The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as Second-Class Matter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
BY INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
(By Mail or Express.)
DAILY, SUNDAY INCLUDED.

Twelve months	$8.00
Six months	4.25
Three months	2.25
One month	.75
Delivered by carrier, per year	9.00
Delivered by carrier, per month	.75
Less time, per week	.20
Sunday, one year	2.50
Weekly, one year (issued Thursday)	1.50
Sunday and Weekly, one year	3.50

HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York, rooms 48-50, Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 510-512 Tribune building.

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago—Auditorium Annex, Postoffice News Co., 178 Dearborn street.
St. Paul, Minn.—N. St. Marie, Commercial Station.
Denver—Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Pratt Book Store, 1214 Fifteenth street; L. Weinstein.
Goldfield, Nev.—Frank Sandstrom.
Kansas City, Mo.—Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut.
Minneapolis—M. J. Kavanaugh, 50 South Third.
Cleveland, O.—James Pushaw, 307 Superior street.
New York City—L. Jones & Co., Astor House.
Oakland, Cal.—W. H. Johnston, Fourteenth and Franklin streets; N. Wheatley.
Ogden—D. L. Boyle.
Omaha—Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam; Mageath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam; 248 South Fourteenth.
Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co., 439 K street.
Salt Lake—Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second street South; Miss L. Levin, 24 Church street.
Los Angeles—B. E. Amos, manager seven street wagons; Berl News Co., 326½ South Broadway.
San Diego—B. E. Amos.
Pasadena, Cal.—Berl News Co.
San Francisco—Foster & Orear, Ferry News Stand; Hotel St. Francis News Stand.
Washington, D. C.—Ebbitt House, Pennsylvania avenue.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1906.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

In evoking the Douma from the chaos of Russian life, the Czar raised a spirit more potent than himself. To the nation it seemed the harbinger of hope, to the terrified despot an angel of doom. Nicholas tried at first to belittle the National Parliament, by treating it with contempt. The messengers who conveyed to the palace the reply of the Douma to his opening speech he treated with studied ignominy. His ministers made it the burden of all their speeches to reiterate to the representatives of the people the story of their dependence on the Czar's will and their utter powerlessness to initiate reforms.

The representatives believed that their authority came from the nation which had chosen them, and that its only limit was the nation's welfare. They acted from the first day of their meeting upon the theory that the people are the source of all political power and proceeded to debate every question that arose, without regard to the restrictions which Nicholas had imposed. Russia saw in its representative assembly a power higher than the monarch. It was the organ of the nation's will. It voiced the precept of the new world that the people are their own masters, to work out their own destiny. The struggle between despotism and democracy in the capital has spread over the whole country. Nowhere in Europe, for many centuries, has civil society come so near to utter disorganization as it has in Russia today. But matters there must be worse before they can be better. There seems no hope for that unhappy land except to begin at the foundation and build its political institutions anew.

Had Nicholas been a man of courage and information, either he would never have called a National Assembly, or else, after calling it, he would have been prepared for the consequences. As a matter of fact, he called it because he was frightened, and he has tried at every step to neutralize its work by trickery. Scarcely a straightforward word has passed from him to the Douma. In all his dealing with it not one act has been reported that an honorable man would not be ashamed of. His only contributions to the enormous work of civilizing Russia and righting its hideous wrongs have been a mass of childish twaddle about his "divine rights" and a number of foolish attempts to create dissension among the representatives of the people. To be perfectly just, we must not forget his attempts to punish the contumacy of the Jewish members of the Douma by ordering his soldiers to murder their relatives at home.

Discovering finally that the Parliament of a nation with evils like Russia's could neither be a toy nor a sham, Nicholas has dissolved the Douma in the hope that the army will support him in a return to that tyranny which he and his relations remember with fond regret. It is quite likely that he will take revenge on the representatives, who have opposed him actively, by scourging them to death in prison. If he acts up to his reputation he will burn their dwellings, have their women outraged and their children murdered.

Such is the way divine right, or vested right, or special privilege, however it may be named, defends itself and justifies its existence. Everywhere and always its methods are the same, though it sometimes lacks the power to carry them out as it would. There is not a holder of special privilege in the United States who does not feel and act, in his degree, exactly like Nicholas toward the people whom he despises and robs.

Whether the Douma will stay dissolved is another question. Many of the members have fled to Finland, where liberty is not yet quite dead, but this may have been largely from fear of military terrorism. On the other hand, they may succeed in a second attempt to reorganize and defy the Czar. Should they do so and issue commands to Russia from some retreat in Finland, perhaps the nation would obey them rather than Nicholas. The army will have work in St. Petersburg and other home cities without invading Finland, if the general strike is declared. Thus Russia may have two governments, one backed by the people, the other by the army, though part of the army would probably side with the Douma.

Which of these governments would be the rightful one? Nicholas, with his army and his loyal band of relations and grafters, or the representatives of the people? Which would foreign nations recognize? Germany and Austria, from sympathy and interest, would side with Nicholas. The triumph of freedom in Russia would deprive these courts of their fat plunder in Poland for one thing, while neither William nor Joseph is especially fond of democracy; nor would a free republic across the border be a good example to their own subjects.

Apart from its money kings, France sympathizes with the people rather than the aristocracy. That nation would be pleased to see Eastern Europe erected into a great republic from which a heartier concord with its own institutions might be expected than from the Czar, who is dangerously influenced by the Kaiser at critical moments. But France is a heavy creditor of Russia, and, if revolution inclines toward repudiation of debts, will not countenance it. As to England, the natural feeling of the people, united with the strong radical element in Parliament, would probably make it the first European nation to recognize a revolutionary government in Russia.

PORTLAND'S REAL "TRAITORS."

The Oregonian willingly admits that, together with the people of Portland, it did not see until late through the seeming goodness of the "respected" crowd of first-family franchise fishers, who, headed by A. L. Mills and J. N. Teal and other sharpers, framed the city charter to conform with their franchise interests, secured for nothing through political jobbery, additional valuable street-car privileges at the expense of the public and finally sold them for a clean profit of $4,000,000; and who now, through their newspaper organ, charge The Oregonian with "treachery" to the people for not having perceived this infamy when it was done and held its doers up to the community for what they are now seen to be.

In their opinion, the charter is a good instrument, made by best men, and perfect throughout. It is not to be expected that anybody can successfully dispute with them in this. They have been Portland's "best" always, and all their works have been perfect—at least for their own interests—and they were never "caught with the goods" until recently. Now, after having been accounted excellent and high-minded men so long a time without the public's "catching on," and having "run" politics by means of money bags and thumbscrew pressure, their conscience may feel the swash of the reform wave that is cleaning the land of rapacity and greed such as theirs.

It has occurred to them, therefore, that The Oregonian was a "traitor" to the public when it trusted their supposed honesty and allowed them to make the charter as they did, and secure by stealth car franchises which they sold for millions of dollars. In the present awakening of the doers of this franchise infamy The Oregonian should have exposed the wickedness of Mills, Teal, Ladd, Lewis, Swigert, Campbell and other "respected" men, and should not have spoken a good word for their charter nor their franchises, nor should The Oregonian's editor, who was a member of their charter board, but took no part in the drafting of the instrument, have accepted their word that it was good and perfect.

These evidences of reformed conscience, on the part of Mills, Teal and other rich contrivers should be gratefully received by the people who have been rudely shocked by their duplicity and will have to pay the price of it for years to come. The "organ," which they own, protested at the time, against what its bosses—its owners, the charter-makers and the franchise-mongers—were doing; yet what they did was "all right" and highly creditable; it portended a great deal for the upbuilding of the city, said the organ—meaning, of course, the upbuilding of plutocratic fortunes, which have grown accustomed to believing themselves the only things in Portland worth while—and the sale of the use of the public streets by rich schemers was a highly creditable achievement.

The hypocrisy of the franchise-grabbing gang in Portland is coming to be well understood, now that all its villainies have been reviewed consecutively. It is a gain for morals, public and plutocratic, and for individual decency, that the doers of this ignominy should perceive "treachery" somewhere, but if they can draw nearer the fold of Portland's really decent citizens, they may behold the beam in their own eye.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

As a means for cementing international friendships and promoting the commercial, political and social interests of practically the entire Western world, the Pan-American Conference, now in session at Rio de Janeiro, is one of the most important organizations ever effected. The United States is represented at this conference by Secretary Root, whose unquestioned diplomacy of course will admit of the best possible showing on the part of the United States. The session which began in Rio de Janeiro last Saturday is the third so far held, the first assembling in Washington in 1889 and the second in the City of Mexico in 1901. That the present one is vastly more important for the United States than any of the others is easily understood when we consider the steadily growing importance of this country as a trade factor in the Latin-American countries. With the British and Germans firmly intrenched in so many of the South and Central American republics, American traders have had to overcome no small prejudice, worked up by trade rivals.

The building of the Panama Canal and the Pan-American Railroad, and even the Tehuantepec Railroad, will contribute to the growing prestige of the United States in those countries lying to the south. The Tehuantepec road is, of course, financed by British capital, but it is, to all intents and purposes, an American transportation utility, for its business will be confined largely to handling American goods, en route to and from the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and for distribution north and south of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Our trade with those Southern countries will grow with the aid of this new transportation line, but it will grow more rapidly when the Panama Canal is completed. The Pan-American Conference, however, does not limit its deliberations to business matters, although its favorable action on reciprocal trade relations at the initial meeting gave American trade an impetus which, had it been properly taken advantage of, would have given Americans a much firmer foothold than they now enjoy in Pan-American trade.

Recognizing that the railroad is the greatest civilizing influence in modern industrial life, the first conference went on record as favoring and urging the construction of a Pan-American railroad. It is not yet a reality, but the bands of steel are slowly creeping together from the north and from the south, with intervening sections which, in the not far distant future, will become parts of one grand trunk line running the entire length of the Western world.

Prior to the meeting of the first Pan-American Conference the peppery little nations, as well as the big ones, were in an almost constant state of turmoil over their territorial possessions and political ambitions. That conference placed a ban on the acquisition of territory by conquest and insisted on the settlement of such disputes by arbitration. It is a notable tribute to the work of the conference that the period of peace since that meeting has been longer than ever before in the history of the countries concerned.

One of the most important matters to come before the conference at Rio de Janeiro is the indorsement of the policy that public debts shall not be collected by force. This matter was approved at the City of Mexico conference, but reaffirmation is now desired in order that it may have the greatest possible effect at the great peace tribunal at The Hague. There are a large number of other topics for discussion, such as consular reforms, treaties, patents, copyrights, etc. With the interests of the United States in the hands of Secretary Root, much good, both commercially and politically, is assured.

FROM AFFLUENCE TO WANT.

A pathetic story, and yet one too often rehearsed, is that of Fredrich Nodine and wife, of Union County—the one 80 years old and blind, the other 70, and working in the beet fields for the support of the two, for the bare pittance that suffices to keep life afoot.

An energetic young man was Fredrich Nodine and a prosperous man in middle life—kind, generous and helpful to others—and a faithful helpmeet was his wife. The "hard times" of '93-'94 found him with plenty and, as he thought, to spare. With generous purpose he came to the assistance of friends and neighbors, lending his name to notes to save them from financial ruin, but with the result that he went down with them into bankruptcy. The outcome is told in the story lately printed, wherein he is depicted as sitting stone blind in his lowly home while his wife toils for his bread and hers at work unsuited to her age and sex. There is a possibility, it is said, that they may recover, through litigation, now in progress, enough of their once ample fortune to assure them food and shelter during the brief span of life yet remaining to them.

This sad story is not without its lesson in prudence. A certain amount of selfishness is necessary to carry even a thrifty, capable, accumulative man through life to a serene old age, the shadows of which are unhaunted by the ghost of want. The security debt, assumed with generous intent, and in a purely unselfish spirit, has been the rock upon which many a fortune has been wrecked. Ingratitude is not the unfailing accompaniment of disaster of this kind. The man to whose note his friend lent his name is often sincerely smitten with sorrow at the loss entailed by his inability to make payment, but this does not prevent the disaster, nor does it mitigate the injustice, the smart of which every one who has had to pay a security debt has felt.

We can only hope that this old plainsman, whose generosity has cost him so dearly, will yet, by the grace of the Supreme Court of the state, or through the principle of abstract justice for which it stands, be restored to enough of his property to insure freedom from want for himself and wife during the few remaining years of their life allotment. It may be hoped also that the story of their descent from wealth to poverty will be beneficial, as counselling prudence in assuming a debt for which value has never been received and which may easily become a weight that will drag a generous man down without saving the friend for whom the risk was generously but unwisely taken.

GAINING A REPUTATION FOR FRUIT.

The assertion, which comes from an authoritative source, that Oregon leads all other states in the packing and handling of fruit, will surprise many people who do not expect a state to excel in an enterprise in which it is comparatively new. Yet perhaps the fact that Oregon is young in the fruit packing industry is one explanation for its superiority. Older states adopted certain packing methods years ago and have kept along in old ruts. Oregon, in order to put its fruit upon the market in competition with the product of states that had already established a regular trade, was compelled to pack fruit in better and more attractive shape, so that it would keep while being shipped and win favor by its appearance when displayed for the inspection of consumers. Hood River and Rogue River apple-growers have been packing their apples in a manner that wins commendation in the largest markets in the world. Small fruits could not be better packed for shipment or for display in the market than they are here in Oregon. Prunes, which are a standing joke all over the East, have a new character when packed in tenpound boxes, carefully faced and partly covered with a border of lace paper. The prunes that were formerly bought in bulk from bags were exactly the same as the prunes packed in boxes, except that the latter are cleaned by a steaming process and have a brighter appearance.

The packing of the fruit has a double value to the state, for it not only gives it a better standing in the opinion of consumers, but it brings a price enough higher to pay the Oregon laborer's wages in packing. While there will always be a market for prunes or apples, or other fruit carelessly packed, at lower prices, the fruit that gains a state or a community a desirable reputation is that which has been put up in an attractive manner and with a name or trademark that will make it remembered.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES OUTGROWN.

The accident which placed the steamer T. J. Potter out of commission for practically the entire period when its owners are accustomed to reap a golden harvest out of the beach travel offers a good illustration of peculiar transportation methods in the Northwest. The Potter was built about seventeen years ago, its machinery and cabins having been taken from the old Wide West, which had outlived usefulness. At that time the population of Portland was about one-half that of the present day, and travel to the beaches was probably less than one-third as great as it is now. The Potter was crowded during the beach season even in the old days, but while the population of Portland has doubled and the beach travel has trebled, there have been no increased facilities to meet the demands of North Beach travel.

From year to year the report has gone forth that the Ilwaco road would be extended up to a point where the ordinary sternwheeler could run in safety, thus affording proper facilities in case the one lone boat, built for the travel, should meet with a mishap, but the road has never been built.

There were ten cottages on the Nehalem peninsula at South Beach when the Potter began running to Ilwaco. Today there are more than 250 cottages and half a dozen hotels and lodging-houses there, while no such increase has been noted at North Beach, where the people were dependent on one boat. It is much the same in other lines of transportation in the Pacific Northwest. Aside from the Ilwaco road, the State of Washington is as well provided with transportation facilities as is the South Beach, in Oregon.

This country is too rich in resources and is developing traffic too rapidly to be held down much longer to a one-railroad or one-steamboat basis. It is not alone the river and the rail lines that exhibit indifference to preparations for the future. The traffic between Portland and San Francisco by water is more than five times as great as it was when the steamers Columbia, Elder and Oregon were plying on the route, but today the sole representative of that fleet which flew the house flag of the O. R. & N. is an ancient tramp, too old and expensive for any use. The Oregon has been sold, the Elder wrecked, and the Columbia disabled, and if any effort has been made to replace them it has been concealed from the public. But this system of business cannot go on forever. The country is too rich in possibilities and there is too much idle capital.

Not all Portlanders care to spend their Summer season on the South Beach. Some of them would even like to divide their time with the North Beach, and eventually the numbers of this class will be sufficient to induce some one to provide facilities in keeping with the onward march of progress. In 1850 the steamer Columbia, with its three-day trips between Oregon City and Astoria, was able to handle all of the business. In 1872 the Emma Hayward handled all of the seaside business and had room to spare. Neither of those craft, however, would fill the bill today, and the one lone steamer Potter was unable to do it when the inevitable emergency developed and exposed its weakness.

Russell Sage is dead and it is estimated that he has left a fortune of $100,000,000. The reason he left it, of course, was his inability to take it with him. He lived out his long life doing few deeds for the betterment of his fellow-man. All around him, in the greatest and wickedest city on earth, children were dying every hour in the year for want of the bare necessaries of life. The income from a fortune of $100,000,000, judiciously expended, would have brought light and comfort and even life itself to the perishing innocents. But there was nothing on the tape of the Wall-street ticker that told Uncle Russell that any money could be made in saving the lives of children. Money was the only idol before which he worshiped, but he eventually found its limitations. His transportation on old Charon's ferry is no better than that of the poorest Bowery outcast, who perished for want of some of the things which Russell Sage had, but would not give up. The world is hardly better for Russell Sage's having lived in it. Perhaps it is better for his leaving it.

A. B. Hammond, who is in Portland again on annual inspection of his Astoria and Yaquina railroads, will see more evidences of progress here than ever before—due to the increasing independence of the country from the plutocratic influences which have ruled commercial enterprises and which admitted him with poor grace to this investment field. Mr. Hammond broke their jetty rock trust on the Columbia River three years ago, and that marked the beginning of new things in this country, and the rise of new blood and the growth of new opportunities, unthrottled by the old regime. Glad to see you, Mr. Hammond; come again.

Congressman "Yakima" Jones, of the State of Washington, says he will not move to Spokane, even for the sake of getting in position for the United States Senatorship. Perhaps the Hon. Wesley L. is fearful lest the voters mistake him for a former Congressman Jones, of Spokane, who gained a fleeting fame with a wheat chart, with which he theoretically proved that wheat and silver, to quote the Minnesota statesman, were "both worth a dollar a bushel."

It turns out that Mayor Lane's Civil Service Commission did "monkey" with the charter for appointment of "that Philippine Islander," Bruin, as captain of police. If Bruin had been a battle-scarred Democratic patriot instead of a stranger—like Joe Malley, for example, or Lamont, or Armitage, or Ryan, or Judge Foley, or General Killfeather, or Pat Powers—the uncivil service of the commission might be easier excused.

As the first step in needed reform, there has been evolved the non-breakable, non-combustible passenger car, made of steel. Now for the flawless axle, the non-adjustable switch, the sleepless telegraph operator, the non-mistake-making train dispatcher, the non-breakable rail, the non-explodable boiler, the non-washable embankment and the non-collapsible bridge. Meantime, renew your accident policy.

It is curious to read the latest criticism of China. The empire of Tsi An wants to go ahead too fast, we are told. Five years ago China was still a case of arrested development. Changes come rapidly in the Orient since Japan set the example.

The staid and loyal Democracy surely is being vindicated. There's Word put out of the Sheriff's office and here's Bruin ousted from captain of police. There may be time yet for Mayor Lane to prove himself a true Democrat.

Wide demand for dwellings by families whom the great disaster drove away is a cheering sign for the rehabilitation of San Francisco. A city sought by multitudes, engaged in varied activities, cannot long be held back.

Russell Sage laid the foundations of his wealth in the liquor traffic. Portland has seen a great estate grow from the same beginnings and understands fully how it can be done.

If Secretary Hitchcock, as charged by his enemies, is in his dotage, what would have happened to land thieves had he been in full possession of normal mental faculties?

All Oregon will agree with Mr. Yagdjoglou, wholesale fruit dealer, of Vladivostok, that the finest apples in the world are grown in this state.

If the land trials should be delayed long enough, the defendants some day might join Hitchcock's dotage class.

A FEW HOT WEATHER RECORDS.

We Are Now Living in a Comparatively Cool Period.

Eighty degrees in the shade is about as high a temperature as human nature can patiently endure for an extended period. Weather can be so much hotter, however, that 80 degrees would seem blissfully cool.

Whenever an unusually hot season is upon us, sweltering humanity talks about the changes in climate and shakes its head in a foreboding fashion.

But let no one feel that he has seen the worst. There have been many superlatively hot waves in different parts of the globe and in different centuries. Fortunately, they do not come often.

New York Roasted in 1772.

In times long gone by people grumbled at and enjoyed heat waves much the same way as we do. That they had some scorching seasons a dip into the records amply testifies.

For example, in 1809, so fearfully hot was it in Spain that the streets of Madrid and other cities were deserted, while laborers expired in the fields, and the vines were scorched and spoiled.

The Summer of 1772 was a dreadful one in New York, and it is related that the principal thoroughfares resembled battlefields in miniature; people were struck down by the score, no fewer than 155 cases of sunstroke occurring on July 4, of whom nearly one-half died. The following year in France the thermometer rose to 118 degrees Fahrenheit.

France also experienced two periods of great heat in 1705 and 1718. In the former year it was described as being "equal to that of a glass furnace." Meat could be prepared for the table merely by exposing it to the rays of the sun, and between noon and 4 in the afternoon it was certain death to venture out of doors. In the latter year it was so hot that many shops had to close, and the theaters did not open for three months, while not a drop of rain fell during double that period.

Rhine Dried Up in 1132.

Going back many centuries, one comes across years when great heat was experienced. In 1132 the Rhine dried up, as it did partially, together with the Danube, in 1303; and that it was more than warm in the Summer of 1152 is indicated by the statement that during that season eggs were cooked merely by being placed in the sand.

That man can exist under great heat has often been shown, although no one has probably demonstrated it more clearly than did a Spaniard June 26, 1838. In Paris an oven was heated to over 290 degrees Fahrenheit, and the man entered this inferno, where he remained for five minutes. On emerging, his pulse was found to be beating 200 times in 60 seconds, but a few minutes later he seemed none the worse for his experiment.

This was an extreme case, for a heat of 160 to 180 degrees Fahrenheit would appear to be the utmost that man can remain in for any length of time. In this respect the men who worked in the Comstock silver mines in Nevada—the hottest mines in the world—are to be pitied. The shafts and galleries of these mines are over 250 miles in length, are more than 2000 feet deep, and at the 2700-foot level the temperature of the water is 153 degrees, and the air 126 degrees. In another shaft the temperature rises to 170 degrees, and it is only possible for men to work in it for 10 or 15 minutes at a stretch.

Heat in Persian Gulf.

There are other parts of the world, too, where the heat, even in the open air, is terrible. For instance, on the deck of a Persian Gulf steamer 120 degrees Fahrenheit has been recorded in the morning, while on shore at Muscat a black bulb solar thermometer in the sun has registered 187 degrees.

Great Britain has once or twice approached this high record. The heat of the Summer of 1836 was so great that in some localities wheat and barley were pulled up by hand, being too short in the stalk to cut in the usual manner. The pastures were so burned that cattle had to be fed on sprouts of gorse, streams dried up, and it was years later before many of them got their fish again.

In 1851 a disastrous heat wave was experience in different parts of Europe. In Hyde Park the shade reading varied from 90 to 94 degrees; in Paris during a review scores of soldiers fell victims to sunstroke, while at Aldershot men dropped dead at drill. Two years later New York spent a week in dreadful heat; the city seemed as if it were on fire, 214 people being killed by sunstroke.

Another great heat experience fell to the lot of the United States in July, 1876, especially in the Middle and Southern States. In Washington, D. C., the heat was so intense that a prominent official declared the car rails became so expanded by the action of the sun as to rise up in curved lines, drawing the bolts. In 1881 again we stewed in an atmosphere of 105 degrees in the shade, and in the same year 101 degrees was reached in England.

London Day Beats Record.

The day really entitled to the proud distinction of being the hottest of the nineteenth century, in London, was July 28, 1885, when 152 degrees Fahrenheit was registered in the open air. July 7, 1886, 155 degrees Fahrenheit was recorded, the previous day's reading having been 151.5; the 4th of the same month in the following year it was 151.7, and on August 14, 1876, 147 degrees was registered.

The hottest place in the United States is in Arizona. In the town of Yuma, which is at the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, in the southwestern portion of the state, the temperature recorded as normal for July is 118 degrees—not high, perhaps, when compared to the phenomenal jumps which the mercury has taken, but certainly high when one reflects on its being the normal every-day weather.

Force of Solar Heat.

Sir Robert Ball, the famous astronomer, has stated that if the earth were likened to a grain of mustard-seed, the sun by the same comparison would be as large as a cocoanut, while the heating power of a single square foot of its surface would be sufficient, if placed under the boilers of an Atlantic liner to enable her to break the record in crossing the "herring pond."

If the sun's heat were maintained by earthly means, in doing so all the coal in existence would be consumed in a tenth part of a second.

Another famous astronomer in his day, the late Richard Anthony Proctor, explained the total heat of the sun in another way. According to him, it was equal to that which would result from burning something like twelve billion tons of coal per second, and its heat would be strong enough to melt, not far short of three trillion tons of ice in an hour. But of this almost unthinkable force of heat the earth receives but a small proportion—only about one in two thousand millions of solar rays.

Keeping a Weather Eye on Mr. Bryan.

Boston Transcript.

The London Morning Post in a recent issue contains this impressive announcement: "Mr. Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the United States Presidency, arrived in London yesterday afternoon." Who can hereafter speak of London papers as slow on the news?

Stokes' Type of Socialism Is Old.

Boston Herald.

J. G. Phelps Stokes, the millionaire, who has decided to become a Socialist, will not carry his conversion so far as to make an actual division of his wealth. Besides, he says he has only enough to support himself and those dependent upon him. This sounds familiar.

FUN IN BUTTERMILK BOOM.

Politicians' Object Lesson in Favoring Milk as Against Beer.

New York Sun.

Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks, calm as a clam and irresistible as gravitation, has made Indiana his own and is now moving majestically in all directions from his farm in Piatt County, Illinois. He radiates from that center. Every day he reduces the Democratic vote by his automobile and increases the Fairbanks vote by his relentless consumption of buttermilk. Meanwhile, Hon. "Steve" Sumner is pushing the buttermilk boom in Chicago. He convened a meeting of 500 members of the Milk Drivers' Union. He "opened" a keg of beer and a can of buttermilk. He let the drivers decide for themselves which was the more beneficent drink. Particulars from the Chicago Tribune, which is not a Fairbanks organ:

Sumner drew a glass of beer and offered it to a driver, who drank it thirstily.

"How do you feel?" Sumner asked the man.

"Pretty good," was the reply. He was given another glass.

"Now how do you feel?" Sumner asked.

"Like having another," was the response, amid applause.

"That's just it," announced the union temperance demonstrator. "You drink one glass of beer and want more. Now, we will try the buttermilk."

A driver consumed two glasses of buttermilk and acknowledged that he had enough. Another was persuaded to drink three glasses, but that was the most that any teamster in the hall cared to imbibe.

Sumner gave the following figures to show that it costs less to drink buttermilk than beer:

Average amount of liquid consumed per man daily	3 quarts
Cost of three quarts of beer	30 cents
Cost of three quarts of buttermilk	24 cents

"In a year," said Sumner, "each teamster can save $21.90 at this rate."

All but 18 members signed the pledge for buttermilk and Fairbanks.

Hon. Leslie Mortier Shaw "signifies" higher prices. Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks means $21.90 a year in the pocket of every moderate beer-drinker who turns from the brewery to the dairy. And three quarts of beer is but a beggarly allowance for a man with any serious devotion to the "light, airy child of malt and hops."

By tens, by hundreds, by thousands, the Chicagoans forswear beer and expense, and swear by buttermilk, Fairbanks and money in the pocket. The "drys" will name no candidate but Fairbanks. The "wets" are running "dry" for the buttermilk ticket. From Illinois, from Wisconsin, from Michigan and Minnesota, from every state that knows beer or milk, comes the heartening chorus:

Fairbanks, Fairbanks! He's as smooth as silk;
Fairbanks, Fairbanks! He loves buttermilk;
Down with the beer keg and up with the can,
And Buttermilk Charley, the Pee-pul's Man!

The cows chew it. The churns turn it. The people bawl it.

A SALOON MAN'S PARADISE.

Liquor Interest Gets Fat Political Jobs in Classic Boston.

Boston Journal.

Watching John B. Moran, as he leads and illuminates the Prohibition ticket, let us not forget to pay due tribute to the work against the demon rum now being carried on in his own inimitable manner by the Mayor of Boston.

He removed William F. McClellan from the saloon business in East Boston and made him president of the Democratic city committee, without power.

He induced James H. Doyle to retire from the wholesale and retail liquor business in Roxbury and planted him in the office of superintendent of streets.

Hunting for the most competent candidate for superintendent of public buildings, he discovered James F. Nolan, and the latter was compelled to become a retired liquor dealer.

There was need of a tried and true foreman for the sanitary department's Roxbury district. The right man was found in Thomas Tirrell, one of the most popular bartenders in Boston.

Requiring the services of a special and personal legislative agent on Beacon Hill, Frank J. Doherty, bartender, of Charleston, was the diplomat naturally selected.

Garrett W. Scollard, city collector, was doing his level best, but he lacked the right kind of help. Hence he is to be braced and encouraged by Deputy Collector John L. Donovan, peculiarly expert in the preparation of mixed drinks.

For years it was felt that the department of weights and measures was lacking in technical knowledge of barrels and glasses. When the appointment of new deputies was made, Manasseh E. Bradley and James J. Sweeney were chosen as qualified experts.

And now, determined to reform the board of health and put new spirit into its movements, the Mayor has summoned Michael W. Norris, liquor dealer, of South Boston, to the rescue, and has commanded him to sit on the right of Samuel H. Durgin, M. D., and chairman.

Give the Mayor time and money enough, and there will be neither liquor dealers nor bartenders in Boston, and the consumers will be obliged to devote their income to taxes.

Sick Marines Go North From Panama.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Dispatch.

The United States cruiser Columbia has sailed for Boston with 300 marines on board, of whom 165 are suffering from malaria contracted at Panama, where they were stationed in anticipation of trouble during the recent elections there.

Nineteen of the marines are seriously ill. Dr. Stokes, of the San Juan naval hospital, had made plans to establish a hospital camp here, as five days' quarantine is necessary in such cases, but he suggested that the time be consumed in going northward under climatic conditions more favorable for the treatment of the sick.

The Navy Department accepted Dr. Stokes' recommendations and gave sailing orders to the Columbia.

Stars and Stripes for Uncle Joe.

Nebraska State Journal.

Uncle Joe Cannon is going down into New England to stump for the Republican ticket. If he finds any more characteristic Yankee in speech or make up than himself, it will be remarkable. All that "Uncle Joe" requires to be Uncle Sam is a stars-and-stripes suit.

Eighty Warships Sold for $400,000.

Portsmouth (Eng.) Dispatch.

The 80 British warships of all classes, which were condemned recently as being unfit for present-day warfare, have just been sold, bringing a total of $400,000. The vessels represent an outlay of $50,000,000.

FEW KNEW BEIT BY SIGHT.

Quiet, Unobtrusive and Fond of Riding, Golf and Good Pictures.

From Various Sources.

"If my photograph were put on exhibition in the most crowded street in London, not a dozen people would recognize it."

Such was said to have been the remark of Alfred Beit, the diamond king, reputed power behind the Rhodes throne and richest man in the world, concerning himself.

Beit was a quiet, unobtrusive-like man, well-balanced and well-groomed. Polite and courteous to all who came into contact with him, he was reticent to a degree, and never spoke of his own enterprises. He had traveled extensively and read much, but cared little about imparting information to others.

He did not look like a millionaire, and was always very plainly dressed. His mild voice and sunny-tempered optimism belied the real character of the man.

His eyes were peculiarly those of a dreamer—large, soft nut-brown eyes that shone out of his clear-cut face.

Beit was a ready giver to charity, and made annual donations to many hospitals. He quite recently gave £500,000 to Hamburg University and founded a professorship of colonial history at Oxford University. He is said to have placed his purse at the disposal of the grand rabbi of France when funds were needed for the Dreyfus campaign.

He was fond of riding, of golf and of good pictures. His collection of Louis XVI furniture was considered one of the finest in Europe, and on the rare occasions he entertained he did so in a princely manner. At a ball in South Africa several years ago he presented each of his 300 lady guests a large diamond as a souvenir of the occasion.

He died a bachelor, although it was at one time reported that he was about to marry Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg. Like many other great men, he was too absorbed in the realization of his ambition to devote any time to domestic affairs, and, although kind-hearted, he earned the reputation of being a woman-hater.

Less than 40 years ago the first diamond was picked up in South Africa. Beit was at that time a student at Heidelberg, for his father, who had amassed a goodly fortune, was determined his son should have the education he himself had so sorely lacked.

From college he went into a Hamburg bank as clerk, and at 21 was taken into his father's firm. Demands for credit were pouring in from South Africa, and old Beit sent his son to the newly discovered diamond fields. He had a free hand and plenty of money. Credit he gave to all who were willing to work.

He was content to take diamonds in payment, and bought first the precious stones, then the mines themselves. He met Cecil Rhodes, and with Barnato entered into fierce competition. Prices of diamonds were hardly remunerative. He formed the combine now known as the De Beers, and the shares he held then, worth £5, are now standing over £60.

With his associates he extracted over nine tons of diamonds from the mines, and later his wealth enabled him to control the gold output, too.

He had the "gift of the grab," and never entered into a combine of which he did not get control. In the De Beers he was up against the Rothschilds, and the highest praise that can be paid to his formidable genius is that they were forced to play second fiddle to him in South African affairs.

World's Richest Man Grows Peevish.

Compiegne, France, Dispatch.

John D. Rockefeller knows that a warrant and a subpena in a civil suit await him in the United States. According to his friends, he views the warrant as spite work and politics. He has been in communication with his lawyers, and will return to Cleveland immediately after landing. The past week has been hard on America's richest man. Mrs. Strong, his daughter, whom he came over to see, is not improving. Mrs. Prentice, his other daughter, is taking treatment at Carlsbad.

These conditions, together with the warrant, have so unnerved Mr. Rockefeller that he has become peevish. The most significant indication of his condition is the way he played golf today. He was disastrously defeated, and this so aroused him that he had Dr. Biggar get after the French reporters, who have been tracking him as though they were taking part in a fox-hunt. Dr. Biggar ordered the reporters off the golf course.

Impudent Dog's Bark Leads to Fine.

Lahore Tribune.

A dog had the audacity to bark at the Deputy Commissioner of Purulia in Bengal when he came to the house of the master of the dog on a bike. The owners of the dog were sent up for trial under section 289, and one of them, Karusha, was fined 20 rupees.

Minnehaha's Shirtwaist.

New York World.

The newspapers assert that a crusade, far from puritanical, is being waged in America against the peek-a-boo shirtwaist.—Cable from London.

Then appeared fair Minnehaha,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water—
Spoke she thus to Hiawatha.
Thus she spoke and made him listen:
"Can't you take a little notice?
Can't you see I need some clothing?
Must you always spend your wampum
All on bows and feathered arrows?
Will you see your little wifey
Going to a luncheon party
Looking like a last year's bird's nest?
Can you never, never, never,
Get a move at least approaching
Something like a gentle hustle?"

Up spoke then the Hiawatha:
"What wouldst have, O Minnehaha?"
Then her heart was filled with gladness—
"Ha!" she cried, "I'd have a shirtwaist
Of the brand called peekaboowis."

Thereupon did Hiawatha
Bile him to the nearest knot-hole;
Cut a piece from out the knot-hole;
Then he found a darning needle
And constructed such a shirtwaist
As would make the heart of maiden
Sing for joy to see such beauty.

Thus we see, in the beginning,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Fairest maid of the Dakotas,
Made her husband, Hiawatha,
Get a move akin to hustle,
And construct a lovely shirtwaist
With a needle and a knot-hole,
Of the kind called peekaboowis.

THE AMERICAN SCOURGE AT THE ISTHMUS

—From the Detroit Journal.