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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1909.

IS IT INDEPENDENCE?

Are we to deal fairly and justly with the Philippine Islands? Are we to give their people a chance to live under our flag and to possess the rightful fruits of their labor, or are we to continue to exploit their industry for the advantage and profit of "the mother country?"

In view of the manner in which the Philippines are being treated, in the new tariff bill, these questions are pertinent. The products of those islands ought to come into the United States free of duty. But all their products which can be alleged to enter into competition with like products of "the home country,"—even in small degree—are to be subjected to tariff discrimination.

By the treaty with Spain, through which we acquired the Philippines, certain rights and privileges of trade were to be continued to Spanish subjects for the space of ten years. This condition has always been cited as affording a reason why we could not let Philippine products enter the United States free of duty. But the ten years have now expired, and the excuse can serve no longer. President Taft, whose knowledge of the islands is very intimate, insists that their products ought to be admitted unrestrictedly into the United States; but our barganers for advantages of "home protection" will not have it. Special interests in our Northern States, clamoring for protection, make bargains with special interests of the South; and sugar and rice from the Philippines are denied free admission, in order to get votes from Louisiana and other states for support of the general scheme of protection, whose combinations have control in Congress.

Since there is no help for it, since these combinations cannot be routed, we ought, however, in justice and good will, to inform the people of the islands that we intend as soon as practicable to grant them their independence. We "work" them both ways now, to their injury. Not only do we refuse their products free entrance into our markets, but we enforce free admission of our own products there, while restricting those of other countries. It is a policy of which we ought to be ashamed; for it is sheer oppression—open exploitation—of the islands for our own profit. Since we are resolved not to give them fair play, we should let them go.

It cannot occasion surprise that the people of the Philippine Islands, in these conditions, should desire independence. It is true, indeed, that the mass and numbers of the people are in a low state or condition, with little knowledge of civil life. But there are leaders among them who are intelligent and highly educated. From the rule of Spain, during more than three centuries, they derived much knowledge of the conditions, of civilized and industrial life—from a time when Spain stood at the head of the civilization of the world. Yet Spain was an obstructer of the modern idea of the rule of the people, for the people and by the people, for their own welfare. Now, although our country, new proprietary of the sovereignty of the Philippine Islands, is the world's representative of this great idea, our selfish protectionists, for their own personal profit—which will not be for their own personal profit after all—wish to hold the industry of the Philippine Islands in vassalage to themselves.

Isn't it about time, and high time, that our representatives in Congress, whose breadth of view in some ways is sadly lacking, should go back to a period in our own history, when Burke's immortal "Speech on American Taxation," delivered to the world the moral and economic and political principles of a similar situation, and foretold the consequences of such a policy?

Here in our Pacific ports of America, in the early time, we received our sugar supply from the Philippines; and China also—now almost cut out—was a great market for that product. But sugar production on the islands now is only one-half what it was under Spanish rule; and it will require years of effort, under best conditions, to bring it up again to the production of the former time. Is our selfish American rule to blight forever the industrial prosperity of the islands? The rapacity of our protectionists, North and South, may care little, or not at all. But colonies, outlying possessions, can't be held in perpetuity under such a system. Injustice will always set forces in motion that will pull down the oppression it creates.

We must concede to the Philippine Islands free trade with the United States, or we must allow them independence. It could not have been supposed or foreseen that we of the United States of America, after the experience we had through which we claimed and established our own independence, would try to oppress others in the same ways against which we ourselves first protested and then proclaimed revolution. But advantage in trade, forced by those who have the power and will use it as long as they can, like the daughter of the horse leech, continually cries, "Give, Give!" and like the grave, never is satisfied. Doubtless in the Providence of God this evil of avarice among men is one of the ways through which justice and freedom are to make progress in the world. But are our "outlying possessions" to get justice only through separation from us? Then separation will come; for "justice conquers evermore!" It will be independence for the Philippines surely, if that shall be the one only alternative.

THE PLUMBERS' TRUST.

The talk about a plumbers' trust in court and elsewhere may be "all bosh," as some of the lawyers airily declare, but it would be difficult to convince the suffering public that the trust is not one of the most substantial things in the world. The tyrannies it inflicts upon us may not be the worst we have to endure, but they are among the meanest. If there is no plumbers' trust, why will not the supply houses sell their goods to individuals? That they will not is well known. A person who wishes to buy iron pipe, elbows, bibs or any of the things plumbers use, must go to one of the elect and make his purchase with two or three additional profits attached to it; he cannot for love or money, or both combined, get anything of that nature from one of the supply houses. If there is no trust, why is this so? The simple fact is that the firms have been so bullied by the trust that they do not dare to sell their goods except as the trust orders.

Now it seems that the supply houses themselves have learned how to turn the trick and formed a combination which will drive all but a fortunate few out of the trade. This will make things still more delightful for the consumer. It will probably add another profit to what he already pays for plumbing. The law, dictated by the trust, will not permit him to do his own work, no matter how skillful he is. The syndicated firms will not sell him material. The workmen charge him outrageous prices for every job. It is a luxury indeed to own a dwelling in Portland. The only question is whether as things are proceeding anybody can afford the luxury much longer.

SHIP SUBSIDY POETRY.

It seemed for a while that the loyal army of ship subsidy boosters had exhausted their resources in conjuring up something new in the way of argument, illustration or example tending to show why we were suffering through lack of a merchant marine.

We had run the gamut of everything, from the glowing pen pictures of Alexander Smith to the oratorical flights of Dan Sully, the eminent hasbeen who made an unsuccessful and sensational attempt to corner the cotton market of the world. There yet remained something new to be said, or to be accurate, something old to be said in a new way; and in the current issue of the comical American Economist, William W. Bates, one of the old guard in the subsidy ranks, again emerges from obscurity. Mr. Bates, like Silas Wegg, has been dropping into poetry and his theme is "The Dirge of the American Ship," which latter he finds:

Run fast upon a hidden reef:
Her crew dejected, hopeless, lost;
The heads of friends bowed low in grief.

This particular ship is not the first one that has put the red ink figures in the ledgers of the underwriters, but according to Mr. Bates this maritime casualty was due to the machinations of "politicians smooth and trim," who "protection stripped from hull to sail, and then misfortune began." In these statements Mr. Bates has taken a liberal amount of poetic license, so much so in fact that he has wandered far away from the truth. Instead of this noble American ship's being stripped by protection, she has been overloaded with it, until her scuppers are awash. Protection is what ails the American ship. She has so much of it that not even her sails can be purchased, except in the highest market in the world.

"Well is it with the foreign ship," sings this poet of protection, utterly ignoring the fact that in every port of importance on the face of the earth the foreign ships swing idly on their anchor chains waiting for business that comes not, or when it does come is at a rate so low that no dividends result. The meter of the statement is all right, and it may be pretty fair poetry of the kind, but if Mr. Bates should intimate to a foreign ship owner that things were "well" with his ships he would be mistaken for a lunatic. Mr. Bates is in doubt regarding "The rescue of our noble ship," and poetically asks, "Who cares to set her free?" On this point there are quite a number of us who would like to see her set free.

We want the American ship so free that she can go anywhere on earth on equal terms with her competitors. We want Mr. Bates and his friends to cut the thongs of antique navigation laws by which she is bound and give her a chance to work back into deep water. But we don't want any subsidy-fed, puny, weak, dependent merchant marine that cannot stand on its own merits and by those merits meet the competition which it will be forced to meet. The ship subsidy argument in rhyme is a slight diversion from what we have been accustomed to, but it is rhyme without reason, and is vastly more amusing than accurate.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

A man of inquiring mind who lives in Sparta, Or., writes to The Oregonian to ask whether or not there is a standing prize "for any one discovering the perpetual motion." The Oregonian never has heard of any such prize. Probably, if any person of means should offer one, his relatives would have him sat upon by a commission de lunatico inquirendo, and thus put a speedy end to his benevolent scheme. Learned men have proved beyond all possibility of question that the perpetual motion is a vain delusion. It can never be invented, and the reason why it cannot is clear and simple. Every machine in motion consumes energy. If all its joints and bearings are smooth and thoroughly oiled, it may not consume very much energy, but no degree of smoothness and no pains in oiling will ever bring it to the point where it does not consume a little.

Let the quantity of energy which the machine consumes in running be never so small, it must be supplied from some source. The source cannot be the machine itself, for if it were, then we should have a constant creation of energy going on. But, inasmuch as energy cannot be created or destroyed any more than matter, this is out of the question. Neither can the source of energy to keep the machine going be gravity, or the earth's attraction, because gravity will do work in one direction only, and that is downward. In order to place the machine in a position where gravity can supply more energy to it after it has once reached its lowest position, some other source of energy must be drawn upon. The delusion that gravity can be made to run a perpetual motion is very common, but it has no basis. In any given position above its lowest, the machine possesses a certain quantity of potential energy due to gravity. This potential energy gravity will turn into kinetic energy, or energy of motion, and if there were no loss the kinetic energy would carry the machine back to the position which it started from. But there always is a loss from friction, so that the machine will be gradually brought to rest in spite of all we can do, unless we supply energy from some other source than gravity. The pendulum is a good example of this. Make its bearings as smooth as you can and suspend it in a vacuum so that there will be no resistance from the air; still it will not oscillate forever. Unless energy is supplied from a spring or weight, it will in due time come to rest because the friction at the bearings, though almost infinitesimal, exists and gets in its work.

A great many men who waste their time upon the insoluble problem of the perpetual motion do not really understand it. Some of them, for example, have placed a sort of flutter wheel in a chimney where smoke and hot air rise. Of course the wheel turns and will keep on turning as long as there is a current in the chimney, but that does not make a perpetual motion, for new energy is constantly supplied from the upward current. To have a perpetual motion in the scientific sense one must make a machine which will run forever without any supply of energy from the outside. It must contain enough within itself to last forever. The pendulum and machines made upon its principle come nearest to the mark, but they fail because friction slowly but surely uses up the energy which the machine contained when it started. People who seek a perpetual motion waste their time and money. Worse than that, in the vain search for the impossible they are apt to lose their wits and end in an insane asylum. In fact, that is where many of them are to be found today.

SPOKANE RATE DILEMMA.

The Harriman lines have petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission to be relieved from the operation of the order in the Spokane rate case. It is a debatable question whether the granting of this petition would simplify or further complicate a matter which involves rates in practically the entire western half of the United States. The basis for the Harriman petition for relief from the order is said to be the longer haul which the Harriman lines must make from Chicago and adjacent territory as compared with the Hill lines. To reach Spokane from Chicago, freight over the Harriman lines must be hauled 400 miles farther than over the Hill lines. The Interstate Commerce Commission ordered a cut in the Spokane rate because existing rates were alleged to be unreasonable for the distance involved.

It naturally follows that a rate which might be reasonable for the Hill lines, with a short route between Spokane and the territory involved, might be unreasonable for a line that was compelled to make a 400-mile detour. In such circumstances it is not at all clear that the Commission can refuse to grant the petiiton. This in effect would leave the Hill roads alone in the Spokane field. Mr. Harriman, however, will probably continue to distribute in the Pacific Northwest the products originating in Chicago and St. Paul territory. The decision in the Spokane rate case gives him a decided advantage over the Hill lines in Portland business. For example, when Chicago freight reaches Wallula Junction it must be moved 219 miles over many stiff grades in order to reach Spokane, while a 212-mile water-level haul will land it in Portland. As the Interstate Commerce Commission based the Spokane decision upon the reasonableness of the rate as determined by the distance and the attendant cost of service, it cannot consistently hold that Mr. Harriman's lines should grant Spokane the Portland rate, which is the same rate as the Commission insists the Hill lines shall give that city.

Followed to its logical conclusion, on a mileage and cost-of-service basis, the Harriman lines would be excluded from Spokane business, and the Hill lines, with the Spokane rate ball and chain attached, are under a handicap in the Portland business. It is hardly probable that this was the result expected by the Commission, or, if it was, there is some doubt about the Supreme Court upholding the ruling. In the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission vs. the Alabama Midland Railway Company, the Supreme Court expressed the opinion that, within the limitation that discrimination should not be unjust or unreasonable, it was "safe and wise to leave to the traffic managers the adjusting of dissimilar circumstances and conditions in their business." In the Spokane case the Commission clearly evaded the matter of alleged discrimination and rendered its decision solely on the reasonableness of the rate as determined by distance and cost of service.

On account of ocean competition and the physical differences which must be considered, it would be difficult to find a greater array of "dissimilar circumstances and conditions" than are presented in this case. In its decision the Interstate Commerce Commission has merely added to the confusion without making provision for allaying the disturbance that must necessarily follow the overturning of the rate-making system which affects practically all the territory west of the Mississippi River. Up to the present time the matter is not beyond Spokane, but Portland and other Coast ports will be heard from later.

The Commission frankly admits that water transportation supplies the basis for lower rates to coast terminal points than to Spokane. It reduces the Spokane rate because the earnings of the Hill roads have been excessive. What, then, can prevent Portland and other Coast terminals from insisting that the rate to Portland be changed correspondingly? Portland and Seattle business must have contributed to those "excessive" earnings on which the order for reduction was based, and we must accordingly demand our share in the reduction.

The plan pursued by Louis Lachmund, of Marion County, in supplanting an area of eleven acres of hops by Spitzenberg apples commends itself to practical farmers who find it expedient to change from one crop to another. The disappointed or discouraged man who digs up an entire hop yard or prune orchard in one season must wait for a return from the soil, if planted to apples, for example, for several years. Mr. Lachmund's plan is to take out one hop root in every thirty-five feet, planting in its place a Spitzenberg apple tree, repeating the process in successive seasons until he gets a bearing apple orchard before entirely dispensing with his hop crop. Where a considerable number of acres are treated in this way the returns from the apple orchard will begin before those from the hop yard cease altogether. The plan represents the "long look," usually denominated foresight, which in agriculture, as in most other industrial enterprises, pays.

Mr. Patten has at last got the Chicago wheat pit "in a fine frenzy rolling," and new records for high prices are of daily occurrence. The termination of the May deal, if its proprietor goes the limit with it, is still more than six weeks in the future. Much can happen in six weeks, but with world-wide statistics and conditions so strongly favoring the bull side of the market, there seems to be but small likelihood of the new wheat king being deposed this season. Unfortunately for the general peace and comfort of mankind, for every man who profits by the advance in wheat prices there is some one who loses. In the case of the actual consumer of the wheat the loss is small, but with the speculators, in many cases, these phenomenal advances of the past week mean ruin. Many of them can now fully appreciate the point in that old couplet which says:

He who sells what is'nt his'n
Must buy it back or go to prison.

Captain Archie Pease has been a member of the Port of Portland Commission since its inception. He was placed on the Commission and has been retained through all of the many changes because he had a more thorough practical as well as technical knowledge of river channels and maritime matters than any other man on the Commission. For that reason the Portland taxpayers will be perfectly satisfied with his judgment on all matters pertaining to the towage and channel improvement in the river. From reports in circulation regarding the proposed river towboat plans, which were rejected at the Thursday meeting, the Port has been saved considerable money and some trouble by not awarding the contract.

A Seattle woman, 73 years old, who had given a promise to herself that she would commit suicide on a certain date, and who, in fulfillment of her promise, jumped to her death in a well at the time specified, is entitled to the compassion that is due to any human being whose reason falls under the eclipse of folly. There was no reason, of course, in this grewsome compact, and the method chosen for carrying it out is further evidence of the promptings of insanity that instigated both promise and performance. Suicide is in most circumstances a cowardly act and in all circumstances it is shocking. The latter is especially true when age, impatient of its brief tenure of life, summarily ends it.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock is dead. He it was who, while Secretary of the Interior, pushed the inquiry into the irregularities of transactions in public lands in various parts of the country, but most notably in Oregon. The history and the results need not be restated here. Actual crimes in many cases were uncovered, and many irregularities that had grown up through custom were exposed. On the whole, much good resulted. It was part of the work, under the Roosevelt administration, that has given the public service in all its branches a higher tone.

F. Marion Crawford, the historical writer and novelist, who died at his residence near Sorrento, Italy, yesterday, produced many books of value, but none probably that will have lasting fame. Yet several of them are very readable. His best books, it seems to The Oregonian, are those which have historical background; in particular, "Ave Roma Immortalis" and "The Rulers of the South." Crawford was born in Italy, of American parents, and lived in Italy nearly all his life. He would have been fifty-five next August.

The O. R. & N. Co. has published a beautiful and splendid booklet on Hood River Valley. The attractions of the Valley are set forth by letter press and illustration in a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, never exceeded for beauty by a publication of the kind. It is written and illustrated with enthusiasm—and it's true.

The statement that ex-President Castro, of Venezuela, was preparing to return to that unfortunate land was followed a few days later by the announcement that a wound in his abdomen had opened. Details are meager, but, reasoning from past events, it was probably due to an enlargement of the gall.

A Michigan court has upheld the right of a parent to spank his 17-year-old daughter. If the parent had administered the spankings at proper intervals earlier in the game, it would have been unnecessary for a court to pass on the question by the time the young lady had reached the age of 17.

Champ Clark's name was Beauchamp Clark—from French ancestry for the forename. But he cut off the elegance; and is content to be "Champ" only. Which shows simplicity, and good sense, too.

New York is testing the wireless phone, but most mothers know how it works when the boy of the family is playing ball on the vacant block and the woodbox is empty.

Emma Goldman has lost her citizenship papers. Now if we can only lose Emma, life will seem brighter all along the line.

After the election the gentlemen will still be unable to understand why the people do not want them for Mayor.

Senator Bourne charges T. Cader Powell with corruption. If Cader were Senator, no questions would be asked.

Perhaps there are still others who will be disappointed in the race for Federal Judge.

Not all the jokes seem to have been perpetrated in the run for Portland Mayor.

It's hard to keep from wearing those hats until Easter Sunday.

E. H. HARRIMAN'S WELCOME HOME

Jokes After His 10,000-Mile Trip; Chaffs and Photographs Reporters.

From New York Newspapers.

E. H. Harriman is home again from a 10,000-mile jaunt over his railroads in the South, Southwest, the West and Mexico. He had been away from New York nearly two months.

The home-coming of "the wizard of railroads" was in striking contrast, so far as the public was concerned, with what such a happening would have been two years ago. There was no "big stick" for newspaper men; there was no seclusion; none of the atmosphere of mystery which only a few years ago used to surround every movement of the big men of finance and industry.

Harriman came home with a joke upon his lips, browned and refreshed by his travel. His arms were open to every reporter who had a question to ask him. He stopped his special train at Yonkers to take aboard a small army of newspaper men and to tell them all he possibly could in half an hour. There was not an interrogation that he evaded or evinced a desire to evade. The fatigue of his long journey and the siege by the newspaper men tired him out pretty well toward the end, but when the reporters retired he was still standing by his guns.

It was at Yonkers that Mr. Harriman perpetrated his April fool joke. There was a flying squadron of photographers awaiting him there with the reporters who had gone to meet him. The moment the Harriman special stopped there was a flurry among the snapshot men to get the first "crack" at Mr. Harriman.

But it was not the magnate they got. Mr. Harriman's daughters, Mrs. Robert Goelet and Miss Mary Harriman, and Mrs. Dixon, wife of Dr. George A. Dixon, a member of the party, stepped off the rear platform of the magnate's private car with cameras leveled Robert Goelet and Dr. Dixon, also with cameras leveled, composed the rear flank of this battery of lenses. Last came Mr. Harriman, with his overcoat wrapped carelessly around him and chuckling hard.

"All you boys stand back there," he said, "I'm going to get even with you."

The newspaper men halted and did as they were told. It was an experience which made every one of them smile.

"Now shoot!" commanded Mr. Harriman, addressing his camera battery, and Mrs. Goelet and Miss Harriman and Mrs. Dixon and the men folk of the party made the air rattle with the snapping of shutters.

All the while Mr. Harriman was laughing to himself so hard that his sides shook.

Those who may have had any idea that Mr. Harriman is ill and that he intends to loosen his grip on the railroad situation are speedily disabused of it, not only by what he said, but by the way he said it.

He does not weigh by four or five pounds the 141 with which he was credited in Chicago, but he shows vitality and endurance and his face has a ruddy hue. The camping among picturesque surroundings and the open-air life worked wonders for him.

A TAFT WELCOME: "GOOD! GOOD!"

Arises to His Lips as Spontaneously as Roosevelt's "Dee-lighted!"

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

"Good, Good," is the present presidential exclamation of Welcome. It arises as spontaneously to Taftian lips as "Dee-lighted" in its palmiest days to the departed Teddy's.

Mr. Taft blurts out the double adjective with beaming gusto whenever an individual is introduced to him with explanatory notes. Whoever you are or whatever state in the Union may chance to be guilty of you, the condition of affairs almost invariably appears "good, good" to our optimistic King Billy, to whom the horizon is all cakes and ale these halcyon days.

When Mr. Taft says "good, good," he gives you a grip as if he actually liked you—kind o' hanging on to you lovingly. He'll get over that soon. The glamour isn't off things yet—the new zest is undimmed.

Society is ecstatic at the new order of things, the whole-souledness and humanness of the atmosphere at the White House. But society is a fickle jade. Whatever is, generally happens to be right in her eyes. And the Tafts enthusiastically are is-ers. "Such a difference—such a change!" were frequently exclaimed with satisfaction at the first big reception at the White House of the infant Administration.

"Protect the Consumer."

New York Sun.

Suppose the consumer is more than a figment of statistics and political economists. Suppose that he exists and that even there are millions of him. How "protect" him? There seems to be no other way than to lay no taxes or the lightest on articles of general consumption. These are precisely the articles on which a moderate tax would produce a large and sure revenue. A tariff that would "protect the consumer" effectually would yield little revenue. A tariff for revenue that produced none would be the ultimate counsel of perfection, the perfect protection of the "ultimate" if not the penultimate "consumer." Since this prfection is impossible in this world of sin and swollen appropriations, what is the next best thing to do? Protect "consumers" who can make row enough to frighten the tariff makers. Demonstrations of this sort are already going on. Care for the consumer gnaws at many vitals, inspires many speeches, may change many schedules. It is affecting to see how dear the "consumer" is when a tariff is being made. We welcome his reappearance, but when he disappears how much better off will he be? One business interest has beaten another. That is all. The "consumer" is but a man of wax. But how many newspapers sigh, how many Representatives and Senators shed tears and figures over this ridiculous old dummy?

Tariff Shortens Champ Clark's Life.

Baltimore News.

Champ Clark, of Missouri, has had a varied career. He told the House about it the other day, when he discussed the tariff bill. "In my time I have done many things to earn a living," said Mr Clark, "among them every species of farm work, clerking in a country store, teaching in all sorts of schools, from a log-cabin schoolhouse in Kentucky to the presidency of a college in West Virginia; editing a newspaper and practicing law. For three days I was a sort of special deputy sheriff in Cincinnati, guarding a defaulter. I have tried a multitude of cases in court, including betwixt 1000 and 2000 criminal cases ranging from murder and highway robbery to assault and battery and petty larceny."

Mr. Clark added that nowhere had he performed labor so exhausting as at the tariff hearings of the ways and means committee, and he knew he had shortened his life by it.

Says Children Help Vocal Art.

New York Press.

The twins of Mme. Louise Homer, the well-known operatic singer, are now a year and a half old and very healthy. She has two other children—a girl of 13 and a boy of 6—and says that children are not a hindrance but a help to her vocal art.

Shy $100,000 Worth of Grand Opera.

Baltimore News.

The deficit at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, this season will, it is said, be something less than $100,000.

ALDRICH'S MYSTERIOUS POWER; HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT FINANCES

Muckraking Is No Longer a Popular Pastime—Conservatism Reigns at the White House, and the Rhode Island Wizard Holds the United States Senate in the Hollow of His Hand.

Brooklyn Eagle.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—A couple of years ago it looked as though Nelson W. Aldrich's strangle hold on the United States Senate would be broken. The muckrakers, encouraged by the White House, were hot on his trail. He was exploited in the "Treason of the Senate" series and the yellow magazines dwelt at length upon the iniquitous influence he was supposed to exert in the halls of Congress.

"Aldrich is done for," was the comment that was frequently heard during those days, full of trouble for trust magnates, captains of industry and "conservative" Senators and other so-called foes of the common people. It was predicted that henceforth the 88 other Senators would have a say in drafting laws and that the Aldriches, Hales and Elkinses would have about as much influence in the Senate as a reformer in a Tammany meeting.

What has happened? Simply this: Muckraking is no longer a popular pastime, conservatism reigns at the White House and Aldrich is on top of the heap. He is more strongly intrenched in power today than ever before. The White House door swings open for him with all the alacrity and welcome with which it formerly yielded to the most aggressive radical. A tariff law is to be enacted and practically everybody here concedes that Aldrich will write it. Figuratively speaking, he holds the business interests of the country in the hollow of his hand, for the tariff law will come closer to the manufacturer and merchant than the rate bill, the pure-food bill or any other reform measures of the Roosevelt Administration.

Just now, the House is all worked up with uncertainty about pig iron, lumber, hides, coal and wool. Nobody from Uncle Joe down to Pablo Ocampo De Leon, the Philippine delegate, knows what these schedules will look like when the House gets through voting on the Payne bill. Some free lumber men from Iowa were quarreling with some free hides men from New England. They were showing all the heat of a religious discussion and were making about as much headway as the Public Service Commission with the Fourth-avenue subway.

Aldrich Is the Man Who Knows.

"Do you want to know how the hides schedule and lumber schedule will be fixed up?" asked a wise looking individual.

"Yes," replied the disputants in a breath.

"Go ask Aldrich."

That's it. Go ask Aldrich. Those three words supply the answer to nearly all the tariff puzzles of the present day. The corridors and lobbies of the House are filled every day with tired-looking men who are buttonholing Congressmen and telling them of the outrages which the Payne bill will perpetrate. Those who know the ropes pay no attention to the wordy, noisy House. They take their briefs to the little room on the main floor of the Capitol, next to the Senator's private elevator. This is the private room of the Senator from Rhode Island. A word spoken to him there, under favorable circumstances, is worth more than a three-hour speech on the floor of the House or the Senate.

Nobody has given a satisfactory explanation of Aldrich's remarkable mastery over the Senate when currency and tariff are up. He executes some mysterious influence over the other Senators beyond doubt. Men of acknowledged ability and leadership in other issues, for some strange reason, bow to the superior domination of Aldrich when the subject of schedules and rates is mentioned.

Dont Like to Be "Shown Up."

A well-known Senator gave this explanation the other day:

"I hate to admit it, but it's the truth," he said, "that Aldrich knows more about the tariff than all the rest of us put together. We don't oppose him because we don't know enough about the subject to argue with him. We raise a question and he comes back with a string of statistics of imports, exports, manufacturing values, wages, foreign, rates and other detailed knowledge that makes us look foolish by comparison. Rather than be shown up, we stay in our seats."

There is a great deal of truth in this statement. Everybody admits that Aldrich is without a peer in Congress in the matter of tariff knowledge. He has been in Congress for 30 years. He knows all about every tariff bill that has been enacted in that period. He can tell you offhand the rates in every important schedule in all the tariff laws of the past quarter of a century. Furthermore, he can tell you how each important schedule has worked out in the matter of furnishing revenues and protection.

How the Democrats Feel About It.

The feeling of helplessness before Aldrich when tariff is debated cropped out the other day. The Democrats were all "het up" because Aldrich, Hale and the other Republicans of the finance committee were examining witnesses without admitting Democratic Senators. Bacon protested against the violation of constitutional privileges; Rayner thundered against the throttling of public liberty and the venerable Daniel lost his temper. In the language of the street the Democrats "ran around in circles" giving vent to their rage, and all the time Aldrich sat smiling, calm and unperturbed. Finally Senator Daniel let the cat out of the bag when, rising and shaking his fist at Aldrich, he cried out in a hopeless wail:

"You are the only one who knows what is going on."

Aldrich a Simple Man and No Orator.

Senator Aldrich is one of the simplest men in Congress. The popular idea that he is a Senatorial "high-brow," with so much dignity that it hurts, given to stiff and formal ways, is all wrong. He is the one Senator who never wears a frock coat. He looks more like a keen, wide awake, successful broker than a United States Senator. He has a tall, well-built, athletic figure. What little hair he has is dark gray. His mustache is white. The Aldrich eyes are the color of steel and as clear and direct as a hawk's.

As an orator, Senator Aldrich would rank at the foot of the Senate list. When he rises he talks. There is no attempt at rhetorical flights, no fancy figures of speech and no gesticulations or other tricks of the orator.

"He talks just like a business man would at a meeting of the board of directors of a National bank," was the comment of a man in the gallery the other day, as Aldrich was explaining the intricacies of the metal schedule in the tariff bill.

Tariff Wizard Is a Great Reader.

Aldrich talks directly at his listeners, and his words count. His simple addresses carry more weight than all the florid speeches of Beveridge, Dolliver and other real orators put together. Aldrich believes in concentration. The tariff and currency are his specialties, and he believes in acquiring every bit of knowledge about them that he can. A Democratic Senator said recently that he believed Aldrich had read more on these two subjects than any other man in the United States. He not only intimately knows the currency and tariff laws of the United States, but is acquainted with the same kind of laws in practically all the civilized nations. When a new work by a financial authority is published, he buys it and reads it. He talked a veteran correspondent into a severe headache one afternoon when he was asked to give his views upon the reorganization of the National banking act.

Rhode Islander Is a Good Mixer.

The Rhode Island wizard is regarded generally as an aristocrat, yet he is one of the best mixers in the Senate. He has mastered the knack of controlling men. He knows the subtle art of persuading your opponent to vote with you.

"That man Aldrich spends more time on the Democratic side than in his own seat," remarked an observant gallery attendant a week or so ago.

It is the Aldrich habit to hobnob with Bailey, Rayner, Bacon, Tillman and the others of the minority whenever important legislation is pending. He flits from Democrat to Democrat, telling them informally what is being done and getting them to agree to his programme. Unlike Champ Clark, he believes in compromise and conciliation. Senator Allison said of Aldrich:

"Not once in all the years of our association has there been anything like a jar in our relations; not once has there been a suggestion of dictation from Aldrich."

The Rhode Islander is the antithesis of Hale of Maine; yet the two are close friends. Hale is gruff, abrupt and supercilious with almost every one save Aldrich. The latter finds it just as easy to be good friends with Hale as with the peppery Tillman and the punctilious Bacon.

Aldrich and the Standard Oil.

Aldrich is a rich man. But his tastes are simple. He could buy a string of automobiles stretching from Washington to New York; yet he walks to the Capitol in fair weather and rides on a street car when it rains or snows. Until this year he has lived in an apartment at the Arlington. Now he owns a handsome home on Massachusetts avenue, in the fashionable quarter. He has a beautiful Summer residence at Warwick, R. I. He has no taste for society and dislikes evening functions. His name is never seen in the list of Senators who accept dinner invitations six nights every week. Aldrich finds his diversion in the Winter evenings in reading.

Aldrich is looked upon by many people as the personal representative in the Senate of the Standard Oil Trust and the Wall street interests generally. This is due in part to the fact that he is the father-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Aldrich has been roasted scores of times by muckrakers because of this relationship. The Rhode Islander is never worried by newspaper criticisms. He never takes the trouble to defend himself or correct popular misapprehensions regarding his motives as a Senator. He once smilingly made the following statement to a friend:

"They say I represent the Oil Trust because my daughter married Mr. Rockefeller. The fact of the matter is, I have never seen John D. Rockefeller, Sr., but three times in my life. The first time was the occasion of the marriage of his son and my daughter. Subsequently, I met him twice, and the extent of our conversation was some casual remark about the weather and our health."

Envious of Hamilton's Reputation.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Aldrich had a heart-to-heart talk last Summer after the former resigned from the War Department to become a candidate for the Presidency. There had been uncertainty among the "conservative" interests of the East regarding the attitude to be taken toward Mr. Taft as President Roosevelt's candidate. At the talk between Mr. Taft and Mr. Aldrich each explained his views and interests in the great questions of the day, especially those relating to corporations and Federal regulation. At this conference Senator Aldrich told very frankly what his business connections were, and his statement was of such a character as to win the complete confidence of Mr. Taft. That explains in part why the relations between the two are so cordial.

Close friends of Senator Aldrich say that his real ambition is to draft a National currency system for the United States that will give to him a place among the statesmen alongside that occupied by Alexander Hamilton.

STOP WIRELESS FAKE MESSAGES

States Should Forbid Construction of Apparatus by Unauthorized Persons.

Baltimore Sun.

The sending out by an unknown wireless telegraph operator of the announcement of a disaster to the battleship Mississippi makes some restraint upon such miscreants essential. Hundreds of men from various parts of the country having families and friends at home were on the battleship, and the announcement of her loss caused bitter distress to many people. Amateur wireless telegraph operators with no restraining principles or conscience can cause infinite harm, and some means should be found to put restraint upon them. One of them in Washington, it is said, obtained a naval code and undertook to give orders to commanders of ships. A message discharged into the air is picked up at many points, and there appears to be no way of ascertaining its origin if the operator who sends it wishes to conceal his identity. If boys or any irresponsible persons can fix wireless apparatus on the roofs of their homes they can cause great mischief, and some means should be devised to prevent it. It has been suggested that the Federal Government take charge of the matter and institute proper preventive measures. This would be well, and the states might cooperate by forbidding the use of wireless instruments or their construction by unauthorized persons. Some effective measures should be taken, and taken without delay.

Tea Not Only a Rich Man's Drink.

Washington, D. C., Dispatch.

Is tea wholly a drink of the rich? is the question that is agitating Congress because of the imposition of the 8 and 9-cent-a-pound tax on tea in the Payne bill.

"Tea is not wholly a rich man's drink," declared Senator Guggenheim, the Colorado multi-millionaire, in the Senate cloakroom. "Why, all the servant girls at my home drink it."

"Who buys their tea?" asked another Senator. Guggenheim grew red and nervously stammered out: "Why, I do."

SUPPOSEDLY HUMOROUS.

First Hilarious Individual—Shay, where do you live? Second Hilarious Individual—I dunno. First Hilarious Individual—Same here—shake. Let's go home together.—Judge.

Green—I saw your friend White this morning, Brown—So? I heard he was sick. How did he look? Green—He was looking the other way when I saw him. He owes me $10.—Chicago Daily News.

Post—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish it inserted?—Cleveland Leader.

The Hostess—I hope you will like this punch. My husband worked over it all the afternoon, making it with his own hands. The Guests—It's grand. Where is your husband? We must congratulate him. The Hostess—Sorry, but he can't be seen. I just put him to bed.—Puck.

"And so Cain cruelly slew his brother Abel," says the Sunday school teacher. "And what was the penalty he suffered?" "He married a woman in the land of Nod," answers a tow-headed boy in the end seat, "and he said his punishment was greater than he could bear."—Chicago Post.

"You's got to put a certain amount of dependence on yohself," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat goes aroun' lookin' foh too much advice is liable to find himself in de position of the gemman dat gits so interested readin' de time table dat he misses his train."—Washington Star.