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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem TODAY'S WEATHER-Fair and warmer;

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1904.

## BAILEY SHOWS BAD TASTE.

It is in very bad taste for Senator Bailey to denounce the Federal Government for its increasing expenses, which he dishonestly designates as "the reckless extravagance of those now in power." Mr. Balley is accounted a very brainy man. If he is, then he knows perfectly well that Federal expenditures have grown by reason of the increased part the Government takes in development of the country's resources, waterways, etc., and that the section and state he hails from derives great benefit from this policy.

It is a common cry of the Democrats that Government expenses should be cut down by limiting its field of operations to what are known as the legitimate expenses of government; yet our Democratic communities are always clamoring for Federal aid of their local needs. The mouth of the Mississippl has absorbed millions. Galveston, in Senator Bailey's own state, has asked and received Government work on its harbor, so that the depth of water has been increased from twelve to twentyseven feet. Since the election of Mc-Kinley in 1896 the Government has spent \$175,000,000 in river and harbor and the South has ha ful share.

We do things for localities and even for industries in this way because it is the easiest and best way, It would impoverish Galveston to dig its own haroor, or New Orleans to dike the Mississippi. Through customs and internal revenue the whole people can do this ork without burdensome taxation. In 1860 we spent \$11,000,000 on our Navy. The same per capita today would bring the total to \$30,000,000, whereas in 1903 we spent \$60,000,000. It is not the magnitude of these operations that signifies. but merely the question whether we get

honest value for the money spent. Enormous sums have been spent by the Government to save the South's cotton crop from the boll-weevil; to extirpate from the South its scourge of yellow fever: to fortify its coasts: to house its Federal offices; to herald approaching storms on the Gulf and South Atlantic; to relieve its flood sufferers; to multiply its postal facilities: to foster its rice industry, which has grown from an output of 115,000,000 pounds 1898 to 400,000,000 pounds in 1903. The South was benefited by the expenditures made by and still chargeable to situation of grave menace to Southern peace and prosperity, and it will be penefited still more by the Panama Canal which has also increased our per capita expenses very largely. In view of the stupendous enterprises the Govarrivent has maintained and still maintains for the benefit of Texas and other Southern States, the partisan attacks made by Mr. Bailey upon the Government finances reflect nothing but discredit upon him. Yet be and his colleagues will shamelessly back up to the Treasury again as soon as the appropriation bills are framed in Congress next December.

THE DOSE AND THE DRAM.

Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal a few months ago, it will be remembered, brought down a hornets' nest about his ears by a specific, and, as it proved, an unwise attack upon certain proprietary medicines. He pursued the only safe and wise course under the circumstances by beating a hasty rehe had challenged to combat as he ran. He has not, however, given up the fight along this line, though he is more wary than before. His latest point of attack is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the good women of which he arraigns as stultifying themselves by of which is alcohol. He charges them further with being inconsistent in permitting the advertisements of these medicines to be pasted upon their fences, outbuildings and houses, and papers that publish patent medicine ad-

tertisements. To all of these indictments vast numbers of these good women will no doubt Pacific. This, with the old-established have to plead guilty. Perhaps, however, they will ignore the charges as frivolous and irrelevant. They will be world route to the Far East a very good any people to strive to live for their wise in so doing, first because thousands of temperance women are wedded to their doses, even as thousands of in- Pacific business north of San Francisco

these as a requisite of membership in the great organization with which Mr. Bok is at issue, would be to decimate Sound, the pioneer liners in the trade the ranks of the W. C. T. U. without in frequently went out without full carthe least interfering in the legitimate goes. Today there are twenty-five regbusiness of the patent medicine man.

The question raised and urged against the W. C. T. U. by Mr. Bok is similar to that which the members of that erganization have long urged against the sale and use of liquors in the name of temperance. It is prohibition vs. individual judgment, taste or preference. The one seeks by arbitrary means, offensive to the splirt of individual liberty, to cut off the dose-the other the dram of the free-born American citizen.

THE ELEMENTS OF DEFEAT.

It is something like a month ago since The Oregonian, upon the completion of the Democratic organization at New York, ventured the inquiry "Has the slump begun?" Also the prediction was hazarded that the joyful acclaim with which Parker's nomination was heralded would soon be overwhelmed in cries of discontent with the progress of the campaign in the objectionable hands to which it had been intrusted and with no-resistance policy pursued by Judge Parker. In confirmation of this prophecy we here submit a few sample utterances of the three great Parker newspapers:

New York World: The trouble through all these twenty years has been that the Democratic party has never once nominated a candidate of its own. Its nominations have been made for it by a few bosses like Hill, Croker and McLaughlin. And as long as this method of choice continues it will never got a candidate of the right callber, for the coses never will nominate a man whom they

to not expect to be their tool.

New York Times: There is no virtue in the proclamation of a policy invariably acempanied by a neutralizing declaration that you don't mean a word you say. With the perfect frankness of a friend, we must say that was what was the matter with the tariff paragraphs of Judge Parker's speech of acceptance. There was no piedge, no promise, no armative declaration of Democratic opposition to the extertions, private favors and public outrages of the Dingley tariff. If the Democrats really intend to do nothing with the tariff, they should quit

New York Evening Post: Judge Parker will not be elected unless he secures the large independent vote in such states as New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. The movement of the thinking independents. who again and again have turned the scale in this state, is the serious factor. They have twice given the electoral vote of New York to Cleveland, partly because Cleveland represented their ideas, partly because he was bitterly hated by such as McCarren and Murphy. Although this precious pair are not, as the Republican newspapers would have us believe, among the eligibles for the Cabinet, they are both fit candidates for positions in the darkest background. The harm they can do may, after all, he very slight; and yet a sense of propriety requires from them silence, and very little of that, A political campaiagn affords an unusual opportunity to the notey and the empty. Senator McCarren has selved the right moment and has done his best to thrust his odious and distrusted personality into the foreground; and Mr. Murphy apparently envies

the notoriety of his rival. There is but a word to add to these exhibits, which explain themselves. They show that newspapers with any Presidential campaign, for they show was captured by pursuers in automothat the Parker cause is perpetually on the thin crust of a slumbering volcano which may break out at any time. This is not a situation that spells victory. It has, on the other hand, all the elements of defeat.

DEPARTING PRESTIGE OF THE SUPZ

The fame of the Suez route as the greatest commercial highway on earth is in a fair way to be dimmed by the astonishing growth of the trans-Pacific The latest candidate for honors in this new field is the Allan Steamship line, which pioneered the steamship business out of Canadian ports on the The management of this line is heavily interested in the new Grand Trunk Pacific Rallway, which is to cross Canada much farther north than the route now followed by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Alian line was a very important factor in the develop ment of trade between Canada and Great Britain, and has always stood close enough to the British throne to secure merited aid in its undertakings. It is Great Britain's enormous trade interest in the Far East that has suppiled the ocean traffic which has made the Suez famous. Other countries have contributed, of course, but the bulk of the tonnage passing through the canal sails under the flag of Old England. The first deviation made from that time-honored route was when aid was extended to the Canadian Pacific for the construction of a road uniting the eastern and western provinces of Canthe war with Spain, which corrected a ada and enabling Great Britain to land her soldiers and civilians on this side of the Pacific without the necessity of a long sea voyage, or travel through alien territory. Immediately following the completion of the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver a line of steamers to the Orient was placed in service, and Great Britain had a new highway to her Far Eastern possessions. The new route not only enabled her at a great saving of time to send troops and treasure

us value in developing one of her principal dependencies. Out of the long-neglected but rich forests and fields of Canada came a rich stream of traffic. Some of it flowed to the east and some to the west, but it all paid tribute to Great Britain through the transportation line which she had backed so heavily. The success of the Canadian Pacific has been so marked that it could not do otherwise than at- character, in that he attributes it to the tract attention and invite competition, The promoters of the Grand Trunk Pa treat seeking to placate the forces that cific see before them opportunities of development as bright as those which confronted the builders of the Northern Pacific. Each one of the great northerly transcontinental railroads was in turn declared to be too far north ever to amount to anything, but each in turn proved successful, and patronizing patent medicines, the basis | feeders of the Canadian Pacific are to- go into war with the full expectation of day on the borders of the Great Slave Lake, a region which a few years ago

back and forth between Europe and the

The proposed Grand Trunk Pacific will have a Pacific Coast terminal so otism. This fearlessness is accounted with subscribing, paying for, taking much farther north than the other into their homes and reading religious transcontinental roads that its connecting trans-Pacific line can reach tha shores of the Orient by a much shorter route than any other line crossing the business of the Allan line on the Atlantic will give the new round-thebusiness from the start. It has only been fifteen years since all of the transtemperate men are wedded to their was handled by the three steamers of shortsighted at best. This is especially

seemed as far away as the north pole.

Vancouver and Portland and Puget ular liners plying out of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia ports to the Orient, and to help them out extra steamers are dispatched every year in numbers sufficient to carry more freight than was carried by all of the regular

liners fifteen years ago. The traffic has more than doubled every five years since the Canadian Paclfic entered the field, and with the outlook today brighter than ever before, it is not too much to expect that a similar ratio of increase will be noted five years hence. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the staid old Allan line, with the experience of more than half a century in the business, is showing a desire to get into newer and richer fields than those where it is now working. The natural growth of busi ness the world over will prevent the Suez from showing much of a decrease in the volume of its traffic, but its prestige a's the world's greatest commercia highway is passing on, and will shortly rest on the Pacific route between the Occident and the Orient.

MODERN MIRACLES. When Rip Van Winkle awoke from that famous sleep he saw much that amazed him and much that was not in evidence when he absorbed the insomnia preventive. But what seemed as miracles to Rip would be tame and commonplace in the strenuous life of today. The flight of time as measured by the progress of the world in all arts and sciences was so slow at the time that his fairy tale was spun in comparison with the speed at which we are booming along in this twentieth century that a decade or two hence we will have difficulty in understanding how Rip saw very much at which to wonder. Think of the creepy sensation that would have come over a more modern Rip Van Winkle who might have awakened yesterday from a twenty years' sleep and read the news of the day as presented in the columns of The Oregonian. He would have learned that Japan, which less than a generation ago was fighting with stinkpots and short swords, was handling modern guns of such remarkable power that they were battering to pieces Russian forts twelve miles away.

He would also read that the little

brown savages of not so long ago had by their naval maneuvers and deadly work in destroying the mightlest battleships affoat taught the entire world new tricks in the art of war. Electric searchlights were blinding the eyes of the defenders of the forts, while modern guns with a power for execution never dreamed of a few years ago were pour ing into them a rain of death. One modern Rip would have found something to conjure with aside from the war news. He would have read of one of those horseless carriages which Mother Shipton saw in the vision covering a distance of three miles in 3 minutes and 15 seconds, and then plunging self-respect cannot be depended upon to from the track and killing a couple of bolster up a discreditable cause without spectators. Other modern miracles occasionally blurting out the truth. The which would have attracted his atten World, in the passage quoted, is talk- tion were the accounts of the ballons ing about the Governorship; but its re- race from St. Louis to Washington, and marks have a profound bearing on the of a runaway airship in France which biles after a flight of forty-four miles. Men were fighting with their fists, of course, when Washington Irving's Rip fell asleep, but our modern Rip, on awakening, would have read that the news of one of these fights was sent by rounds to a steamship in midocean, and, passing on over a cable which the ship was laying, had been ticked off to the He would also learn that our twentieth century wigards had bent the forces of Nature to their wills to such an extent that legible messages were sent flying through space by what is known as wireless telegraphy. None of the old masters of the black art who amazed our ancestors ever produced in natural tones "the sound of a voice that is still," or amazed his audiences with moving pictures in which famous men who have departed from life seem to

live and breathe and move again be-In far Thibet, that land of mystery almost the sole remaining spot on earth from which civilization has thus far been barred, Colonel Younghusband is endeavoring to plant the banner of Great Britain. A few of his soldlers fall before the spears of his foe, and immediately the wires are carrying the news of the disaster over mountains and plains, through deadly jungles and under rivers and oceans, to thousands of newspapers, and almost before the bodies of the victims are cold millions of readers all over the world know of the disaster. Just a bare mention of all of these modern miracles would be too long a story at this time, but they have developed so rapidly that imagination stands bewildered in contemplation of what the future must hold for us.

PATRIOTIC BUT UNDEMONSTRATIVE.

Bishop John McKlm, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for twenty years a resident of Tokio, as missionary bishop, is now in this country for the purpose of attending the general convention of his church. During his Far East, but it also proved of enor- long residence in the capital of Japan he has had abundant opportunities for studying the Japanese character, and he has given to the press some of his impressions and conclusions in regard to these wonderful people of the Ori-

Rishop McKim's view of the cause of the unbroken Japanese successes of the present war correspond with those of other students of Japanese life and unity of the people, their great patriand the careful preparations that they had long and quietly been making

for the contest. In addition to these characteristics, the Japanese value human life very much less than do the people of any other race or nation, with the possible exception of the Chinese. Nine-tenths of them, according to Bishop McKim, being killed in the service. This is not bravery as we understand the term, but utter fearlessness of death, which is as much a part of their nature as is patrias one reason why so many of them are killed in battle. They scoff at precautions looking to their safety, and take their lives in their hands cheerfully and with grim determination to

win or die. This characteristic is admirable only in a limited sense. It is much wiser for country than recklessly to die for it. The quality of patriotism that causes soldiers to rush needlessly to death is cups, and to pledge them to abandon the Canadian Pacific, and even with so in the case of the soldiers of Japan ban de middle?"

small craft running as feeders between since that empire has not a large reserve of men, and as a matter of fact Sound, the pioneer liners in the trade has no soldlers to spare certainly none

to waste Though in touch with Western civilization, there is one point upon which the Japanese do not approach the Western idea except as it is found among North American Indians. Whittier, in one of his earlier poems—a tale of in-dian life in old New England—brings out this characteristic in these lines;

The Indian heart is hard and cold; it closes darkly o'er its care, And formed in Nature's sternest mold

Is slow to feel and strong to bear. This estimate is not outre true of the Japanese, though the effect seems to be the same. These little brown people of the Orient, it is said, feel keenly the emotions of joy and sorrow, grief and pain, but they are taught to repress their feelings. The women smile and smile, and always smile; the men cultivate an air of perfect indifference. News of a victory over which the American people would shout themselves hoarse, the men receive impas sively if not stolldly, while the women chatter smilingly over the news as they knit tirelessly upon cholera belts for the soldiers-the general occupation of Japanese women at the present time.

To Americans this impassiveness is scarcely less than offensive. They see in it not the deep waters of a strong nature, but the shallows of a superficial one. And yet these people are alert, active imitative and persistent-everything but original, communicative, demonstrative and warmhearted, and they are leaving the impress of their quaint and seemingly unnatural characteristics upon the thought and the achievement of the world. We shall know more of them as the years go on, and perhaps understand them better. Perhaps also we shall learn of them to modify to some extent the excitability that now and again has caused our people, as in the well-remembered Dewey incident, to make a ludicrous spectacle of themselves, first in bestowing noisy and unstinted admiration upon a hero and almost immediately and for trivial cause turning this into censure.

Our Canadian neighbors, ever alive to the value of the fishing industry, are how building what will be the largest fish hatchery on the Pacific Coast. It will be situated on Trout Creek, near Harrison Hot Springs, and will have a capacity of 50,000,000 fry. This should be encouraging news for the Washingtonians, who are just at present bewail ing the shrinkage of the sockeye pack to less than 100,000 cases. Of course the Canadians are not building this big hatchery for the direct purpose of supplying the Puget Sound canners with fish, but in due season the larger proportion of the fish thus hatched will swim into Puget Sound traps and seines. The Columbia River is in need of more hatcheries, but in proportion to the relative size of the maximum. pack we are immeasurably in advance of the Puget Sound district, and it would seem the part of wisdom for the men interested in the perpetuity of the industry to get in and help the Canadibuilding a few 50,000,000-fry hatcheries on this side of the line.

The largest schooner ever built on the Pacific Coast is now in port to load for Australia. The vessel was built at Eureka, Cal., this year, and has already made a trip to the Orlent with 1,700,000 feet of lumber. This is a larger cargo than can be carried on a squarerigged vessel of one-third greater registered tonnage, and the crew required to work the schooner is only half as other words, we have in the schooner Crescent a craft that carries more cargo, costs less to build and less to operate in proportion to her size than any other type of vessel affoat. No foreignbuilt ship on the Pacific today, either subsidized or unsubsidized, can successfully compete with this American-built craft, either in original cost or cost of operation. This indicates that there nay be an opportunity to build up a merchant marine without the necessity of choking it into helplessness on Government pap.

The local authorities at beach resorts would do well to guard the reputation of such resorts a little more carefully Gambling and shooting scrapes at such places cannot do otherwise than pre vent strangers from visiting them, and will also have a tendency to induce people who are now regular visitors to seek a place where such evils are less in evidence. The beach population at most of our seaside resorts is largely made up of youngsters, from whose tender minds it is well to divert the contemplation of such acts as have been reported from two near-by resorts within the past few days. The old ocean and its wonderful stage settings at Clatson and Yaquina presents to the Summer visitor too much that is beautiful to have the pleasing prospect marred by the wickedness of man.

The suggestion that paper bags, to be burned once a month, be substituted at police headquarters for the receptacle of the contents of the pockets of persons who are arrested, taken to the jail and searched, for the fifty canvas bags now used to hold these articles, pending the release of the owner, is a good one as far as it goes. But why use these bags a month? Why use one the sec ond time? Paper bags are cheap. They are also clean, in that they present a mooth, inhospitable surface to burrowing microbes. Why not buy them at wholesale prices and burn them when relieved of their malodorous, possibly infectious, contents?

The rain that fell generally through out the Willamette Valley Saturday night and Sunday was refreshing, and will prove beneficial to late gardens and fruit. This is especially true of potaties, cabbage, apples and pears. It will be invaluable also to pastures, and, though the precipitation was less than desired, its effect will be to clothe the country in green within a fortnight More rain is promised, and it is hoped that the promise will be fully met before the time for hoppicking begins.

When it is learned from official reports that in ten years the annual school district tax levies, voted by the people of this state, have increased 200 per cent, it is not surprising to learn also that Oregon is among the states having the smallest proportion of illiterate

Wanted the Center.

Kansas City Star. A Dane in Osage County, Kansas, who had never used a telephone before, was asked to call up central. He took down the receiver and shouted: "Hello, is dees theorizing, more of Do

DEMOCRATIC TRIBUTE TO D. B. HILL

New York World, August 24. Since the Cleveland campaign of 23 years ago the boss or bosses in control of the party organization have mocked and sulted the Democratic voters with a eries of cheap politicians whose nominal leadership was a blistering reflection upon the intelligence or virtue of the citizens who accepted it.

David B. Hill was perhaps a qualified exception. He has a disciplined though narrow mind, a thorough knowledge of machine politics, the strength and weaknesses of a man with one passion, lacking imagination and moral sensibility. He nominated himself for Governor twice and was twice elected. He allowed Croker to nominate him a third time and was overwhelmingly defeated. He was as Govmor a foe to graft and grab and did the state some service. But his politics was always subterranean and selfish, and he lacked the broadness and the wisdom to call the strong men of the party to his

Hill and Croker together nominated Roswell P. Flower for Governor, a man who could not write a grammatical sen-tence, but who had the money to secure Croker, and through him the nomination. In 1898, when Robert B. Van Wyck, the most corrupt and incompetent Mayor New York has known since the Tweed ring, was scandalising the party in this city, Croker, with Hill's acquiescence, nominated Augustus Van Wyck for Governor, No grosser insult to public decency could have been conceived. Augustus Van Van than his brother, but his election at such time would not only have removed a necessary check upon the local misgovernment of his brother, but have greatly increased it. Yet such was the vitality of the Democratic party that this candidate came within 18,000 votes of being elected. Manifestly a decent nomination then would have buried Roosevelt, and there would have been no Rough-Rider

Presidential campaign today. Two years later Hill nominated his law partner. Stanchfield, a cheap country politician, the defender of Brockway's enor-mities in the Elmira Reformatory, an advocate of imperialism, the type of every-thing that a Democratic leader should

In 1902 there was every prospect of Democratic victory. Judge Parker was willing to accept the nomination. The convention wanted him unanimously. He

would have been elected. With his record as Governor he would have become as well known to the country as Tilden was in 1876, and would have entered the Presidential campaign with the great advantage of a record of positive achievements But Hill had White House hopes him self at that time. He did not want a candidate of Presidential size, and so he

cominated Coler, a person small enough to make Hill absolutely sure that he could ontrol him, and against whom even Odell managed to scrape out a victory by 8000 The trouble through all these 20 years has been that the Democratic party has never once nominated a candidate of its own. Its nominations have been made for it by a few bosses like Hil, Croker

and McLaughlin. And as long as this method of choice continues it never will get a candidate of the right caliber, for the bosses never will nominate a man whom they do not expect to be their tool. In its internal organization the party of the people has been an oligarchy. Why not let the Democracy this year make its own nomination? Why not ask Hill, Sheehan, Murphy, McCarren and even Judge Parker to stand aside and leave the choice to a free convention?

Persistent "Delusion."

New York Sun. A master mind in the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas advances in the Du-luth Evening Herald this theory of the vote of the Nation on Bryan's paramount insue of 1900:

The Sun says: "Public opinion declared to work the schooner is only half as treef in favor of imperialism in 1900." That of a forgery, but it will be solemn large as that required for the square- is a statement that can be effectively dealed. again by the Democratic thinkers. rigger. The cost of the schooner is also While, seemingly, the American people demuch less than that of the ship. In clared themselves in favor of imperialism because they restored the Republican party to power in 1906, many voters were deluded into the belief that there was no such thing as imperialism or colonialism in the Republican party policy. That they should have seen through this subterfuge is equally true. But they did not. That is one of the fects of our political system.

Our friend will accept our compliments and confident assurance that when it comes to a proposition to surrender ter ritory rightfully under the flag and sovereignty of the United States, the "de of the voters will persist, and the same "serious defect" of our political system will continue to appear in every recurring election when surrender

That is all there is to it.

. The Second Straw Vote. Chicago Tribune, The Tribune's second straw ballot, hose result was published yesterday. raises to 10,988 the total number of Chicagoans whose Presidential preferences have been ascertained

Of these 6504 are for Roosevelt, 3789 for Parker, 548 for Debs, and 147 for Swallow. Their usual vote is 6006 Republican, 4209 Democratic, 422 Socialistic, and 129 Prohibition. Roosevelt and Debs gain at the expense The second ballot confirms the story

told by the first one, that there is this time in this city a drift towards Roosevelt, which is stronger in some classes than others, but which applies generally to a poll representing 27 classes in the community. The Tribune began its poll with no

with no intention of boosting a particular candidate. It simply wished to as-certain popular sentiment as to all of them. The results it has obtained are without partisan color. There has been no attempt to make a canvass so as to give Roosevelt the best of it. If he leads it is because of his greater popularity.

> The Little Jan. Baltimore American.

e little Jap he pegs away Night after night, day after day; He's always going right ahead-That's why so many Slavs are dead He doesn't stop to rest or sleep, But though the roads are rough and stee And foe-begirt, still day by day The little Jap he pegs away. The little Jap he doesn't talk Nor diagram with pen or chalk. He doesn't tediously explain

How certain forts his men will gain. Instead, he saves his breath and strength To shout with when he shall at length Have felled the grisly glant's stalk-The little Jap he doesn't talk. The little Jap he doesn't brag Or madly masticate the rag; He doesn't gloat o'er fallen foe Until that foe is lying low; He doesn't tell the world his plans,

But marshals silently his clans And scraps with vim that cannot lag-The little Jap he doesn't wait And sit around and rail at fate; Instead he tackles with a vim Whatever's in the way of him-

He doesn't soak in jagful juice— He knows such things aren't any use. He's busy early, busy late— The little Jap he doesn't wait. The little Jap thus teaches you-And teaches other people, too-That 'tien't wise to jag or brag Or mouth the masticative rag. Or wait or murmur or complain

The little Jan man teaches you.

THE BAR HARBOR JEREMIAH.

New York Sun. A few days ago our philanthropic con-temporary, the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, was yanking the tocsin and swatting the ketlanx:

Wake up, Mr. Taggart; wake up, Mr. Sheehan; wake up, Mr. De Lancey Nicell; wake up, gentlemen of the executive commit-

The recipients of Mr. Pulitzer's staccato seremade couldn't be waked up. Mr. Pulitzer was not discouraged. If he couldn't make the Democrats wake up. he would put the Republicans to sleep. It must be admitted that his measures for that purpose have been well taken. From his hermitage in Bar Harbor he addresses Mr. Roosevelt, "candidate for President of the United States and the Western Hemisphere," a little note that covers somewhat more than nine columns and a half of the World. As a guarantee of good faith he appends a map of the Western Hemisphere. The letter is run-ning as a serial. Mr. Pulltzer has pienty of time and likes to write letters; after he has written them, millions of porters record the sensations of mingled awe and satisfaction of the readers really yesterday's chapter was too long. Anybody that pretends to have read it will be set down as either a prodigy or a liar. Mr. Loeb would never travel him-self or ask his principal to travel over so many miles of words

Anybody who boldly begins at the signature and tries to read from finish to start is gravelled at the final fateful sen-

It is not only you nor the Republican party

Observe the confusion of Mr. Pulitzer's conjunctions. That is the way of despot-First, the conjunctions fall: then the Constitution and the Republic. Yet, if Mr. Pulitzer will pardon us, it is "not only" he "nor" his letter that has been the first to mark the sagging of the pli-lars of the State. At the Kansas City Convention, in 1900, another Western re-elected the Democrats wouldn't be allowed to meet in another National con-vention and criticise the Administration.

was saying in the twenties that if John Quincy Adams was elected President the wastebasket is full of seers. Even if the Republic must fall between 1905 and 1909, the prospect need not be absolutely dark. Mr. Pulitzer will continue to dash off double-leaded little billets of a page and a half until he is drugged from his hermitage by a brutal sol-diery; and Seitz, unappalled by the ruin of our institutions, will be getting out a estern Hemisphere edition

Some other seventh son of a seventh son

What Lincoln Did Not Say.

New York Sun. From the Limbe of Roorbacks wink and wake The Porged Quotation and the Same Old Pake. The leading editorial, "What Lincoln Cincinnati Enquirer, leads thus:

There has been a revival in the newspar f what Abraham Lincoln declared, a short ime before his death, to be one of the dangers of the times ahead of him. "I see in the nea future," said Mr. Lincoln, "a crisis approach-ing that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroped and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its right by working ear, "Say, Stuvy, what a d-d fool upon the prejudices of the people, until all Ephriam must have been." regablic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxious for the safety of the country than ever before, even in the midst of war." This was duly "exposed" in 1896 and 1900. It has so burlesque a face, its talk about 'corporatitons" and the "money power" is so grotesquely premature, that its au-thor must have had an unboly joy in making it. "In the midst of war" is an-other bewraying phrase, as if Mr. Lincoin had long survived the war. He died Methodist sermon was preached before Joe Johnston had surrendered. Of course, Nicolay and Hay know nothing

Why don't the fake foundries turn something new? For example: I view with alarm the great aggregations of capital called trusts.-George Washington, Imperialism and the departure of Jeffermian simplicity are the twin dangers merican civilization.—T. Jefferson. If any man refuses to haul down the American flag, boot him down .- J. A. Dix.

same old fake?

Two Good Stories.

T. P. O'Connor's London Weekly, M. A. P., learns "from an old diplomat" that the last words of the last interview between the German Emperor and the late Prince Bismarck were spoken in English. When the rupture between the two appeared to be final the Iron Chancellor went to the Palace to resign his seals of office. The supreme mo-ment arrived, and the Chancellor thought that by tact and consummate diplomacy he might even yet succeed in bending "that young man"—as he afterward bitterly called him-to his iron will. But his art and his eloquence were in vain. The Sovereign and his Minister had, of course, conversed in German. But when all was over Bismarck said in a changed voice-and in English: "Then I am in your way, sir? one word: "Yes."

The late Senator Quay circulated a story wherein Speaker Cannon is represented as a singer. The occasion was a political banquet where a discussio arose over the song, "The Old Oake Bucket." Senator Quay remarked: " never heard it sung through in life." "I will bet you a dollar th of what the result would be, and can sing it through," asserted Mr. Canno intention of boosting a particunon. "Take you," said the Senator, "and the toastmaster will hold stakes and be referee." Mr. Car cleared his throat and attacked the famous old melody with grim earnest-ness. At the end of the first stanza Senator Quay got upon his feet and in-terrupted the song. "I wish to say, it I may be pardoned," he commenced, That I dislike to lose a dollar, but I am willing to concede the stakes to my adversary and take his word for the accuracy of his knowledge if he will stop singing right where he is."

Stanley,

Sidney Low in London Standard. Large shall his name be writ, with that strong line Of heroes, martyrs, soldiers, saints, who gave Their lives to map the waste, and free

the slave. In the dim Continent where his beacons shine. Rightly they call him Breaker of the Path\*; No cloistered spirit he, remote and sage,

But a swift swordsman of our wrestling Warm in his love and sudden in his wrath How many a weary league beneath the Sun, The tireless foot had traced, that lies

so still! Now sinks the craftsman's hand, the sovereign will; Sleep sound, unsleeping brain, your work is

Muffle the drums and let the death notes One of the mightler dead is with us here; Honor the vanward's Chief, the Pioneer, De fitting reverence to a warrier soul.

But far away his monuments shall be In the wide lands he opened to the light, By the dark forest of the tropic night, And his great River winding to the Sea.

\*By the natives of the Upper Congo Stanley was known as "Bula Matari," the Brenker of Stones, on account of his activity in clearing the bush and making guessed the drift of our remarks.—Missis

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Ob. Shaw! Did you take the children.

direction you go.

Parker has red hair. It will be gray November 2 The modern balloon seems to be a fine conveyance-if you don't mind in which

No, Colonel Mazuma, the Secretary of the Treasury doesn't carry the surplus around in his pocket.

A Slavonian and a Cuban in Oregon City fought over some question neither of them could understand. Just like theologians.

The Weather Bureau was just rejoicing that not once in 20 years had a drop of rain fallen on August 28. Pride goeth before a fall.

The only vaudeville advertised Is "moral and refined." Which makes poor Reuben wonder where To find the other kind.

It becomes necessary to remind the public once more that the Police Department is a private institution, responsible to nobody.

If General Stoessel were now asked to surrender he would probably reply with even more profanity, for the weaker a man's case is the more he is likely to bolster it with cuss words.

We hope Chief Hunt will be as successful in suppressing the news as he has been in suppressing firecrackers on the Fourth. We are bothered by the latter only two or three days in the year,

The Japanese hurled themselves against our position, but were unable to shake us. We then retired. The enemy was unable statesman and prophet, Judge Phillip, of to dislodge us from our position—in the California, said that if Mr. McKinley was night we retired without cailing up our reserves. These are great Russian victories.

At Hamilton, O., James Gill. of Toledo, has married a girl whose father next Congress would be the last. Time's insisted on having her full name of "Missouri Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Absher" placed on the records when the marriage license was obtained. Henry Absher, the man guilty of inflicting such a dreadful combination of words upon his daughter, explained that she was named in honor of on aunt who lived at Napoleon, on the Mississippi River, in Arkansas, 400 miles below the mouth of the Ohio.

President Stuyvesant Fish of the Illinois Central Railroad relates that when Said." in the Hon, John Roll McLean's at college he and some of his classmates spent a week-end at Garrison's. N. Y., and amused themselves at a little game of draw poker. The day following the entire party assembled in the Fish family pew at church, the rector announced for his text, "And Ephriam Went Out With a Full Hand." One of his college friends thereupon leaned over and whispered in young Fish's

The 100th anniversary of the death of Barbara Heck, the founder of Methodism in America, is being comm ated by a large gathering of Methodists from the United States and Canada at her grave in Blue Church Cemetery on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, three miles from Ogdens-Lin- burg, N. Y. Through her efforts the first New York in 1776. Afterward she and her husband removed from New York of such a letter. It is the cheapest sort of a forgery, but it will be solemnly used to Canada. At this memorial service funds are being subscribed to build a memorial hall near the cemetery for religious services.

An epidemic of disaster struck the theatrical profession last Winter and quite a number of road shows went on the rocks many a weary mile from home. The manager of one of these shows, a bright, Why must the campaign fake be the young newspaper man, after successfully piloting his aggregation from New York to Seattle, was forced to give up the fight and landed in Portland with assets of 50 cents. It is a long walk from Portland to the Rialto on "dear old Broadway" and Manager Brown wasn't sure whether he was needed there at that time. He thought however, that there would be something doing by September. and in order to put in the intervening time, shipped before the mast for Europe on the French bark Vercingstorix. Yes terday a local newspaper man received from Inswich. England, a postal card announcing the arrival of the ship and Mr. Brown, and below the signature was written "Address New York City." Actors and theatrical managers have been credited with all sorts of schemes for avoiding tie walking between the last stand and And the German Emperor answered in Broadway, but it is believed that Manager Brown is the ploneer in the roundthe-Horn route.

WEX. J.

OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

"Isn't she a mannish girl?" "No. she's college boyish; she goes about with her sleeves rolled up."-Cleveland Leader, "What did you propose to her for, any-

else to say, and the silence was becoming appailing."—Chicago Tribune. "Now," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about Hlawatha?" "Yea," replied anything about Hlawatha?" "Yea." replied little Henry, "It's the tune that made Longfellow famous."-Chicago Record-Herald. Guest (at Summer hotel)-You didn't ad-

vertise the mosquitoes you have here? Pro-prietor-No, we only advertise the attractions. Guest-But you advertised the view, the air and the grub!-Puck. He-Hello, Miss Pert! Looking for something draw? Can I be of any assistance to you? She-Well, you might pose for me, if you

don't mind. My drawing master told me hoose something simple, you know. "Yea." said the man who uses old-fashioned phrases, "my daughter can make a piane fairly talk," "If that piane was talking," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the nature of its re-

arks must have been something fearful."-Washington Star. "How is your school of journalism doing?" Well, it is a little slow. We have no trouble in getting people who are willing to be teach. The trouble is to find anybody who

esn't think he knows all about how a newspaper ought to be run."-Washington Star. Hunter-I hear your horse ran away with you yesterday. Glanders-Nothing of the aort, He ran away, to be sure, but that was no fault of mine. I happened to be on his back, however, and out of curiosity I stayed there,

just to see where he was going, you under stand.-Boston Transcript. Miss Matilda Nitman frankly admits that she is an old maid and means to remain an old maid to the end of the chapter. A friend re-cently asked why she did not marry. "Why

should I?" Miss Nitman answered, "I have a dog that growls and a parrot that swears and a cat that stays out nights."-Exchange. A Dolorous Appeal.—There is a little matter to which the Messenger begse to call the at-

tention of some of its subscribers. We really hate to speak of it, but some have seemingly allowed it to slip their minds. To us this 18 a very important 18\$ue; in fact, it is nece\$\$ary in our bu\$ine\$\$. We won't \$peak further on the \$ubject. Perhap\$ you have