# The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as Second-Class Matter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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 than, per week | .20 |
| Sunday, one year | 2.50 |
| Weekly, one year (issued Thursday) | 1.50 |
| Sunday and Weekly, one year | 3.50 |

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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1906.


## MR. BRYAN.

The Princess Irene, Atlantic liner, bearing Mr. Bryan and his fortunes, arrived at Sandy Hook yesterday. If all goes well, he will land in the city today. Mr. Bryan returns to his native land a man who has stood before Kings. Great nobles have welcomed him to their palaces; great scholars have admitted him to the shrines of their learned researches; great thinkers have exchanged thoughts with him. He has studied the institutions of Europe and drawn from their merits and defects lessons which he will hereafter expound to his countrymen. He has tried and condemned the ancient civilization of China. He has contemplated the immemorial sorrows of India and pondered the silent mystery of the pyramids and the Sphinx. He took ship from San Francisco a defeated man, bankrupt in political reputation, discarded by his party and ignored by his countrymen. He returns to be met with a greeting such as nations reserve for their heroes and saviors. The metropolis of America makes holiday to welcome the great commoner to his native land. A political party to whose traditional policies and whose achievements belongs a share of the glory of our history contributes its wealth, its genius and its eloquence to decorate the man who has twice led it to defeat, but whose ascendant star it now hails as the emblem of victory and the harbinger of renascent hope.

Two years have yet to elapse before the next Presidential election. Measured by the ebb and flow of political fortunes, this is a long time. It is long enough for enthusiasm to wane, for ecstacy to cool, for loyalty to yield to interest. Public opinion moves rapidly. Its recessions from old standpoints are like shifting views in a scene. Its advances are like the march of an army of pioneers invading strange lands of promise. Has Mr. Bryan the qualities of intellect which will attract the adventurous hosts of Democracy and hold them to his standard for two long years? Is he a true sun in the political heavens, or a beacon of false hope? Mr. Bryan has just published a book which he wrote while in quarantine at Suez with forty centuries looking down upon him from the pyramids as they looked not many decades ago upon another transient favorite of fortune. The book is entitled "Letters to a Chinese Official," and it contains, as one may suppose, the best that Mr. Bryan can say for the civilization which he represents and which he aspires to lead. The book, so far as his reputation goes for grasp of social problems and power of thought, had better never been written. It is a Summer shower of platitudes. The thought is that of a rotund and complacent Sunday-school superintendent addressing a class of very young children. Not only does Mr. Bryan fail to solve the problems to which he addresses himself, but he does not even know how egregiously he has failed. He revels in exploded formulas. He sails placidly on a sea of unconscious fallacies. His mind is a charnel-house of dead hypotheses. He seems not to appreciate the awful import of the questions which he takes up one by one and complacently dismisses with a thin coating of error, misunderstanding and bad logic.

One instance will suffice. Answering the charge that Western civilization has found the problems of drunkenness, poverty, the social evil, the calamities of vice, hitherto insoluble, Mr. Bryan points with satisfied pride to the homes for the aged, the insane asylums and the hospitals as if there were nothing more to be said. By these institutions the problem of evil is solved, he thinks. Reading his unctuous ineptitudes, one is tempted almost to quote the exasperated writer who said of these excellent palliative charities that "they are snowballs tossed into hell." They rise a little, but the brimstone goes on burning all the same.

Mr. Bryan has little apparent power to think to the purpose on social questions. His remedies are far-fetched and impractical. His expedients savor of superficiality. The social strains and stresses which may rend the world asunder in the next decade or two seem to him mere surface troubles which can be remedied by an orotund phrase. Nothing illustrates the essential shallowness of Mr. Bryan's reasoning better than what he has to say about the trusts. He proposes to destroy them utterly. Now nobody who has pondered the problem of the trusts at all deeply believes that they either can or ought to be destroyed. They are social inventions of the first importance, ranking in production and distribution with the power of steam in physics. To destroy them would be to rob the world of the finest product of human ingenuity in the realm of economics. The rational politician wishes to contrive a scheme to spread the benefits of the trusts over society, giving each unit an equitable share. Mr. Bryan is like an orchardist who should dig up his tree of Newtown pippins because a bad boy has stolen the fruit. A wiser husbandman would preserve the tree and take measures to see that the fruit went where it belonged.

Bryan's solution of the railroad problem is no better. He proposes to divide up the interstate lines into sections terminating at the state boundaries and submit the complete control of each section of the state which contains it. Ultimately he wishes the state to own it. To facilitate through traffic he would have the Federal Government retain the ownership of a few trunk lines. Of the confusion which this would introduce he seems to have no conception. Half a hundred conflicting systems of railroad management have no terrors for him so long as they would prevent what he calls "centralization." He has no perception that centralization at a state capital differs in no detail of principle from centralization at Washington, while it contains new elements of bigotry, meanness and graft. Of all tyrannies that of a petty oligarchy is the most detestable, and if Mr. Bryan could carry his theories into practice each state government would become a petty, narrow, unrestrained oligarchy. Fortunately for the Nation, those theories will never go into practice. Mr. Bryan is a bread pill which the quacks in control of the Democratic party wish to administer to the country to quiet its restlessness. They will find that the Nation has got beyond the stage where it puts its faith either in bread pills or in those who sell them.

## JEROME AND HEARST.

It is a beautiful shindy between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Jerome. Which has the better of it at this stage it would be hard to say, but the probable outcome will be the political death of both combatants and the election of a Republican Governor for New York. It need not be regarded as a special misfortune that these gentlemen speak of each other in plain language. There are worse things than abusive epithets. The lack of epithets in recent politics has not been one of its most hopeful features. If a man is a rascal, there is really no way to communicate the fact except by saying so. Whether from cowardice or from kindness of heart, Americans have refrained of late years from calling things by their right names in politics, and the result has been a flourishing crop of about the worst political scoundrels in the world. At least our abounding charity for rascality has contributed to that result.

It may be rather a good thing for plain language to come back into politics for a while. If Mr. Hearst is "socially vulgar and morally obtuse," why should not Mr. Jerome say so? If Mr. McClellan is a "wretched little office-thief," there is no good reason why Mr. Hearst should conceal his knowledge of the unhappy circumstance, nor would he contribute to the public good by suppressing the fact that Mr. Jerome is "a nervous, feeble, neurotic creature who was elected on promises that he never meant to keep," if it is a fact. We infer that it is a fact, for Mr. Hearst is an honorable man. So are they all, all honorable men. Therefore what they say of each other must all be true. Being true, it ought to be published; for is not all truth wholesome?

## OBJECT-LESSON IN PROTECTION.

Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery. If this be true, we are very highly flattered just at present by our Oriental neighbors, who are imitating us with a protective tariff policy modeled on the same hard-and-fast lines as our own. As an object-lesson calculated to show us by application how the protective tariff works when we are holding the hot end of the poker, this Oriental policy is instructive in the extreme. It strikes home so close to every wheatgrower on the Pacific Coast that there can be no mistaking its meaning or effect. For more than five years the large and rapidly-growing Oriental flour trade has created such a demand for wheat that, instead of the European wheat market making the price locally, it has been governed largely by the milling demand. On account of relatively lower freights to the Orient than to Europe, and a good demand at high prices for bran, shorts and mill feed, wheat for the milling trade has commanded a liberal premium over the price warranted by the Liverpool market.

Within the past two years a number of mills, some of them quite pretentious affairs, have been established in China and Japan. These mills now have an output, if they are operated to their maximum capacity, sufficient to reduce materially the demand for Pacific Coast flour. But, while the Oriental taste has been educated up to a point where it calls for a large amount of American flour, it has been a little slow in providing a market for the offal from the mills. This advantage of the Pacific Coast miller has been enough of a handicap for the Oriental to prevent their mills becoming very serious competitors of American millers. Finding that the natural untrammeled laws of trade were in favor of the American miller, Japan proceeded to protect her infant milling industry with a tariff sufficiently high to cause Pacific Coast millers some uneasiness. China, which now has the largest mill in the Orient, even surpassed the Japs in liberality to her own people. She has not only arranged for the imposition of a tariff on imported flour, but will also impose a duty on wheat grown in the United States.

We can still sell wheat to Japan, and, for the present, it is to the advantage of the Hongkong millers to secure stocks from us, but with either wheat or flour we are at a disadvantage compared with the "favored nations" which practice reciprocity. Some liberal engagements have already been made for wheat to be shipped to the Oriental mills this season, and indications are that there will be a considerable amount of this business handled. The wheat thus shipped, however, will not be purchased on the Pacific Coast milling basis, which has been such a factor in prices in past seasons. Instead it will be bought on the old Liverpool basis.

The profit which enabled the Pacific Coast miller to pay much higher prices than were warranted by the Liverpool market will now all be absorbed by the Oriental miller. If the duty as now proposed is insufficient to protect the Oriental mills, it will be a comparatively easy task to increase it to a point where there will be great inducements for the Pacific Coast miller to get out of the business. With the Pacific Coast wheatgrowers paying an enormous ad valorem duty on grain bags to protect an infant industry at home, and being forced to sell their wheat at a relatively lower figure than for many years in order that an infant industry in Japan should be protected, we are afforded an excellent illustration of the workings of that great modern system by which thousands have been impoverished in order that a few might become immensely wealthy.

## DERELICT DIRECTORS.

It is a relief to learn that the Presbyterian Church will lose nothing, or next to nothing, by the failure of the Real Estate Trust Company in Philadelphia. The losses will fall, where they belong, on the individual depositors, who were lured to place their money with Mr. Hipple by his reputation for piety and his standing in the councils of the Presbyterian Church. The board of ministerial relief does not lose a cent; it is the washerwomen and day laborers whose money is gone.

Not only was Mr. Hipple himself a man of exemplary piety, high in the councils of the church, but his board of directors was composed of eminent financiers, church dignitaries and men of letters. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous novelist, was one of them. These directors really knew nothing about the affairs of the bank which they were supposed to control. They did not even look at the securities which Hipple took for his loans. Their sole function was to lend their respectable names and their social influence to entice victims into Hipple's snare and keep them contented while he robbed them. They did not intend to do this, but their intention cuts no figure in the result. Morally they were Hipple's accomplices.

There ought to be some way to make boards of directors do their duty, but what that way may be seems difficult to discern. Their tendency to lull themselves into fatuous security while a thief involves them in robbery and disgrace seems ineradicable. The insurance directors of evil fame were not quite on a par with those of this hapless bank, for the former were actual as well as moral accomplices in the crimes of their officials. It would seem that the law ought to attach financial liability to directorships. If rich and pious directors could be held legally liable for such losses as Hipple has inflicted upon his depositors, they would be more careful to know what was going on in the bank or the insurance company, or whatever it might be that they pretended to direct.

The New York Sun recommends social ostracism to punish these derelictions of wealthy men, and the remedy sounds well, but it is out of the question. President Hadley spoke of it long ago, but his own conduct has since belied the sincerity of his suggestion. As a matter of fact, society is largely composed of people who are in the same boat with derelict directors, delinquent bankers and absconding cashiers. Morally, society sees nothing wrong in acts of this kind, so long as they do not get a man into jail. It has no standards of right and wrong, and can have none, for society exists, not to do right, but to enjoy itself. An agreeable thief is and always will be socially preferable to a crusty Aristides. Morals have no place in high society, and one is surprised to see a newspaper which knows the world as well as the Sun speaking as if it believed they existed there and could be made a reformatory power. If matters can be so arranged that criminality or negligence will hurt their pockets, directors will do their duty; otherwise not.

## PROSPERITY'S FLOOD TIDE.

The financial currents of the country in many features bear strong semblance to those of the ocean. The ebb follows the flow, and the flow follows the ebb. When the full-moon tide recedes, after reaching farther inland than usual, it leaves piled up on the beach, at high-water mark, an assortment of flotsam, jetsam and derelicts which went a little too far when the flood was at its height. So with the financial tides which sweep over the country, catching in their eddies and swirls human derelicts and wreckage cast up on the beach to remain after the ebb sets in. Nearly all of the industrial enterprises of the country are now booming along on a flood tide of prosperity, and, intoxicated with the swiftness of the motion, many of them are not keeping a very close watch on the tide-gauge. Speculation in Wall street has been stirred up to a marked degree by the recent sensational advances in railroad stocks. The man who displayed no manifest desire to buy Union Pacific at $150 or under suddenly decides that it is worth having at $175, and the man whose attention was not attracted at $175 plunges in at $185.

Perhaps the prices toward which some of our industrial and railroad stocks are climbing are warranted by conditions as they now exist. It is another question whether they will be warranted by conditions which may obtain many months hence. Nearly every big railroad in the country is swamped with business. Some of them are months behind in their orders for cars, and all of them are taxing their facilities to the limit. This phenomenal business, of course, reflects a similar remarkable prosperity in all avenues of trade, which supply traffic for the railroads. It is on account of this tremendous business that the various railroad and industrial stock manipulators are enabled to declare dividends and make financial showings which attract investment. But nothing in the history of the past or in a critical study of conditions as they now exist warrants the belief that there is anything permanent in the present skyrockety market for certain stocks.

The country will catch up with itself some time, and when it does and prices gravitate to a sane and safer level, there is trouble in store for those who have overinvested with the belief that it was a permanent and not a transitory condition that imparted the great value to their purchases. Even if this tide of prosperity could be kept at the flooding stage indefinitely, the fancy prices toward which some of the stocks are soaring would not be warranted. If the public were to become satisfied that conditions which have brought about the present big dividends and high prices are permanent, there would be an instant and irresistible demand for lower transportation rates, and with the reduction of rates would of course follow a reduction in stock prices and dividends.

The high rates of the Harriman roads have been tolerated in the past, because for years Mr. Harriman has been spending the earnings most liberally in the betterment of his properties and in placing them in a physical condition where they could be operated with economic advantage to both the shippers and the railroad owners. Now that the roads are nearing perfection and are in a condition where enough money for phenomenal dividends can be spared from the betterment account, stock prices and dividends should be placed on a basis of reasonable profit on the investment. That they will eventually rest on that basis is a certainty, although the present era of hysterical finance in Wall street may cause some trouble for the "lambs." The heavy tone and lower prices in the New York stock market for the past few days would indicate that the signs of an approaching turn of the tide had not escaped the attention of all of the "drifters" on Wall street's financial tide.

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The British steamship Twickenham, the latest victim of the treacherous waters at the entrance of Puget Sound, has been successfully floated, and, while the damage to the vessel will not amount to many thousand dollars, her sugar cargo was damaged to the extent of about $80,000. The total bill to be footed by the underwriters will approximate $100,000. As the Twickenham was under charter to load lumber at Portland after she had discharged her inward cargo, the underwriters will probably charge this loss against Portland. The International Association of Sailing-Ship Owners might also find in this incident an excuse for increasing the differential against Portland. Of course, accidents such as happened to the Twickenham are unknown in the Columbia River, but the habit of blaming Portland and the Columbia River for every marine disaster which happens within a thousand miles of this port has become chronic.

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The Merchant Marine League of the United States has hung up $1000 in prizes for the four best essays on "How to Build Up Our Shipping in the Foreign Trade." In order that the students who make an attempt to win these prizes may get off on the right foot, the league offers to send, postpaid, an elaborate array of documents which have been compiled by the league for the purpose of influencing public sentiment in favor of a ship subsidy. If the writers of these essays confine themselves strictly to an explanation of the "best" methods for building up our shipping in the foreign trade, the league will get a very poor run for its money. There will be nothing in these methods which will in the slightest degree sanction or recommend the subsidy system so ardently sought by the bounty-hunters, who, in spite of numerous repulses, are still on the trail of the graft with as much eagerness as ever.

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A San Francisco dispatch in yesterday's Oregonian stated that the Southern Pacific had received advices that Mr. Harriman's Mexican railroad extension from Guaymas to Alamos had been completed, and the Cananea, Yaqui River & Pacific line, from Alamos to Tepic and San Marcos, would shortly be ready for operation. It would appear from this that the bullfighters of Old Mexico are now afforded rail transportation over the Harriman lines. In this respect they are still several months and perhaps years ahead of the bullpunchers of Central Oregon. One hardly realizes what an isolated region we live in until we read of the facilities enjoyed by the people of distant lands, which, we have all along been led to believe, were yet hardly civilized.

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The policy of drastic punishment which was predicted as a result of the carnival of assassination now on in Russia will not be carried out. Stolypin has declared against it, and will continue to attempt suppression of illegal acts by old methods. The outlook, of course, is not bright for his success, but Russia apparently expects to draw on her lessening supply of patriots as rapidly as there is necessity for their replacing those who are removed. The official statement of the government quite confidently asserts that "revolutionists may try to destroy the work of the government, but finally they must fail, as the government cannot refrain from the fulfillment of reforms simply because one statesman or another may be replaced."

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The wonderful possibilities of intensified farming by irrigation methods are shown by an affidavit made by a Spokane small farmer that he had marketed up to August 16, from five-eighths of an acre, dewberries which netted him $651.45, an out-turn of approximately $1000 per acre. Land in the irrigated districts of Spokane possess no qualities superior to those of thousands of acres of similar land all through the Pacific Northwest, and several generations hence, when the returns per acre from wheat and other present-day crops become so insignificant in comparison with those from intensified farming, Oregon will have a prosperous population of several millions of people.

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Congressman Fordney, of Michigan, singles out one of the land-fraud defendants to declare that "while he broke the law, he didn't do it intentionally." There is, we suppose, no necessary connection between the Congressman's possession of such opinions and his ownership of large bodies of timber land.

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President Peck, of the National Bar Association, is much provoked at the "shysters" and says harsh words about them. Any member of the association would no doubt be willing to engage his services to any one who will employ him to institute disbarment proceedings.

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The Nebraska delegation at New York evidently fancies itself to be a committee to notify Mr. Bryan that he has been nominated and elected President of the United States.

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Some way it looks different to Mr. Bryan from the New York of 1896. As things now stand, he can have anything New York has to give except its electoral vote.

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Undoubtedly there are subjects on which "Cap" Ormsby has no objection to telling all he knows, truthfully; but Mr. Heney forgot to mention any of them to him.

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Can it be that Mr. Wellman abandoned his balloon and left the North Pole to its solitary fate because his supply of hot air gave out?

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Even Mr. Bryan is now convinced that it isn't the "enemy's country." But it's an off year.

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Bryan is in New York, and the story is long. Hot air must have room for expansion.

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**Write on His Tomb: "Speechmaker."**
Washington (D. C.) Star.

Years have elapsed since W. J. Bryan was known as the boy orator. Critics of his foreign speeches do not go so far as to intimate that his oratory as well as his boyhood is a thing of the past.

## INEBRIETY TREATED AS INSANITY

**Notable Paper at Meeting of the British Medical Association.**

Extract from address of Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford, Conn.

The term inebriety describes a condition which calls for alcohol for its anaesthetic effect, and in reality means a disease of the brain for which alcohol is a most grateful remedy. The use of alcohol is in most cases a symptom of some disorder, and not, as supposed, the cause and the theory that the excessive use of spirits is a vice and moral condition is not true. Great injustice and wrongs follow the efforts to correct this evil, based on these false theories, while a scientific study of inebriety indicates a definite disease, with distinct causes, progress, and termination, the same as other diseases.

Two marked symptoms of insanity are prominent. One is found in the periodic drinker, who drinks to excess for a short period, then abstains. The drink period is practically an acute mania, or insane impulse, which resists all efforts of control. It is often preceded by insomnia, headaches, and great irritability. Such persons drink both secretly and openly, and act like insane persons. The disease resembles epilepsy in its sudden, convulsive onset and the inability to break up or control it except by the harshest measures.

In many cases there are distinct premonitions of the drink storm in conduct, reasoning and appearance which the victim does not realize. In others there seems to be a full consciousness of its coming, and extraordinary care is taken to make the attack as light as possible and with as little pecuniary loss. Such patients make elaborate preparations in business affairs, providing for their absence, explaining that they expect to be away on business. Many persons suffering in this way are influential and are burdened with cares and responsibilities. They suddenly disappear from their business, secreting themselves in some out-of-the-way place, drinking to great excess for a few days or weeks, then returning. These concealed drink storms are very common among the business and professional men, and not infrequently there is a remarkable periodicity in the return of the drink impulse. In one instance the free interval was exactly 21 days and the drink storm nine days. In another the interval was 210 days and the length of the storm about five days. Another large class of patients are secret midnight drinkers, who never drink at anyother time. Often the drink paroxysm brings out a different personality, and the patient while drinking is an entirely different character in reasoning and conduct.

Certain atmospheric and electrical conditions seem to be active in precipitating the drink attacks. One man only drinks at the seashore, another on high elevations. One drinks in certain climates and seasons of the year and at no other time. Many persons drink heavily in large cities and are strict abstainers elsewhere. These cases all have a marked heredity from neurotic parents, and most of them show defects and irregularities of nutrition, absence of proper sleep, and strains and drains. Pneumonia, apoplexy consumption and paralysis are the common terminations.

Another form of insanity is seen in the constant drinker, who drinks daily in so-called moderation, and, because he is not incapacitated, believes that he is benefited. Measurements by instruments of precision and careful studies of persons who drink regularly, even in so-called small quantities, indicate that they are the most degenerate and defective of all inebriates, and the most positively insane in a general sense. Tests show that the action of alcohol is accumulated, and both the brain and nervous system are permanently deranged. The insanity of inebriety is a medical subject, and until the profession has taught the public the facts of this disease and the rational means of treatment, the utmost confusion will prevail. This is the new army of the insane, developed by our civilization, and this is the new field of practice for medical men in every community. It is our duty to lift it out of the realm of credulity and quackery, and bring it into the field of exact science. Then, and only then, shall we be able to provide exact means and measures for its prevention and cure.

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**Ezra Meeker Loses One of His Oxen.**
Lincoln (Neb.) Star.

Ezra Meeker, the aged pioneer, who is traveling from Oregon to Ohio, with the same old wagon in which he and his wife made the trip out West in 1852, is now in Kearney. He has had a streak of bad luck, losing one of his best oxen, so that he is now traveling with one ox and a cow.

Secretary Mellor, of the State Fair board, has a letter from Mr. Meeker, giving a brief outline of his trip and the purpose of it.

He says:

"After seven months of strenuous work I have arrived here in a crippled condition, having lost my fine ox, Twist, leaving me but one ox and a cow and my old time wagon. On my trip, I have erected, or provided for the erection of, 19 monuments to perpetuate the memory of the Old Oregon trail, which I helped to make in 1852, when I went to Oregon in that year.

"I crossed the Missouri at Council Bluffs, May 19, 1852, traveled up the Platte and Sweetwater to the summit of the Rocky Mountains and thence to Puget Sound where I have been ever since. I have already retraced 1836 miles of this trip at the age of 76 years. I do not consider this any great feat but other people do."

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**Egg of Universe on His Travels.**
Chicago Chronicle.

Behanzin, who was King of Dahomey before the French broke his power, has left Marseilles for Algeria. While he was King he reigned in great splendor. His chief title was "His Majesty Bedoazin Boaldjere Hossu Bowele, Emperor of Dahomey, Lord of Abomey, Son of Requin and Egg of the Universe." He was guarded and waited upon by thousands of female adherents. Guards of amazons were stationed outside his apartments.

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**How He Knows.**
Chicago Post.

How does I know when de day is hot,
Honey, I sits in er shady spot
En notice de way dat de white man walks
En listen de way dat the white man talks.

Ef hit wasn't fer dat, w'y I suppose
I neveh would know
But what I 'us freezin' ontil I 'us froze—
Hit's suttenly so.

Houn' dog he layin' beside de do',
Tail des so feeble 'twon' wag no mo';
De leaves on de trees hangin' pow'ful still—
But de white man talkin' des fit ter kill!

Ef hit wasn't fer dat seems ter me
I neveh would know
De day gittin' hot es er day can be—
Hit's suttenly so.

Flies goes er loafin' along de wall,
Noddin' ter sleep till dey slip en fall;
En nothin' er movin' in all de town
But de white man runnin' erroun' en' roun'.

Ef hit wasn't fer dat, de chances is
I neveh would know
But what I 'us freezin' en froze en fris,
Hit's suttenly so.

White man er cussin' erbout de heat,
White man er stompin' wid bofe his feet
En moppin' 'is face till hit's red as red—
En dat's how I know, des lak I said.

Ef hit wasn't fer dat, w'y I suppose
I neveh would know
De sky wasn't heavy wid ice en snow—
Hit's suttenly so.

## CHARLES DANA GIBSON HOMESICK

**May Abandon His Studies of Art in European Centers.**
New York Commercial.

Charles Dana Gibson is homesick, according to letters received from him by friends in New York. When he set his face resolutely against all temptations to continue a black-and-white artist and started for Europe to study the celebrated canvases of Spain, France and Italy, he was told that he was too intense an American to remain away from Broadway for three years. He laughed scornfully.

"Really, I shall be glad to be rid of the uproar and dust," he declared. "Besides, I am tired of being identified with one National type. Catholicity is the true spirit and cosmopolitanism the highest ideal in art."

So he sailed for Spain.

It appears that had it not been for the protests of those who are with him he would have come back to the United States a month ago, on the completion of his Spanish tour. At that date he had had enough of European art galleries for a lifetime. Thus he has written in substance.

New York art circles are asking whether Mr. Gibson, after weakening in one part of his programme, is likely to weaken in another. What if he should decide to return to black and white? Some of his friends think it was the example of Whistler, who began as an etcher and then took up oils, that prompted Dana to make his own departure after many years of devotion to the art in which he became famous.

As Whistler reverted in old age from oil to etching and urged his contemporaries to think of him and describe him as an etcher and not a painter, it will be interesting to note how far the analogy will be carried in the case of Gibson.

There is no black-and-white artist living to surpass him. Will the great paintings of the Old World read him the lesson of the folly of his new ambition?

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**Disappointment in the Hayfield.**
New York Sun.

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: This is the damnedest haying weather I ever see in over 40 years. Me and the hired men have bene haying for the last month and we're not half through yet. Get up in the morning, not a cloud in the sky. Looks like good weather. Go up lots and cut hay all the forenoon. By noon it clouds up and shortly after begins to rain. It rains all the next day. The day after a patch of blue sky as big as the milk-house appears. We hustle up lot to turn the hay and get it in passable shape to come in. Then we start to cart it in the barn. Get in one load and it begins to rain again, and we're a week getting in a few loads of hay, which after it is in the barn is fitter for bedding than fodder.

Talk about the cotton leaks, railroad rebating or the packing-house scandal, they are a mere nothing as compared with this abominable article the Weather Department is giving us farmers. And to make matters still worse they villainously label rainy weather fair and fair weather rainy.

In the face of these facts it is high time President Roosevelt appointed a committee to investigate the Weather Department, and the rascals, no matter how high up in Washington society they may be, will be lynched by a delegation of farmers.

LONG ISLAND FARMER.
Rocky Point, L. I.

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**A Case of William the Premature?**
Charlotte Observer.

The New York Sun is entirely right in its assertion that Mr. Bryan would have done well to remain away until 1908.

Since the recent declarations in his favor the Nebraskan will be forced to practically take the stump, and in two years even the Democratic party is likely to become tired of him. Had he not gone abroad when he did, the present Bryan wave would not have rolled out upon the beach as it has—certainly not at this time. It became apparently so high that a number of outsiders were drawn in to swell its volume. But two years of Mr. Bryan as a candidate is a long time; it is a long time to have to listen to anybody, and we would not be surprised should the Nebraskan have to fight for the nomination in 1908.

The indorsements by state conventions bind nobody, not even themselves, as Mr. Bryan has himself declared, and they may take it all back before the Summer of 1908.

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**"Uncle Joe" Buttons Are Out.**
Washington (D. C.) Dispatch.

Citizens of 25 states temporarily residing in Washington, D. C., have signed a call for a meeting at the Ebbitt House Thursday night to organize to help along "Uncle Joe" Cannon's Presidential boom. Thousands of buttons have been ordered for distribution. The Speaker's picture will be on the buttons, with words attributed to the President on the occasion of Speaker Cannon's recent visit to Oyster Bay:

MR. SPEAKER:
You Will Be the Next President.

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**Rich Man's Cows Fare Well.**
Newberg Graphic.

E. S. Craven has sold his second crop of clover to Mr. McEldowney, of Portland, the price being $9 per ton delivered at the boat landing. The crop is estimated at 25 tons. It is understood that the hay is to be fed to Mr. Ladd's fine calves.

## BRYAN LOSES HIS PICTURES.

**But There May Have Been Good Reason for Loss.**
New York Sun.

The loss of a bundle of portraits of William J. Bryan taken in London has an element of mystery in it. Perhaps a solution may be found in what is called "the most striking portrait of Mr. Bryan ever published," one of the London series. The Bryan trousers are shocking to the sartorial soul. Full and floppy at the ankle, they fall in folds from the knee, and sign of crease there is none. The coat, a statesman's frock, fits fairly well, but has no distinction, no character. Is too ample in the skirts, and is altogether inadequate and disappointing. The set of the cravat Mr. Bryan is responsible for; it is without symmetry and is, besides, painfully awry.

Mr. Bryan has one broad, nervous hand resting on the back of a settee and the other is half thrust between the buttons of his coat. He stands up straight, a fine bulk of a man; and his expression is consciously statesmanlike.

What will occur to an admirer of Mr. Bryan is that he should have a better tailor. His fame requires it and his form deserves it. Where the bundle of portraits is Scotland Yard and the embassies must employ all their resources to find out. One look at the trousers in the "most striking" picture of Mr. Bryan should put them on the trail of the criminal. Could he be any one else than an artist tailor who resented the garment on Mr. Bryan's legs and desired to see him taken in trousers that would add to his dignity as a citizen of the world and its leading statesman?

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**Realty Declines at Classic Newport.**
Newport (R. I.) Despatch.

Newport's realty is waning in commercial value, experts say, who view with alarm the refusal of bidders to go beyond offers of $40,000 for Lyndenhurst, the home built by J. M. Hodgson at Bellevue avenue and Webster street. The executors withdrew the property at that figure Saturday afternoon, saying the sum was ridiculous and totally inadequate even to cover the cost of the decorative work for which the place long has been famed. Other estates now on the market remain unsold because prospective buyers want them for practically nothing, as compared with even the assessed valuations. At the Hodgson sale the real estate men were well represented. The bidding started at $5000, Mr. Cutting making the offer. Henry C. Anthony and Benjamin Hall, of Portsmouth, raised the price for a time on $500 bids, and then the jumps were $1000 each, but none would go over a bid of $40,000. The principal estate not being sold, the stable property in Narragansett avenue was not offered.

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**Prophet Says Government Dies 1915.**
Asbury Park (N. J.) Dispatch.

Delegates to the Watch Tower Bible Students' Convention in Asbury Park were visibly awed by the strange prophecy of John Edgar, of Glasgow, Scotland, who told what was going to happen in America between 1911 and and 1915.

"In September of the year 1911 the people will rise up against the Government. In the year 1912 the people will see that they have made a grave mistake, and during the time between the years 1913 and 1914 the people will leave the Government alone. At the end of the year 1914, state, church and the people will be at war with each other. In the year 1915 the greatest thing will come to pass—the people will again rise up against the authorities and the Government—and this time they will demolish all forms of government."

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**How It Seems Down South.**
Memphis Commercial Appeal.

We feel that we owe the gentlewomen of the old South an apology. In speaking of the monument to the Confederate women, we wrote that they had the hardest of all tasks to perform; that "they had to stay at home and wait." This appeared in the paper, "they had to stay at home and wail." There could be no greater reflection upon the Southern women than this, and we wish to say that it was an altogether unpardonable typographical error.

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**Newspaper Independence.**
Jewell City (Kan.) Republican.

This paper does not wish to be considered a party organ any more. It does not wish to be under party obligations. It prefers to be known as a newspaper that believes in Republican principles as set forth by President Roosevelt and his friends—a paper that believes the Republican party is the best party there is; a paper that will always support the Republican ticket unless it thinks it has good reasons for not doing so; but that yet feels free to commend any good measure other parties may advocate, or oppose any bad measure the Republicans may advance; and whenever the Platts, the Aldriches, the Burtons, Kelleys and railroad interests dominate a convention and dictate a ticket we want to be free to say just what we think about it. Our judgment will sometimes be faulty, no doubt, but we hope it will not be prejudiced. In this way we believe the paper can better serve the interests of Jewell County people than it can as a strict party organ that is always expected to be candid only when candor will not hurt the party. We make these statements because we want only such recognition from the Republican party as it is willing to give to a paper occupying this position.

**BRYAN'S HOME-COMING**

—From the Chicago Tribune.