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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 95 deg.; minimum, 64. Precipitation, none.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair and continued warm; northerly winds.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1904.

THE CHANGE IN BRYAN.

The Oregonian has just discovered that Mr. Bryan is a wonderful man, which is all right, but coming at this time and presented with a view of causing dissensions in the support of Parker it is very peanutty in its character.—Albany Democrat.

With a general inclination among hidebound Republican organs to glorify Bryan, now that the Democratic party has passed into the control of his opponents, The Oregonian has no sympathy, but shares for it the repugnance expressed by the Democrat. Much as we desire Roosevelt's election and Parker's defeat, we have not the slightest notion that such result is to be achieved by insincere indorsement of Bryan by those who have always opposed him when he was dominant in his party.

Yet there are reasons why The Oregonian thinks much more of Mr. Bryan than it ever did before, and some of them are worth setting down, for the Nebraska statesman, or politician, or demagogue, call him what you will, is an element in our National politics not to be ignored. He is not the nominee of his party for President, but he is such a force in its councils that they who fancy to reckon without him will come to confusion.

It would puzzle any one to compare Bryan's work at St. Louis with that of his opponents and point out where they were superior to him in platform effectiveness, in fairness of contention or in force of logic. He did not ask for reaffirmation of free silver, he only insisted that there should be no recantation of the two previous National platforms. This was not a great deal to ask, and the request prevailed. In the Illinois contest he seemed to have the evidence on his side, and he turned from what he might easily have made a popular ovation in his own honor to a dispassionate and painstaking review of the record. As to the gold standard, he declared that if the party was for gold it should say so, it should not dodge the issue in the platform and then submit to dictation from Parker. Is there any honest mind that can repudiate this declaration?

But what we started out to say of Mr. Bryan is this: That eight years have profoundly changed him—somewhat for the worse—somewhat for the better—but on the whole radically. From a sort of freak he has developed into a man among men. From the apostle and prophet of a semi-religious mania he has passed to a hardheaded man of the world. In him today the careful observer sees less of the impassioned visionary, more of the prosperous publisher. On the platform at St. Louis and on the hard-fought fields of the committee-rooms he met his antagonists like their equal. Without rhapsody or the fine ecstasy of the enthusiast it was a conference or a dispute like a council of business men; no idle rant about impossibilities, but concession for concession, give and take.

It is on this common ground, as the equal of Hill, Williams and Daniel, as a man among men, where Bryan unceremoniously and cheerfully placed himself, that he has no reason to be ashamed of his own showing. Before an audience almost inconceivably vast his was the one presence, his the one voice, to enforce instant silence and rapt attention in every nook and corner of that stupendous, echoing edifice, where others could hardly be heard with the aid of threats from the chair and their execution by uniformed officials who threw disturbers bodily out the doors. This was partly due to idolatry of Bryan adherents, but largely also to his cogency in debate and to the fact that while others indulged largely in meaningless mouthings, Bryan always had something to say that was definite in its bearing and fearless in its utterance.

Is the change for better or for worse? Is a sensible politician to be preferred to a hare-brained visionary? For Bryan has lost, along with his early enthusiasm and some modicum of sympathy for the masses which could not all have been assumed, a certain something worth admiring, and gained in its place, a worldly wisdom, an appreciation of the so-called good things of this life, and also—if the truth must be told—a cynicism, revealed in the hard lines of his face, suggestive of bitter memories of thousands who cheered his speeches and voted against him, which one could almost weep for, who values the ardor of youth and the frenzy of the impractical idealist.

It is a grim and a grouty world. We get wisdom as we go along, but sometimes we lose something that is better than wisdom. Early love and truth may be strengthened and perpetuated in those whose lines fall by still waters and in green pastures; but under disappointment and along paths where the righteous are forsaken and the wicked spread like a green bay tree, then fresh young faces of hope, animated perchance by impossible visions, take on lines of cynicism and greed. The family must be provided for and the Commoner must not lack for readers, and one must take up the weapons which political experience has approved. Bryan has been studying in a hard school. Like "Old Innocent" in Tim Murphy's beautiful comedy—"I know the world since last night, but I was happier yesterday." And possibly better.

PARKER'S LUKEWARM SUPPORT.

When a Colorado delegate to the Democratic National Convention had been admitted with joy and trembling to a room in the Jefferson Hotel where D. B. Hill and other great chiefs sat around a contemplative table, his simple faith in the Parker enthusiasm was rudely shattered by seeing one of the Parker leaders espy a Parker button on the table and hurl it contemptuously from his sight with an expression of profane and picturesque disgust. It is a disclosure of the real Hill-Sheehan feeling for the man whose cause they espoused because he seemed the only man they could win with at St. Louis, but for whose high ideals, rugged honesty and independent spirit they have nothing but aversion, because they know they cannot use him. No one who knows D. B. Hill and has put together the scattered fragments of Judge Parker's character which the past fortnight has disclosed need be assured that the tricky politicans of the New York Democracy look forward to the chance of Judge Parker's election with anything but delight. They are as pleased as Mr. Hanna was at the elevation of men like Taft and Root to power. They are as pleased as Alex Sweek would be at the prospect of electing, by his own efforts, E. C. Bronaugh as Mayor of Portland.

Tammany Hall is still worse disgruntled. Sharing, as it has done, the Hill-Sheehan disapproval of Parker, it has a more relevant ground of objection in the belief that a Hill triumph in the state betokens only ill to Murphy and the whole Tammany dispensation. A Republican Governor is better for Tammany than a Democratic Governor of the Hill school who will use his position to destroy the power of Tammany and its leaders. There will be, of course, no open or avowed opposition to Parker in the Democracy of New York City. But Murphy's open hostility to Parker before the nomination and his sullen, unreconciled acquiescence in the result at the last, betoken a Tammany apathy sufficient not of course to destroy the Parker majority in New York City, but to bring it down to a figure where it may readily be overcome by the Republican majority of the state at large. New York is a Democratic state only when the Democrats are united and alert. Such a condition has yet to be brought about.

These are some of the shaky foundations which the conference at New York City has been anxiously exploring with a view to the superstructure of the campaign. There is evidently a serious divergence between the nominee and the National Committee. Mr. Hill displays none of the cordiality that might naturally be expected. Mr. Gorman, invited to Esopus, declines to go. From such hints as are permitted to escape the wall of secrecy, it would seem that Parker expects a National chairman en rapport with himself, and the politicians who nominated him have no notion of any such thing until Parker gives them assurances of certain concessions whose nature can only be inferred from the venal and unworthy natures of those who are demanding them. It is at least doubtful if Judge Parker will pay the price demanded by the National Committee, and perhaps not that suggested by Henry G. Davis himself, who is an unreconstructed silver man and disapproved Parker's celebrated telegram the moment he heard of it.

It has been said that Parker is a hard man to get up enthusiasm for. This is not true. He is an easy man to get up enthusiasm for—in a certain very narrow circle. There is unbounded enthusiasm for Parker in that choice and superior coterie to which belong the editors of refined and exclusive publications like the New York Evening Post and Brooklyn Eagle. These are already beside themselves with a joy which is all the more wonderful and eerie because of the staid and solemn precincts whence it emanates. There is enthusiasm also among the big trusts, which are overjoyed to think they have a "safe" man. But there is no enthusiasm at Wolfert's Roost or Tammany Hall or in the multitudinous camps of Bryanism about the land. The Democrats have got Parker. Now what to do with him? He is quite as much to their purpose as a prayer book would be to a gang of footpads.

THE INHERITANCE TAX.

It is probable that taxation of inheritances will become a universal rule in our states. It has not yet been made a feature of the Federal or National tax system, and probably will not be; since the General Government has occupied already the more fruitful fields of taxation and revenue—that is to say, customs and excises. Inasmuch as the states have entered this other field of taxation, no doubt it will be left to them. It may be made very productive, if the laws be framed to that end. It might, indeed, be made the instrument of confiscation and redistribution of estates. How far the voters, under our system of suffrage, might be willing to go in this direction, is yet to be determined.

Thus far twenty-nine of our states and territories have enacted laws for taxation of inheritances. But their statutes on the subject have wide variation. No two are wholly alike. In most of them there are differences in the treatment of succession, collateral and lineal inheritances—in some of them of marked character. The Oregon statute bears rather more lightly on all descriptions of inheritances than most others.

The method is not new. It has come to us like most other things we have, including the gold standard and Sunday observance, and trial by jury, from England. Foreign countries having an inheritance tax are England, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Austria, Canada, Australasia, and perhaps some others.

Pennsylvania was the first among our states to adopt such tax. In Pennsylvania it dates back to 1826. Maryland and Virginia followed in 1844. Other states did not follow till after the Civil War; but the list has been extended till it now includes Delaware, New York, West Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, California, Maine, Ohio, Tennessee, New Jersey, Illinois, Iowa, Vermont, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Colorado, North Dakota, Wyoming and New Hampshire. Such law has also been enacted in Hawaii and Porto Rico.

In some of the states there are unsettled questions as to constitutionality, and in New Hampshire a constitutional amendment has been enacted for validation of the tax. There are those who think such tax unconstitutional in Oregon; but the subject has not yet received the attention of the courts of the state. Others say there can be no doubt of the constitutionality of the tax in Oregon; for though it is objected that this statute violates those provisions of the Constitution which require taxation to be uniform and based on equal rate of assessment, it is answered that this means no more than that the Legislature, while selecting and defining the subjects of taxation, must follow a uniform rule. That is, taxation within the class selected must be uniform. It is proper to say, however, that as applied to inheritance tax, under our statute and constitution, the rule has not yet been settled by adjudication.

The laws of the several states vary greatly. But as a rule they make a difference between lineal and collateral inheritances; and there are wide differences in exemptions, according to amounts of inheritances or bequests. This form of tax doubtless will be used more and more, in course of time, for revenue for the state; and perhaps it may be put on a graduated basis or scale, for the purpose of enforcing redistribution of property, after the death of those who have accumulated it. The possibilities in this direction are certainly all that even the devotee of socialistic ideas could require.

TOUCHING A NERVE.

A vessel forcibly seizing another upon the high seas must belong to one of three classes. She must be a man-of-war, or a privateer, or a pirate. The status of the Russian "volunteer cruisers" St. Petersburg and Smolensk is therefore a matter of considerable interest just now. Should the St. Petersburg, which took the P. & O. liner Malacca and put a prize crew aboard her, not be a duly commissioned vessel of war, she has committed a piratical act, and a British ship would be justified in sinking her. Even a privateer has no right to attack a neutral ship, she being merely authorized to engage vessels under a hostile flag.

But the St. Petersburg cannot, in any event, be regarded as a privateer, for Russia is a party to the declaration of Paris, which says, in succinct phrase, "privateering is and remains abolished." This volunteer cruiser, then, must be a full-fledged Russian man-of-war, and as such is perfectly within her rights in searching neutral vessels and in seizing those in which contraband may be found. If the Malacca was carrying contraband, she is a legitimate Russian prize. Presumably official correspondence for Japan was the forbidden cargo, although the dispatches so far have not mentioned the reason given by Russia for the Malacca's seizure. The seventh article of the Russian "Rules of War," promulgated in February, says that "neutral ships are forbidden to carry letters or dispatches for the enemy," so that there is no room left for doubt on this head.

It is the very justification of Russia on this count that condemns her on another. The Russ, in discussing the seizure of the Malacca, says: "When the St. Petersburg and the Smolensk passed through the Dardanelles under the merchant flag their destination was correctly given as the Far East. In fact, the vessels, upon entering the Red Sea, armed and hoisted the military flag." Now the mere hoisting of an ensign does not convert a merchant vessel into a ship of war. She must have a commission from the sovereign of the state to which she belongs. As the St. Petersburg could not have obtained this in the Red Sea, she must have had it before passing through the straits. She must, in point of fact, have been a duly commissioned Russian ship of war falsely flying the mercantile ensign and obtaining passage through the Dardanelles in direct violation of treaty obligations.

The question then arises, How far would a neutral signatory to the treaty of Paris be justified in denying the right of search to a Russian warship smuggled out of the Black Sea in defiance of treaty terms? This aspect of the case does not appear to have been discussed, but it would seem that Great Britain might properly refuse to have her merchant vessels stopped by treaty-breaking Russian warships. In any event, Russia must either disavow the action of the St. Petersburg or admit that she has ceased to regard the treaty of Paris.

The whole affair must be a blunder on the part of Russia or a scheme to draw other nations into the quarrel with Japan. The benefit to the Russian cause of capturing a few mail sacks is so infinitesimal and the danger of irritating neutrals so serious that there is no apparent object in keeping ships in the Red Sea for the purpose of arresting mail steamers. If Russia desires to involve Great Britain, she has gone the right way about it. Interfere with one of her steamship lines and a nerve is touched that sets throbbing every fiber in the commercial body of the kingdom. Much now depends upon the weight or lightness of Russia's touch.

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW.

"The corner-stone of the new Congregational Church at Forest Grove will be laid this evening." Thus runs a news item from the historic college town that was the center of an educational and religious community in the beautiful wilderness known as "Oregon Territory" more than half a century ago.

Memory recalls a quiet pioneer village, restful and homelike, the nucleus of Pacific University, in those early days. It recalls a mud-battened log church, brown and rugged, with modest pulpit, rude benches, small square windows, that stood among the oaks a short distance from the spot where the corner-stone of the new church will be laid today. The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Harvey Clark—sacred to memory and to early civilization; then by Rev. Elkanah Walker, sacred to the missionary idea as conceived, though never worked out, among the Indians of the Pacific Northwest, and a little later by Rev. Thomas Condon, whose name has since been literally written upon the rocks of Oregon. Rev. S. H. Marsh, then a young man fresh from an Eastern college, who spent the subsequent years of his life in the service of Pacific University, occasionally spoke from this plain pulpit in the log church among the oaks. Among the regular attendants were Tabitha Brown, fondly remembered as the "mother of Tualatin Academy"; Thomas G. Naylor, a stanch supporter of the church and the school; A. T. Smith and his delicate, saintly wife, and "Mother Walker," then in vigorous middle age. There were others, perhaps equally faithful, but these were literally the pillars of the old log church, and of them all but one remains—Rev. Thomas Condon—who in serene age awaits the summons that will announce the close of a long life early dedicated to humanity and to education.

And these were the moving forces in the construction of the building which took the place of the old log church, built about 1857 and burned to the ground a few years ago. For nearly forty years the slender white spire of what is now spoken of as the "old church" rose above the oaks, a veritable landmark to the visitor. The graduating exercises of Pacific University were for many years held in its plain but ample auditorium. The village folk went there to be married, and from its portals the forefathers of the hamlet were carried to their last repose.

Whether decorated with roses for commencement, apple blossoms and sweetbrier for May weddings, evergreen and holly for Christmas, or lilies for Easter, or shadowed by grief upon funeral occasions, the old church reflected in its many years all that was the best and the tenderest, the most hopeful and most helpful, in the life of the community. May not those who from time to time entered into the life-work of the old church be excused if in the roar of the flames as they rioted in its destruction they heard, and in fancy still hear, the shout of triumph that is the fitting close of a long life of usefulness?

And now another building is to be reared upon the site of the old. Its corner-stone is to be laid this evening with ceremonies well befitting its message to mankind and its work in the community. Into its construction, we may well believe, labor and self-sacrifice and hope will enter. Within this corner-stone, to be set and sealed this evening, such of the records of the old church as can be written will probably be deposited, to meet in due course of time and circumstance the eyes of a succeeding generation.

The ceremony, whether viewed in the light of retrospection or of anticipation, of reverence for past achievement or hope of future accomplishment, will be of deep and abiding interest, first to the community of whose life it is the rallying-point, and again to the circle, wide and ever widening, the center of which is the college town.

The death of John R. McBride at Spokane is a notable event. He was a member of a family that has had position and consideration in Oregon from early pioneer times. He had a part, in his youth, in the organization of the Republican party of Oregon, and was the first Republican sent from Oregon to the House of Representatives of the United States. Earlier than this he was a member, from Yamhill, of the convention that framed the constitution of Oregon—in September, 1857. Of this convention Judge R. P. Boise, of Salem, Mayor George H. Williams and ex-Governor and ex-Senator L. F. Grover, of Portland, are perhaps the only surviving members. John R. McBride was just 25 years of age when he sat in the constitutional convention. He was 30 when elected to the House of Representatives from this state. His youthful enthusiasm for the purposes which the Republican party was organized to promote and maintain is remembered by his coevals, and his career is part of the history of Oregon, of the early time. During the past forty years he had lived and worked outside the field of his early effort—most of the time at Salt Lake City. Latterly he lived much at Spokane. He was a lawyer of note and eminence; his specialty was mining law, in which his ability was acknowledged. Though it is so long since he lived in Oregon, the remembrance of the active and generous career of his youth in Oregon specially endears his memory here. "Old Oregon" remembers and still will remember him.

The Liverpool wheat market, which in times past has been highly sensitive to war and rumors of war, regarded yesterday's news very lightly. Distant options remained unchanged, and Walla Walla cargoes for prompt shipment were 3d per quarter lower. Unless the wheat operators have made a very bad guess, this would indicate that trouble between Russia and England is a very remote possibility. The extent to which England is dependent on Russia for breadstuffs would make war between these two countries a very serious matter in this respect—much more serious for England than for Russia. World's wheat shipments for the past four weeks have amounted to 27,490,000 bushels, and of this amount Russia has contributed 9,120,000 bushels, practically one-third, and is still shipping at the rate of about 2,000,000 bushels per week. If the Far Eastern trouble ever reaches a stage when it becomes advisable for Russia to place a check on this enormous flood of wheat that is now pouring into the European markets, there will be a sharp advance that will hold until the Liverpool buyers can start supplies from some other direction. America still has considerable wheat for export, but it is not available at the low prices now prevailing in the Liverpool market.

Reductions of wages in cotton mills of Massachusetts and New Hampshire follow the law of a falling market. Among the chief factors of this situation is the rapid increase of cotton manufacture in our Southern States, where labor works longer hours at lower rates than in New England, and where child labor is not only permitted but enforced. There is almost no organization of labor in the South, and children are "put through" during long hours. The Democratic National Committee would do well to turn its attention to the cause of downtrodden labor in the solid and uncontested Democratic states.

The packing-house agreement is a victory in terms for the strikers, and yet also a defeat for them in that they at first refused arbitration. It is not necessary to assume that the employers propose to turn out the nonunion men who have come to their relief. The forty-five days allowed by the agreement for taking back the strikers should enable the packing-houses to make room for all.

"HIS PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE"

New York Tribune.

In the meeting of the platform committee of the Democratic National Convention on the night of July 7, Mr. Bryan addressed David B. Hill, the manager of the Parker movement, and the following colloquy took place:

"You ought to have a gold platform to go with the gold candidate you are forcing upon the country."

Mr. Hill replied that he knew nothing as to Mr. Parker's monetary views.

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Nebraskan, "that you don't know Judge Parker's financial views?"

"I mean just that," responded Mr. Hill.

"You have no knowledge on that subject?"

"None."

"Have never asked him?"

"I have not. I have never sought to secure an expression of his views, and he has never sought to convey them to me. I only know that he is a Democrat and a high-minded and patriotic man, and I believe that he can be trusted implicitly on this, as upon other matters of public policy."

Within 48 hours, on the receipt of Judge Parker's telegram, at a meeting of the Democratic leaders, this same David B. Hill said:

"I am not here to say that the telegram from Judge Parker is a fortunate thing, but I do say that no intelligent delegate or no state delegation voted for Judge Parker without knowing exactly where Judge Parker stood. There is nothing new in Judge Parker's telegram. The fact is that I, as his own state representative, and in a sense his personal representative, fought all night for a financial plank for Judge Parker to stand on, and when granted by the subcommittee I fought another day to keep it.

"It was defeated, and I voted with all the others to make a unanimous report. So every man knows that Judge Parker would stand on a plank of that kind. His nomination is on a platform without it, and there is nothing in the telegram but the expression of that which you all knew he believed."

One of these statements was false and intended to deceive. Which was it?

After the platform had been adopted, Mr. Hill, in an interview, declared:

"I am perfectly satisfied. Of course there are things I wanted in, and thought should go in, but in politics it is give and take, and I am taking. I should have liked to have seen an expression on the finances in the platform, but the majority thought otherwise, and neither Mr. Bryan's plank nor mine was adopted. You will remember that the New York State Convention made no mention of the financial situation, and so this platform is similar."

Later he said: "Judge Parker will, I believe, make an ideal candidate, and will fit the platform, which is also ideal." These quotations are made from the files of reputable Democratic newspapers of this city.

We are entirely willing to believe that Judge Parker was grossly misrepresented by this, his chosen agent, as also by Mr. Littleton, his chosen orator, and by the New York platform, his chosen declaration of principles, of which, in spite of its studied silence on the money question while Southern and Western delegates were still being hunted, the Evening Post said: "That this sound and vigorous political deliverance had Judge Parker's approval without saying." But if this is true—if Judge Parker was by some mysterious providence struck dumb like Zacharias and was unable to speak about the wrong done him by the New York platform until his nomination should have been performed; if he had no power to communicate his views to Mr. Littleton, who undoubtedly thought he was telling the truth; if he did not say some ten days before the convention, as Mr. Hill declared to the platform committee in answer to a question about the kind of platform the Democrats should adopt: "I am perfectly willing to leave that to the wisdom of the Democratic party"—certainly now that his mouth is opened and his tongue is loosed he can express his opinion of one who has deceived in his name and can disassociate himself from such a dishonest advocate. Hill has told so many conflicting stories that nobody can tell which was the truth and which was the falsehood. Certain it is that there were some untruths told by Hill in the exploiting of the Parker candidacy. Whatever disabilities the Judge may have labored under hitherto, it is now incumbent upon him to repudiate this trickster and drive him from his presence as a wicked and unfaithful servant, or else take upon himself the burden of the deception. Hill, as his agent, proclaiming himself "his personal representative," has done the dirty work whose dishonorable character is clear on its face. He must either ratify the agent's acts or repudiate the agent. He cannot pose before the public as the innocent victim of Hill's falsehoods and go on in close friendship with Hill.

"JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY."

Nonsense of This Clause in the Democratic Platform.

New York Sun.

This plank appears in the Democratic platform:

We believe that one of the best methods of procuring economy and honesty in the public service is to have public officials, from the occupant of the White House down to the lowest of them, returned as nearly as may be to Jeffersonian simplicity of living.

Now, how did Jefferson live? His was the life of an educated, studious, intelligent and well-to-do gentleman of his day. The estate he inherited from his father gave him a handsome income for those days and he increased it by a large law practice and by marrying, in 1770, a rich widow. He enjoyed the luxuries of life and indulged himself in them. His home at Monticello, the most distinguished seat of private hospitality in America, was equipped with all the conveniences obtainable at the time he flourished.

That is, he conducted himself as became a gentleman of means and his consequence and there was nothing in his exterior manner of life to indicate that if he had lived in our day he would have ordered his household less expensively or less elaborately than does the man who is now in the White House, or the men who will live there in the years to come.

The American people expect their President to live in a way becoming the dignity of his office and their own dignity, and accordingly they provide him with a home and with a salary sufficient to enable him to do it.

A Chance Too Good to Lose.

New York Press.

It is now in order for Democratic free-trade newspapers of such truth-loving, candid hearts, honest tongues and pure souls as the Evening Post to point another lesson of the hideous tax wrung from the American people by the Dingley law, as proved by the rising price of meat, the supply having been cut off by a strike against the packers throughout the whole country. The wicked and remorseless Dingley law having cornered the cotton market in a stock-gambling speculation to cause disaster to the cotton mills of New England, and having ordered a strike of all the wholesale butchers in the United States, no doubt the free-trade lover of his fellow-man would be in the seventh heaven of joy if only the Dingley law would burn up the Nation's wheat crop, that pearls of truth might drop in endless succession from his lips, telling of the horrors of a people fettered by a protective tariff to work, wages and prosperity.

No Cause for Worry.

Washington Post.

We never worried a minute over Mr. Bryan's illness after we learned that he had symptoms of pneumonia. The disease has not yet been invented that would stand any show in a battle with Mr. Bryan's lungs.

THE PARKER JUGGLE.

New York Press.

Judge Parker assuredly would have commanded the respect of all honest men had he informed the St. Louis delegates before his nomination that he "regards" the gold standard as permanently established. Conceivably it might have been due him to hail his act as great political courage—for a Democrat of that type. By an imaginative flight some enthusiasts might have pictured him the "conquering" hero, though his manly act left him a corpse on the Convention Hall floor.

But Judge Parker did not act before he was nominated on a Bryanized platform. He waited until after the Bryanized platform was dickered for by his managers, agreed upon, passed and put among the unchangeable archives of the Democratic party; until after, in accordance with that agreement, his nomination was delivered over to his managers; until after the delegates had completed all their work, "cinched" the Belmont-Parker programme. Then, when it was too late to make a change, he sent his telegram, saying he "regards" the gold standard as firmly established.

That is the simple chronological record of the Parker heroism, which was two days behind even manliness and candor and square dealing.

With equal clearness and conviction Mr. William J. Bryan explains the method of the bunco heroism in his formal statement made public yesterday. He says:

I have nothing to withdraw of the things that I have said against the methods pursued to advance his candidacy.

It was a plain and deliberate attempt to deceive the party.

He and his managers adroitly and purposely concealed his position until the delegates had been corralled and the nomination assured.

After he had secured the nomination, he injected his views upon the subject at a time when he could not be taken from the ticket without great demoralization.

The nomination was secured, therefore, by crooked and indefensible methods.

Nevertheless, on top of that statement, Mr. Bryan says he will vote for Judge Parker, because Mr. Bryan believes in following his party, even against conviction. Judge Parker, for gold, voted for Mr. Bryan, for silver; Mr. Bryan, for silver, will vote for Judge Parker, for gold. That is where crooked methods have landed that combination.

But Mr. Bryan has wandered far from an appreciation of the character of the American people if he thinks they will or can compromise with their consciences now when they did not and could not in 1896 and 1900. Democrats who voted for Mr. Bryan in his two campaigns may not, many of them, have believed his judgment was sound. They believed he was sincere and honest. Had they thought, to quote Mr. Bryan's own words, that he was deliberately practicing "crooked and indefensible methods," that he was "adroitly and purposely concealing his position," he would have received hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, fewer votes even than he did receive. Silver Democrats and Gold Democrats, who hold to honest principles—and, thank God, that is what the majority of either party does!—will not take the Belmont-Parker bunco as something to be followed and worshiped above every question, every principle of rectitude and honor.

The Belmont-Parker organs and managers will never be able to fool the American people into believing that the "crooked and indefensible" methods were not conceived in darkness and executed in fraud. The American people do not slobber over mock heroism and have hysterics over sleight-of-hand performances when the real questions involved are the good name of a party and the honor of the Nation. They will adjudge this miserable trick to be literally what Mr. Bryan says and precisely what it was—"a nomination secured by crooked and indefensible methods," and then sought to be palmed off on the public as a work of heroism by Judge Parker, a phenomenon quite divine.

And knowing as well as Mr. Bryan knows exactly what was done and why it was done, they will give Judge Parker and his managers shorter shrift than they gave Mr. Bryan himself in two successive campaigns, for at least they believe the silver leader, right or wrong in his views, to be frank, manly and honest. But as it is unthinkable that the American people will permit the Presidency of the United States to be made an object of green goods swindling or a promotion jobbery, like a "market rigging" stock fraud, they will deliver a verdict at the polls on election day against this deception, chicanery and dishonesty which will retire the Belmont-Parker methods, "crooked and indefensible," from the great political function of President making for many, many generations!

Women in Slaughter Houses.

The World Today.

Few people know to what extent woman is invading our great packing-houses. The number in the Chicago stockyards has almost doubled in the past year. At the present time 2000 women are employed there. It is true that a little less than half that number are engaged in the revolting work described, the majority being employed in painting and labeling cans, wrapping and packing soap and butterine. To such work the butchers make no objection. But the number engaged in the less pleasing occupation is gradually being increased. Last Summer the sausagemakers at the stockyards went on strike. The strike was not sanctioned by the National officers of the organization, and when the men refused to return to work the packers proceeded to fill their places with women. The union could not object. The men had struck without authority. The women are at work today, filling, linking and trimming sausage. The men are seeking work. What wages the women are being paid is known only to themselves and their employers. They are Lithuanian peasant women. Few can speak the English language. To organize them would be practically impossible, even were it advisable, which the union officials do not believe. But at infrequent intervals a few men are laid off and a few more women hired. Can the union stop the innovation?

A Juggling Business.

Philadelphia Press.

The explanations that are given out concerning Judge Parker's telegram to St. Louis on the failure to adopt a money plank disclose the great anxiety of his leaders to clear his record on this matter, although the convention declared that the financial question is not an issue. The Democratic State Convention in New York ignored the question in the same way as did the National Convention. The only issue before the State Convention was that of Parker's candidacy. His friends controlled the convention, and the platform was made to conform with his views. He made no complaint of the failure to say anything about the gold standard.

Death.

Young's "Night Thoughts."

Why start at death? Where is he? Death arrived,
Is past: not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails, black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a Winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's watch,
Man makes a death which Nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

A Poem of Passion.

Man,
Ran,
Peel,
Heel,
Slip,
Trip,
Skip,
Rip,
Slam!
——!!!
—Houston Post.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Nature a la Mode.

When down from the sky
And up from the street
Ceaselessly fly
The shafts of the heat;

Bereft of a breeze,
In the city we choke,
As they strangle our ease
With a muffler of smoke.

But the breeze of delight
May be felt in the glade,
Through the drop-stitch of light
In the garment of shade.

So let us make haste
To the country, for there
The peek-a-boo waist
Of Miss Nature we'll wear.

History occasionally drags the right person to the guillotine.

Looks like a race for highest place between beef and the thermometer.

The relief of Port Arthur would be nothing to the relief of the newspaper readers.

The National Committees are slow in telling us whether the higher price of meat is due to the Republican or the Democratic party.

Two Walla Walla boys set out on a journey round the world. Their journey ended at Pendleton, owing to paternal interference. Something always intervenes when we would see Carcassonne.

Mexico is about to adopt a measure for the protection of birds. No doubt the Central American republics will follow Mexico's example when they have solved the problem of protecting their Presidents.

Prussia now has a government sausage factory. The War Department superintends the work, so that the German soldier shall be fed on sausages that are made from meat of the best quality. Conscription might be abolished in Prussia after this. Think what a rush there would be for enlistment.

A writer in the New York Times calls attention to the merits of "Vanderdecken, a Chantey" in the Booklovers Magazine for July. Vanderdecken is certainly an astonishing piece of work, one of those things so true to life that they seem genuine documents and so good that they could only be written by a man of talent. "Vanderdecken" is a ballad of the sea. It purports to be a manuscript that has sculled around forecastles on many voyages, and the annotations by various hands are of the sea, salty.

What is all this fuss over the "Russian ship St. Petersburg," which captured the liner Malacca in the Red Sea? There is no such vessel as the St. Petersburg. A vessel seizing another must be a pirate, a privateer or a ship of war. The Russian volunteer fleet is a government institution, therefore the St. Petersburg cannot be a pirate. Russia is a party to the declaration of Paris, which abolishes privateering. Therefore the St. Petersburg cannot be a privateer. Treaty obligations prevent Russia from sending ships of war out of the Black Sea. Therefore the St. Petersburg cannot be a ship of war. If she is not a pirate or a privateer or a ship of war it is evident that she must be nonexistent.

It appears that the recent strike of freighthandlers in Havana was caused by a laborer who swiped an egg for dipmaking purposes. Under the American system the longshoremen and others are prohibited from taking anything from the packages they handle, although the practice was common under the Spanish regime. The man who took the egg was fired and the others quit because they thought the bosses acted without sufficient cause. As the strikers said in their reply to the employers, "Merely for having taken an egg for the sole purpose of making a gin cocktail, with no other intention than to allay the thirst which the severity of the labor on the wharves produces, the dismissal was made." Spanish-American longshoremen and freight-rustlers are a pretty thirsty set anyway. Casks of native wine and beer that are shipped along the West Coast not infrequently reach their destinations half empty.

Occasionally, through the medium of babbling letters read at breach-of-promise trials or a conversation overheard in a shady park, the ordinary person learns of enthusiastic young lovers who tell their Maybelles that they—the Maybelles—are 130 pounds—or whatever the weight may be—of love. The conceit, if not particularly subtle, is at least pleasant, and one would imagine that a subsequent increase in the avoirdupois of Maybelle would increase the lover's happiness. Naturally, one would think, the more there is of a girl the more there is to love. But it is impossible to tell. Here, for instance, is a Mrs. William Pierson, of Wilkesbarre. When she was married she weighed 132 pounds; now she weighs 262. It would appear that William should have more than twice as much love for his wife now as before, but he hasn't. In fact, Mrs. Pierson had to get a warrant for his arrest on the charge of beating her. She says that William lost his temper as she gained her weight, and that now he hates her. It's a cranky world.

WEX. J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

"Water, water everywhere," said the Modern Mariner, contemplating the truste. "It's enough to drive a man to drink."—Somerville Journal.

Sally Brown—Your mother seemed very much amused at that little story I told her last night, Dolly—Yes, mother has laughed at that story ever since I can remember!—New Yorker.

"Preserve us!" cried the berry. "I can," remarked the cook. "Wouldn't this jar you?" queried the Mason can. "No, but this would," exclaimed the sugar, giving them pound for pound.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ida—So Ernestine married that young man after giving him the shake three times? May—Yes, indeed. She believes in treating young men and medicine the same way—"shake well before taking."—Chicago News.

"I see you wear a yachting cap," said the newcomer; "perhaps you can tell me what 'starboard' means." "'Starboard,'" repeated Mr. Hallrume, "why that's what the star boarder gets, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe $10,000 for a new church, provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount. "Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife. "Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute $100 in cash."—Brooklyn Life.

De Auber (showing portrait)—What do you think of it, old man? Criticus—It's remarkably lifelike. Is it a portrait of some friend of yours? De Arthur—Yes, it's Muggsby. I thought you knew him. Criticus—Know Muggsby? Why, of course I know him. I've known him intimately for more than 20 years.—Chicago Daily News.

Bessie—Do you know, I believe I'm a half fool, and I guess Harry is the other half. Kitty—Not very complimentary to either of you. Bessie—I suppose not, but I mean it all the same. Harry was up to see me last evening, and by some accident or other the electric light got turned off. And, if you will believe it, we sat there in the dark at least two hours it never occurring to either of us that it could be turned on again in half a second.—Boston Transcript.