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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1908.

AN INSTANCE IN OUR CONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM.

It is not probable that Congress will pass or even attempt to pass an act to control the movements of the Army and Navy. The august members of Congress, especially of the Senate, like it not that the President sent the fleet to the Pacific without consulting them. But the Constitution, in direct terms, makes the President supreme over the Army and Navy; and Roosevelt is not the man to shirk any responsibility or to renounce any authority placed in his hands.

The origin of this authority of the President to command the military and naval forces of the country, like every other feature of our National system, is a curious inquiry. Indirectly it came from our English ancestors; but the King of England has practically lost what the President of America still possesses. The King now is subject to his ministry, which in turn is subject to the House of Commons. The President of the United States is under no such restrictions or limitations. It means that the English Constitution has undergone changes which ours has not.

We took up our constitutional system in the colonial stage and fixed it by written Constitution where it is. The English have made changes in their constitutional system since then. Theirs is in a fluid state. We have fastened ours in the glacial ice of a written constitutional system.

The President of the United States may station the Army or move the Navy as he pleases. He is not obliged to consult even his so-called Ministry. But King Edward does nothing. The Admiralty controls the British Navy, the Ministry controls the Admiralty, and the House of Commons creates the Ministry. That is, the British government is a committee of the House of Commons.

Compared with the English system, our own presents a remarkable instance of arrested development. We are back in the times of the colonial charters and of the English system as it existed before our Revolution. Our Constitution is a petrified product of our pre-revolutionary times.

By our Constitution the President was made Commander-in-Chief, because that was the outcome of the system prevailing in the colonies at the time of the Revolution, when the Governors of the colonies, representing the King, each of them controlled the military forces. The Governor was recognized as the King's high commissioner, who was to be General-in-Chief of the forces of the colony. This goes far back beyond the Revolution. It was common to all the colonies, and from the system and practice of the times, when the National Constitution was formed, it was incorporated into the Government of the United States, and the power to command the military and naval forces was conferred upon the President.

The review possesses historical interest. It shows us just where we are, on this matter of present concern, by showing us how we reached this condition. It shows also the want of flexibility in our constitutional system.

Ex-President Cleveland is being nursed back to health by his devoted wife, slowly because of his age, but it is believed surely. While in the course of nature the days of his years will be relatively few, the public will rejoice with his family and friends in what promises to be a new lease of life. As long as physical discomfort and constantly baffled energy do not offset the enjoyment that a reasoning mind derives from life, its continuance is a boon for which all may well be grateful. Otherwise, most people, especially those with a long life behind them, will agree with Mrs. Sigourney, a gentle poetess of New England, once familiar to the schoolboys and schoolgirls of the land when, contemplating the sufferings and anxiety of chronic invalidism, she exclaimed:

> Oh, small is the pleasure existence can give,
> When the fear we shall die only proves that we live.

HOUSE AND LAND.

"But we are not opposed to property in land, nor to private ownership of land," say the single taxers. Oh, no! You are not opposed to private property in land! All you wish to do is to burden land with taxes so that it can no longer be of use or profit to the owner, and so that the owner no longer can hold it, but will be compelled to sacrifice the land and everything he has struggled for, to secure his independence.

Oh, no! You don't intend to take the man's house. You wish merely to take the land it stands on! But if you pull all the value from under the house, what will the house that you propose to exempt from taxation be worth to the owner?

You will confiscate the value of the land, but will leave the house. But—"You take my house when you do take the prop that does sustain my house." And—"you take my life when you do take the means whereby I live."

A high dignitary of the church became a high military officer. In his military life he was excessively profane. One day a brother remonstrated with him for his profanity. "But," said he, "I swear as the General, not as the Bishop." "So?" was the rejoinder. "Then when God sends the General to hell for his sins, where will the Bishop be?" Where will your house be when the land is cut from under it?

A HARMLESS FANCY.

Every week Colliers' Weekly prints on its cover an ebullition of pictorial soul disturbance which is supposed to represent the altitudes of "art." Sometimes these immortal productions are highly moral, but sometimes they seem to be otherwise. Not long ago one was exhibited to a thrilling world which caught the critical notice of the great and good Anthony Comstock and drew from his immaculate pen a word of caution to Colliers'.

The picture was of a species which must be seen to be appreciated in all its lovely suggestiveness. It portrayed a soldier somewhat the worse for grog riding on an elephant. In his company, and doubtless discoursing on soul culture as they rode along, was a damsel. We prefer not to say too explicitly just what kind of a damsel it was. It seems more discreet to let the reader imagine for himself just the sort of maiden who would trust herself to the unchaperoned companionship of a soldier under the influence of strong drink. The expression of her virgin countenance was anything but chaste and the position of her limbs was such as to indicate that endearments from the drunken military person would not be very vigorously repulsed.

In fact, the endearments were plainly under way as the edifying couple progressed toward Mandalay, which was the goal of their pilgrimage according to the legend of the picture. The elephant driver, the mahout, understood very well what was going on if we may judge from his expression, for he was looking over his shoulder at the pair with a lecherous leer.

It would not be worth while to refer to this dubious episode were it not for the naivete of Colliers' reply to the pious Anthony's animadversions. Colliers' calls this exceedingly questionable picture a "harmless fancy." We wonder what kind of a fancy would not be harmless in the opinion of that great organ of reformation and purity. Short of an actual photograph taken in a den of vice it is hard to conceive of anything worse than this cover picture.

A STRONG INDICTMENT.

The National conference of Charities and Corrections, now in session in Richmond, Va., has given forcible utterance to the evils that follow in the train of factory work for children. The incredible part of this wide arraignment of child labor is that any human being, possessed of even the ordinary instincts of humanity, has to be remonstrated with against its evils. Yet so cruel is greed, whether corporate or parental, and so insentient is that morbid blight known as parental irresponsibility that, presentment and argument failing, the law-making powers of American civilization are urged on every hand to throw every safeguard, supported by penalty, that is possible, around the children in factory districts, to the end that childhood may be exempt from a strain of toil that only the full-grown human being can support without bodily and mental injury.

"The evil of driving children at the wheel under steam pressure when their frail bodies and limbs are unable to stand the terrible punishment and strain" is an evil so conspicuous in its tendency toward race murder, that the evil of race suicide so sharply arraigned in high places becomes a blessing by comparison. One of the most telling counts in the indictment of humanity upon this point, in all of its bitter and persistent presentment before the open court of public opinion, was made in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, last Sunday evening in connection with the work of the organization above named, by Miss J. M. Gordon, wherein she said: "In New Orleans the negro and the Jew are not to be found in factories and department stores, that work falling to little white-faced, shrunken-chested, curved-back children of Christians."

Here, indeed, is Christianity under double indictment—first, in that it discriminates in response to the demands of race prejudice against able-bodied, intelligent workers, and again in that, in so doing, it dwarfs the bodies and dulls the minds of the children of a preferred class. For this discrimination, adult white laborers, backed by their prejudices and upheld by their unions, are themselves to blame. It is a combination of greed and prejudice that must be met and overcome in the factories of the South, and only less in those of the North, because conditions are different. Children in factory districts are entitled to the rights of childhood, to growth untrammeled by severe, constant and exhausting labor, to protection in immature years and to education and training for the later battle of life. Laws looking to these ends are necessary and their provisions should be drastic. Compulsion is a good and necessary thing where moral suasion finds the moral instinct dull and irresponsive. Workers for reform of the abuses of child labor, lay and legislative, should, and generally do, meet the sympathy, indorsement and aid of the intelligent masses. When, however, compulsion seeks to throw the safeguards of humanity and of far-reaching physical and economic conditions around child life in the homes of unthrift or of sodden ignorance, and encounters there the low instincts of petty avarice, it has a work to do which law unaided cannot compass. But it is only when corporate greed, in collusion with individual greed and race prejudice, gives preference to child labor over that of strong-limbed adults that law meets its most subtle and baffling opposition, and forces brow-beaten Christianity into shame-faced silence before its accusers.

CRYING FOR QUARTER.

The grin which spread over the Japanese countenance a few weeks ago when China was bluffed and bullied into releasing the filibustering Japanese steamer Tatsu Maru, has suffered a change. It began to vanish shortly after announcement of the boycott which the Chinese had placed on all Japanese goods, and it has since been replaced with a look of deep dismay, varied at times with anger and resentment over the alleged effrontery of the Chinese in daring to oppose the bully of the Far East. The boycott has got well past the point where it could be regarded as a joke, and Japan is showing a disposition to cry for quarter. Ever since the men of Nippon defeated the Chinese, more than a dozen years ago, they have taken no pains to conceal their feelings of disdain for what they regard as the weaker race.

This feeling has been heightened by the success of the bulldozing Japanese policy in Corea, and by the Chinese protests against Japanese aggression in Manchuria, and China is now in a good position to "feed fat" some of these ancient grudges which she has against Japan. The boycott comes at an exceptionally unfavorable time for Japan, engulfed as that country is in an avalanche of debt and with unusual necessity for finding every market possible for the output of her factories and fields. There are many features of the boycott that are highly objectionable to the people of civilized countries, and for that reason it is undoubtedly more effective in a semi-civilized country, like China, than it would be in any country which had reached a higher grade of civilization. The United States is in a position to know something about the ability of the Chinese to conduct a boycott, for this country lost many millions in trade with the Flowery Kingdom through the boycott placed against us in certain provinces in China.

The boycott against this country was instituted without provocation, and for that reason did not become general throughout the empire; but it caused a heavy loss for the United States. In the case of Japan there was abundant provocation, and the desire to get even is universal throughout the empire. Japan is protesting, and has already learned, to her regret, that the Tatsu Maru outrage was a very expensive piece of bullying; but it is not at all clear how she can have the boycott called off. Eventually reparation for the original insult may be necessary. It will be humiliating to the Japanese, but the country has played fast and loose with the rights of all other countries in Manchuria, and the punishment she is now receiving through the boycott will excite no sympathy from the rest of the world.

A GREAT CONVENTION.

The conference of Governors which meets at the White House tomorrow with the President of the United United in the chair will be a memorable event. It marks the beginning of an entirely new policy in the management of our natural resources. Hitherto it has been the practice of this country to allow the first comer or the best fighter, or the most cunning manipulator of the law, to "hog" the whole of whatever the Almighty has provided for the American people. The universal rule in disposing of our coal, our forests, our public lands has been graft, prodigality, waste, shortsightedness. With a recklessness which will look like insanity to our children we have hurried in every possible way to get rid of the treasures which ought to have been an eternal inheritance for the generations of Americans. Consider how the coal beds have been wasted, for example. Scientists estimate that of the coal lying in the earth not one-half is mined. The remainder is passed by and so buried beneath debris that it is forever lost, while of the available energy in the fraction that comes to the surface of the earth only about 10 per cent is utilized. The rest is lost in cumbrous furnaces, where no effort is made to save, or it goes up in smoke.

If we turn to the forests of the country the prospect is no more comforting. It is possible so to harvest the timber in a forest that there shall be an annual crop. The rubbish is cleared away, fires are prevented, new growth steadily replaces what is removed. The forest becomes a perpetual possession, though the individual trees change as the years pass. But the custom in harvesting our forests has been, not to preserve them for future generations as well as the present, but to leave wreck and ruin behind, so that we lose not only the forests but also the soil of the farms, the navigable waters of the rivers, and the sources of irrigation reservoirs. All this loss we submit to in order that a few multi-millionaires may gather dowries for their daughters that will attract the favorable attention of broken-down European nobles. The natural resources which the Almighty gave to the people of the United States are largely going to restore the depleted fortunes of the European nobility. As a permanent endowment this country gets little or nothing from many of them. Is not the prospect a delightful one to contemplate?

No sensible and disinterested person wishes to see this process of maniacal prodigality continue. Everybody who has an atom of patriotism in his soul wishes to see it stopped. What then shall we say of those who bewail what has already been done? There is a group of Senators at Washington who lose no opportunity to attack the President for the wise measures he has taken to preserve the relics of our forests. There are newspapers which talk tearfully of the "Rooseveltizing," or "Pinchotizing" of the forests and National ranges. Would to heaven they had been Rooseveltized long ago before so much of them had been reduced to barren deserts. The United States would have been the better for it and future generations would have rejoiced. One of the principal projects which the convention of Governors will take up will be the creation of a great Appalachian National forest to run from the White Mountains in New Hampshire to Georgia and take in the relics of the hardwood forests which were once the pride and glory of the Eastern seaboard. Every respectable newspaper in the East favors this project. The Governors of the principal states affected have united in a petition to Congress to establish the reserve. Cities like Pittsburgh, which have been swept repeatedly by floods that grow more and more disastrous as the forests disappear, have joined in the plea; the whole intelligent population of the original thirteen states of the Union voice the demand. Thus far, however, Congress has taken no action. It has been deaf to the voice of the country, although every year the states of Carolina and Georgia suffer enough damage from floods to equal the entire cost of the reserve. Congress remains inactive because Mr. Cannon can see no use for this great work of National salvation and at present Congress consists of Mr. Cannon with some occasional assistance from Mr. Aldrich.

Mr. Cannon says he is an optimist about this matter. The country has managed to get along very well without an Appalachian reserve and he thinks it always can manage. He is like a man who receives from his father a great estate well provided with woodland, mines and fertile soil. He fells the forests and gambles away the proceeds. He exhausts the mines and spends the money for drink. He crops the fields until they will raise nothing more. Then one day he is reproached for his conduct. "What will your son do with this wrecked and ruined estate when you are gone?" The man, a genuine Mr. Cannon, replies nonchalantly, "Oh, I am an optimist. I have managed to get along very well without taking any care of the estate and I guess my son can do the same." That is the kind of an optimist Mr. Cannon is. A man who cares nothing for those who are to follow him provided he himself has enough to eat, drink and waste. Nor must we heed the wails of those disingenuous partisans who cry that the country already has enough reserves. It has not nearly enough. The single Canadian state of British Columbia has more reserved forest than the whole United States, and it is a significant fact that British Columbia is the goal to which our American farmers are flocking by tens of thousands to better their condition. It is the duty of every citizen of the United States to study the question of the preservation of the relics of our natural resources and hold up the hands of the progressive members of this great, epoch-making convention.

There was something of pathos in the farewell of Admiral Evans to his fleet. A brave man's adieu to his life work as he stands upon its farther verge, disabled by the conditions that time and hardship have early imposed upon his physical frame, is in the very nature of things sad. Yet with the record of long years of faithful service behind him, as in this instance, rounding out in the plaudits of the Nation that from boyhood he has served, the feeling of satisfaction and of gratified ambition has a power to soothe the sadness of farewell and insure happiness to the years of life that remain. With health restored and in this genial afterglow of service may brave "Bob" Evans live yet many years in serenity and contentment.

There has been an unfortunate omission. Should Governor Chamberlain be elected to the Senate the Secretary of State, under the hateful old system established by the fathers, will become Acting Governor. By initiative amendment this could have been obviated, and the office of Governor passed on to U'Ren, or to some other devoted advocate of Statement No. 1 and the rights of the people. We must not let another election go by without fixing this, by initiative amendment. To cut this old Constitution to pieces by initiative statutes is now the highest privilege of citizenship.

Eugene Palmer, who, with all his feeble might, is opposing the appropriation for the maintenance and betterment of the University of Oregon, says that tuition should be required of students in the University. That question is not at issue at this time and its statement is wholly irrelevant.

"Just think," cries the Rev. Charles True Wilson, "how many Merry Widow hats might be bought with money now spent for drink!" Ah, indeed. How many Merry Widow hats, by the way, has the good brother bought with money he didn't spend in saloons?

Voters generally will not study the initiative and referendum propositions. But if they should study them, and thereupon should eliminate the purely selfish ones, and the merely crazy or cranky ones, they would find but an infinitesimal remainder in the list.

"They say" California Republicans will instruct for Roosevelt. The name of this state is right up at the head of the list on roll call. Suppose California should plump her 20 votes for Roosevelt at the outset, would it stampede the convention?

It must be a matter of interest to admirers of Statement No. 1 that Mr. Cake has "weakened" on it. He refuses to urge the defeat of Republican candidates for the Legislature, who decline to pledge to it.

Senator Rayner now arises to ask the President a few pertinent questions. The Senator appears to be laboring under a delusion of some kind that the President will be unwilling to answer.

Mr. Chamberlain as a Roosevelt Democrat will, of course, support Roosevelt for President if he shall be nominated. Ask him.

Arson has been found to be a crime in Crook County. The world moves.

The Portland baseball team does firstrate when nobody's looking.

TAX SCHEME FOR THE RICH

If Amendment Carries, Poor Will Be Made to Suffer.

PORTLAND, Or., May 11.—(To the Editor.)—The proposed constitutional amendment exempting much property from taxation may mean a critical era for Oregon. So sweeping a change in our method of taxation means a cessation of present business conditions and the taking of a new start on the favorite lines of socialism. Its advocates promise a great change in business affairs.

Yes, it means a genuine upheaval in all public and private affairs. Shakespeare represents Hamlet as hesitating to fly from the ills he knew well to others which he knew not. Mark Hanna is famous for saying, "Let well enough alone." Sagacious workmen hesitate to do anything that might bankrupt their employer, for fear of losing their employment. Mechanics know how much easier it is to tear down a good structure than to clear away the debris and rebuild; especially is the latter avoided when there is no pay for rebuilding.

Every one of the foregoing suggestions, and many others, will be realized if we make a mistake in causing a radical change in our system of taxation.

It is not claimed our taxes will be less; in fact, with our need of better highways, more bridges, more and better public buildings, it would seem that we need new fields of taxation, rather than cut off the supply we now have.

* * *

If we interfere with our present growth, to avoid giving the wages of a week or a month in payment of taxes, it may be months, possibly years, before the new experiment can supply employment.

It is not a new statute that is offered us, one that a Legislature can amend, but a change in our constitution that cannot be speedily amended.

The seeming inducement offered us is to exempt many of us from taxation, and reducing the tax of others by adding it to the land tax.

Our teachers who profess to be heirs to the Henry George tax theory, say they will not tax land, only land values; but in explaining its effect on unoccupied land, they say "There will be no temptation to anyone to hold land, expecting a future increase in value, when that increase is certain to be eaten up in taxes." In plain words, they do not expect to buy lands but confiscate them with high taxes.

The gift they offer in exempting homes from taxation is a strange gift, because the exemptions must all be made up by adding to the land values on which the home stands, and the sale of the land carries the home with it.

The cottage standing by the palace will be assessed just the same as the palace, and the simple furniture of the hut will add just as much to the land assessment under the cottage as will the gorgeous furniture of the palace affect the ground on which it stands.

* * *

When the values above the ground are canceled, the assessor has no dividing line between the slums and Nob Hill.

Not only is this true of city and town, but the poorly fenced farm, with a shanty, must be assessed the same as Palo Alto. If the proposed exemptions work as is claimed they will—the fine homes and factories are chiefly in the city—the exemptions will add to the burden of the farmer. The houses and stock on the average farm constitute a small part of the assessment and should the exemptions be made the increased land value will be higher than present assessments of the whole.

Exempting stock on the large range is partial and unfair and needs only be mentioned to be condemned.

We are told that vacant city property does not pay enough tax. Carry out your single tax; confiscate the vacant lots to the state, and then they do not pay a cent, the increase falls where you say it is now too heavy. You say "build them up." This country is to last for centuries and, if built up suddenly the law of supply and demand would be so outraged that the empty structures must bring disaster and ruin to all.

The proposed exemptions favor the rich, not the masses, and indications point to the avaricious rich supplying the means to Socialists to push this measure, not with the idea of permanence, but to bring a crisis in which only the rich could gather in a harvest. It is too well understood that to suspend business and precipitate a panic, can only be taken advantage of by the man with spare cash in a stocking (banks close doors), for the masses to deliberately join a reckless experiment.

Using common prudence, is not this a poor time for Oregon to follow theorists. No country in the world has made such development during the present generation as the United States. No state has better prospects than Oregon, no city a finer outlook than Portland. It is a splendid time for men who do not want land in Oregon to sell and try New Zealand or Manitoba. It surely is a poor time for men who have or want real estate in Oregon to plan its confiscation by taxation.

T. J. FORDING.

Says Mute Wife Talks Too Much.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Chester Godman, a mute, contested his wife's suit for separate maintenance because she, also a mute, talked too much. But the wife won.

Mrs. Godman charged her husband with being something of a Lothario and no beginner in the practice of cruelty. Godman said in return that he was constantly being nagged by his wife and his life made miserable.

"How did she nag you?" asked Judge Barnes in the Superior Court, before whom the suit was tried.

"She scolded all the time. It was incompatibility," signed Godman on his fingers.

"Did you talk back?"

"For a while I couldn't; I hurt my hand."

"If you'd shut your eyes you couldn't have heard," the attorney remarked.

"Did these naggings come at night," asked the court.

"No; they were not curtain lectures," said Godman's attorney. "Godman can't hear in the dark."

Chicago Men on Oath.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

Whether Chicago men can be believed when testifying under oath, or whether, as a rule, Chicago men are so truthful that it is unnecessary to put them under oath, was a question discussed in a very amusing manner at the hearing of the select committee appointed to inquire into the practices of the so-called paper trust.

Medill McCormick, of the Chicago Tribune had been testifying. When he had finished, Chairman Mann's attention was directed to the fact that Mr. McCormick had not been sworn.

"Oh, that makes no difference; he comes from Chicago," said Chairman Mann, who represents a Chicago district.

"Do you mean," rejoined Representative Stafford, of the committee, with a smile, "that it would do no good to swear a Chicago man?"

There was a loud guffaw, in which Messrs. Mann and McCormick joined.

Kills Horse With Blow of His Fist.

Indianapolis News.

With one powerful blow with his bare fist, Harry Hill, an Indianapolis bartender, knocked down and instantly killed a full-grown horse, owned by August Blue. The feat was executed on a prominent street-corner to settle a wager of $10. Mr. Blue suffers the additional loss of his horse, valued at $150.

Hill, who formerly worked in a packing-house, has posted a $500 forfeit that he can kill 12 steers in 12 minutes with his fist.

MR. BRYAN'S CHANCES AT DENVER

New York Herald's Table Shows He Will Be Nominated.

The New York Herald last Monday printed the following table showing the strength of Mr. Bryan at that time. The Herald thinks Mr. Bryan will unquestionably be nominated at Denver:

Total delegates in National Democratic Convention, 1908. Necessary to nominate under two-thirds rule, 672.

Delegates Already Instructed for Bryan

Indiana	30
Illinois	54
Iowa	26
Kansas	20
Nebraska	16
North Dakota	8
Ohio (part)	2
Oklahoma	14
South Dakota	8
Wisconsin	26
Philippines	6
Total	210

Delegates to Be Elected Probably for Bryan.

Alabama	22
Arkansas	18
California	20
Colorado	10
Georgia	26
Idaho	6
Kentucky	26
Michigan	28
Mississippi	20
Missouri	36
Montana	6
Nevada	6
North Carolina	24
Ohio (part)	44
Oregon	8
South Carolina	18
Tennessee	24
Texas	32
Utah	6
Vermont	8
Virginia	24
Washington	10
West Virginia	14
Wyoming	6
Arizona	6
District of Columbia	6
Hawaii	6
New Mexico	6
Total	466
Grand total	676

Delegates Elected but Uninstructed.

Connecticut	14
New Jersey	24
*New York	78
*Maine (part)	2
*Rhode Island	8
*Texas	4
Total	130

Delegates Yet to Be Elected Probably Against Bryan.

**Minnesota	22
New Hampshire	8
Pennsylvania	68
Total	98

Delegates Instructed for Gray.

Delaware	6
Total	6

States Yet to Elect Doubtful or Uncommitted.

Florida	10
Louisiana	18
Maine (part)	10
Maryland	16
Massachusetts	32
Puerto Rico	6
Alaska	6
Total	98

*Probably for Bryan, 92 delegates.
**For Johnson.

HE FIGHTS ONLY RAILROADS.

Most Unique Lawyer in the United States and His Methods.

Minneapolis Journal.

Out in Broken Bow, Neb., lives the most unique lawyer in the United States—Jesse Gandy by name. Gandy only takes one class of litigation—a claim against a railroad, preferably the Burlington Railroad. Twenty years ago Gandy was a wealthy farmer and rancher.

Gandy owned a large section of the country in Western Nebraska. The Burlington Railroad wanted a right of way through the land. Gandy donated the land on condition that he should have a pass over the division as long as he lived. The railroad furnished the pass for several years. Then came a change of management and Gandy's pass was cut off. Gandy took his case to several lawyers, but found that each of them was retained by the railroad and none would take his case.

"I'll study law and fight my own case," said Gandy. In time he was admitted to the bar. His first announcement read: "I will take all righteous cases against a railroad and I will guarantee to win. If I lose your case, I will pay the costs. If I win your case, you pay me a part of the costs."

For 16 years Gandy has been busy fighting the railroads, and especially the Burlington. He won't take a case unless he is convinced the plaintiff has a good chance of winning, and he pays all the costs, just as his advertisement reads. Usually he refuses to accept any fee for his services. He is independently wealthy and simply fights because he loves it and also to "get even" with a railroad for "dirt" done him.

Gandy also bears the reputation of being the only man who ever rode a wild buffalo bull. This he did on a wager, staying on the animal's back for five minutes; but he was in bed a week from the shock.

Governor Johnson, Ball Player.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

Representative Hammond, of Minnesota, has a vivid imagination and is consequently a good story teller. Sitting in the Democratic cloak room, surrounded only by tobacco smoke and Representative Burleson, Mr. Hammond told about the boyhood days of Governor Johnson.

"When Johnson was supporting his mother and the other children of the family," he said, "he found enough time to learn the game of baseball from A to Z. He was a bird on the bases and he never was afflicted with a glass arm.

"Like every other American youth, his greatest ambition was to be first baseman for a professional team. He was offered a place on a team in one of the big leagues, and the salary was tempting."

"And what did he do?" asked Representative Burleson, of Texas.

"He sighed and turned down the offer," said Hammond. "If he hadn't turned it down, he might now be president of the National Baseball League, instead of Governor of Minnesota and the next President of the United States."

Dog Knows Master's Shoes.

Atlantic City (N. J.) Dispatch.

Because he discovered a stranger wearing a pair of his master's shoes, "Jack," the watchdog in the pharmacy of Dr. G. M. Hayes Deemer, on the Boardwalk, pounced on James M. Robinson, wearer of the shoes, and held him until the arrival of a policeman.

Robinson believed, with good reason, that the dog might start to chew him at any moment, and his screams caused much excitement. Deemer had presented the shoes to Robinson, who came here from Philadelphia and was making a poor living by doing odd jobs.

Proudly wearing the slightly worn foot covering, Robinson passed the store, when the dog's delicate nose scented his master's shoes. Robinson insisted on returning the shoes to their owner rather than take another chance of being taken for a thief by the dog detective.

Drunken Bear Is Locked Up.

Shamokin (Pa.) Dispatch.

The police of Shamokin, aided by the State Constabulary, locked up a performing bear on the charge of drunkenness and kept him in a cell at the Police Station. Afterward, when he was sober, he and his master were released and ordered out of town.

The bear and his master visited several saloons when they arrived here, and the bear made a greater hit drinking beer than he did with his dances. The spectators at each place encouraged him until at night he was drunk and in bad temper. Chief of Police William Gibaum was mauled when he tried to suppress the bear, and called the State Contabulary to his aid. The combined forces managed to get bruin to the Station House and locked him up.

BOOKS

PROBABLY you have heard of Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D. D., better known by his nom-de-plume of Ralph Connor, of Winnipeg, Man., the author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," and other novels which have achieved wide popularity among home readers? In an interview granted the other day he describes, with a vitriolic pen, the present tendency of American and British literature, and his outlook is gloomy.

"In many of Swinburne's poems, beneath the words which flow so marvelously, one detects grisly, horrible things," says Dr. Gordon. "He touches gracefully upon things which if expressed in ordinary language, would disgust and shock people. I consider Mrs. Eleanor Glyn's novell 'Three Weeks,' a literary rattlesnake. Books which leave evil impressions wreak more spiritual harm than vipers. In Anthony Hope's 'Double Harness' his idea of marriage is loose, and he is like a man dancing a tight rope over a precipice. I find a bad streak in both Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, and the philosophy of Corelli is pretty shaky. Take the popular novel, 'Sir Richard Calmady,' written by Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, it is ghastly. In England today Wordsworth is not popular, and the people prefer the drawing-room poets. I regard the United States as a field where can grow up a healthy, virile, strong, wholesome literature."

It will be noticed that Dr. Gordon is silent about Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Conan Doyle, Henry James, Robert W. Chambers, William Dean Howells—but why go on? One seriously wonders if Dr. Gordon ever dared to smoke a cigarette.

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A writer in Depeche d'Orient recalls the story of one of the most entertaining, and for a while successful literary fakes ever undertaken. Prosper Merimee had when a student often dreamed of a journey along the east coast of the Adriatic Sea; he had read much of the habits and traditions of the Dalmatians. Unfortunately, money was lacking with which to realize the dream. The daring spirit which never deserted him, in this dilemma suggested a solution which he proposed to a young man—Ampere, who was to be his traveling companion—that they should write an account of their travels first, and then go upon them on the proceeds. Ampere lacked the heart for such an enterprise; so Merimee himself composed a volume of Illyrian poetry, which he affirmed he had collected in Dalmatia, Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina—in none of which countries had he ever set foot. He called the volume "La Guzla," after the one-stringed violin of the Balkan lands, and adorned it with a portrait of himself rigged up in Dalmatian costume, with a false mustache, and sitting cross-legged with the instrument on his knee. This was supposed to be a picture of the famous ballad singer Maglanovitch. So good was the local color that the book was translated into Polish, and was praised by the Russian poet, Pushkin, for its fidelity to the Slav spirit. The sale, however, was so small that Merimee was not able to visit the country his travels through which he had so well described until much later in life.

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Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is just now reminiscent of an interesting period in her literary career, the days when "The Gates Ajar" was a new book. That was 30 years ago. If "The Gates Ajar" were to appear today as a new publication, she asserts, the book would scarcely excite remark, so much has book sentiment changed.

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Eleanor Stuart's new novel of Italy is entitled "The Postscript," and is the story of the adopted child of Esther de Frobo, the young American widow of an Italian nobleman, and of the schemings of the Count di Foresti, the father of the child, to gain the affection of Esther. The beauty, warmth and sensitiveness of the author's style find full scope.

* * *

London, England, has a new literary organization, a Poets' Club, which has been founded to provide an opportunity for poets and lovers of poetry—to the number of 50—to meet together and listen to the reading of original verse by selected members of the club, and to listen to the reading of papers on some subject connected with poetry. These papers will be about defunct poets or else about some question of poetic technique. One of the main purposes of the Poets' Club is to discover "several new poets."

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In an autobiographical book just published by Rev. A. J. Church, the author states that he had in his lifetime reviewed 40,000 books.

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It turns out that the raciest and most suggestive part of Charles Marriott's new novel, "The Kiss of Helen," is inscribed on its title page. Otherwise, it's a quiet story.

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Sir Oliver Lodge, scientist and author of "The Substance of Faith," which the Harpers publish on this side of the water, presents the rather impressive aspect of a spiritualist who is at the same time a sportsman. Sir Oliver is a constant golfer, a member of the Sutton Coldfield and Felixstoe Golf Clubs, and, in fact, has played the game for 30 years. At St. Andrews, Scotland, where he learned the game under Professor Tait, the latter said to him one day, "You don't play golf with your muscles; you play with your morals." "But, I hope," said Sir Oliver, in telling the story, "no one will consider my morals as bad as my golf."

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During the next week a volume of short stories by Mrs. Margaret Deland will be published by the Harpers. The new novel by Amelia Rives is to be entitled "The Golden Rose." It deals with the experience of a woman who, having been once unhappily married, has decided that ideal love should have no physical fulfillment. It is the attitude toward this belief of the man with whom she afterward falls in love that brings about the novel's climax. A new juvenile story by E. Nesbit will shortly be published. Lafcadio Hearn's "Chita, a Memory of Last Island," and Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe," have gone into new editions.

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Professor George A. Barton's "Ecclesiastes," a new volume in the International Critical Commentary, and a new volume in the "Original Narratives of Early American History," containing Governor John Winthrop's Journal, the "History of New England," 1630-1649, will be issued within a week. A "History of the Ancient Egyptians," by James Henry Breasted, the author of the large "History of Egypt," published two years ago, will also appear shortly.

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Christian Reid's latest story, "The Princess Nadine," is to be dramatized by Victor Mapes and will sooner or later be produced by David Belasco. Christian Reid is Mrs. F. F. Tiernan, of North Carolina, and the author of a number of popular novels.

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According to the Bookman's list of best sellers for the past month "The Black Bag" is the favorite, with "The Ancient Law" holding second place, "The Shuttle" third in the race, followed by "The Weavers," "The Lady of the Decoration" still holding her own in a most remarkable way, and Mr. De Morgan's "Somehow Good" bringing up the rear. In New York uptown "Somehow Good" stands at the head of the line, and Boston makes "The Ancient Law" first in popularity.