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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7, 1907.

NEW ACHIEVEMENTS IN GEORGIA.

The difficulties encountered in our Southern states, where there is a large negro population, in dealing with the suffrage, are well understood. The negro has a constitutional right to the suffrage, yet must not be permitted to exercise it. The reasons are two. First, white men not only will not be ruled by black men, but will not, in any circumstances, permit them—in states where they are very numerous—to have a share in the government. Second, the colored population, as a mass is without the qualifications necessary for safe exercise of the suffrage. The Southern whites, therefore, have proceeded to nullify the constitutional right of the negro population.

Georgia affords the latest example. It is done by indirection. Yet in theory the rights of the two races are held the same. Ingenious devices, however, permit all whites to vote, yet cut out practically all the blacks; and that with pretension of treating all alike, or on equal terms. Yet the whites have done only what seems to them necessary for protection of the state.

A property qualification is one thing. No one, white or black, can register or vote unless he has property worth $500. But it is not intended that this shall be equally administered, nor can it be; for exceptions are made which are wholly in favor of the white man. The "grandfather clause" lets every white man in. This provides that every one may vote whose ancestor had the right, and every one moreover who may have served or whose ancestor may have served as a soldier in war, on the side of the United States, or of the Confederate States. No negro is in these categories. Again, no one may register who is unable to read and expound any section of the Constitution that may be submitted to him, or who "has not a proper conception of his duty to his state or his Nation." The registration officer is the sole judge on all these matters. It is not to be supposed he will turn down any white man, or let in any negro, except possibly one here and there merely for appearances.

It is not to be denied that the evils of indiscriminate negro suffrage in our Southern states are too great to be permitted. From their standpoint, the white people believe they are fully justified in trying to circumvent the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. They have done so. We could wish that subterfuges might have been avoided.

A good hit at Georgia is made, in connection with the suffrage and prohibition amendments, which the state has adopted together. The object of the one is to eliminate the negro from politics; of the other to keep liquor away from him. It has been suggested that prohibition should have included a grandfather and an educational clause "permitting the free use of spirituous liquors by all persons whose ancestors had fought in one of the wars of the United States, or who can decipher and interpret the meaning of the label on the bottle."

But our prohibition friends, doubtless, will say that the scheme to let the white man get liquor while the black man cannot, is the best legislation the latter could possibly have; and further, that if liquor be kept away from the blacks for a few generations and allowed to the whites, the races ultimately will change places—the one coming up as the other goes down.

The family physician of John D. Rockefeller publicly announces that he has been born again and now at his second birth is only 14 years old. He predicts that the oil king will live to be 94. If the doctor is correct in his surmises, it might be well for the people to begin negotiations with some gypsy child stealer, and have this healthy second-born youngster transferred to a different environment. Just think of what would happen to the rest of us a few years hence, if John D. should be born the third time, just when the rest of the world was trying to save a little out of the wreck before he got it all.

GAMBLERS MUST WORK.

The "move-on" order has been issued for Astoria, and the gamblers' last stand in Oregon will be of brief duration. Gambling is a vice which has a pernicious and blighting effect wherever it is permitted, but the evil is more apparent in some places than in others. It is doubtful if there is another community in the western world where the closing of gambling will be attended with better results than at Astoria. The plea has been made that the fines collected from the gamblers have paid, in a large measure, the running expenses of the city. But before the gamblers paid these fines, they first secured the money, and much more along with it from some hard working wealth creator in Astoria. In no other place in the state where these parasites of the green cloth have essayed to ply their unlawful vocation, have they taken as hard-earned money as that passed over the tables by the fishermen. The fishermen risk their lives to secure the money which swells the coffers of the gambling harpies.

The abolition of gambling will not only remove temptation from hundreds of hard-working men, who need the money for other purposes, and from young men just growing up and easily influenced, but it will undoubtedly be the means of forcing reformation on a large number of gamblers, who, when they find their occupation gone, will be willing to turn their attention to some respectable method of securing a livelihood. When Astoria is running "wide open" in the fishing season, there are more than 100 gamblers engaged in fleecing the victims. As gamblers are a class of liberal spenders, five dollars per day would be a modest estimate of their daily expenditures. Reduced to mathematics, it thus appears that Astoria in consideration of a moderate monthly fine, has permitted these parasites to rob some of the citizens of $500 per day, or approximately $15,000 per month. When the lid drops next week these lily-fingered drones in the industrial hive, no longer will be permitted to rob the men who earn the money, and it will be placed in circulation where it can be of more benefit.

While it is true that Oregon never had less use for gamblers than it has at the present time, it is equally true that the state was never before so badly in need of able-bodied men for all kinds of work. The present crusade will leave without a calling, several hundred gamblers. Among them there will be undoubtedly a large number, who, in the absence of an opportunity to rob their fellow men, may be induced to go to work, and in time become honorable citizens. The gambler never creates one penny by his efforts. He simply lives as do all parasites, off the energy and vitality of others. Deprived of the opportunity thus to absorb the earnings of others, it is natural to presume that he will become a producer. Those who are too lazy or dishonest to go to work in due season will find their way to our penal institutions. Even there it may be better for society to support them behind the bars, than to permit them to levy their own toll on the workers, and while so doing to corrupt the morals of the young.

MOROCCO.

The city of Casa Blanca, where the French troops have come in conflict with the Moors, is situated some 200 miles southwest of Tangiers on the Atlantic Coast of Morocco. By the Algeciras conference in 1906 both Tangiers and Casa Blanca were turned over to France and Spain to be policed jointly, while in the other principal coast towns of Morocco, France alone was to keep order. This decision of the Conference, to which the United States was a party, modified a previous arrangement by which England and Spain conceded to France a paramount influence throughout Morocco.

To this tripartite agreement Germany vigorously objected, on the ostensible ground that it violated the Madrid Convention of 1880, which had been signed by the United States and the principal European powers. The real ground was the Kaiser's jealousy of the thriving commercial power of France in Northern Africa. William made a spectacular trip to Tangiers and delivered himself of a speech, which threatened war unless Germany should have a voice in disposing of the fate of Morocco. The Algeciras Conference followed, but William derived little consolation from it. No nation, except decrepit Austria, supported his pretensions. The tripartite agreement was slightly, but not essentially modified and, by the delegation of the civilized world, France became the guardian of life and property in Morocco. That Spain was made her formal partner in the duty cuts little figure, though it salved the vanity of William somewhat.

This arrangement was obviously just. French territory envelops Morocco on the east and south and the wild tribes under the farcical rule of Abdul Aziz continually make trouble for her colonies. Spain holds an indefinite tract on the southwest border, but no other nation touches the domain of the incapable Sultan. Nor has any nation, except England, a considerable trade with Morocco. Indeed, the state of the country does not admit of trade, except irregularly. There are no navigable rivers, no railroads, not even a wagon road in all its extent of 300,000 square miles. A vast area of land, exceedingly fertile and lying pleasantly, stretches between the Atlas Mountains and the Northern Coast ranges, but it is overrun with predatory tribes. Life is insecure, property unprotected. Producers are robbed on the one hand by the Arabs, on the other by the Sultan's tax gatherers; and it is hard to say which are the worse. Between them they keep the country stripped, though it does manage to export a few beans, almonds and the like. If there ever was a land crying for "benevolent assimilation" it is Morocco, and France seems singularly selected to do the business.

The logical, scientific temperament of the French makes them admirable renovators of these ancient African regions, run to seed as they are with their foolish customs and miserable superstitions. When France took hold of Algiers early in the last century its condition was as bad as that of Morocco today. She has given it a just and stable government, subdued the robber tribes, established schools, promoted agriculture and encouraged commerce. The viticulture of Algiers has so flourished that it has half ruined the wine industry of southern France. We Americans may felicitate ourselves that the fostering care we have bestowed upon sugar production in the Philippines is not likely to react so disastrously upon our domestic prosperity.

But France, to her sorrow, had no Dingley. She proceeded upon the theory that a conquering nation ought to treat its colonies justly; and her vinegrowers have to suffer for it. The logical conclusion seems to be that a nation should have no colonies; or, if it must have them, then it should rob them; and in this respect we are more logical than the French; though, since we rob ourselves at the same time and by the same means, the Filipinos ought not to complain. It is really a blessed privilege for us all, wherever our domicile may be, to contribute our mites to the Steel Trust and other tariff-stuffed cormorants.

By the terms of the Algeciras Convention, France is not permitted to acquire territory in Morocco. She can only repress disorder. But experience shows that the repression of disorder, in these turbulent parts of the world, always glides, by insensible degrees, into ownership. Thus it was with England in Egypt, with Japan in Corea, with Russia in Turkestan, and thus it will be with the United States in Cuba and with France in Morocco.

A cat, deliberately slaying a mouse, sinks her teeth deeper every time the poor creature squirms, and ends by biting off its head. The present tumults in Casa Blanca will strengthen the position of France. With strict legality she can increase her garrisons in Morocco and impose upon the placid Sultan reforms obviously necessary to protect foreigners. What she does, all the world will approve, except possibly Germany, who happens to be diplomatically isolated and comparatively innocuous. From the positions which France may now acquire she is not likely ever to recede, and she ought not to recede; for it is high time that the robbers' den in northwestern Africa were broken up and the land opened to civilization.

OFF FOR THE POLE.

The mystery of the North Pole which for centuries has baffled the efforts of man, would seem to be a little nearer solution than ever before. There is more than a possibility that one or the other of the expeditions which this month will start in quest of that long-sought goal, will be successful. With Peary making an attack from land and sea, and Wellman using an airship, we may see, very early in this twentieth century, the discovery of one of the great unexplored portions of the earth's surface. Of the two expeditions, which are to go forth this month, that of Peary will probably inspire the most confidence. We know that the airship of the present day, even though it is still far from perfect, has many features of improvement over the balloon, in which the unfortunate Andree sailed from Spitzbergen into the unknown and never came back. We also know that under favorable conditions, it would seem quite possible for Mr. Wellman to steer his airship over the 600-mile course to the North Pole and back again without serious mishap.

But there is the element of uncertainty about conditions being "favorable" for the navigation of an airship, and misgivings are freely expressed that Wellman, in spite of his superior equipment, will meet with the same fate as the unfortunate Andree. The success that has already attended Peary's efforts, and his long experience in the work, offers much encouragement for his finally reaching the pole. On his last previous trip he distanced all of the explorers who had preceded him, by reaching 87:06 north, leaving but about 200 miles between him and the long-sought pole. While Americans have been engaged in the work for fifty-five years, and the explorers of other countries for centuries, no other explorer that ever lived has had the experience which Peary has gained in the numerous expeditions he has commanded in the last twenty years.

It is on account of the experience thus gained, that many, who would be skeptical regarding the success of a less thoroughly seasoned pole seeker, will expect great results from Peary. The favorable conditions which these explorers always hope for, may not be with them on the voyages now beginning, but even though they return unsuccessful, or fail to return at all, it will not deter others from attempting to solve the mystery. Arctic exploration since it first began, has claimed hundreds of victims. In return for this loss of life we have some knowledge of the intervening country, beyond which lies the great mystery, but nothing of great commercial value has been accomplished. Nothing of this nature in fact is expected. If it were, the lure of gold would draw into the game so many adventurous spirits that some of them, like Melville's cask and the Jeanette's wreckage, would drift across the polar sea and tell the story.

A good many centuries have elapsed since Juan de Fuca and other navigators of his day and age began seeking the mythical straits for the northwest passage, but it remained for Admundson, a twentieth-century navigator, to take a ship through that farfamed channel from east to west. Peary and Wellman may fail in their undertakings, but each failure brings success a little nearer, and the time is not far distant when either an airship or an indestructible vessel of the Roosevelt type, will reach the northern end of the world.

"BACHELOR BUTTONS."

Among the seeds distributed through the Department of Agriculture by members of Congress under the franking privilege, are packets labeled "Bachelor Buttons." This plant is simply the French pink, the pest of wheat-growers throughout the Willamette Valley. Years ago the seed of this plant was brought here—first, it is thought, to French Prairie by missionaries. Planted along garden borders and in dooryards it grew vigorously, delighting homesick women and elder children with its profuse blossoms and gay colors. A prodigious producer of bloom and of winged seed it spread from gardens and dooryards to meadows and fields. In years past farmers, in infested localities, have employed their best efforts in the unsuccessful attempt to get rid of it. Acres of wheat have been plowed up in the early blooming season of this plant, in the hope of preventing the seed from maturing; other acres have been Summer fallowed in the equally vain hope of killing the plant by uprooting it in the dry season. It remains still the farmer's pest in every wheat-growing section of the Willamette Valley and is today maturing millions of seeds from bright, feathery and dainty flowers of every shade of blue and pink.

The marigold seed, the blossoms of which are devoid of both beauty and fragrance, might, with great propriety, be eliminated from the annual order for seeds for free distribution, sent out by the Government through the Agricultural Department. Secretary Wilson might well have made a note of this when in Oregon, as he beheld Bachelor Buttons blooming in the wheat, and marigolds and their troop of relatives in gaudy yellow vestments, flanking the dooryard walks of country homes. Neither useful nor ornamental, they are prolific producers of seed, and in our mild climate are self-seeders, to an extent that, once in the ground, they hold possession ever after, undaunted by the most vigorous efforts to exterminate them.

The Oregonian makes its own statement of its position on the primary election law and election of United States Senators. It doesn't call on Mr. Ladd's newspaper for interpretation of the law, nor for dogmatism about "Statement No. 1;" nor does it accept the dictum of this organ of "the interests," on this subject or any other. For Mr. Ladd's newspaper is a basely hypocritical thing, striving for results by indirections. An organ of monopolists, it masquerades for "the people." Owned, directed and used by Republican plutocrats, who have enriched themselves immensely through procured legislation, franchise grabs and profits, it proclaims "independence" and "non-partisanship," while always supporting Democratic party measures, candidates and purposes, and on the lookout for ways in which it may serve its coterie in future as in the past. No, no; The Oregonian will always speak for itself, without need of such an interpreter; and moreover, it neither expects nor desires to please Mr. Ladd's newspaper, which is merely an organ of private interests, or Mr. Ladd himself, whose name stands for the "gang" behind the concern.

Preliminaries have been arranged whereby a county fair is to be made a permanent institution in Multnomah County. The scope of this fair is to be agricultural, horticultural and industrial. There are ten granges in the county. A number of these have held local or lodge fairs for some years, with uniform success, but the scope of each has been narrow and the beneficial results have not been equal to the time and labor required to make the display. A consolidation of these efforts is now proposed. Instead of three, four or more local fairs—pleasant and really praiseworthy though they may be—a single fair in which the granges will join their forces is now planned. The first of what it is hoped will be a long series of county fairs will be held at Gresham—the center of trade of Eastern Multnomah—early in October. The material for this fair is abundant and of the very best. Enthusiasm and energy, directed by intelligence, will do the rest, with the result that an exhibit will be made of which every citizen of Multnomah County who contributes to it in any way will be justly proud.

A court martial at Fort Monroe decided that Lieutenant Trumbo was not guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, when he wrote to an inquiring mother that her son was the most "worthless scoundrel" he ever saw, and that he hoped to see him "behind the bars." It is brass-button snobs of the Trumbo type who prevent good men enlisting in the Army. So long as their offences are condoned, the Army never can inspire in its employer, the people, the degree of confidence which should exist.

The Chicago wheat market declined 2 cents per bushel again yesterday, making a total decline of over 6 cents since the American Society of Equity issued orders for a minimum price of $1.25 per bushel. The September option in Chicago, sold below 88 cents yesterday, and receipts of new wheat are pouring into the primary markets at a rate that is staggering the bulls, who have been manipulating prices so long. The membership roll of the Society apparently needs a few more signatures.

A Pullman horse-breeder has just imported sixteen head of high-class equines from England. The animals are from the best blood in Europe and will prove of great value to the Eastern Washington country. It is in transactions of this kind that the general and universal improvement in farming methods is reflected. It costs no more to raise fine stock, which will sell for big prices, than it does to raise inferior animals.

It is reported that the waters of certain hot springs will cure the liquor habit. Unfortunately the springs are in a county which went "wet" and where the people don't wish to be cured of the habit. Still, Linn and Lane and Lincoln can send their reformed drinkers up to the springs for a few weeks.

An acrimonious dispute over the identity of the first American flag ever floated on Alaskan soil lacks patriotic interest when it is revealed that one alleged owner wants to sell the emblem to the Seattle Exposition for $2500.

In twentieth-century government by the people, the prosecuting attorney is a great deal bigger man than he used to be, as witness Jerome, Folk, Langdon, Manning and Hedges.

There is this difference between the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Stock Exchange: In a slump the wheat pit gamblers don't blame it on the Government.

It doesn't pay to interfere when blows are exchanged between husband and wife, not when the combatants are lawyers in a San Francisco courtroom.

If Roosevelt really wants a seat in the United States Senate, let him move to Oregon, where he can go before the people.

It is up to Chancellor Day to eulogize Rockefeller for contributing $29,240,000 to the support of the United States Government.

And the best feature of Standard Oil's $29,240,000 fine is that the company is not execution proof.

No man as rich as Philander C. Knox was ever selected as a tenant for the White House.

FOREST RESERVES AND USES.

Comment on Late Publication of Department of Agriculture.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The United States Department of Agriculture has put forth an explanation in behalf of Gifford Pinchot, the head forester of the United States, regarding the National forest reserves and the relations of the people to them.

A frequent objection to the present forestry policy of the Government has been that it shut out the homeseeker from the land reserved. But Mr. Pinchot explains:

"The homeseeker can travel all through a forest, pick out the agricultural land he wants for a home, apply for it, have it listed, settle upon it when listed, enter it, build his home, cultivate his fields, patent it, and spend the rest of his days there. The only thing he must be careful about is to obey the law and take the land for a home and not for other purposes.

A similar popular error is that the prospector and miner are shut out. But this Mr. Pinchot denies, declaring that "they go just as if there were no National forest there." In fact, they are encouraged to stake out claims and list and work them. In Mr. Pinchot's words:

"Prospecting and mining are absolutely unchecked. The resources of the National forests must be used and the country opened up. Therefore the more mining and prospecting the better."

The widespread misconception arose no doubt from the fact that the original National forestration act, enacted in 1891, contained no provision for guarding the forests from fire or for throwing them open to the husbandmen and miners. The act of 1897, however, reversed this locking-up policy by creating a positive means of conserving studying and opening the forests to the benefit of the people.

The bureau, whose chief is Mr. Pinchot, has accomplished much in this direction, and the effort to disseminate a knowledge of forestry as necessary to our National needs now and in the future is most commendable.

Even the "business interests" that, with the mining prospector, have protested against the new system as altogether wrong and as a hindrance to the development of the Western country, may have some of their doubts resolved, if not their convictions altered, by considering the recital of facts marshaled by Mr. Pinchot. The system is so eminently practical; it has abolished destruction by fire and introduced rational methods of timber-cutting. In fact, it is likely to prolong the life of the lumber business some decades in this country.

Mr. Pinchot's primer draws attention to the fact that the forestry reservation is responsible for a new occupation. Any resident of a state or territory in which there is a reservation, if he can pass a civil service examination, is wanted by the Government as a guard or a ranger.

"The National forests need more men," says Mr. Pinchot. The life should appeal to men of hardihood who like the open air and have an ability to "pack, shoot, and fight fire."

Adventures as Servant Girls.

Some time ago, Amy E. Tanner, Ph. D., and a friend, "two teachers with a commingled yearning for adventure and philanthropy," took positions as waitresses in a fashionable apartment-house. Their experiences, as related in the American Journal of Sociology for July, says the New York Evening Post, raise no strong hopes for a speedy solution of the servant-girl question:

What was the effect of this bodily condition upon our mind? Our first waking consciousness was an ache. By degrees this localized itself, and we cautiously tried raising our arms, closing our hands, and so on, to see just how much hurt we were. Then it would occur to us that we ought to rise, and we would crawl out resignedly or profanely, according to our temperament. If sufficiently desperate, we went to sleep again, creating confusion in the dining-room as others tried to do our work.

All day long the background of living was an ache. This showed itself in an indisposition to do anything more than was absolutely necessary, to sit down at every opportunity, to stand laxly in the dining-room, instead of being brisk and alert—in short, to act like the typical shiftless servant. We soon were that. We were not on the lookout for work. On the contrary, we came to have a vague feeling of resentment against our mistress, and enjoyed taking advantage of her. The one who did the chamber work flicked black and white-headed pins, hairpins, and other small articles, and kept us extravagantly supplied with towels. We ordered desserts for guests who were not there, and ate them ourselves. We supplied ourselves with plenty of ice water for our rooms. We took every opportunity of proving to our own satisfaction that though our mistress could work us for 13 hours a day, we could even the score in the end. Still, this puts the matter too definitely, for only the teachers so framed the case to themselves, and that humorously. Rather, the truth was that with this constant ache in the background, our minds became dulled, the inhibitions which usually prevent such belittling tricks were removed, and the ethical tone was lowered.

Wife Dies as She Had Predicted.

Egg Harbor, N. J., Dispatch in New York Times.

Mrs. A. Nichols, wife of a farmer near Germania, had a premonition several weeks ago of approaching death, and told her husband that she would not live until August. One day recently, after working in the field until late, she said: "My day's and life's work is done, but before I die I will take my last bath."

Her husband paid no attention to her remarks, but when he returned to the house and received no reply to his repeated calls he investigated and found her dying in bed. She died in a few minutes. He hastened for a physician, who said she died from natural causes.

The woman was 60 years old and had always been in good health.

Longest Commuter in the World.

New York Tribune.

John H. Watkins, president of the National Bank of Commerce of Memphis, Tenn., is believed to be the greatest long-distance commuter in the world. Mr. Watkins has a country home near Mount Kisco, in Westchester County, New York, and he travels between the two points in a large automobile, which is probably the best equipped machine ever built. The machine is 60-horsepower, and contains a writing desk, buffet and library of more than 100 volumes. The banker takes a stenographer and typewriting machine with him and attends to his correspondence on the way. It takes about six days to make the run from Memphis to Mount Kisco.

Too Much Publicity.

Chicago Tribune.

They sat on the vine embowered porch, looking at the glorious planet in the southern sky.

"I suppose you know, Miss Gladys," said the young professor, hitching his chair nearer, "that Mars is nearer to us now than it will be again for a period of 15 years?"

"Mercy, no!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know that. Take your arm away, Professor McGoozle, please. I feel as if everybody on Mars was watching us."

The City in Summer.

Outlook.

Heat, heat, heat!—
Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath from the river,
Bring help to the gasping, blazing street—
To dumb creature and man with pulses a-quiver
To the pulse of the pitiless heat.

My child! my child! my child!
Cry wrung from the heart of many a mother
As she hearkens, powerless, desperate, wild,
To the sad, faint sound no streets' roar can smother—
To the wail of a sick little child.

NEW YORK'S DESERTED ACRES

Depopulation of Rural Districts and Decrease in Land Values.

New York World.

New York State reported 170,621 farms in 1850. Only two other states reported over 100,000 farms, and they were Ohio, 143,807, and Pennsylvania, 127,577. In 1900 New York, with 226,720 farms, stood seventh in the list of fifteen states reporting more than 200,000 farms.

Nine states reported in 1899 farm products valued at more than $200,000,000. New York was fourth on the list with $245,270,000, leading Texas by nearly $6,000,000. The gross farm income of nine states exceeded $150,000,000 that year, and New York, with $181,841,520, was fifth on the list.

These figures represent the glowing side of a picture. Details for the dark side are these: That even the high reports for 1900 for New York show a discouraging fall from conditions of the early 1880's; that the number of males engaged in agriculture in this state fell off 25,000 in 1890-1900; that the National Department of Agriculture has just reported in New York 12,000 abandoned farms and a menacing decrease in land values.

There is no trouble with the acres in the state. They are fertile as ever. The orchards are as good as when in 1902 they put New York at the head in apple production. Migration to the West has done part of the mischief of rural depopulation; the lure of the cities has done more. Villages and school districts have grown poorer, while certain professions and a congested urban society have grown not certainly richer.

There is to be a convention to consider this subject of "the rural menace." Better yet, a progressive campaign of education is to be instituted. The lessons should be well taught of the telephone, the trolley and the automobile, which are daily making the farmer less isolated and country life less monotonous. There is the advancing gospel of good roads. In every possible way opportunity should be pointed out to the men who have the "back to the land" impulse in its rational, wholesome form.

Mr. Bryan Perturbed.

New York Evening Post.

Mr. Bryan is plainly nettled at the reception which his retreat on the issue of Government ownership has met with from the Democratic press. He has angry things to say of "these editors" in this week's Commoner. Why cannot they quietly accept his ratting, and have a harmonious campaign under his leadership? At any rate, he says he is not going to allow them any longer to "dodge the issue of regulation." Thereupon he puts to them some ferocious questions. Are they for a "physical valuation" of the railroads? Are they, or are they not, against over-capitalization? Do they, or do they not, favor the reduction of rates? Well, if "these editors" have a grain of logic, they will tell Mr. Bryan that none of his questions goes to the main point. Whether they believe in regulation or not, they can see the absurdity of favoring a candidate who says that he does not believe in it, is certain that it will prove an abject failure, yet wishes to be elected on that issue! This is the terrible inconsistency of Mr. Bryan's position. He may not see it, but everybody else sees it; and it is this which, more than anything else just now is causing such widespread doubt concerning the expediency of nominating him again. He himself plainly perceives this. Consequently he has allowed one of his Ohio followers to announce that Mr. Bryan "will not decline the nomination if tendered to him." But the situation now has gone far beyond that. The nomination will have to be fought for—there will be no silver platter business. It is the knowledge of this which makes Mr. Bryan so anxious and so waspish. Yet if his chances do not look so brightly as they did, no one is to blame but himself. He has talked himself into his own dilemma.

If Napoleon Had Won.

If Wellington had been defeated at Waterloo, it would have been a blessing to England, says Thomas E. Watson, in August Munsey's. The principles of the French revolution would have gone on their way, bloodlessly conquering, the beneficent work which Napoleon had begun would not have been interrupted. There would have been no White Terror, no Holy Alliance, no gibbeting of democrats because they were democrats, no chaining up again of hand and tongue and pen and mind by despotic monarchs. Had Napoleon won in 1815, there would have been no Austrian tyranny over Italy, no French army to pin down Italian patriotism and uphold the temporal power of the Pope. There would have been no suppression of the German peoples by the Metternich policy of "keeping things just as they are." There would have no horrible reaction in Spain, and no rechaining of the Spanish people under a medieval autocracy.

Had Napoleon won in 1815, even Great Britain would have been blessed. The grand principles for which Charles James Fox so long contended would have gained the ascendant over the narrowing tendencies of Pitt, Castlereagh, and Burke. The reign of terror wherein so many good men lost their lives for the crime of being democrats would never have disgraced English history. After Napoleon's final overthrow, free speech and liberal principles suffered a long and dreary eclipse in Great Britain, and it was not until another generation had come into the world that the lost ground was recovered.

A Summery Spout.

Bohemian.

"I won't go to the seashore, pa,"
Said Mabel, in distress,
"The color of the water there
Don't match my Summer dress."

"I won't go to the mountains, pa,"
Said Clara, "for up there
The color of those horrid rocks
Don't match my auburn hair."

"So let us all to Europe go,"
Said pa, with no amount
Of calmness; "No, we won't! Such trips
Don't match my bank account."

TARIFF AND HIGH PRICES.

Senator Foraker and Henry M. Whitney Opposing Factors in Game.

Washington (D. C.) Herald.

Failing to get specifications of the tariff revision programme from those Republicans who say they are willing to revise the tariff in 1909 or at some subsequent period, Senator Foraker may obtain some interesting figures from Henry M. Whitney, who is making a vigorous Gubernational campaign in Massachusetts on the tariff issue. Mr. Whitney is in no uncertain frame of mind as to what he would do to reduce the surplus and relieve the people of unnecessary Federal taxation. He would begin by taking the tariff off food supplies, and then proceed to remove them from the raw materials of manufactures. "This," he says, "would in a measure lessen the cost of living and increase the demand for labor." To be specific, he would take off all duties on the following articles, and make a substantial reduction in the duties on all the remaining protected products, save wine, spirits and tobacco:

Sugar and molasses	$63,000,000
Fruits and nuts	4,500,000
Vegetables	1,000,000
Fish	1,000,000
Provisions	900,000
Breadstuffs	375,000
Salt	300,000
Hops	275,000
Seeds	600,000
Coal and coke	1,100,000
	$72,050,000
Fibers, vegetable and textile, unmanufactured	$ 275,000
Iron and steel and iron ore	7,000,000
Leather and manf.	4,100,000
Hides	2,250,000
Wood and manf.	2,200,000
Clays and earths	340,000
Cement	500,000
Plaster rock	130,000
Plants and shrubs	300,000
Books and engravings	400,000
Works of art	425,000
	$17,915,000
	$89,965,000

Sugar, it will be perceived, is the crucial item in this formidable programme of revision. That is the article which wrecked the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill, and its protection is a prime feature of the practical politics of both parties. Once put sugar on the free list, and all the rest would be easy. But would the protection wing of the Democratic party ever consent to that, or would the stoutest Republican revisionist even think of it? With so sound a Democrat as Senator Bacon declaring that a low tariff is an impossibility, and a high tariff a necessity, we fear that Mr. Whitney's revision programme is much too radical, even from a Democratic standoint. We observe, however, that Mr. Whitney is inclined to be tender with the protective duties on cotton goods, in which matter New England and the South may find common ground against revising the tariff too seriously.

Sharks and Trowsers at Oyster Bay.

Oyster Bay Dispatch in New York World.

President Roosevelt received at Sagamore Hill George Curry, whom he recently appointed Governor of New Mexico; Judge B. S. Rodey, a native of New Mexico, now at the head of the Federal courts of Porto Rico, and Chief Justice Kent, of Arizona.

The visitors lunched with the President and family and discussed sharks, among other things. Kermit Roosevelt, who has studied sharks, joined in the talk. The President and Judge Rodey decided that the shark can bite without flopping over. Some nature fakers have held to the contrary. Kermit, Judge Rodey afterward said, showed considerable knowledge of the shark question.

Kermit told the visitors of his coming trip through the West with the troops, and said he expected to leave Sagamore Hill in a few days.

"I'll have a bully time," he exclaimed.

The President, with much enthusiasm, told his callers of a telegram that Theodore, Jr., sent shortly after the close of the Spring term at Harvard to his roommate and particular chum, Shamus Kelly. It seems that Kelly's best trousers disappeared when young Roosevelt left for home. In dismay he sent Theodore, Jr., this message:

Where are my dress trousers? I need them at once.

In reply Theodore wired:

Don't know anything about your trousers. Can't even find my own.

The President's visitors laughed heartily and Theodore, Jr., looked immensely pleased.

Pat and the Judge.

Westminster Gazette.

In an Irish court recently an old man was called as a witness in an agrarian outrage case. He was very infirm and almost blind, and instead of going into the witness box, he groped his way past it, and was climbing up the steps that led to the Bench. "Is it a judge you want to be, my good man?" said the Judge good-humoredly. "Ah, sure, yer honor, I'm a poor done man, and mebbe it's all I'm fit for." And the judge had no retort ready.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

"Why is it called pin money?"
"Because it goes where pins go."
"Where is that?"
"Nobody knows."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Pop?"
"Yes, my son."
"A man that manages a balloon is called an aeronaut?"
"Yes, my boy."
"And a man who runs an automobile is called a chauffeur?"
"Yes, my boy."
"Well, what would you call a man who runs a phonograph, pop?"
"Oh! an undesirable citizen, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

"After he had eloped with her and married her, I presume he returned wearing a look of triumph?"
"No; but she did."—Houston Post.

"What do you consider the short-story masterpiece?"
"The one Jinx told me when he borrowed ten of me yesterday."—Washington Herald.

"You and your roommate never quarrel, do you?"
"No; we agree on all subjects."
"That makes it nice. But which of you is the liar?"—Cleveland Leader.

"I don't believe in that doctor?"
"Why?"
"He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"BY A NECK."

—St. Paul Pioneer Press

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 3.—Complete returns from Mississippi give Williams the election with a plurality of 2259 votes. This count is unofficial, but is based on the official returns made by individual counties.