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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER — Maximum temperature, 87 degrees; minimum temperature, 58 degrees.

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

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904.

A SON AT PETERHOF.

What has become of the seer who foretold the birth of seven daughters to an heirless Czar when the wedding bells were ringing throughout Russia upon the occasion of the marriage of Nicholas II and the young, reluctant Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt? Four times this prophet of disappointment wagged his head sagely when news from the imperial birth chamber at St. Petersburg was given to the world. The fifth time he finds himself discredited by the credulous, as he has been from the first by people of same minds.

For the hopes of Russia—long deferred and repeatedly disappointed—have at length been realized. The young Czarina has again gone down to the gates of death, and emerged from the shadows, this time the grateful mother of a son. An heir to the throne of "Holy Russia," a sturdy young Muscovite, who will need to bring all of the courage and strength of a long line of Russian and German ancestors to the task to which he was born, this child is, in the present crisis of Russian affairs, at home and abroad, an object of great interest to the civilized world. His parents are to be congratulated; Russia, possibly, is to be congratulated; but the boy himself is an object of pity rather than of envy.

The coming of this heir was the event needed at this time to raise the drooping spirits of the loyal subjects of the Czar. Perhaps also it was the event needed to crystallize the hatred for the Czar of the nihilists that swarm the empire. However this may be, the great world of motherhood reaches out to the bedside of the Czarina with tenderness, sympathy and rejoicing, feeling, as only motherhood can, the truth of the declaration: "She remembers no more her pain for joy that a man child is born into the world."

The Czar himself, meanwhile, is the object of sympathy and congratulation from many a disheartened and discredited father of a family wholly girls. At such a time as this, sympathy is strong and unrestrained. There will be those to think less hardly of Russia for the Czarina's good fortune, and, glad that her own future is brighter, admit the hope that the hapless empire's "luck" might change from this hour. It is certain that, if rumored successes to the Russian arms should be confirmed, the superstition that has hitherto been clouded with gloom would give place to an equally baseless and fanatical belief that the new-born babe is the bearer of better things to the ill-starred house of Romanoff.

ENCROACHMENTS WHILE YOU WAIT.

The truly Superior Person is known by nothing so unmistakably as by the comprehensiveness of his pessimistic view. Wheresoever his gaze, acting through the bluest of blue glasses, alights, there he finds only occasion of solicitude, regret and alarm. It is fitting that Judge Parker, having received the 33d degree of Superior Personage by virtue of his recent nomination, yet more recently disclosed to him through the thoroughly Missourian but perfectly sober medium of Champ Clark, should survey a horizon of politics which moves him only to profound grief and concern.

Judge Parker is troubled about encroachments. It is a theme with which the strenuous magazine page has made us all familiar. There are the encroachments of labor on capital and of capital on labor. There are the encroachments of the House of Representatives on the Senate, causing such perturbation in an otherwise imperturbable Senate. There are the encroachments of the Senate not only on the House, but on the Executive office itself. There are the encroachments of the legislative on the Judiciary and of the judiciary on the legislative.

Perhaps the most prevalent and disturbing encroachment of late has been the Senatorial article. Speaker Cannon has served defiant notice on the Senate, to the enthusiastic cheers of an unanimous House; and such necessary and self-satisfying reformers as John Brisben Walker and Henry Loomis Nelson have leveled their most scarifying shafts at the Senatorial encroachment on the Presidential independence. It was not intended, they say, that the Senate should dominate appointments and dictate to the President so as indirectly to control legislation. Hence our free institutions are imperiled and every palladium of our liberties is in danger.

Judge Parker's contribution to the encroachment jeremiad is timely, if not overdue; for he shows us that while the Senate may be encroaching on the President, the President is encroaching on the Senate right back again. Many will take courage from this to believe that if there is any encroaching to be done, President Roosevelt will be able to take care of his end of the game. Judge Parker, it is fair to assume, would not be found wanting, either, in the encroachment line, as his telegram to the St. Louis Convention bears witness. He will do well if he can measure up to the high standard of that other famous encroaching anti-encroachment President, the Honorable Grover Cleveland.

ONE SERVICE OF EXPOSITIONS.

There was one very suggestive thought in the interesting discussion of world's fairs contributed by Mr. Henry E. Dosch to The Oregonian of Thursday. He said that while the subscriptions made to an exposition may never be repaid from the gate receipts, yet the indirect benefits to the city are almost beyond calculation. And it is even so; for already Portland can testify to the great notice that has been brought to the city through announcements of the Lewis and Clark Fair abroad and through the visits that have been made hither by distinguished persons, like the visit now being made by Governor Pardee, of California, and the men with him.

No city which has been inclined to live within itself alone can ever again be quite the same after a World's Fair. The crust of isolation is broken in upon, never to be restored. A cosmopolitan habit and attitude takes possession of the people, so that nothing in the wide world is after that alien to them or strange. There is a sudden and momentous jolt out of the rut of village and provincial life into the alert and worldly-wise equipment that distinguishes the true metropolitan. The crush of traffic on a busy street; the denser throng of vehicles; the multiplied street-car service; the continuous contact with strange races and unfamiliar objects; the educational force of the world's wonders gathered together so that they soon become the common topic of conversation—these are formative influences which every great exposition awakes in the city where it is held and which tend to arouse, enlighten and improve.

Expositions act upon the people of a region much as travel acts upon the individual. Nothing is so dwarfing to private or public character as stagnation. In the remote sections of Connecticut or Long Island or the Appalachians you will come across persons of excellent lineage and antecedents who are no more in touch with the modern world than a Hottentot. What has weakened their bodies and starved their minds to death is isolation. It is only through attrition that geology has worked out its problems, civilization has grown up and passed from Asia to Egypt and from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome and from Rome to Europe and from Europe to America. Sparks struck out at Thermopylae and fires lit at Salamis have kindled all the light that shines for the cultivated modern. Knocking about the world broadens the provincial mind and gives it culture for backwoods emptiness. The exposition does this in some shape, and in useful if limited form for a community.

Especially for a city at Portland's critical stage in development, merging as it is from a provincial town into a metropolis, is the service of a great exposition to be welcomed. What our California visitors can tell us the Midwinter Fair did for San Francisco, just that the Lewis and Clark Centennial will do for Portland. It gathered treasures of art and science from the ends of the earth to the Golden Gate, where local zeal has retained them for the city's perpetual ornament and pride. How much in dignity the city has gained from the buildings and exhibits retained in Golden Gate Park is the thought of every visitor there. It is not strange, therefore, that California takes such official interest in Portland's Exposition, or that the part she will take in it is certain, as time goes on, to be important and valuable. As the pioneer in Pacific Coast expositions and as the first of our states and cities it is to California and San Francisco that we must look for counsel from experience as well as for co-operation out of proverbial generosity and enterprise.

PRESIDENT CASTRO'S ERROR.

President Castro, of the two-bit Republic of Venezuela, is a resourceful man, and since the strenuosity of political life in his domain has become so pronounced that he is, figuratively speaking, "hanging on by his eyelids," his wits have been working overtime in order to enable him to retain even that precarious hold on his job. The New York & Bermudez Asphalt Company is an American corporation which for a long term of years has been engaged in working the asphalt lakes of Venezuela. This concern secured the proper concessions from the Venezuelan government many years ago, and until President Castro's hold on the administrative chair began slipping worked their plant without interruption from any source. Had Castro been provided with an unlimited amount of political patronage, he might have silenced some of the clamor which was raised by the masses by distributing offices among the malcontents.

In the absence of this effective squelcher of political discontent, the pan-American magnate was forced to resort to other methods, and as a beginning selected the asphalt company. President Castro was apparently familiar with the financial strength which this company had acquired by plastering "tar and treacle" at trust prices over most of the cities of the American Continent. This was good business, there was money in it, and it offered a fine opening for an enterprising band of revolutionists who were right up to the point of doing some revolutioning on their own account. Here was an opportunity, and Castro grasped it like the sleighriding Russian in the picture books grasped the ham, the candles or the baby and threw them over to stay the progress of the pursuing wolves. Castro decided that the asphalt company had been encouraging an insurrection against the Venezuelan government in general and President Castro in particular. The offense was, of course, grievous, and it was proper that the punishment should fit the crime.

In order that everything should be in accordance with the law, even though it was Venezuelan law, the case was tried in President Castro's courts, and, to the surprise of no one, the government won in a canter and was given a judgment against the asphalt company for $9,600,000. Having spent some of their money in the purchase of American Aldermen, who were on the street committees, the asphalt company did not have the amount handy, and Castro considerately appointed a receiver and took charge of the plant. In order that there would be no misunderstanding, the President supplemented the receiver's credentials with a couple of warships. At this point Mr. Bowen, United States Minister at Caracas, appears on the scene with a vigorous protest against the seizure of American property without due cause being shown. Details of the high-handed proceeding are on the way by mail, and if the case is as serious as it appears from telegraphic reports, Castro has accumulated a large stock of trouble.

There is not much of the Venezuelan naval fleet, but it might serve for practice targets for the American naval gunners, so that they would be better fitted for training their guns on bigger game. Undoubtedly Castro needs the money, but in resorting to highwayman's tactics he would have displayed better judgment had he selected an easier mark. Oom Paul lost his country by endeavoring to levy only a mild tribute on foreign capital engaged within its borders, but Castro has apparently engaged in confiscation, and has stirred up a row that may be more troublesome than keeping his job away from the band of patriots who would like to have it.

FREEDOM FOR THE BROWN MAN.

Judge Parker, speaking for his party, complains bitterly of the political inferiority which the Government at Washington visits upon the poor Filipinos in their distant homes. It cries to Heaven, he seems to think, that we have not given and do not now give them "independence" and "self-government." As it is, they are held under the iron rule of the white man. We shall never be entitled to hold up our heads among men till the brown man in the Philippines is as free as a white man in the United States.

This is Democratic doctrine. Upon it agree silver and gold wing, Bryan and Parker. But its sincerity can be most accurately ascertained by reference to what the Democratic party does, wherever it is in power, with the black man. Take the high-sounding phrases of Democratic "anti-imperialism" and apply them to the condition of the "nigger" in our Southern States. How about independence and freedom and self-government there? How about the political immorality of governing a man without that man's consent? How about the impassioned references to human liberty and equal rights delivered at the St. Louis onvention by young Mr. Hobson?

Does anybody suppose that the keen sympathy expressed by Judge Parker for the "nigger" in the Philippines and the desire expressed by Judge Parker to see the "nigger" in the Philippines endowed with the political rights and privileges which the Democrats atttribute to him—does anybody suppose that this sympathy or this desire would materialize in any elevation of the poor Filipino in case the Democratic party came into power? Nay, verily. The decree of social inferiority would be sealed against him just as it is in the South today against the black.

For in the day when the Democratic party should be supreme in this country, controlled as it is by Southern men and Southern ideals, we should be frankly told, as we are told today, that the reins of power, whether political, social or intellectual, are, must be and forever shall be in the hands of the whites, and the inferior races must learn and keep their place. So long as the blacks, yellows and browns are content to be the servants of the white man they can live in peace and security; but let them try to claim a place by the white man and on his level, and they will be put down if they have to be killed. We do not say the Southern Democrats are wrong in this matter. We only say that if they are right, why don't they stop their hypocritical snivelings about the poor Filipinos?

YOUNG MEN AND SCHOOLTEACHING.

As shown by the constantly decreasing number of young men who apply for certificates to teach in our schools, the teacher's vocation is likely to be abandoned entirely within a few years to women. This may be held to indicate, first, that a strenuous and stirring age offers to the young man of vigorous mind and sound body attractions and opportunities in vocations that make greater demand upon manly strength and vigor than does the profession of teaching; and again, that women, having proved their special fitness for teaching, have by honest competition crowded young men out of the ranks.

There are still young men in considerable numbers who use the teacher's vocation as a stepping stone to advancement—a sort of pot-boiler during a course in law, medicine, the gospel, etc., but this number is constantly dwindling, and, it may be added, without detriment to the educational interests of the community.

This is not said in disparagement of the ability of young men who make a pot-boiler of the teacher's profession, but as a plain statement of an accepted fact, based upon the principle that any work that is done without purpose beyond the necessity of relieving present stress is not first-class work. The young man who does not intend to make teaching his life work naturally does not strive to make a record in the teacher's ranks that will insure steady employment and promotion. Briefly stated, he does not do his best. In college phrase, teaching is not his "major"; in commercial phrase it is merely a "side line."

It is to the credit of intelligent, ambitious young men who find it necessary to work their way to an industrial goal that they are, as the records show, seeking to do this in more robust employment than teaching, leaving this to young women who are struggling to qualify themselves for teaching as a vocation. The harvest fields of the great Middle West are at the present time full of young men who are working their way through industrial colleges. Though awkward at first, they soon become deft in the work and earn fully the wages that they receive. Others are out with the great railway and geological surveys as rodmen and chainmen, keeping their eyes, meanwhile, upon the instruments, with a view to a better position next year and gaining strength, muscle and physical endurance, so dear to the heart of the American youth of today. Yet others are tramping the country as book agents, making temporary nuisances of themselves, possibly, but gaining in knowledge of human nature, learning to bear rebuff without loss of courage, and incidentally making their next year's expenses in some one of the great technical schools.

Let us rejoice that our energetic and ambitious young men have ceased to seek school teaching as a pot-boiling resource. The sturdier vocations yield the necessary money, develop health without which education itself is useless, bring young men in touch with men and things, broaden their view of life and labor, and, last but not least, do not leave the impress of an amateur's blundering upon the material in hand, as does makeshift schoolteaching.

Essential to the youth's manly development is the companionship of men. Let young men seek the vocations that insure this and leave the children of the district schools to the young women, who presumably—if the race is to be perpetuated—will find the discipline, training and instruction of children in direct line with their life work.

The effort that is being made to save the neck of Guglielmo, the wanton murderer of a young girl who, upon the command of her parents, declined to receive his addresses, is strictly in line with practices that bring the law into disrepute by seeking to hoodwink justice and defeat by delaying penalty. The courts are more tolerant of the devices practiced by attorneys in such cases than they should be. The public that is held up for the accruing bill of expenses views the proceedings in this case with profound disgust and indignation. This criminal had his day in court, and a long and expensive day it was. He was duly convicted of a crime the commission of which he did not deny and for which there was no palliation. Sentenced to deserved penalty, justice and a decent public conscience demanded that he should be executed and his case promptly closed. Yet, after some sharp legal quibbling, here he is again quartered for an indefinite period upon the grudged bounty of the taxpayers of Multnomah County, grinning with delight to get back to the County Jail, which he prefers as a place of detention to the Penitentiary. Out upon legal tactics that boldly and impudently flich from the taxpayers of the county, juggle with law and make such a mockery of justice possible!

When historians write the true story of the Japanese-Russian war their pages will be illumined by accounts of some of the most daring exploits that have ever taken place on the high seas. There was a skill in planning and boldness of execution in the raids of the piratical crews who sailed under the flag of Sir Henry Morgan, buccaneer, and also the men who "fought with Blake and sailed with Drake." But no coup ever executed by these historical rovers of the seas surpasses some of the work of the little brown men, who are now inflicting such telling blows on the floating property of Russia. Fatalists to a man, the Japanese on sea and shore have taken chances of destruction that would never be accepted by the fighters of a highly civilized race, and by sheer audacity have won where more prudent fighters would have been defeated. The old statement that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" might be amended to include Japanese, for no "front" that the Russians have yet put up on sea or shore has stayed the movements of the Japanese any more than a red flag stays the movements of a maddened bull.

There have been no sheep or sheepmen killed in Oregon for several days, and the threatened disturbance in Washington has subsided. Montana steps into the breach, however, with a story of trouble brewing between the sheepmen and cattlemen of that state. The sheepmen are making an effort to have rescinded an order from the Interior Department barring sheep from the forest reserve near Big Timber, Mont. The cattlemen are anxious that the order shall stand, and will make a fight against having it rescinded. Failing in this, they are expected to make the other kind of a fight against a sheep invasion. This question, which annually causes the slaughter of large bands of sheep and not infrequently the murder of sheepmen, will probably never be effectually disposed of until the Government prohibits the pasturage of either cattle or sheep on Government lands. This course would hardly satisfy either of the contestants, but it might stop the needless killing of sheep and their herders and owners.

According to tables compiled by Alexander Supan, the population of the world is 1,503,300,000. The total area of land on the surface of the earth is 144,110,000 square kilometers, about 215,000,000 square miles, making the average density of population about ten per square kilometer. The greatest density is in Europe, forty per square kilometer, and the least is in the polar regions, north and south, where 91,000 inhabitants are distributed over an area of about 12,873,000 square kilometers. These figures are doubtless as nearly accurate as patient research can make them, but they deal with numbers and areas so vast as to pass utterly beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mind.

The body of ex-Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, was interred with simple and befitting services in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Thursday. The honorable position that the deceased held in the Senate of the United States entitled him to such funeral honors as his state could bestow, and with these he was laid to rest. The volume containing the records of his long life is closed and clasped, and few, perhaps, in future years will care to open it and explore its contents. This is the common lot, against which greater men than Senator Vest have contended, only, as Keats has it,—

> To be lost in the gaping gulf
> Of blank oblivion.

D. H. Stearns, whose death occurred in Santa Monica a few days ago, was for many years engaged in active business pursuits in this city and vicinity. Energetic and optimistic, he launched and engineered a number of land development enterprises, some of which were for a time successful. His active endeavor was ended by failing health several years ago, and he sought the retirement of the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, where the last months of his life were spent in comfort and serenity. To his friends in this city who were aware of his physical condition his death was not unexpected.

Death in the family of ex-Postmaster Bancroft adds to the public sympathy for one upon whom misfortune's hand has been laid rather heavily of late. Mr. Bancroft's geniality and kindliness have earned for him many friends whose hearts will go out to him in this fresh affliction.

THE PRESIDENT'S RULE OF ACTION

Philadelphia Press.

Secretary Hay in his speech at Jackson on the semi-centennial of the birth of the Republican party, said: "And I hope I am violating neither the confidence of a friend nor the proprieties of an occasion like this when I refer to the ardent and able young statesman who is now, and is to be, our President, to let you know that in times of doubt and difficulty the thought oftenest in his heart is, 'What, in such a case, would Lincoln have done?'"

Such words from Secretary Hay are full of meaning. He speaks always with sobriety and responsibility. He is in a peculiar degree, as Secretary, companion and biographer, the special custodian of Lincoln's name. He is the intimate friend and counsellor of the President. As the personal link that connects the earliest and the latest of Republican Presidents, he speaks of both with ample knowledge and with a just sense of accountability. The American people will feel that they can safely repose the highest confidence in a President of whom Secretary Hay can deliberately say "that in times of doubt and difficulty the thought oftenest in his heart is, 'What, in such a case, would Lincoln have done?'"

Another truth can be added—a truth whose full import should be realized and appreciated. Those who are familiar with President Roosevelt's method of thought and action know that in any serious emergency he is careful when he speaks or acts to understand whether what he says or does can be backed up. He does not speak idly. He does not pronounce first and consider afterwards. In taking a National stand as the Executive he measures where he is coming out before he goes in. When he was dealing with the European powers in the Venezuelan difficulty he was studious to make no declaration and take no position which could not be sustained. In the Panama action, prompt and energetic as it was, the full results were realized and weighed before the first step was taken.

If this rule of procedure may seem to be out of harmony with the idea of those who have formed hasty impressions from superficial indications it is none the less a fact. The President has his "impulses," like every man of spirit and aim, but in matters of serious character he has no "impulsiveness" which does not look to the full consequences before the initiative is taken. A President who asks himself what Lincoln would have done and who, before taking action of moment, carefully considers whether it can be backed up, is a safe President.

Russia's Hold on Poland.

New York Press.

The report that Russia has addressed a note of inquiry to Berlin asking if Germany would join in a suppression of any revolt in Russian Poland may not be true, but the fact that it gains currency is evidence of the perilous state of the internal affairs of the Russian Empire. Poland is undoubtedly uneasy, and the Poles regard the present time as one favorable to their aspirations for liberty. But Russian Poland is hardly in a condition to achieve its own freedom, even though no help came to its oppressor from outside powers. In the portions of Poland which fell to Austria and Prussia at the several partitions the Poles have increased in numbers, wealth and intelligence, but in Russian Poland every art and power of the government has been used to keep the people in a state of ignorance, poverty and weakness.

Any Polish revolt would receive its chief strength from Prussian and Austrian Poland, and the note of inquiry which passed from St. Petersburg to Berlin was most probably an inquiry as to the lengths to which the Kaiser would go in preventing help from his Polish provinces from reaching the revolutionists across the border. That the fullest exercise of power could be expected on the part of the German Emperor to keep his Polish subjects quiet and prevent their helping their struggling brethren goes without saying. William II hates his Poles and his Poles return the feeling. He would Prussianize them and they refuse to be Prussianized. Therefore, if Russian Poland rises, the mailed fist will undoubtedly make itself felt in Prussian Poland.

In Defense of Hash.

Baltimore Herald.

During the meat strike the supply of hash has not failed. This is due partly to the fact that not all hash has a close connection with meat. As long as the composition of some boarding-house hash remains the mystery it is at present it will require something more than a meat strike to cause a widespread dearth. Most of the "resources" of housekeeping may be represented in hash, but as long as it can be made appetizing, cheap and nutritious there will be no necessity for asking embarrassing questions and submitting samples for chemical analysis.

Hash is not a matter of experiment. It has been in use so long that its status has been determined. People have been poisoned by sampling new-fangled dishes and eating food too old or not properly cooked, but the consumers of hash are not alarmed. Their stomachs have been trained to a certain course, anod the possessors know what results may be expected. A large part of the important work of the world is done with hash and similar unpretending food as the motive power, and as long as progress owes its success to agencies of this kind the shafts of the jokers and the sneers of the epicures will be harmless. Hash is solid with thousands of voters and is here to stay. Presidential elections, threatened changes in the tariff and meat strikes are not of sufficient importance to cause those who swear by hash to lose any sleep.

Thinks Davis Should Withdraw.

Chicago Daily News, Ind.

As the time elapses it is becoming more and more plain to American voters, Democrats as well as Republicans, that the nomination of an octogenarian for the second place on the ticket was a serious blunder. Mr. Root is right in saying that the ordinary duties of the Vice-Presidential office are in themselves sufficient to demand the selection of a man of high mental and physical capacity. But that fact is relatively a consideration of minor importance. The paramount duty of political parties in picking Vice-Presidential nominees is to bear in mind that the man thus chosen some day may be called upon to fill the office of President. This duty the Democratic Convention signally failed to recognize. Mr. Davis ought to decline the nomination in order that his years might not serve as an argument against the success of the National ticket of his party.

Bryan Is Consistent.

Washington Post.

Colonel Bryan cannot break away from his sacred ratio. He says one word for Parker and Davis and 16 against them.

The Passionate Author to His Love.

Puck.

Come write to me and be my Love,
And we will all the profits prove
That furnace sighings, signed and sealed,
And vows epistolary yield.

Empty the coffers of thy heart;
Its every throb and thrill impart;
Search every secret, holy nook;
'Twill make, sweetheart, a lovely book.

And I will make thee vow for vow,
And in my letters mention how
By thoughts of thee I'm sweetly harried,
Despite the fact that I am married.

Thou'lt write how to my arms thou'dst fly
If 'twere not for the legal tie;
And I, how straight I'd fly to thee
If from my fetters I were free.

These tender things we'll put in print,
Sweetheart, there may be millions in't.
The public simply can't resist
"Love Letters of a Socialist."

We'll turn our passion to account,
And realize a large amount,
If of the plan thou dost approve,
Come write to me and be my love.

A PERTINENT CRITICISM.

Springfield Republican.

The formal ceremony of notifying Senator Fairbanks of his nomination served as an opportunity, which Elihu Root made the most of, to attack the nomination of the venerable West Virginian by the Democrats on the ground that Mr. Davis' age renders him an unfit man for the place. It was purely an argument "ad hominem," and called for some delicacy of treatment in order that Mr. Davis' feelings might be spared as much as possible. While Mr. Root cannot have relished the work of thus assailing the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, it must be admitted that the points he made relative to the candidate's advanced age were legitimate, germane and proper.

Mr. Root made one suggestion that has not been fully considered in this connection. It is conceivable that in case Mr. Davis, after his election, should succeed to the Presidency, he would soon become physically and mentally incapacitated for performing the duties of the Presidential office. In view of his great age, a breakdown under so heavy a burden would be altogether probable. Then there might be precipitated upon the country and Congress a controversy as to the degree of "inability," within the meaning of the Constitution, which would warrant the Chief Executive's virtual removal from the office. The Constitution has this to say:

> In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall develve on the Vice-President; and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President; and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

The Davis nomination certainly raises the possibility referred to by Mr. Root. We might easily find Congress holding a kind of inquest and studying doctors' certificates in order to determine what to do with a President who, while living was still too enfeebled to perform the enormous work and carry the responsibilities of the Chief Magistracy.

The Democrats had no right to menace the country with possible contingencies of this kind, and disagreeable as the line of criticism may be to an estimable person, who, of course, feels as young as he used to be, the Republicans cannot be blamed for making the matter something of an issue as between the two leading candidates for Vice-President.

The Essence of Religion.

Goldwin Smith, in the New York Sun.

The preaching of the Founder of Christendom, who taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, undeniably was the great awakening of spiritual life in the world. A world without spiritual life, or religion as the embodiment of that life and regulated by social science solely in temporal interests, is perfectly conceivable. But the religion which should take the place of vital Christianity is not. Renan says of the words addressed to the woman of Samaria that they are the essence of religion and that if there are intelligent beings in other planets and they are religious, this and none other their religion must be.

It seems doubtful whether even the Positivist has really reasoned himself out of the pale of Christianity. He holds to the brotherhood of man. The fatherhood of God he renounces. Yet he must apparently believe in something which takes the place of the fatherhood of God in consecrating human brotherhood, though his conception may not be anthropomorphic or identical with that of the simple Galilean.

The revelations of the physical world come to us through the action of high scientific intellects. Was it not possible that a revelation of the moral world should come to us through a character of unique excellence, benevolence and beauty, preserved in its simplicity and purity by the pastoral isolation of Galilee?

World Language of the Future.

What will be the world language of the future? That it will be English is the prediction of many scholarly observers. The probabilities are that it will partake of the best features of all modern tongues. It is a safe proposition to assume that the race which dominates the commerce of the world will impress its language upon the world. The English-speaking people are today the leaders in world activity. As a result the English language is spoken by more people today than is any other civilized tongue.

The recent action of Germany in giving the English language preference above all other foreign tongues is formal recognition of a fact, and not the mere arbitrary expression of a choice. The strong point is made, however, that America more than England, is responsible for the change. Two-thirds of the people who speak English live on this side of the Atlantic and their industrial and commercial conquests are making the tongue familiar in every quarter of the habitable globe.

French is still regarded as the diplomatic and "polite" language of the world, but English, as expanded and rejuvenated by American transplantation, is becoming the universal business tongue. The world language of the future, therefore, is that which America will speak and teach.

A Queer Pet.

London Standard.

The wife of the Governor of North Borneo has a pet which few women will envy her. The Governor's house is near a jungle, and from it strayed a baby rhinoceros. Captured as a curiosity, he at once became tame and refused to return to his native wilds. He consumes 16 quarts of milk a day, and on this diet thrives and grows fat. He might be mistaken for a queer sort of hog were it not for the horn in the middle of his face. He is devoted to his mistress and follows her about like a dog.

Peculiarly American.

Atlanta Journal.

The campaign poet is a peculiarly American institution. The effete monarchies of the Old World must fain struggle along without him, or her, or it. It is the heat of mighty conflicts between principle and principle from which he draws his poetic fire.

An Old Sign.

Philadelphia Press.

The occupants of a store recently moved their business a short distance down the same street, hanging up in the window of the premises they had just vacated the following notice:

"Have moved to a better place below."

Disinterested Affection.

Washington Star.

When you see a little feller lookin' fondly at his dad
You know he thinks he's 'bout the greatest man
That any town in all this glorious country ever had,
An' he's proud to go a-walkin' han' in han'.

There's friends an' there is fam'lys sympathyzin' when you grieve
An' ready fur to answer at your call,
But there's somethin' in his manner which compels you to believe
That the little feller loves you best of all.

An' it kind o' makes you feel like bracin' up an' jumpin in
An' tryin' fur a record in the game,
'Cause you know how honestly he is expectin' you will win,
An' if you don't he'll love you jes' the same.

An' there isn't any thought in him that isn't fur your good,
An' if at last you're driven to the wall
You know he's goin' to stand by dad, jes' where he's always stood,
'Cause the little feller loves you best of all.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Czarina's Lullaby.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Heed not the guns from the steep;
Let the guns thunder as loud as they can,
Baby must sleep and grow a big man.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Squadrons may clash on the deep;
Fleets of the Czar and their crews may be lost;
But, Baby, thy father's and mine be the cost.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Mothers and sweethearts may weep;
Boys of their hearts may lie dead on the field—
O Baby, my Boy, mother's heart be thy shield.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Hearts of thy people will leap—
Thy people, for Baby shall have a great throne,
But now he rules mother and mother alone.

The Kurds are reported to be massacring the Armenians. Quite a blood-curdling story.

Now that it's a boy, the Czar in a few years will have some one to help him split the wood.

The Russians attribute the birth of a royal heir to the interposition of St. Seraphim. Queer things these saints do sometimes.

According to Tom Richardson, Malheur County has a great future before it. That's much better than having a great future behind it.

P. A. Lowing, who conducts a beerhall, says that he can drink from 250 to 300 glasses of beer a day. Some people are born lucky.

Parker's speech is variously described as "dishwater and dynamite" and a "lucid and masterly exposition of Democratic principles"—not by the same paper, of course.

"All citizens of Teller County will refrain from carrying arms," says an official proclamation in Colorado. If the citizens of Teller County "will refrain" there was no need for the proclamation; otherwise it might have read "shall refrain."

This is from Punch. Cut it out for use when you require sobering:

> A correspondent sends us an interesting natural history note. On opening his wardrobe the other day, he found a moth in his dress-coat. The effect, he declares, was ludicrous, as the coat was, of course, much too big for the moth.

If Albert Cooper, who has been arrested on the charge of unduly influencing a woman by means of a rose he gave her, has such a secret as Mrs. Morello credits him with, he should make it public for the benefit of the swains that go broke sending their lady loves ineffectual bouquets.

Although by no means an authority on the arcana of dress, we cannot help feeling that we have been unjustly censured for the use of the word "stays" in Thursday's paper. A postal card received yesterday says:

> You must be a "Lobster." No such term as STAYS, except in Gt. Britain. You are behind the times.

While the handwriting of this brief and forcible epistle indicates that the writer is a member of the sex that knows most about the question, we cannot admit the truth of her statements.

The Chicago Tribune, a representative paper, used the word "stays" in the caption of the dispatch to which the postal presumably refers. Furthermore, the Saxon word is preferred to the French "corset" by many who do not take their language or their pronunciation on the ipse dixit of a lexicographer, and in this connection it may be remarked that Lady Gove, whose slashing articles in the Nineteenth Century stirred up the Philistines to such an extent, vigorously took up the cudgels for the Saxon name as opposed to the French, of a still more intimate garment. As to being behind the times, stays by any other name are just as unresponsive.

This is not such a bad old world, after all. Selfishness is not a feature in the character of many men. You have only to mingle in the crowd at the Irvington racetrack to learn this lesson, and the crowd at a racetrack is usually one that points the moral of the pessimist rather than that of the optimist. Out at Irvington men who are utter strangers to you will go to considerable trouble in your behalf. Have you a piece of coin you want to put down on a horse? Here is a rough-looking fellow, whose exterior gives no hint of the kindly heart within, will readily take your money to the bookie and relieve you of all further trouble with it. Do you want information about a certain horse? A score of unkempt but honest fellows are positively eager to let you share in the benefit of a straight tip they've just had from the owner. And the knowledge of their own kindly feelings leads the racetrack followers to believe that all others are of the same nature. They will ask a man they've never seen before if he knows on what horse that famous California trainer bet $5000, and if they get a civil answer—which, alas for human nature! is seldom—they will waste some of their doubtless valuable time in conversation with their informant. Yes, the world is a pretty good place, and the higher altruism does not flourish in university settlements only.

WEX. J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

Miss Passay—The idea of Mr. Hoamley asking me if I couldn't learn to love him! Miss Peppery—Why not? One is never too old to learn.—Philadelphia Press.

"You need more exercise, my man. What is you business?" "I'm a piano lifter." "Eh? Well, hereafter lift two at a time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—Wouldn't it be nice if dreams came true? He—I don't know about that. I had a Welsh rabbit dream the other night, and gee whiz! I'd hate to have that come true.—Philadelphia Press.

"How old is Miss Wellup?" "She is just at the uncertain period between the time when she doesn't want anybody to know her age and the time when she doesn't care who knows it."—Chicago Tribune.

"She's going to break up housekeeping," said the doctor's wife, "and I'm going to take her parlor carpet for one-third what it cost—" "Well," said the doctor, "see that it's well shaken before taking."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"But," said the Rev. Dr. Broadley, "you must remember the Bible tells us to love our neighbors." "It's quite impossible," replied Mrs. Upperten. "I simply hate mine." "Well—er—then hate them in moderation."—Philadelphia Press.

"Anything for an old soldier, mum?" "Have you ever been in action?" "Yes'm, the hottest action in the campaign." "And were you hurt or wounded?" "No, mum, but I was on the list of the missing." "Poor fellow!"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Sometimes," he drawled, as he lit another cigarette, "it—aw—seems to me that the struggle is hardly worth while." "What struggle?" she innocently asked. "The struggle to give 'he impression that you really have an excuse for living."—New York Herald.

Muggins—So you finally mustered up courage to propose to Miss Springer, eh? What was the result? Huggins—She dismissed me without ceremony. Muggins—Oh, well, don't you care. The absence of ceremony saved you the minister's fee.—Philadelphia Inquirer.