The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail (postage prepaid in advance)—

Daily, with Sunday, per month	$0.85
Daily, with Sunday excepted, per year	7.50
Daily, with Sunday, per year	9.00
Sunday, per year	2.00
The Weekly, per year	1.50
The Weekly, 3 months	.50
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	20c

POSTAGE RATES.

United States, Canada and Mexico—

10 to 14-page paper	1c
16 to 30-page paper	2c
32 to 44-page paper	3c

Foreign rates double.

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals, and cannot undertake to return any manuscript sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICES.

(The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency)—New York: Rooms 43-49, Tribune Building. Chicago: Rooms 510-512 Tribune Building.

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago — Auditorium annex; Postoffice News Co., 217 Dearborn street.

Denver—Julius Black, Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth st.

Kansas City—Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut.

Los Angeles—B. F. Gardner, 259 South Spring, and Harry Drapkin.

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Ogden—F. R. Godard; W. G. Kind, 114 25th St.

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Washington, D. C.—Ed Brinkman, Fourth and Pacific Ave., N. W.; Ebbitt House News Stand.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 54 deg.; minimum, 45. Precipitation, 0.48 inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Probably fair; warmer; westerly winds.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904.

THE DEMOCRATIC FIREFIGHTERS.

The Democratic party of Oregon, beholding itself as in a mirror, finds nothing to condemn but everything to praise. Such evil and mischief as may be found abroad are the merest synonyms for Republicanism; and no good thing exists in all the universe but was called into being, is still sustained and consciously looks to be preserved by the Democratic party. In view of the abiding Democratic faith in the common people, it is almost incredible that for so long a time the common people have labored under the prepossession that the Nation's safety lies in the direction of keeping the Democratic party out of power. But enough of generalities. Let us come to the grounds, viz:

> We insist that but a casual reading of the history of the past and observation of the present conditions should convince the people that the Democratic party is the shield and buckler that must protect popular government from the fires of Radicalism on the one side and the grasping greed of the money power upon the other.

We are inconsiderately left in doubt whether a thorough examination of history would confirm the impression gained from a casual reading; but this is not so striking as the Democratic attitude toward the fires of Radicalism. Merely a casual reading of the platforms of 1896 and 1900, on the subjects of free silver, free riot, abolition of bank notes, etc., show how thoroughly Radicalism is abhorred of all true Democrats. With Tom Johnson's aggressive socialism in Ohio and Hill's demand for Government ownership of mines in New York, the resolute Democratic stand against Radicalism is as plain as the reluctance of Mr. Bryan himself to stir up class hatred and disturb the existing Democratic harmony.

Yet all this is nothing to the signal adaptability of the means the Democrats offer for extinguishing the fires of Radicalism. In this dread conflagration the Democratic party offers itself as a shield and buckler. Now the serviceability of the shield, the buckler, and especially the shield and buckler combined, in extinguishing fires of all descriptions is attested from a high antiquity. It is recorded that when Rome was burning the legions at length put out the fires by fanning them with their shields; and Homer relates that ancient Troy was kept from destruction by the noble Hector, who cast into the flames a number of well-oiled leathern bucklers.

It is better that the Democrats should offer to put out the fires of Radicalism with leather and old iron instead of turning on the hose. That is, it is more honest. They will fight the fires of Radicalism just as hard as shields and bucklers will do it. And no harder.

TRUE FRIENDS OF THE TICKET.

And now it is said that the Democrats have hopes of defeating Mr. Lightner for County Commissioner. At first they were only going to elect the Sheriff. Then they advanced to the District Attorney. Then they claimed two or three places on the Senatorial ticket. Now they have embraced the Commissionership also, and in a few days more they will announce an assured victory for Clerk and Coroner.

The trouble with the Democrats is they don't know when they have enough. For punishment they are perfect gluttons. At first they figured that by concentrating on one nominee for the State Senate they could beat the Republican low man. But why defeat only one when they can just as well defeat all? So there you have a Senatorial ticket composed of four good men and true, each of which is a better statesman and shiftier vote-getter than any of the rest.

Now, it is perfectly clear that this growing comprehensiveness of the Democratic ambition can only work mischief to the Democratic cause. By spreading themselves out all over creation they will fail to accomplish what might be achieved through concentration. They want so much they may not get anything. Before they arrive at the feast they resolve to select one thing and make sure of it. Once there, however, in sight of the festal board, appetite overcomes discretion and they pick out every dish on the table.

We do not know how this growing Democratic programme will appeal to the Republican majority in this county, but it may at least cause Republicans to reflect upon the questionable wisdom of waiting for the Democrats to select a certain spot on the ticket for special assault and then assisting them to break it down. A blow at one place on the ticket is felt all along the line.

A very good way to meet this elective method of Democratic attack is to double up defenses at the points menaced. Isn't it a good year to elect a complete ticket, for once, just to show what can be done? He is not a very good Republican who works hard for the nominees that have a walkover and joins the Democrats in trying to defeat the man who has the hard row to hoe. Only the friend in need is the friend indeed.

A VOICE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

Henry Watterson, whose lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" has just been delivered in Portland, has for many years been the ablest and most penetrating voice of what is termed the "New South"; that is, the South that has turned her back on the broken idols of a civilization that was hopelessly shattered by the image-breaking hand of civil war, and bent her brains and heart bravely to the work of making the best of a new situation. Mr. Watterson was, of course, not the only able man at the South who refused to play the part of a morose political Bourbon and bitter-tongued irreconcilable; but by his position as the influential editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal he had a great pulpit to preach from and put in circulation his strong political common sense and manly eloquence. As a Southern man born and bred, as an ex-Confederate he commanded the confidence and respect of the Old South, and he has never hesitated to speak his mind with a frankness and fearlessness that the Old South would never have tolerated or heeded from a Northern journal. He has never hesitated to set his face against political quackery, whether it was practiced at the North or the South; he has always declined to "play to the galleries" in his public discourse, North or South.

Northern men of ability are prone to indulge in this vice of political quackery more than Southern men, and yet some gifted Southern men, like the late Henry Grady, of Georgia, have been prone to "play to the galleries" in talking to a New England audience; but Watterson has had the courage of his convictions, whether he spoke to Kentucky or Massachusetts. More than twenty-five years ago Watterson treated with just contempt the popular pretense that the battle of the Civil War was the battle between a people of Cavalier ancestry and a people of Cromwellian forbears. He showed that even in Virginia there were very few families of Cavalier ancestry; that 95 per cent of the people who settled the North and who settled the South were of farmer or artisan ancestry; that the so-called Scotch-Irish who settled Maine, New Hampshire, Western Pennsylvania, settled Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky and Arkansas. There were a few Huguenots who settled in New York and the Carolinas; a few Swedes who settled in New Jersey; a few Germans who settled in Pennsylvania, and a few Dutch who settled in Manhattan Island, at Albany and along the valley of the Mohawk; but the great fighting forces of the war of the Revolution and of our Civil War were on both sides, North and South, of Scotch-Irish ancestry.

The names of our fighting men in the Revolution betray their origin, as do those of our Civil War. This stupid historical, sentimental bubble Mr. Watterson pricked by saying bluntly that the Northern Yankee and the Southern man were of the same original stuff, tempered and colored, however, by a difference of social and political environment. Mr. Watterson's own hero, Lincoln, illustrates his argument. If Lincoln had remained all his days in Kentucky, he would hardly have been a more radical anti-slavery man than the slaveholding Henry Clay; perhaps he would have been more conservative than Clay. If John C. Calhoun had emigrated with his family in his childhood from South Carolina to Illinois, it is quite probable that he would have become, like Lincoln, an anti-slavery Whig. Calhoun was as honest, as able and conscientious a man as Lincoln was, and it is quite probable that under other than pro-slavery environment he would have been an anti-slavery man. Mr. Watterson points out, to enforce his argument of environment, the fact that the most resolute and unbending champions of the South and slavery were Northern born and bred men who did not settle in the South until they had reached manhood. This was true of Sargent S. Prentiss, of John Slidell and of Albert Pike.

On the other hand, some of the most resolute champions of the North, whether soldiers or statesmen, were men of Southern birth and breeding, who, after reaching manhood, had enjoyed exclusively Northern environment. Mr. Watterson more than twenty years ago punctured this nonsense about the quarrel of the South and the North having been nothing but the natural hereditary battle between Cavalier and Puritan civilization. He showed that there were few, if any, Cavaliers even in Virginia; that the Scotch-Irish farmer and artisan ancestry was common to both sections. It overflowed from Western Pennsylvania and Virginia into Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. The same stock settled up Arkansas. There was French stock in Louisiana, and Oglethorpe settled some Highland stock in Georgia, but the vital fighting force on both sides in the Civil War was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, farmers and artisans. The South had kept its stock pure, unmixed with any subsequent stream of immigration; it had retained its agricultural habits, and for this reason its stock was more warlike; all its men and boys could shoot straight and ride fairly well.

Mr. Watterson did history a service and he took some of the snobbery and conceit out of both sides by bluntly saying that with a mere change of social and political environment Lincoln might have been holding up the hands of Calhoun or Calhoun throwing up his hat for Lincoln. Mr. Watterson has done other good service. He has denounced lynch law without qualification; he has expressed his detestation of negro burnings and kindred barbarities; he has denounced the fallacy and the fraud of cheap money in all its forms; he has spoken with ringing voice in favor of humanity and strict justice for all colors and conditions of human life. His voice has never been sentimental in its accents, but it has always proclaimed that equal justice belongs to every man, not as a matter of privilege, but as a birthright, like the air we breathe, like the right, as Lincoln said, of every man to eat in security from molestation the bread he has honestly earned by the sweat of his brow.

Admiral Skrydloff, the new commander-in-chief of the Russian fleet in the East, has roughly outlined his plan of campaign in St. Petersburg. It is his intention, he declares, to preserve his ships jealously "for some great occasion." Admiral Skrydloff admits he has doubts that the Baltic fleet will arrive in Oriental waters in time to be of any use, for he thinks that the march of events will have rendered its presence useless even before the ships are ready to sail. From these two statements it is apparent that the new head of Russia's navy in the East goes to his post convinced of his country's hopeless position upon the seas. His doubts regarding the value of the Baltic squadron are probably based upon his knowledge of the difficulties that await it on the journey. As a sailor, Admiral Skrydloff is aware of the almost unsurmountable obstacle that more than 12,000 knots interpose between Kronstadt and Port Arthur. Admiral Camara abandoned a similar voyage at Suez. The Russian Admiral attempting it might reach Bizerta, but he would be lucky to get through the canal. When Admiral Skrydloff speaks of reserving his ships for a great occasion he probably contemplates a Japanese investment of Port Arthur and the use of his fleet in a final struggle that will decide the fate of the fortress.

TWO SOUTHWESTERN STATES.

The purpose of the House Republicans in passing the joint statehood bill admitting Arizona and Oklahoma is transparently partisan. They hope that Republican New Mexico will overcome Democratic Arizona, and that Republicans so predominate in Oklahoma as to render impossible any Democratic Representatives or Senators from its union with Indian Territory.

It is impossible to defend this action on high moral grounds; and yet in practice the injustice is likely to be small. Arizona, for example, is infinitely better off as half a state than as no state at all; and it would be difficult to show that any material interest of its people will be neglected or injured through the Republicans it will have to put up with at Washington. There must be three or four Republicans, even in Arizona, physically capable of occupying seats at either end of the Capitol and thoughtfully endowed by their creator with the gift of speech. Nothing is so bad in this world but it might be worse. If the Arizona people will take time and think it over calmly, they will likely discover that this greatly dreaded cloud has a luminous silver lining. The state will be divided some day, as others have been. Life is full of awkward places where we have to take what we can get.

Equally in vain seem to us the protests of many excellent people against the admission of these territories in any form. The new State of Arizona will have some 320,000 people—more than the population of Delaware, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Utah or Wyoming, more, indeed, than states like Colorado, Florida, Oregon and Rhode Island had in 1880. The population of Oklahoma will reach 700,000, and while these are not all Websters or Lincolns, yet numbers of them are as well qualified for suffrage as the slumdwellers of New York City or the 907,000 blacks in Mississippi's total of 1,500,000. The census, indeed, tells us exactly how this matter stands; for it gives us the white males of voting age as follows:

Arizona	34,911	Indian Territy.	77,865
New Mexico	50,804	Oklahoma	101,543
Total	85,715	Total	179,408

Now the fact is that there are six states in the Union whose white males of voting age are fewer in number than those of the proposed State of Arizona, and thirteen states with fewer than those of the proposed State of Oklahoma, thus:

Delaware	45,592	Rhode Island	124,001
Florida	77,692	South Carolina	130,375
Idaho	50,328	South Dakota	107,353
Montana	94,873	Utah	65,205
Nevada	14,652	Vermont	108,027
North Dakota	93,237	Wyoming	36,262
Oregon	131,261		

It would be easy to bring an equally hopeful deduction from the statistics of illiteracy, of children in school, of people engaged in various industries; for in all these things the new states if created will compare favorably with many others that regard themselves as the salt of the earth. There are more white babies in Oklahoma than in Maine, more farmers than in North Dakota. There are ten times the illiterate whites in Indiana that there are in Arizona, and fifteen times as many in Missouri as in Oklahoma. There are more homes in the new State of Oklahoma than in all Connecticut or Louisiana, and there are more domestic animals there than in any one of thirty-two other states in the Union.

But the real test of the dangers feared is, after all, in the acts that may be committed by Senators and Representatives in Congress inimical to the general peace, honor and safety. This is a line of demarcation where all the virtue and wisdom do not fall on the side of the great and wealthy states by any means. If Arizona and Oklahoma add to our National eminence among the nations as New York has done with Hill, Murphy and Platt, or Pennsylvania with Quay and Penrose, or Maryland with Gorman and Wellington, or Illinois with Mason, or South Carolina with Tillman, then the East and Middle West and South, at least, will have no cause of complaint. The man the farmers of the Southwest send to Congress will be the equal in patriotism of Cockran and in statesmanship of Hearst. They will make their cities as pure as Philadelphia, Minneapolis and St. Louis, and they will value the elective franchise as highly as it is valued in Delaware and Rhode Island. And when the Nation calls for men to bear its arms against a foreign foe, they will stand as firm as the Seventy-first New York in Cuba or the Massachusetts dudes in Porto Rico.

The American Grocer estimates the total retail drink bill of the United States in the last fiscal year at $1,451,633,379, or $160,000,000 more than the annual average of the last five years. The average outlay for stimulants was $90.75 per family of five, or $18.15 per individual. In twenty-three years the average quantity of stimulating beverages, notably alcoholic beverages, used has grown from 10.50 gallons to 19.98 gallons per citizen. Coffee, too has grown from 8.25 pounds per citizen in 1881 to 10.79 pounds in 1903. Tea, however is less used. As one-fourth of the population uses alcoholic beverages, the average annual outlay of "drinkers" is $62.16—a large sum for the indulgence of a dangerous appetite. The proportion of coffee to alcoholic drinks is as $2.61 to $15.54. The use of spirits steadily increases, being 1.46 gallons per citizen in 1903, against 1.12 gallons between 1894 and 1900. Prosperity seems to promote the use of stimulants. The cost of alcoholic drinks in 1903 was $1,242,943,118; of coffee, $156,690,261; of tea, $45,000,000; of cocoa, $7,000,000. As regards volume, the order is different: Coffee, 1,566,902,614 gallons; beer, 1,449,879,952 gallons; tea, 450,000,000 gallons; spirits and wines, 157,130,628 gallons. The total alcoholic drink bill was $727,042,245 for beer, whisky (exclusive of that used in art) $417,915,513, wines $97,985,360. The Government's revenues from spirituous and malt liquors was $179,501,328—an average tax of $11.20 per family. "It is gratifying," says the Grocer, "to note that the milder stimulants are most in favor, but unfortunately represent a total business and exert an influence incomparably less than that involved in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages."

It was not until the election of 1832, when Jackson was chosen a second time, that conventions were held for the nomination of candidates. In September, 1830, a National Convention of anti-Masons was held at Philadelphia, at which delegates from ten states and one territory were present. It was then voted to hold a second National Convention in Baltimore on the 26th of September, 1831, to be composed of delegates chosen of people holding anti-Masonic views, equaling in number the representatives in both houses of Congress from each state, for the purpose of making nominations for the offices of President and Vice-President. The convention met and nominated William Wirt, of Maryland, for President. The next National Convention was held in Baltimore on December 12, 1831, when Henry Clay was nominated as the candidate of the National Republican or anti-Jackson party. Six states were unrepresented in this convention. It adopted no resolutions, but issued an address to the people severely criticising the Jackson Administration. By recommendation of this convention a National Assembly of young men met at Washington in May, 1832, and adopted a series of resolutions, the first platform ever adopted by a National Convention. The Democrats also met in convention for the same election May 21, 1832. Every state but Missouri was represented. The two-thirds rule was adopted, and Martin Van Buren was nominated for Vice-President. Jackson was renominated for President by acclamation.

The interest of the French people in the success of Russia in the present war is very intelligible, apart from the Russo-French alliance, when it is considered how much French money is invested in Russia. According to the report of our Consul at Frankfort, Germany the French hold $1,158,000,000 of Russian government bonds, the value of which would be greatly impaired by defeat in the Far East. The recent panic at Paris gave holders of Russian securities a foretaste of the disaster that would follow Russia's exhaustion. Besides government bonds, the French have $169,000,000 invested in industrial, banking, mercantile and other enterprises in Russia, all of which would be injured by national misfortune, the total of French interests in Russia amounting to $1,334,800,000. For years Russia has been paying interest on her borrowings out of the sums borrowed. This cannot be kept up if defeat causes Russia's prestige to be seriously impaired. Germany also has a large interest in Russia's solvency, the holdings of Russian bonds in the Fatherland being very considerable, though by no means equal to those of France. These investments represent influences that may some time be enlisted to bring the war to a close, if it promises to last very long.

The military correspondent of the London Times thinks the Japanese are about to commit a great blunder by an invasion of Manchuria with Harbin as its destination. It will not be easy to credit this assumption that Japan will be guilty of so serious a mistake in strategy, and the fact that Japan keeps pounding away at Port Arthur would justify the conclusion that she seeks by its capture to secure control of the Liao Tung Peninsula and to use her sea power to the best advantage. Holding Port Arthur and the Corean Peninsula, Japan might possibly resist the impact of the Russian army of assault and invasion, but to attempt to push an army to Harbin, which is some 400 miles distant from either Wiju, on the Corean Peninsula, or Niu Chwang, would mean an abandonment of the advantage of a near marine base for a long line of difficult land communications. Of course, if Harbin falls, Vladivostok cannot hold out; but even should Harbin fall, the Russians would only have to fall back to some point east of Lake Baikal and organize a succession of fresh armies. The chances are, however, that the Japanese would find Harbin a Moscow and be obliged to withdraw in ruinous defeat.

The directors of the Open-Air Sanatorium for Consumptives, to be established on some eminence near Portland, are now ready to receive subscriptions. All necessary legal steps have been taken to acquire property and the directors will select officers at an early day. It is proposed to raise $5000 for the first building. When $3000 is subscribed the work will proceed. The sanatorium commends itself to every lover of his race. Its mission is to aid patients in the early stages of tuberculosis, to furnish a comfortable abode for those toward whom the hand of death is stretched, and to protect those in health from contact with the dread disease. The very high personal and professional character of the men and women who have volunteered to manage the institution is sufficient guarantee of skillful supervision and economical and honest administration. Subscriptions may be made by mail or in person to Mr. A. L. Mills, Dr. Woods Hutchinson or Dr. Andrew C. Smith. In no form of charitable endeavor has Portland ever been found wanting, and The Oregonian has no doubt that the fund needed for the sanatorium will speedily be subscribed.

> The Burlington & Quincy affair has turned out a Frankenstein whose mischievous activities have nowhere had more deplorable consequences than for its authors.—New York Evening Post.

Frankenstein was the student, not his contrivance. It is a pity the Post itself made this error, for now we shall be deprived of the fine exhibit in scorn it would have given in showing up the unpardonable offender.

Attention is called to the article on direct primaries reprinted in another column from the Chicago Tribune. The conservative and prudent policy of the Tribune lends to this utterance a weight of influence that cannot be disregarded. It discusses the objections to direct primaries along lines that must have occurred to all thoughtful men.

The first number of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Press is issued with every prospect of continuing success. Willis Sharpe Kilmer, the publisher, is a man equally prominent in newspaper circles and in other business affairs, and the combination of editorial and business ability in the proprietor should insure for the Press a permanent success.

OBJECTIONS TO DIRECT PRIMARIES

Chicago Tribune.

The peripatetic picnics which have been chasing the Gubernatorial candidates of Illinois from county to county for the last three months have massed their conservative political sagacity against that dangerous and even seditious innovation, the direct primary. Any direct primary law passed by the Illinois State Legislature would probably contain the provision that all state primaries should be held on the same day. This provision would not only be a repudiation of the wisdom of our forefathers, but would amount to a confiscation of property without due process of law. The gentlemen who are always among those present at the peripatetic picnics would find their means of livelihood suddenly withdrawn from them. Today they form one of the most industrious and contented elements in the whole population. They move across the Illinois scrub with as much expedition and as much enthusiasm as the soldiers showed in the Philippines. The Central Committee of each county fixes the day on which that county shall elect delegates to the State Convention. There are seldom any unfortunate coincidences. The political picnicker, hiring himself out to one of the candidates and securing the concession of a political pink lemonade stand, is able in the course of the campaign to visit almost every county in the state and to assist the natives in choosing their political beverages. Sometimes the picnickers are the only people who know just when convention day is coming. The natives are kept in ignorance until suddenly the bell for the last call is rung. This prevents the natives from ruining their business by an excessive attention to politics. It also assists the picnickers to become the vocal chords for the hesitating voice of the people. If primaries were held throughout the state on the same day the people, except in some one county where the picnickers might congregate, would have no imported vocal chords and would experience great difficulty in uttering their sentiments.

The People Instead of the Boss.

Shoulder to shoulder with the picnickers who believe that a consolidation of primaries would restrict employment and deprive the people of a great deal of ambulatory political wisdom stand the city machine politicians who believe that if the people voted for candidates instead of for delegates there would be no opportunity for the machine to instruct the party in its choice of leaders. There would be no convention. There would be no chance to give the delegates an education in political principles. The people would do all the nominating themselves. In the Sixth Ward in the last election the will of the people in the nomination of a Republican candidate for Alderman was frustrated by the superior intelligence of Mr. Jamieson and of Mr. Braden. Readers of the Tribune will remember that when the Republican primaries were held in the Sixth ward the Tribune warned the voters against sending delegates to the ward convention uninstructed. The Tribune's apprehensions received full justification from subsequent events. The uninstructed delegates went to the convention and were completely overcome by the thought waves emanating from the organization. In primary districts where the people had produced their own thought waves and had given their delegates specific instructions it appeared that the popular choice for Alderman was Holland. The uninstructed delegates, being relieved of all obligations to the people, voted for Ringer. Ringer was nominated. Under a direct primary system this defeat of the wishes of the people could not have been accomplished.

What Kind of Change Is Coming?

Down on the South Side there is a Direct Primary Club, which for some years has carried its primary district against Mr. Jamieson mainly on the direct primary issue. This club is in line with the general direct primary movement which seems to be headed in Illinois toward the accomplishment of two reforms. First in certain elections, e. g., those for Alderman, the Republican or Democrat who goes to the primaries shall vote not for convention delegates but directly for party candidates. Second, the primaries for any given election shall all take place on the same day. Are these reforms practicable? Here is a question which must be included in any forecast of Illinois political weather. It is on the horizon in a shape already as large as a man's hand, and it seems likely to grow. The present Gubernatorial campaign has proved the absurdity of making the county conventions a kind of grand circuit for political touts. Recent Chicago elections have proved with equal force the equal absurdity of supposing that ward conventions supplement the wisdom of the people with anything but intrigue and chicanery. The people are likely to demand a change. Just what that change will be and just haw far it will go cannot be foreseen until the discussion of it has become more clearly crystallized. But this at least is certain: The people are making up their minds that neither by the device of stringing county conventions through half the calendar of election year nor by the device of herding irresponsible delegates in conventions of any kind shall the popular choice of candidates be turned into a Constitutional fiction.

Judicial Lobbyists.

Boston Advertiser.

Judges of the New York courts have demonstrated their ability to play the part of lobbyists when the occasion demands. The bill to pension all members of the judiciary when they have reached 70 or have been compelled to retire at the age of 65 owing to physical disability, has passed. The Judges suspended sittings of court in order to buttonhole Assemblymen and Senators. Such an unjudicial and undignified practice would be a vindication of professional ethics in this state. Yet in New York those who were the most active in lobbying are complimented as shrewd men.

Hearst in Kansas.

Kansas City Star.

The Heartst forces have been utterly routed in the Wichita convention. There are always some men in politics who can be approached through the methods employed by Hearst, but they are neither numerous enough nor influential enough in Kansas to control a party in that state. And when it comes to importing boomers to take charge of a convention Kansas draws the line. If there is one place on earth where the politicians want to run their own affairs it is Kansas.

Dirge of the Unpronounceables.

Wallace Irwin.

I can't pronounce his Russian name,
But his deeds full well I know,
The general who bled for fame
Before his country's altar flame
And fell at So-and-So;
Yet I will praise, whate'er befall it,
Brave What's-His-Name of What-You-Callit.

He led his troops to You-Know-Where,
Twelve versts along the border.
"Brave Umpty-Ump, the Jap, stands there—
Get ready for to do and dare!"
Out poured his fearless order.
Then Death descended like a mallet
'Round What's-His-Name of What-You-Callit.

The hordes of Umpty-Ump stood pat,
All ready for the habic,
Till General Something, fierce and fat,
Stood forth and thundered, "This-and-That!"
In pure but forceful Slavic.
Just then a dreadful cannon ball it
Struck What's-His-Name of What-You-Callit.

They buried noble What's-His-Name
Far leagues from war's percussion,
And on his tomb they chiseled "Fame"
And Something Else. (It is a shame
I never studied Russian.)
His deed is done, but after all it
Is not forgot at What-You-Callit.

COL. WATTERSON ON HEARST.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was safe to assume that the nomination could not be bought, like a bill of goods, directly out of hand—but, in case it could be, as the result of moribund party conditions—an election was out of the question. In the end, Mr. Hearst would have both the outlay and the discredit for his pains. Under the circumstances surrounding him, therefore, what would a sane man, having a fortune and a seat in Congress, but no record in public life that might be clealy called his own, proceed to do to give his unusual opportunities their best fruition? Assuredly, he would not announce himself a candidate for President of the United States, and, instead of taking the field himself, sent out a body of fiscal agents to buy up the various state delegations to the National Convention. He would not make public proclamation of his purpose. He would not put his bar'l on exhibition. Such things indicate the workings of an unsound mind, if not a depraved nature, and those who knew the father and mother of this young man, refuse to believe the son of George and Phebe Hearst is pervert. Yet in pursuing these phantoms of a disordered fancy, he deliberately invokes the rays of a searchlight into matters, which, however defensible may be the facts, cannot be explained without that which a sensitive and sane man would regard in many ways humiliating. There is bound to be a screw loose somewhere.

The Hearst newspapers, in spite of their grotesque features, have been conducted with a certain logical, if reprehensible force. They preach a certain consistent gospel and sometimes they preach it with eloquence and power. Unfortunately for Mr. Hearst's pretentions, this gospel is not Democracy. It is Socialism. How much Mr. Hearst has to do with the actual editing, the thinking and the writing, nobody can tell because nobody is permitted to know Mr. Hearst. He is personally a stranger on the floor of the House of which he is a member. He is personally a stranger to the social life and in the busy marts of the city which he calls his home. He has no official training in public affairs; no visible aptitude for political intercourse; no distinct individuality outside his checkbook. That such a man should propose himself for President of the United States and spend great sums of money in the work of organizing a campaign resting solely upon money, can be—if not the shrewd advertising scheme of a Barnum or a Munyon—the emanation of a distempered mind. Such a bubble was bound to burst. Every one must see that it has burst.

The Courier-Journal, which has only good will, certainly no ill will, for Mr. Hearst, was not at the outset impressed by a movement, of whose impendency it had been long advised, and, as it has progressed, we have seen no reason to change our opinion with regard to it. It never had any real vitality. At one time it looked as though by the aid of Mr. Hearst's money, Mr. Bryan might be able to secure a third of the convention. The most sanguine friends of the Nebraskan began to realize that this hope is now quite dissipated. If Mr. Hearst's name goes before the convention and he gets more than a hundred votes we shall be greatly surprised. A vote for Mr. Hearst implies too much and will prove too retroactive to tempt many even of the more insensible and mercenary of those who are in politics for what they expect of its emoluments; because no one can give an intelligent reason why he favors such an aspirant for such a place except that he has his money in his pocket.

Hill's Egregious Altruism.

New York Globe.

Mr. Hill thus discloses himself as a Northwestern patriot of the purest quality, and shows that thought of making money for himself and his stockholders was a motive in his mind subordinate to a larger altruistic one. Whatever may be true concerning other large operators, Mr. Hill is free from guile and greed, and is a humble worker in the vineyard of Northwestern advantage. The spectacle of such extraordinary unselfishness in such an unexpected quarter is calculated to move even the most cynical. Now that the Northwest is informed that Mr. Hill is a veritable Horatius at the bridge, and that if he is overthrown Harriman and his allies will sack the region, doubtless the good peoples thereof will abate their anti-Hill prejudices and join with him in creating a public opinion which may reach and control the courts. He has identified their cause with his own, and if they permit the railroad properties which he has sought to band together for their welfare to fall into other and ravening hands, it cannot be said hereafter he did not give due warning.

How to Honor Jefferson.

Chicago Chronicle.

The best way to have celebrated Jefferson's birthday here and elsewhere was to have encouraged orators whose minds and hearts are full of the subject to say what every Democrat in the country knows to be the truth, that the best, the quickest and the surest way to restore the Democratic party in its integrity is to call to its leadership the one man, who, as a candidate, would put an end to the miserable cowardice which has stricken the party like a plague. Grover Cleveland is the strongest Democrat in the country today because he stands for something. A party that nominates him must stand for something. He would rally to the Democratic standard every real Democrat in the land and a million of independent Republicans besides. What is of even more importance, he would drive off forever the small mercenary and disreputable factionists whose impotent threats appear to have made nearly every other Democrat in the country speechless.

Burton and the Senate.

Hartford Times.

Two days, at the most, is a sufficient time for him to hand in his resignation. If he delays action he should be expelled without further ceremony. If the Kansas man is too dullminded to perceive his own duty in his present situation, he should have no further consideration from the members of the body whose honor he has abused.

Bryan's Unlucky Number.

Boston Herald.

Bryan will begin to think that $50,000 is his unlucky number. He twice tried to obtain a position that carries that salary and failed.

The Tiger.

William Blake.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Smoot gets a J. A. R. from the D. A. R.

The wireless telegraph systems seem to be tripping most all the governments.

Quite a number of citizens will discover they have business at Vaughn and Twenty-third today.

Japan will have to capture Port Arthur outright if she wants to attract any attention in Portland today.

There may be forgiveness for the man that murders or steals, but none for the man that call a dog "a canine."

Joe Chamberlain was greeted with cries of "pig tail" by the Irish party. It is a point on which the honorable members are authorities.

They were having a lovers' quarrel. "You are false," she hissed; "false as—as the bottom of a strawberry box." Both knew the last word had been said.

Admiral Skrydloff says that his visiting cards bear two addresses—Port Arthur and Vladivostok. He will try to be at home in whichever place the Japs call.

> Why wouldn't it be a good thing for the Russians to place a whistling buoy over each of their mines?—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Skrydloff might try Hearst as a whistling boy.

Russia had a fine squadron at Port Arthur. She has a fine squadron in the Baltic. If she sends the latter abroad, the past tense will have to be employed twice.

At last the police had found a clew. "You may expect an arrest within 24 hours," they said. However, they had in mind the circumstance that 24 hours occur every day.

There is something smug about Carnegie's statement that his "hero fund" is now his "favorite philanthropy." It sounds something like a man's talking about his favorite food.

Rena Johnson died a few days ago in Sioux Falls, as the result of a piece of bologna lodging in her throat. Pretty hard luck that a girl friendly enough to eat bologna should be choked by it.

After one Senator had been gloriously vindicated and another sent to jail, the latter made moan, says the New York World. "I acknowledge my error," he admitted. "There can be no doubt that I hired the wrong lawyers."

Having thrown a bomb, an anarchist was asked to give a reason for his act. "The bomb was about to explode," he explained. "Would you expect me to hold it and lose my fingers?" Manifestly the anarchistic mind is not wholly wanting in logic.

The most derided poet should take heart. The worse he is, the more likely is he to be quoted in Congress by a member who has to deliver a eulogy of some departed colleague. And the despised poet's words, desiccated in the Congressional Record, may outlive the "purple-patches" of those whose horns are exalted by the critics.

Prince Pu Lun is making a good start in his study of America. Soon after landing in San Francisco, his anxious host took him behind the scenes at the theater where Anna Held was playing. Pu instantly became an admirer of the plump and pulchritudinous show girl, and we may presume that his illustrious course across the continent will be heralded by the popping of champagne and marked by "dead soldiers." When Pu goes home he will include in his book a chapter on the American girl, based on his experiences behind the scenes. "The American Girl," he will say, "in the evening dresses in pink tights and paint. She drinks nothing but fizz and is very fond of Princes and other lobsters." And Pu will probably be no more astray than some American travelers that have descanted upon Japanese women after ten minutes' talk with a geisha.

The Gem, which sparkles in the town of Granite, in the County of Grant, appeared last week printed on wall paper of chaste design. Faithless trains failed to bring sufficient white paper for the Gem's use, and the resourceful editor bought up the town's stock of wall paper. As but one side of the paper was used, the green and gold and silver flowers and scrolls shone in undiminished splendor, so that the subscriber might obtain the news of the day from his Gem and then use it to decorate his room. The purchase of a few extra copies would have provided enough paper for the walls of the best room in the house. There might be an idea in this for publishers. Announce that the Daily Whirligig will be printed on wall paper of exclusive design, and that a subscription for thre months will furnish material enough to cover the walls of an ordinary house. No waste! Follow the war and beautify your home! Look at our pictures and turn their faces to the wall! But one would be in a dilemma if it became necessary to consult the files. A hole would have to be scraped through the wall from the opposite side, or the appearance of the room must be ruined. On second thought, therefore, it seems advisable to buy newspapers and wall paper from separate firms.

WEX. J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

"This tusk," said the Jersey commuter, "I dug up in my garden. It's all of four feet long. Remarkable, isn't it?" "Yes. It's very probably the bill of a prehistoric mosquito."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Deacon Jones—In that better land I fully believe there will be no classes, but all will be on the same level. Mrs. Niftie—Mercy. Don't you think that would be perfectly disgusting? Nobody to look down upon?—Boston Transcript.

She (bored)—No, Mr. Lytely, I can never love you. I honor and respect you. I am sure you would make some other woman a good husband. I— He—Well—er—give me a letter of recommendation to my next place?—Tit-Bits.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. "We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine." "Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly. "Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.—Philadelphia Press.

"That was a splendid back fall you made in your death scene last night," remarked a young member of the company to the eminent tragedian. The latter looked at the flatterer with a suspicious glare. "Yes," he said, "and I'd like to lay my hands on the blithering idiot who soaped the stage floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Have you ever heard Brown tell about the time he got half way up Mont Blanc with one of his little nephews and no guide?" asked one man of another. "How long ago did he tell you about it?" was the evasive reply. "Last October, when he'd just got home," said the first man. "Well," said the other, "in the five months since then he has climbed the rest of the way, succored a fainting guide and sustained a snowstorm on the summit, accumulated two benumbed strangers on the way down, and guided the whole party to the foot, where a group of frantic relatives were waiting."—Tit-Bits