with resignation a few hundred columns about the good humor of a commonplace, however cheery, Irish grocer. If, however, anything happens to these gentlemen, to shake them from their unstable pedestals, their fall will be observed with equal resignation. If the President of the United States, responding to such feelings as these, ever should, however, tactlessly, draw the line on some of these ill-proportioned celebrations, he would lose nothing in the opinion of comprehensive thinkers.

Mr. Roosevelt's Streaks.

New York Sun.

The Atlanta Constitution analyzes Mr. Roosevelt and finds that "he has in him distinct streaks of the spirit of Jefferson, Talleyrand, Machiavelli and Richelieu, with a dash of Cromwell." The proportions of the streaks and dash are not given. In spite of the fact that there is only one streak of Jefferson in the compound to a grand total of three streaks and a dash of anti-Jefferson, the Gate City chemist holds that Mr. Roosevelt is "an instinctive Democrat." If this is true, the Talleyrand, Machiavelli and Richelieu streaks and the Cromwell dash must be inconsiderable and the Jefferson streak wide and deep. Possibly the Georgia analyst includes in the Jefferson streak a streak of the Nebraska Jefferson, Mr. Bryan, some of whose dearest issues have been borrowed, as his finest melodramatic effects have been surpassed, by the "instinctive Democrat" of Oyster Bay. Whatever be the exact mental and moral composition of Mr. Roosevelt, and whatever other great historical characters are reincarnated in him, his dashing and original political genius, which has ridden down opposition in his own party, now seems to fascinate and paralyze the other party. Will the Atlanta Constitution move to make his nomination unanimous? That might be the best way of getting even with the Republican leaders, for if "we are to have four more years of Roosevelt, the event will have more terrors for the Republican leaders than for any other of the people." These unmentioned, and perhaps unmentionable, Republican leaders must have an "instinctive" aversion to an "instinctive Democrat."

Any Limit to Union Label.

Leslie's Weekly.

Where is the limit to the union label business? Or is there no limit to the demands of this sort? Must it come to this, that the stars shall not be allowed to swing in their orbits, or the moon to shed her light on the earth, except as it is done under a union label brand? Will it not be permitted that a man shall die except by the union label method, nor be buried except in a union label coffin, with a union clergyman to say a union prayer? Things would seem to be fast tending to this pass when we have a demand such as that urged at the recent convention of the printing trades that all school books shall be henceforth printed under a union label. A specific demand of this kind has just been made upon the Board of Public Instruction in Albany, N. Y., by the union printers of that city. We see no more reason why every public school book should be tagged with a union label than that 10,000 other things in common and daily use should be thus marked. If labels for school books, why not labels also for prayer books, Bibles, maps, slates, pencils, globes, blackboards, material for experimental work and objective teaching, and everything used in the schoolrooms? There ought to be no favoritism nor monopoly in the tagging business. If it is the fixed and unalterable decree of the labor unions that the world can move along no further without tags, by all means let all help to plaster the earth, sea and sky with tags, and have it over with as soon as possible; and let no man be decently buried unless his coffin bears the label of the Undertakers' Union.

All Imagination.

London Sporting Times.

A passenger entered a railway carriage in Australia, in which was seated a particularly aggressive commercial traveler, and placed in the rack opposite a small wooden box pierced with holes. In the conversation which followed the commercial traveler gave several hints that he would like to know what was in the box, without avail. At last his curiosity got the better of him.

"I say, old man," he asked, "what have you in that box?"

"A mongoose," was the reply.

A series of diplomatic remarks followed, aimed at getting the reason for carrying a mongoose; but, as no explanation was offered, the commercial traveler had to say, plump out:

"What are you going to do with that mongoose?"

The answer he got was: "I'm going to see a friend who has been drinking very heavily of late—so heavily, in fact, that he has developed delirium tremens. You may be aware that people so suffering are inclined to see snakes, and you may also be aware that there is nothing on earth so deadly to snakes as a mongoose." He sat back, evidently satisfied that he had given a full and complete explanation.

"But—but, I say," said the commercial traveler, "those snakes are imaginary."

"So is my mongoose," returned the person interrogated.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Distinguished.

Mr. Balfour has completed his cabinet. The new holders of the most important portfolios are:

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (exchequer)—Has a distinguished father.

Mr. Lyttleton (colonies)—A distinguished cricketer.

Mr. Foster (war)—A distinguished writer of scare heads.

Mr. Brodrick (India)—A distinguished failure.

Our Fame Abroad.

A sworn complaint in an Oregon Justice's Court by a woman that defendant owes her one-half ton of hay or $2, for the reason that "on the fourth day of July, A. D. 1901, she traded defendant one grindstone for one-half ton of hay; said hay to be paid as soon as cut, and on or about the tenth day of July, 1901, we went after the hay and loaded it on the wagon, drove as far as the creek, when the hayrack broke; as it was almost night we left the hay until next morning; when we went after it (defendant) had hauled it off; when I asked him what he was going to do about it he said, "I am not going to do anything about it." —Case and Comment.

The marriage knot won't be the only string on Senator Platt.

Salem seems as touchy about her water as Louisville about her whisky.

By winning as a 20 to 1 shot, The Fiddler seems to have made 'em dance.

Deer or mergers—Governor McBride goes gunning for both with equal pleasure.

A Kansas City candy firm has busted on finding that even their business isn't all snaps.

The peculiar thing about the bootblacks is that they use elbow grease to produce friction.

Would-be barbers are now being examined—kind of being put through a course of sprouts.

The average minister forgets that so soon as he leaves the pulpit people can talk back.

Even Dirty Dora—she eats mud—would kick at California salmon labeled as Columbia River.

Of all the claimants for fame at Chicago's contennial, Mrs. O'Leary's cow alone stands pat.

A naked lunatic in the North End creates less trouble than the naked truth in some other places.

The grand jury, having concluded the postoffice investigation, is able to understand Hercules' feelings.

The Russians set tomorrow as the day on which they would evacuate Manchuria. We know when tomorrow comes.

The mammoth sent forth by the San Francisco Call continues to butt its way into the editorial sanctums of the East.

The pie salesmen of New York are not going on strike, although they deny having affiliated with the Undertakers' Union.

President Castro is heartily in favor of arbitration. If he wins, all right; if he loses, soak the owners for double taxes.

At least the architects, who are now in convention at St. Louis, should raise no howl about the corrupting influence of Carnegie libraries.

The Rev. F. W. Clampett says there is no hell. Lots of people are anxious to hold that opinion, but they want something to clinch it, not Clampett.

In the proposed Benton County "Eden," how the kickers will kick if there really is no kicking, and how scandalized the women will be if there's no scandal.

State Senator Stansell having declared Governor McBride to be of "pretty d—d common stock," has conclusively proved himself a finished piece of No. 1 from the legislative mills.

While ignorant of the exact feelings of Chinese editors toward their dowager empress, we suspect they are but little different from those the fan tan men entertain for Chief Hunt.

Chief Hunt says there is a "standing order" that saloons must be closed by 1 A. M. The men at the bar after that time also give their orders standing, so both sides—inside and out—are satisfied.

It may be flattering to one's feeling of importance, but it must be annoying in other ways to Mr. Roosevelt that so many insane persons consider his immediate death the only salvation for the country.

Although celebrating some anniversary or other, Chicago shows no symptoms of senile decay. When a carload of passengers fights desperately over a wrongly punched transfer, there's life in the old dog yet.

"The country's so pretty," said John Hayduck the other day, "that I believe when God made Clackamas County he meant to live in it himself."

"Yes," rejoined the editor of the Chronicle, whose thoughts ran on Winter wood and delinquent subscribers, "but he didn't carry out his intention."

The Italians in New York are to have a parade in honor of Christopher Columbus. Personally, we fail to see what qualities entitle the man to consideration. He lacked the first attribute of Americans, business acumen and energy. With an absolutely virgin field, there is no record that he ever polished a pair of shoes or sold a pint of peanuts.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"All things come to him who waits." "Yes, and when they come he finds that they weren't worth waiting for."—Town and Country.

Dorothy—What is a bibliomaniac, professor? "Oh, Miss Dorothy, a bibliomaniac is a man who would rather read book catalogues than books."—Life.

First Boy—Do yer want ter go ter heaven when yer die, like de Sunday school ma'am tells yer? Second Boy—Nit! Dere's no fun goin' ter places where a woman wants yer ter go.—Judge.

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman boodler, "I believe the great trouble in this country is that we are too slow in having the law take its course. There should be less delay. I am in favor of having the statute of limitations take effect within 24 hours."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The West Baltimore-street man was indignant. He was fairly fuming with rage. "What's the matter?" asked his friend. "Matter! Matter enough! That man Biggums told me I was a cheat, a liar, and a horsethief! That's what's the matter." "Oh, well," said his friend, consolingly, "you mustn't believe everything you hear, old chap."—Baltimore News.

"Any mail for me?" asked the young woman in the tailor-made gown and broad-brimmed straw hat. "No, ma'am," said the mistress of the little postoffice a quarter of a mile from the Summer hotel. "It's all for the other boarders today. Don't you remember that the postal card you got yesterday said there wasn't anything doing at home and they wouldn't write you again till tomorrow?"—Chicago Tribune.