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PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1908.


## CAN BRYAN BE TURNED DOWN?

It seemed a while ago that Mr. Bryan would have no competitor for the Democratic nomination. But many now begin to question whether his path will be an easy one. The candidate who obtains the nomination must carry a two-thirds vote in the convention. It is now certain that great effort will be put forth to prevent Mr. Bryan from obtaining the necessary two-thirds. His real strength is in the great Middle West. The South has favored him, only because he has seemed the strongest man who could be offered in necessary Northern States. He never has been a prime favorite in the South. But that could make no difference. Any Democratic candidate will get the electoral votes of the Southern States, and those states listen to Northern representatives of the party, who undertake to show them that one candidate or another would most probably get Northern electoral votes. Now Parker, in the Northern States, fell far behind Bryan's vote; and this is a mighty argument against setting Bryan aside now, for any man acceptable to the "conservative" Democracy. Johnson, of Minnesota, is thought of by many as the man who might make a breach in the solid Republican line of the Middle West—with a chance also of obtaining electoral votes east of Pennsylvania; but many think that the movement for Johnson is too late. This is Watterson's opinion. Some months ago the distinguished Kentucky editor and orator endeavored to obtain co-operative effort to push the candidacy of Johnson, but there was not sufficient response at the time, and now he says it is too late. Yet the effort to prevent Bryan from getting votes enough to secure the nomination has become sufficiently vigorous to disquiet him and his friends.

The principal Democratic newspaper of Bryan's own state is the Omaha World-Herald. It is commonly regarded as the nearest exponent of the intentions of the Bryan propaganda. This paper vehemently declares that Johnson is being used only as a stalking-horse; that the purpose in bringing forward his name is merely to detach from Bryan part of his Western and Southern support, and then work up the nomination for some one who would be satisfactory to the Eastern Democracy. With lofty scorn the Omaha paper speaks of those whose slogan is, "Anybody to beat Bryan." Its fury would seem to indicate that it thinks there is some danger.

A factor of some importance William R. Hearst may be—if not in checking the zeal for Bryan before the convention, yet potently in the election; for he is the head of an organization which has demonstrated its power to control considerable numbers of votes in several states—notably in New York and Illinois. Mr. Hearst has now pronounced definitely against Mr. Bryan. He objects to Mr. Bryan for many reasons. Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hearst's newspapers assert, has not the confidence of the masses as he once possessed it. Peculiar reasons are given. Mr. Bryan is a "self-advertiser." He pushes himself to the front too eagerly and too persistently. He is a man "of large wealth"; he has an income that amounts to $70,000 a year, and may exceed that sum. So rich a man—especially when he has come suddenly into wealth—is hardly a proper leader for the Democratic masses. From the nature of these objections to Mr. Bryan it may be supposed that Mr. Hearst has no intention of becoming a candidate for the Presidency himself. But he says the Independence party will certainly name a candidate. It will hardly be formidable in numbers; but who can tell what might be the result of drawing off from the candidate of one party on the other a few thousand votes in pivotal states?

But it must be deemed probable, quite certain, indeed, that Mr. Bryan will be nominated. After all objections are weighed, he still appears to be the strongest candidate the Democratic party could offer. He is the only one who has really enthusiastic backing. Moreover, he is the man who, more than any other, represents the ideas and purposes of his party at this time. These ideas and purposes are hazy and nebulous, indeed, and are very largely at cross purposes with each other. But the same may be said of those of the Republican party; for all parties are groping towards ends and objects which they not only cannot clearly see, but the outlines of which they cannot even dimly discern. This is the present chaos of politics. But Mr. Bryan is the one idol of his party. He has the crowd with him. Should he be beaten for the nomination, multitudes will be deeply offended, and much inclined to give the candidate who has superseded him the treatment they accorded to Parker. Bryan, therefore, will be the strongest candidate his party could name. On this basis the Southern Democracy, though it likes him no more than the Eastern Democracy likes him, may be expected to stand by Mr. Bryan in the convention; because his name will be the best assurance for the party in the great states of the Middle West, which with the South would give the party victory in the election.

## SUGAR TRUST'S FIRST REPORT.

The first annual report ever issued by the sugar trust appeared in New York last week. It was not such an elaborate affair as the report of the steel trust, which appeared a week earlier, and only in a general way is it possible to gain from the report a very clear insight into the vast proportions of this well-protected "infant" industry. No comparisons are made with other years, so, as a commercial barometer, the report lacks the value that attached to the report of the steel trust. The report left so much to the imagination that even Claus Spreckels, one of the largest stockholders, who has been for a number of years endeavoring to learn more about the business, declared it a "joke", and asserted that "No shareholder can tell from it what property is owned." And yet the report is not without value. Its appearance in any form is an incident of more than ordinary interest, for, as long as the late Henry Havemeyer was alive, he consistently declined to issue any reports of any kind.

The report just made public shows assets of $133,000,000, with net earnings for the year ending December 31 of about $9,000,000, of which $6,200,000 was paid in dividends and the remainder carried over for "surplus." While the report does not go into elaborate details, the directors felt called on to explain the presence of a surplus of $25,576,936 as a "contingent reserve for business," because the success of the company "depends materially upon being prepared at all times to meet such emergencies as are presented by the nature of the business and the large transactions involved." No explanations were made as to the nature of the emergencies that might arise and necessitate wholesale drafts on a reserve of more than $25,000,000; but the directors probably had in mind something like that troublesome Philippines tariff bill, or the purchase of an independent refinery which could not be ruined, or possibly a prolonged and drastic cut in rates in some localities where competition showed signs of getting a foothold.

The slimy trail of the sugar trust serpent has appeared in so many places in our country that a large reserve fund is necessary for the perpetuation of the graft which has made more millionaires than any other monopoly in the world except the steel trust and the beef trust. As previously stated, the report shows no figures for former years, and it is accordingly valueless for purposes of comparison. It is not without its value in other directions, however, for it shows that the trust is in good financial condition for assisting in any work intended to perpetuate the protective system and stifle competition. The financial resources shown in the report indicate quite clearly that the trust is in a position to buy or bully almost any kind of competition which may arise, and still have enough on hand to make regular contributions to the American Economist.

## A PITIFUL STORY.

A 14-year-old mother, a stranger in this city, who was brought here for "treatment" from Baker City, died in a private hospital a few days ago. Her babe, born two days previous to her own death, died at birth. The child-mother, it is said, took cold from exposure and died from pneumonia.

Thus runs a pitiful story that was given to the public through the Coroner's office Monday. A sadder tale, or one more suggestive of neglect and wrong and suffering, could hardly be told. In explanation of the central fact in the case, it was said by her uncle, at whose home she lived in Baker City, that the little girl "had been visiting at a mining camp in Utah." It was not necessary to add that she came home in trouble, since it does not appear that she was under the care of a responsible person while visiting this mining camp. The plain inference is that she was abandoned in her childhood to the wiles of wicked men. To the question who has sinned, this child or her legal guardians? there can be but one answer. No mention is made of her parents, and the presumption is that she was an orphan. But if others, near of kin, in whose charge the child was, had done their simple, humane duty, she certainly would not have been "visiting at a mining camp"—at least without some one with her whose duty it was to take care of her.

The case is one that is a disgrace to humanity rather than to the child upon whom the great burden of it fell; a disgrace to the creature miscalled a man who compassed the utter ruin of this child; a disgrace to the home which sent her out, or permitted her to leave its shelter, to "visit a mining camp" without proper protection. Her death may or may not have resulted, as the burial certificate testified, from pneumonia, though the conditions under which it occurred naturally and justly gave rise to grave doubts in the matter. Whatever the cause, the humane impulse is that of thankfulness that life relinquished what had been a cruel hold upon this untrained, misguided, suffering child upon whom the gates of personal purity and common decency had closed so early.

## PREMATURE REJOICING.

A reactionary New York daily devotes a column of its editorial space to the expression of its joy over the late Supreme Court decision against the state rate laws. The article has all the earmarks of its tribe. In its vocabulary the citizens of the United States are "a clamoring mob." Mr. Roosevelt is "an overlording President," whatever that may be; Congress is "subservient," and the state governments which enacted the annulled rate laws were "in the hands of groups of demagogues." The decision, in the opinion of the paper we are quoting, removes all fear that the states may confiscate our property. "Property in this country is still sacredly in the possession of its legal owners. We own our property not in a modified and doubtful way, but as our forefathers owned it." And so on through the entire formula.

This sort of unreasoning talk is hardly worth a rational answer. The Biblical precept to answer a fool according to his folly applies to the article and to a great deal more that appears nowadays in the reactionary periodicals of New York. Still one may patiently reiterate that the states have made no effort to confiscate anybody's property. They believed that a 2-cent rate would pay the railroads ample returns on their investments, and nothing in the recent Supreme Court decision contradicts this belief. It has not been shown that the rate laws were confiscatory. The contrary statement is pure mendacity.

But it is more important to remind readers that, without control of the trusts and railroads, property in this country is by no means "sacredly secure in the possession of its legal owners." These powerful corporations have been engaged for many years in transferring property from its legal owners to their own treasuries. The "clamorous mob" may be very wrong to protest against this state of things and demand legislation to protect them from the spoilers, but we fancy they will keep right on clamoring until something effectual is done. Nor is it credible that reactionary court decisions tend in the long run to make even trust and railroad property secure. They simply form a temporary barrier to the just demands of the people, which grow more and more insistent until they finally become irresistible and sweep the barrier away. If the states are forbidden to do justice between the people and the railroads, then the cause will be transferred to Congress and the people will press for relief there until it is granted. The real effect of the late decisions is simply to stimulate the demand for National ownership of the railroads, and this will come to pass in a very short time if the people are once convinced that railroads in private ownership are above the law.

## INHARMONIOUS STATISTICS.

It is regrettable in the extreme that the various harbormasters and other marine authorities on Puget Sound are unable to harmonize their statistics so that the totals will not be widely at variance. During the month of February, Portland shipped more wheat than was shipped from any other port in the United States. By one of those inexplainable blunders which occasionally happen, the Puget Sound Collector of Customs, in his official report, placed Puget Sound shipments at 2,626,404 bushels, a matter of 600,000 bushels more than was shipped from all Puget Sound ports combined. Portland shipped foreign during the month 2,279,791 bushels, and the Puget Sound Collector's error was corrected in an Associated Press report, which, of course, gave Portland credit for precedence over Puget Sound. A boastful article in the Tacoma Ledger objected to this criticism and concluded with the statement that in February shipments "Portland is just 346,616 bushels behind Puget Sound."

The Tacoma Ledger on March 1 gave the shipments from Tacoma as 1,451,958 bushels. The Seattle harbormaster credits his port with 363,613 bushels, and there were shipped from Everett 170,493 bushels, a total of 1,992,064 bushels. The Tacoma harbormaster was more liberal than the Ledger and in his official report, made Tacoma's wheat exports 1,562,902 bushels, which, added to the Seattle and Everett figures, would make a total of 2,097,008 bushels, or approximately 200,000 bushels less from the three ports than were shipped from Portland. Puget Sound figures for the month of March are not yet available, but enough are at hand to warrant the statement that Portland's wheat shipments for the month will be nearly double the amount shipped from all Puget Sound ports combined. It is hardly probable that the Collector of Customs will make any more such blunders as robbed Portland of her place at the head of the list last month.

It has long been the boast of the coast country that the orchards in the region west of the summit of the Coast Range are free from such pests as San Jose scale and codling moth. The boast is well founded and the fact is one which strongly commends the coast country to those who contemplate engaging in apple-growing. While that section may lack some of the special natural advantages of Willamette, Rogue River and Hood River Valleys, it has its peculiar conditions making it a favorable location for fruit-growing. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the absence of San Jose scale is not an unmixed blessing, for there can be no doubt that the presence of this pest would have its beneficial results. The coast region has not yet adopted the practice of spraying trees as the interior counties have, and as a consequence a large proportion of the fruit trees are moss-grown and unthrifty. It was San Jose scale that started the spraying system of cleaning up orchards and keeping them clean and, while no one would wish that the scale should spread to the regions thus far immune, it can scarcely be doubted that impending danger from this enemy of fruit would cause the introduction of the lime-sulphur remedy with helpful results in all respects. Apple-growers in the coast country consider themselves safe from the ravages of San Jose scale and codling moth. They therefore fold their arms in proud contentment while mats and garlands of moss cover their unpruned trees. A liberal use of the saw and pruning hook, followed with a moss-killing spray, would in a short time put the coast orchards in condition to produce crops of profitable apples. Besides, such treatment would greatly improve the looks of the trees.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to find an adherence to lines of beauty or symmetry in cities which grow up over night in some of the great mining districts of the West. This lack of artistic effect in laying out a city is not always confined to the mining district; but in the latter it is in a measure excusable, for the cities are seldom started with the belief that they will grow into anything of a permanent nature. The Grand Trunk Pacific, which is building a line to the Pacific Coast, has decided to build an artistic city at the western terminus, and with that end in view has already secured some experts from Boston, and will remodel the town of Fort Rupert and give it a start from which it will grow into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. With the completion of the new plans, the Pacific Coast ought to be in a position to boast of at least one city platted and planned with a view to artistic effect as well as for the convenience of the inhabitants.

Major-General A. W. Greely, having reached the age of 64 years, has been formally retired from active service. General Greely's chief fame was not won as a fighter, but as an explorer of the frigid North. The story of his quest, and of the hardships, suffering and death of many of his men from starvation is one of relatively recent years. It stamped him as a brave man, courageous in the face of calamity; a commander who suffered with and for his men and with them faced the grisly horror of death by famine. His service subsequent to his rescue from his perilous camp amid Arctic ice and snow, has been that of a soldier whose training was in the arts of peace as well as for the stress of war. General Greely's last command was at Fort Vancouver, and there as elsewhere he dwelt in discharge of duty. He made and left many friends in civic as well as in military life.

The death, alone in a lonely, squalid cabin, of an aged man, is a sad commentary upon the utter failure of an intelligent human being to grasp the simplest problems of existence and work them to a satisfactory conclusion. Such a death occurred near Forest Grove recently, the subject being a pioneer who had lived fifty years in the beautiful wilderness with the hum of opportunity at his door, without being able to compass for himself the simple comforts of life. Two children of tender years, living in other homes, born of an ill-considered marriage made late in life, are living witnesses to this man's lack of ability to discharge the common obligations of manhood. But for the necessity of an inquest consequent upon such a death, the world beyond the immediate vicinity of such a life would never know that it had lived, shambled along as if in fetters, and died.

The large fortune of the late R. R. Thompson, the foundation of which was laid in the transportation business of the Columbia River, nearly half a century ago, was left without reservation to his wife, Mrs. Thompson is 86 years old. She had been the constant companion of her husband during the greater part of his long life, and was the mother of his ten children. The fealty to and confidence shown in this bequest to the companion of his life tend to check and censure upon philanthropic grounds that otherwise might arise at the narrow view of a man who had spent the greater part of a life verging closely upon a century in the broad and abounding West, and who in closing with the opportunities there offered had acquired vast wealth.

It seems hardly fair in the Astorian to speak with severity of The Oregonian because it did not utter editorial condemnation of the removal of Mr. Van Dusen from the office of Fish Warden, to make room for Mr. McAllister, whose appointment is purely a political one, and whose qualifications for the place consist in an utter want of knowledge of fish, of their habits, and of methods of artificial propagation and conservation. But The Oregonian did what it thought a better thing. It reprinted at full length an editorial from the Astorian, on the subject. The Oregonian, therefore, will not plead guilty to any charge of delinquency herein, at least from the Astorian.

Most people of a literary turn of mind would like to understand Browning; very few find themselves able to do so. Hence when a scholarly man who has made Browning a study appears as the interpreter of the hazy poet, he should be greeted by an attentive audience. Such a man is Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, who will act as interpreter of Browning at the Unitarian Chapel this afternoon—an occasion to which all interested are bidden and will be cordially welcomed.

The move by all railroads centering at Chicago to put their roadbeds into good condition with as large a force of men as can be made available will go a long way toward solving the problem of unemployed labor in that city. Expressed preference for Americans is not the least gratifying feature.

In agreeing not to mention by name theater-going, circuses and dancing as forbidden amusements, Oregon Methodists, as usual, show they are keeping up with the times and can adapt themselves to new social conditions.

It may be assumed, of course, that when Ross et al. get that change of venue—if they get it—they will insist on their constitutional right to a speedy trial. Now watch.

The vote thrown in Oregon, in the Presidential election of 1896, was 97,414. Singularly enough, it has never since been equaled.

Bryan calls Missouri a "rock-ribbed Democratic state." With a fine large rib missing since along about 1904.

During the month of March dwellings were started in Portland sufficient to house two thousand people.

Procrastinators are reminded that there are seven days left in which to register. Do it now.

## NUCLEUS FOR A STATE FOREST.

**Professor Young Suggests Disposition of Forfeited Railroad Lands.**

EUGENE, Or., March 30, 1908.—(To the Editor.)—The progress of the movement directed to secure the forfeiture of the Oregon & California Railroad land grant should naturally raise the question with every thoughtful citizen as to the policy that ought to be pursued with those lands, should they again become a part of the public domain. As the property of the Nation the people of Oregon would not, of course, alone control the disposition of them. Yet, since the welfare of the people of this state would be most vitally affected through what was done with them, it behooves the people of Oregon to take account of a situation that promises to be realized. And, further, because the people of Western and Southern Oregon have so much at stake in this matter, is it not reasonable to suppose that, if they could devise and champion unitedly a policy conserving permanently the highest interests, not only of this section, but of the country at large connected with this forest area, they might control the disposition of it?

There is no doubt but that much the larger portion of these lands will have its highest utilization in being devoted to forestry purposes. For natural forestry lands to pass into private hands would mean most wasteful, sinful and irreparable impairment and sacrifice of the resources of this section of the country. No other fact in history is better attested than is this.

In anticipation of the possible forfeiture of these railroad lands a state forestry policy should be developed. Plans should be matured for the best administration for the common good of all the natural forestry lands in the state. And let me protest, by the way, that there is nothing academic, doctrinaire or socialistic about this suggestion. It is but plain hard sense that about every people on the face of the earth outside of the Pacific Northwest fully recognize as such—and mostly through bitter experience. The suggestion of the State Forestry Association for the exchange of the individual sections of state school lands within the National reserves for a compact area to be administered as a state forest is in the right direction. But that suggestion comes short of the larger and more important idea in Government forestry.

Along with the insurance of a supply of timber, forestry has in view the equalization of the flow of rivers and thus the conservation of water powers and inland water transportation facilities and securing immunity against destructive floods and ruinous soil erosion. The railroad lands, located mainly on the non-arable slopes of the watersheds, would make the natural nuclei of state forest areas.

It needs but a glance at the possible situation with these lands forfeited to the National Government to see that every consideration would suggest turning them over to the people to be administered as a state forest. By the exchange of arable odd-numbered sections for non-arable, even-numbered sections they could be brought into compact masses of natural forest areas. The main prerequisite for carrying out the idea would be an enlightened conception of the highest general welfare of the people of Oregon and of their posterity. If the existence of such plans and purposes on the part of Oregon people were demonstrated to Congress the lands would be had for the asking as soon as they reverted to the public domain. Now is the time for a campaign of education for the best use of possibly the largest opportunity that will ever come to the people of Oregon as a commonwealth.

F. G. YOUNG.

## OBJECT LESSON IN IMMIGRATION.

**Italian Family Save $3000 in 12 Years, Sail for "Home."**

New York Times.

Dressed in their best clothes, the Cinqui family, who have sold vegetables and fruit to many families on the upper West Side for a dozen years, sailed for Italy. The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Cinqui was accompanied by the sincere regret of their customers, to whom Mrs. Cinqui of Saturday was merely "Rosie." Tony and Rosie came to New York when they were bride and bridegroom. They sailed away with $3000 and six children. The little shop in which the money was made was in Amsterdam avenue near Eighty-fourth street, where also was the home in which the family grew.

The final ascendancy of the Cinquis was gradual. First they started with a push cart bearing grapes, cherries, oranges, pineapples, and pears. Then they leased a little stand in Amsterdam avenue wedged between a tinshop and a laundry. The personalities of Tony and Rosie attracted trade, and they flourished. Then the children came. The next stage in the progress of the couple was the leasing of the little shop, where their business expanded. Women left the more pretentious places in Broadway for Rosie, for with her they were certain of a glowing smile and fair treatment.

Saturday morning the cry was heard in Amsterdam avenue, "The Cinquis are going away." Women who had traded with the Cinquis for years stopped in for a final farewell and an introduction to their successors. Neighbors, with shawls on their heads and with various cakes and wines as parting gifts called. But Rosie, quite Americanized, was making astonishing preparations. She discarded the humble calico she had worn in the shop. She appeared in a bright shirt waist, lavishly embroidered and finished with red ribbons. Her hat was a pink straw and a flower garden bloomed on the crown. New shoes, new gloves, a new belt, and new skirt completed the outfit. They were going back to the fatherland with a halo of prosperity, appreciated throughout the world.

**Watched From Afar.**

Boston Transcript.

At the June election in Oregon the ballots will carry 19 measures which for the most part relate to matters of academic interest. For instance, one of them proposes a practical revolution in the entire system of state taxation. We know what a perplexing question that is in this state; how it has taxed the wisdom of experts, and even now remains an unsolved problem so far as the satisfaction of the public is concerned. Yet Oregon proposes to settle it by counting votes, a very simple but at the same time a very reckless method. In this or any other state the effect of the measure would be to greatly burden and increase the confusion of legislation, and the results would be in not a few cases misrepresentative and deplorable.

**One Kind of "Mother."**

Weston Leader.

Four "freak chickens" were lately hatched at the J. J. Morton home on Normal Heights. They do not differ from other chicks in appearance, but were born without the assistance of a mother hen or a mother incubator. A careless hen left her nest, and gathering the neglected eggs, Mrs. Morton placed them in a wool-lined vessel and covered them with a hot water bag, renewed about twice a day. In due time four baby fowls pecked through the shell, but 10 of the eggs proved to be past redemption.

**Encouraging Promise of Reform.**

Wedderburn Radium.

The Oregonian says it is useless to answer a question asked after the twentieth glass of beer. In this the worthy paper evidently speaks authoritatively, knowing the effect upon the tongue and the intellect of 20 successive glasses of beer, and we shall heed the advice

## BOOKS

BY J. M. QUENTIN.

FOR compactness of argument and dialectal cleverness, W. H. Mallock's new book, "A Critical Examination of Socialism," is sure to be carefully read by those interested in political economy and as presenting the views of a profound thinker who does not believe in socialism. Mr. Mallock's principal argument is that the progress of society is due to the energy, inventiveness, foresight and talent for organization of rare men whose qualities he sums up as "ability."

Another argument used by Mr. Mallock is that the men who improve, invent and organize are the actual recipients of the big prizes, and that, unstimulated by the hope of the whole reward which they now have in their grasp—they would sulk, and by refusing to work bring the world to beggary. It is noticed that not enough difference is shown in the Mallock portraiture between the moderately-paid superintendent of a steel plant whose technical skill keeps the plant going, and a multi-millionaire of the Andrew Carnegie class who might be the said superintendent's employer. Not so long ago Mr. Carnegie stated that his success was mainly due to his ability to choose and keep the right sort of men he had gathered at the Pittsburg works.

"I did not show any very great ability, except as salesman," added Mr. Carnegie.

* * *

James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., and L. L. D., of New York, has written a book to prove that the 13th was the greatest of centuries, and his views are naturally meeting with a storm of protest. He instances as deserving glory the Gothic cathedrals, the monastic schools, the universities of Paris and Oxford, Thomas Aquinas, Friar Bacon, and Dante.

* * *

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, is in an Italian village spending what it is feared may prove to be his last days, in an endeavor to relieve the ravages of consumption.

* * *

Henry James lives at Rye, one of England's cinq portes, but recently he left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire manufacturer of preserves (jam), retired. This man, having married an Earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune. The manufacturer of preserves one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds.

Mr. James wrote back: "Dear Sir: I am sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves. P. S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."

* * *

Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Ewing's Lady," has taken up housekeeping with his old friend, Booth Tarkington, in Capri, where they are renting the lovely villa long famous to American travelers as the residence of the artist, Elihu Vedder.

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It is some years since Lord Dunraven has aired his grievances against America. Now he has a brand-new complaint. He has just written to the publishers of Robert W. Chambers, that in the series of five historical novels beginning with "Cardigan," and ending with "The Reckoning," the fourth has been skipped, and he stands by his rights as a reader, demanding the missing link. Mr. Chambers has the matter under advisement.

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John Graham Brooks, in the current Chautauquian, relates this incident of two authors very much in the public eye: "One of our precipitate Socialists," says Mr. Brooks, "once signed his name in the visitors' book of a Boston club, 'Yours for the Revolution, Jack London.' In the club was another Socialist, who straightway followed with his signature: 'There ain't going to be no revolution. H. G. Wells.'"

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Five letters written by Cortez to his royal master, Charles V. of Spain, relating to the Mexican conquest, and not heretofore translated into English, will appear in that tongue in two volumes, late in May. The translation of this important historical work has been made by Francis Augustus MacNutt, whose career has been almost as romantic as that of the explorer, and who has occupied various official positions which have favored the prosecution of his task. Besides the translation, Mr. MacNutt has furnished the "Letters," with a biographical introduction and notes compiled from original sources.

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Anne Warner, whose "Seeing England with Uncle John" is just published, is planning to go abroad next month with her little daughter. She hopes to spend several months in resting and gathering material for another book.

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Christian Brinton, whose "Modern Artists" has just been published, has gone to Mexico on a yachting trip. Gari Melchers, a native colorist to whom Mr. Brinton has devoted a chapter in his book, is now painting a portrait of President Roosevelt. Mr. Melchers is a native of Detroit, but his home is in Holland.

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Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, author of "Dr. Ellen," sails for Europe May 1.

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Commenting on the fact, announced not long ago, that the present Rajah of Sarawak had engaged Baring-Gould to write his life, the Book Monthly makes the amusing prophecy that before long American millionaires will be enjoying biographers as they do cooks or chauffeurs. "The biographer will live on the premises and have his night out once a week, while for the rest of the time he will be expected to set down the doings and sayings of his master, the millionaire, to be used as notes for the eventual biography."

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An indignant Englishman writes to the New York Tribune newspaper to say that Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the authoress of that nasty novel, "Three Weeks," is not an Englishwoman—but a native of Toronto, Canada.

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According to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, whose "Rambling Recollections" have just been published, Mr. Labouchere, the famous editor of Truth, was in his day the wittiest man in the House of Commons. Sir Henry tells a number of anecdotes concerning the great editor, one of the best of which dates from the days when Labouchere was an attache at Frankfort. "He was once playing whist against a very high German functionary, sitting on his left. Mr. Labouchere led a small card. The lead turned out so well that he won the rest of the tricks. The Minister said, 'Well, Mr. Labouchere, you won the game by leading that card; but there was no earthly reason, according to the rules of the game, why you should have done so; you have, therefore, won the rubber by accident.'

"Mr. Labouchere said, 'I had a very good reason for leading that card.' The Minister asked what it was. 'We will have a bet,' said Mr. Labouchere, 'that my reason was a good one.' The bet was therefore made that the lead had been justified by the rules of the game.

"'Now, Mr. Labouchere, what was your reason?'

"He replied, 'I had seen your hand.'"


## Advertising Talks

No. 4.

### THE HORSE THAT DREW THE LOAD

By Herbert Kaufman.

A moving van came rolling down the street the other day with a big spirited Percheron in the center and two wretched nags, one on either side. The Percheron was doing all the work and it seemed that he would have got along far better in single harness than he managed with his inferior mates retarding his speed.

The advertiser who selects a group of newspapers usually harnesses two lame propositions to every pulling newspaper on his list, and just as the van-driver probably dealt out an equal portion of feed to each of his animals, just so many a merchant is paying practically the same rate to a weak daily that he is allowing the sturdy profitable sheet.

Unfortunately, the accepted custom of inserting the same advertisement in every paper acts to the distinct disadvantage of the meritorious medium. The advertiser charges the sum total of his expense against the sum total of his returns, and thereby does himself and the best puller an injustice by crediting the less productive sheets with results that they have not earned.

It's the pulling power of the newspaper as well as the horse that proves its value, and if advertisers were as level-headed as they should be, they would take the trouble to put every daily in which they advertise on trial for at least a month and advertise a different department or article in each, carefully tabulating the returns. If this were done fifty per cent of the advertising now carried in weaker newspapers would be withdrawn and the patronage of the stronger sheets would advance in that proportion.

There are newspapers that are, single-handed, able to build up businesses. Their circulation is solid muscle and sinew—all pull. It isn't the number of copies printed but the number of copies that reach the hands of buyers—it isn't the number of readers, but the number of readers with money to spend—it isn't the bulk of a circulation but the amount of the circulation which is available to the advertiser—it isn't fat but brawn, that tell in the long run.

There are certain earmarks that indicate these strengths and weaknesses. They are as plain to the observing eye as the signs of the woods are significant to the trapper. The news columns tell you what you can expect out of the advertising columns. A newspaper always finds the class of readers to which it is edited. When its mental tone is low and its moral tone is careless, depend upon it—the readers match the medium.

No gun can hit a target outside of its range. No newspaper can aim its policy in one direction and score in another. No advertiser can find a different class of men and women than the publisher has found for himself. He is judged by the company he keeps. If he lies down with dogs he will arise with fleas.

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**General Grant's Niece Holds On.**

Baltimore American.

"A niece of President U. S. Grant is the popular postmistress of St. Albans, a little town in Kanawha County, W. Va.," said Joseph Thurmond, of that state, at the Caswell Hotel.

"This lady, Mrs. Baldwin, is the daughter of William Grant, brother of the great soldier. She has been postmistress for a good many years. On one occasion the Congressman from that district concluded that it would be better to give the office to a man, one of his constituents, who was useful in election campaigns. The man was accordingly recommended, but as soon as the people of the community heard of it, such a storm of indignant protest went up that the Congressman very quickly saw the wisdom of letting General Grant's niece alone, and she will probably keep the office the remainder of her life."

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**A FEW SQUIBS.**

She—The Justweds, I hear, are not living happily together. He—I thought so. She—What made you think so? He—I meet her going every day to cooking school.—Baltimore American.

"Mr. Roxley has nothing but praise for your work for him before the Congressional committee," said the friend. "Yes," replied the lobbyist, gloomily, "nothing but praise."—Philadelphia Press.

Promising young Senators like Bryan of Florida may die, energetic veterans like Spooner of Wisconsin may resign, but Platt and Depew continue to represent New York.—New York Evening Post.

Mrs. Anna Gould's statement that she's had enough of married life doesn't indicate that marriage is a failure. A girl might marry six times with her eyes shut and never pluck a lemon equal to Boni.—Chicago Post.

They say the Duke of Abruzzi is so rich that money does not enter into his matrimonial calculations. Yet he has only $50,000 a year, and what is that to the Washington smart set?—Chicago Journal.

Little Willie—Sa, pa, what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist? Pa—An optimist sees only the doughnut, my son, while the pessimist sees nothing but the hole therein.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Queensbro—Officer, where is that green-goods man the police arrested yesterday? Officer Gregan—At headquarters, ma'am. Did yez want to see him? Miss Queensbro—Yes, I thought he might match a sample for me. I simply can't get the shade I want at any of the stores.—Puck.

"Bridget," said Dennis, timidly, "did ye iver think of marryin'?" "Sure, now," said Bridget, looking demurely at her shoe, "sure, now, the subject has niver entered me mind." "I'm sorry I am," said Dennis, and he started to leave the room. "Wan minute, Dennis," said Bridget. "Ye've set me thinkin'."—Judge.

Mrs. Gawsip—What kind of people are these who have just moved in next door to you? Mrs. Hardso—Oh, I never talk about my neighbors. All I know about them is that their stuff came in one load, that only one of their bedsteads has any brass on it, most of the furniture looks old, there's six in the family, the children are all boys, they have two dogs, the man is about 20 years older than the woman, she's dark complexioned, wears a silk plush sack, they had a squabble with the driver of the van when they settled with him, and their name is Gimberling.—Chicago Tribune.