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PORTLAND, MONDAY, MAY 10, 1909.

PRIMARY AND ELECTION.

Certainly the direct primary on Saturday was fair, perfectly fair, throughout. The vote was not large, but it had the usual proportions of the vote at a primary election. General interest is rarely awakened for a primary. Something more than 50 per cent of the Republican vote of the city was cast, and a less proportion of the Democratic. One reason why the vote was light was the fact that on the Republican side it evidently from the beginning was a walk-over for Simon, while on the Democratic side there was no contest whatever to call out the vote of the party. There was no "electioneering" whatever; men didn't urge each other to go and vote, and there was not a particle of the roustabout work witnessed on so many former occasions. This, perhaps, was mainly due to the recent legislation known as the "corrupt practices act." It is certain there can be no pretense whatever that the primary was in the least affected by any improper influence. No expense whatever was incurred except that which fell on the city to pay the actual cost of holding the election.

Yet in the midst of the indifference that every observer noted, an active force was moving, mainly for the nomination of Simon. There was no doubt some party spirit in it, arising from a purpose to restore the Republican party to some degree of efficiency in the city and state, but mainly from a desire to place the government of the city and the management of its affairs in efficient hands. The heavy proportion of the vote that Simon received was due to this purpose, mainly, for in municipal affairs men look to having the business done properly, and to party interests afterwards, if at all. It was recognized that Simon had experience, knowledge and fitness for the work. This, indeed, was why he was suggested by the "assembly" for the nomination. It was the guiding motive, indeed, of the work that made "the assembly ticket," most of which was ratified by large pluralities.

This method of "suggestion" has thus far been vindicated. It indicates the probability of adoption or use of it largely hereafter, in bringing forward candidates. Hitherto it has been used by the Democratic party only, all of whose candidates for important positions have been "suggested" in similar way. On the other hand, the Republican party, with its great majority vote, has been distracted by the multitude of candidates offering themselves—a method admittedly not the best for obtaining fit men, or party harmony and success.

We think Mr. Simon will be elected, and the Republican ticket generally; perhaps all of it; for party allegiance, even in municipal affairs, is still a force of some weight and power. If the fitness of opposing candidates appears to be about equal, then party allegiance may be a determining factor, or at least an important one. The Democratic nominee for the Mayoralty is a man who has the respect of the people, and doubtless will receive a large share of the vote of his party. But the result of the direct primary, though obviously fair, isn't always accepted even by those who profess most devotion to the direct primary. Probably there will be an "independent" candidate, or more than one. The result of the primary. To such it is good if it goes their way; otherwise it loses its sacred character. But it seems not probable that an independent candidate for the Mayoralty can obtain much support; for the Democrats who vote on party grounds will stand by Munly, and the Republican vote, mostly, will unite on Simon. Hence there is not now much prospect of a strenuous fight in the election—a condition that should not be unwelcome to the city, whose common interests now call as never before for the co-operation of all citizens.

RACE FOR BIG SHIPS.

The world's naval problem seems to have resolved itself into a proposition in compound proportion, viz.: If England must have ten Dreadnoughts to Germany's seven and the United States' five, how many must Japan have in order to maintain the equilibrium that the world calls peace? This seems to be the problem that naval authorities the world over are puzzling their brains to work to a satisfactory conclusion without pushing their respective governments into hopeless bankruptcy. A peculiarity of the problem is that, no sooner do officers of the Admiralty, Secretaries of the Navy, naval architects, Chancellors of the Exchequer and other officials of high and low degree reach what they think is a solution of the problem than the introduction of another factor or phase of reasoning throws the result out of balance, and the whole plan of adjustment has to be revised.

This is inevitable under the great stress that exists between Germany and England and the formidable pretense of naval supremacy that is being set up in Japan. It has, indeed, come to pass that the naval budget of each of these nations is scanned with alarm by the other, and any great preponderance in the expenditure planned by either of the two first-named nations is immediately a little more than duplicated by its fierce and determined rival. It is thus that the rage for big ships of war grows and is kept growing. The naval budget of England for the present year and next is indeed formidable, the first being £32,000,000, the second £35,000,000, or a grand total in two years of £67,000,000. This provides for the construction of four Dreadnoughts and one hundred and seventeen smaller craft—a mighty navy in itself, the prowess of which two decades ago would have caused the world to shudder, as if in the presence of actual British conquest.

But while England has been building a fleet, the guns of which would, if simultaneously discharged, shake the world, Germany has not been idle, nor has the United States stood at pause, nor Japan looked on in quiet wonder. The pace set has been a rapid one, and in the race there have been no laggards. It is thus that battleships, any one of which would have been formidable enough to have destroyed at long range the naval power of the world fifty years ago, range every sea and float every naviedpower flag. Visiting fleets have become common, and their appearance in the offing is a signal for elaborate, almost obsequious, exchange of courtesies between nations, and later of feasting and revelry on shore. All this to keep the peace—all this to show how peace between nations can be kept.

The cost is enormous and constantly increasing, but we must have peace, even though we buy it at the price of war in everything but lives. Dreadnoughts multiply upon the seas, the people whose lives they insure against the calamity of war multiply upon the land, striving to find a foothold in the world's industries where standing-room has become restricted, and thrift is taxed and industry is burdened to maintain peace upon terms that are at variance with the fighting spirit of mankind.

A PAINFUL DENOUEMENT.

The apostle of a special doctrine of the direct primary is Mr. Thomas McCusker. He considers it the greatest revelation of divine wisdom yet made to man. Great is the primary—from his point of view—and Thomas is its prophet. In his view of it, the direct primary was revealed as a method to give every man a chance. This would be "the rule of the people." Every man was to be proprietor of his own sovereignty and know no other kin. There was to be no boss. There was to be no leader. There was to be no man of more influence or greater talents than another. The contest was to be free for all,—in the language of the turf, for horse, mare or gelding.

But Mr. McCusker now abandons this high principle. He "goes back on it." He "sours on it." This gives us pain. It shatters an ideal. It brings us grief.

Hear Mr. McCusker, in an interview on Saturday night, after the primary, he said (see The Sunday Oregonian): "None of the candidates who opposed Mr. Simon today should have been candidates, and it is to be hoped that the lesson will not be lost. Under the direct primary, men of small caliber are enabled to go before the people, and for the time being this is one of the weak spots in that law, but when such men learn that the voters will discriminate in favor of men of ability they will cease to push themselves forward for the people's indorsement." Now, isn't that most unkind? The whole effort of Mr. McCusker, of Mr. Bourne, of Mr. U'Ren, of Mr. Chamberlain, too, and of the late Dr. Davis, who mistakenly sued the Journal for libel, has been to bless and to uphold the primary law, because it would not favor men of ability, would eliminate them, put down all bosses, and give men of small caliber their due opportunity. This now is admittedly a defect of the primary law. When The Oregonian has been saying the same things, these years past, the answer has been that it was a journal of monopoly, a journal of the aristocratic classes, an enemy of the common people, of those whom McCusker now contemptuously calls "men of small caliber."

And then to rub it into these men of small caliber and their supporters, Mr. McCusker—who, of course, is not a boss—expresses regret that the "considerable pressure" he and others brought to bear on State Senator Albee to induce him to become a candidate was not successful, for had it been, a man would have appeared to set aside the candidates of small caliber, who could have carried the primary. Two serious questions arise. Isn't the primary the people's law? What right had McCusker and his associates to try to force the nomination and acceptance of Albee? What was that but to assail the very principle of the primary law and deprive "the people" of their sacred right? Again, as to Mr. Albee. Who has authorized Mr. McCusker and his clique to set up Mr. Albee as a man of eminent talents, to be nominated for the Mayoralty over "the men of small caliber" who submitted their names to the electors, as they had an undoubted right to do, and as even McCusker's interpretation of the primary law calls on them to do? Moreover, on what meat has Mr. Albee been feeding his limitations, since he was last heard from, that he has grown so great?

It is troublesome, indeed, from such a standpoint; but suppose we interpret the primary law and the rights of the citizenry in a rational way, eliminate bosh and guff and nonsense, and admit that there is a right that belongs to citizens to consult about candidates and to suggest to the electors the names of candidates for the primary. Such was the origin of "the assembly ticket" which Mr. McCusker so fiercely opposed in the effort to set aside "men of small caliber" and to bring out his own favorite, Mr. Albee, for Mayor. Probably Mr. Albee was unwilling to be the catspaw. Meantime observe that the McCusker view of the primary is all right—if the result is the nomination of your man. Otherwise the failure is the fault of "men of small caliber," not of "the boss."

BESMIRCHING HAMILTON'S NAME

It is hardly worth while at this day and date for Senators to quarrel over the personal character of Alexander Hamilton. Certainly it is not becoming for any Senator to arise in the United States Senate and apply opprobrious epithets to a man whose untimely and tragic death the republic mourned in the days of its early youth. The proposal to erect a statue to Hamilton in a public square in Washington contemplated a recognition of his qualities as a statesman, and not the incidents of his life as a private citizen. The names of many men now written in bronze or chiseled in granite would long ago have been given to oblivion had the moral test been applied to the question of their imperishability. Certainly the statue of Frederick the Great, lately received with many demonstrations of appreciation by our Government as a present from the German Emperor, would have been rejected with scorn under this test. The story of Frederick's social indecencies and marital infidelities is scarcely less familiar than is the history of his military achievement.

The fame of Napoleon also would long ago have gone down in dark eclipse had the moral test been applied to his life. Of course there is no need to cross the water to find proof of the world-old fact that a man's morals are not considered when the question of honoring him for his service to the state in peace or in war comes up. If a man be of exemplary private character, his biographer or his champion for monumental honors is likely to say so; if otherwise, a discreet silence is maintained—a silence that would have been becoming in Senator Johnson, of Dakota, who opposed the erection of a monument to Alexander Hamilton because, as classically expressed, "he was a rake."

ACCURACY OF ELECTION NEWS.

One of The Oregonian's news specialties is election results. Supremacy of its election service was demonstrated again Sunday morning—as often before—in complete returns of Saturday's primaries. Its count was the only accurate one in the city. It was complete for every precinct and every candidate. The Oregonian seldom mentions the superiority of its news service, because each morning's exhibit shows it plainly enough. The completeness and accuracy of this paper's Sunday morning tabulation of the primaries were commented on yesterday by many persons, one of whom wrote the following commendatory letter:

PORTLAND, May 9.—(To the Editor.)—I wish to praise The Oregonian for its enterprise in collecting and tabulating the vote yesterday. It was a perfect piece of work. Perhaps I should not be impressed by it if I had not had occasion to contrast it with a botch job published by a would-be rival. As a newspaper, The Oregonian is always at the top of the heap.

GEORGE D. COX.

This paper employs a special force of election tabulators on the night of every city and general election. Members of the force have been trained to the work through many elections, and their energy and accuracy have won for The Oregonian numerous triumphs in printing election news on the morning after the election. It is easy to tell election results a week after the votes are cast, or even two or three days after. But to do this on the night of an election day, with figures that show the results completely or conclusively, requires rare quickness and skill. The Oregonian spares no effort nor expense in this work. It is resolved to give its readers the very best service, and it thinks, without unseemly boasting, that it succeeds. In other news, too, The Oregonian's service is equally thorough. It gives the best that can be obtained. Tawdry imitations, by would-be rivals, only make its excellence the plainer.

COMMERCIALISM SUPPLANTING SENTIMENT.

The Roosevelt expedition into South Africa has brought forth a large number of newspaper and magazine stories which, making due allowance for possible exaggeration, throw considerable light on the wonderful resources of the dark continent. These tales of the vast herds of wild animals that roam at will over the African prairies and through the forests and jungles are reminded of our own Great West a generation or more ago. We read today of the vast herds of wild animals that are to be seen from the passing trains on the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad, just as forty years ago we read of the buffalo and antelope which amazed the travelers on the Union Pacific. There may have been considerable needless slaughter, haste and waste in removing these great herds of buffalo and antelope, but their removal was a part of that great economic plan which in the end results in the survival of the fittest.

Great herds still roam over the Western prairies and wax fat on the sustenance which Nature provides, but these herds are pure-blooded cattle, having a commercial value, bringing profits to their owners and employment to a large number of men all the way from the range to the packing-house. They supply traffic for the railroads and provide mankind with food at economical prices. A similar transition is about to begin in Africa, and reports of the marvelous richness of the soil that can support such immense numbers of animals indicate that it is a change which the crowded British Empire should have made long ago. A writer in the current number of the Century Magazine tells of a single British hunter who killed within the past five years 500 elephants, all of them outside of the immense protected districts where hunters are not allowed and where game is much more plentiful.

It is quite obvious that Great Britain, which has extreme difficulty in finding elbow room for its teeming millions, could make much better use of the rich African land than in raising wild elephants and other animals. Naturally, its wealthy sportsmen might object to substituting the short-horn steer for the elephant, and the productive farm for the uncultivated forest and plain, but it is a change which will come, and the wild beasts of the African forests and plains will meet the fate that overwhelmed the American buffalo. This is a commercial age, and more and more as the world ages does sentiment give way to the demands of commerce.

The wealthy Mr. Pinchot, our forestry expert, who has tied up in reserves such vast areas of productive land in this country, has stayed the hand of commercialism for a time, but even in his work it is questionable if more good might not have resulted by opening to settlement and cultivation some of these lands. The Hood River Valley was a beautiful spot before the land was denuded of its lofty pines and firs, but it is more beautiful today, with those original forests replaced with millions of fruit trees which not only beautify the valley but bring handsome profits to their owners. What has been done in Hood River will eventually be done in many of the great reserves which now occupy so much space on our maps.

The children of men have a preference for tame animals and cultivated trees and gardens, and as the race increases in numbers and the problem of feeding becomes more serious, there will be much less room for wild animals and ornamental trees.

"The Philippines for the Filipinos" was the slogan of Aguinaldo and a few of his followers, and it seems to appeal to those engaged in religious as well as political plotting in our island dependencies. For example, Rev. Nicholas Zomora, one of the earliest Methodist converts in the island, and the first Tagalog ordained to the Methodist ministry, has seceded from the conference and is setting up as a bishop on his own account, taking with him two other native ministers. Zomora, like most of the Filipinos, had a fondness for the white man's religion when it brought him profits, but since he was rebuked by Bishop Oldham for demanding exorbitant wedding fees, he has lost some of his liking for the white men who taught him the profession.

An intimate friend of Pug Jeffries asserts that the big California bruiser is still in doubt as to whether he will meet Jack Johnson, the world's champion. This intimate friend tells a Tacoma reporter that "in the event the two do meet, there is no question as to the result. Jeffries would whip the black man in a few short rounds, provided he could properly condition himself." That provision of "condition" has prevented a host of bruisers from becoming world-beaters. It makes an excellent excuse for every "has-been" who meets a man that is a little faster in his footwork and has a little more steam to his blows and the ability to stand a little more punishment than the "has-been" cares to take.

Clark County, Washington, has an excellent opportunity to secure one of the finest thoroughfares in the state. The Columbia Contract Company, which has an enormous amount of small-sized rock at its quarries at Fisher's Landing, has offered it free of charge for roadmaking purposes. The road would follow the Columbia River for many miles, and would make a driveway which would be fully appreciated by a great many Portlanders as well as by the people of Clark County. Aside from the pleasure features of the enterprise, it would enable fruit and truck farmers for many miles along the river to reach market with their products at the minimum of expense for transportation.

A duplicate of Hudson's ship, in which the discoverer was sailing when he entered New York Bay and the Hudson River, has been launched at Amsterdam, Holland, and will be sent to New York, for participation in the Hudson-Fulton celebration on the Hudson River in October next. The vessel is of about 80 tons, length 63 feet, beam 18 feet and draws about 7½ feet of water. Everything about her will be of antique style and pattern. The vessel will be brought across the ocean on an Atlantic liner.

The mercury dropped 57 degrees in twelve hours in Norfolk, Neb., Thursday, preceding which the hottest day in the year, followed by a dust storm the worst in the history of Northern Nebraska, had been recorded. No use to waste sympathy on Nebraskans. They have a standing invitation, supplemented by low railroad fares twice a year, to come out to the Pacific Coast, where, by comparison, the climatic conditions are perfect.

Ex-Governor Mead, in explaining his position regarding the Hamilton shortage, says he is in the position of a bank cashier who has cashed a bad check. A better simile would be that he is in the position of the man who holds the bag in the storied snipe-hunting expedition.

Another girl has learned that it does not pay to take an automobile ride with good-looking strangers. This latest case happened in Tacoma. There was a stop at a roadhouse and a soft drink, that was drugged, and after that the calamity.

The bridge question is one of the most important before the city. It will come up in several phases in the June election, and it will be necessary for the electors to give it careful examination. The Oregonian will endeavor to supply the details.

If these stories of life at Washington's gay capital continue to reach the public ear, it is feared that Diogenes and his lantern would have an unrewarded search in most of the departments of the state government.

When Hood River people go into Washington County to buy land, it seems to bear out Millard Lownsdale's contention that "just as good" apples can be grown elsewhere.

Possibly Republicans of Portland are making up their minds not to allow their party to be run by Democratic politicians and their newspaper organ any longer.

Sam Nichols thinks the disclosures will result in disruption of the Republican party in Western Washington. There is room for a large contingent in Walla Walla.

Possibly Mayor Lane is in position of the young yet growing-older woman who had received many offers of marriage, but had said "No" just once too often.

Is Harry Lane "out of it"? Most persons are sure he didn't intend to be, but was finessing for a continuance. Has he finessed himself out of the chance?

With good prospect for a rise in price when the tariff on diamonds is settled, every true sport should invest now. It is a handy way to bank easy money.

From the looks of the primary returns in the Ninth Ward, the creditors of Ferdinand Reed did not enthusiastically rally to his support.

Seattle is to have an "art colony," as if everything over there was not an art, from separating other people from their money to spending it.

The people approved the Republican assembly candidates with two minor exceptions. They upheld the direct primary law.

"Taft and Tillman" is alliterative and sounds cordial. The bigger a man grows the greater jollier he becomes.

The Washington State Exposition Commission sensibly sidesteps the official hostess snobbery business.

What jars virtuous Tacoma is that all the money was spent in Seattle.

Official life at Olympia seems not to have outgrown the potlatch habit.

Patten is bulling again.

MAKING EYES AT THE SOUTH

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, Goes There to Dislodge Mr. Bryan.

Washington, D. C., Star (Ind.)

Attention, Mr. Bryan, to the following dispatch from Richmond, announcing the presence there of Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota:

Governor Johnson has abandoned his speech-making itinerary in the West for the purpose of bringing Mrs. Johnson through the South. The trip is being made both for recreation and pleasure.

Governor Johnson will probably remain in the Old Dominion for several days. The party spent today in viewing the historic places of interest in and about the city.

Governor Johnson, when seen at his hotel tonight, refused to discuss politics. He says he is out of politics, at least temporarily. He expresses himself as immensely pleased with the South. At his own request, there was no demonstration made in his honor in Richmond, where he has many friends and admirers.

Business, Mr. Bryan, as sure as you are born. Note the refusal to talk politics. Note the request that no "fuss" be made over him. And then note how "immensely pleased" he is with the South. That pleasure will continue. The Governor is certain to be pleased with every part of the South he explores. He is going to be surprised at the development of that section, and delighted with the prosperity he witnesses on every hand. Of such is the kingdom of politics. The ambitious politician, with an eye to delegates, is the master of such sentiments, and knows when and where and how to express them.

Gov. Johnson is taking time by the forelock. If he is to hope to lead his party in the next Presidential contest he must play for votes in the South. The happy hunting grounds are there. He is a stranger there. He must make himself known, and that, of course, explains his present trip. He abandoned a Western trip to make this trip, showing a desire to invest his days to the best advantage. He knows the West and the West him, but in the South he is a stranger about whom the people are pleasantly curious. So he hies him to the land of sunshine and Democratic votes.

He is not a day too soon for his purposes. He will find that the old favorite, despite three defeats, still has many friends in that quarter. It is going to be no easy matter to dislodge Mr. Bryan, if, indeed, the thing is possible. The peerless leader's voice is still unimpaired, his vocabulary still rich and copious, his smile still winning, and that equipment has always capitalized in the South at a hundred cents on the dollar.

The anti-Bryan Democrats after their defeat at Denver explained it by saying that they had permitted Mr. Bryan to get the start of them, particularly in the South; that had they gone to work, as he did, immediately after the Parker fiasco they might have checkmated him and forced a compromise man for the race against Judge Taft. Gov. Johnson's movements show that that mistake is not to be repeated; that if delegates are for early candidates, as worms are for early birds, he intends to catch a few. But can he catch enough to control the next Democratic National convention? Mr. Bryan, we may be sure, will soon be on his trail.

IDEAL HUSBAND MUST BE BOSS

But Not Wealthy, Say Most of Marriageable Young Chicago Women.

Chicago Dispatch to New York World.

Cupid is working overtime at the Halsted-Street Institutional Church. Rev. D. D. Vaughan, the pastor, is determined to marry the single men and women of his flock. He has asked more than 100 single women a series of questions on the subject of a "model husband." He found out from 100 men their idea of the "ideal wife." Next he will try to get the two ideals together.

Each one of the 100 single women, as well as 25 married "girls" who have answered the minister's questions, says she wants the man to be the boss. None of them desires a "dude" and only six specify "handsome" as befitting the ideal.

Five of the women answered that they didn't wish "model" husbands, but "ideal" ones, and gave their opinions after changing the word in their "copy." Rev. Mr. Vaughan smiled at the first three objections. Then two came by the next mail explaining that "model" means "a small imitation of the real thing," and the pastor's apologies followed.

"Do you want him to be the head of the house?" was the first question propounded.

"Yes," answered 121. "No," said one. "We will divide the honors," replied the others.

"Do you want him always to follow your bidding?"

All replies were in the negative.

"Do you want him to give his time to succeed in business or his home?"

"Let him so arrange as to make a success of both," or words to that effect, replied the 125.

"Do you care whether he loves you, or do you really want a home?" was the fourth question.

"He must love me, for I am able to provide a home for myself," was the invariable reply.

"Do you prefer a business or a professional man?"

The minister said he wasn't sure of his figures on this question, but expressed the belief that "about one-third wanted professional men, one-third preferred business men, and one-third just wanted men who made a respectable living."

"Must he be wealthy?" was the sixth question, and there was not an affirmative reply in the lot.

Liquor Sold in a "Dry" Town.

Boston Herald.

With the close of Worcester's first year of no license the police liquor squad has made a report of liquors brought into the city by express companies; also the number of sales of liquor made at the license drugstores, of which there were seven until May 1.

The figures show that the shipments of liquors by express through wholesale dealers, who have an agreement out of the city for shipments, average 650 cases and 120 eight-gallon kegs of beer a day for 306 days, Sundays and holidays being eliminated. Added to these figures are 150 gallons of hard liquors, all being classed under the head of whisky.

The slips from the licensed drugstores show that to persons who signed for the liquor to be used for medicinal purposes there were 116,000 sales, which the police say mean 29,000 quarts, 87,243 pints.

Untrustworthy Evidence.

The Billman.

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken, and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees. "Glory be!" exclaimed his wife. "Thot Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick. "Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhaun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why"— "Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

Presidents and Baseball.

Springfield Republican.

That President Taft is a lover of baseball ought to create popularity for him. Baseball, moreover, may well be patronized by the President of the country that invented the game and made it a truly National sport, distinct from all outdoor pastimes in other lands. Mr. Roosevelt never cared for it. But that was because he was defective in eyesight as a boy and could never prefer a game that he could not personally mix in as a man.

Not His Concern.

Philadelphia Ledger.

"John," said the woman, firmly, "I am going to buy that hat."

He looked at the maze of wickerwork, horsehair, clustered peaches, sprays of cherries, pumpkin vine, grapes, velvet, beet tops, jet and hardware.

"Your folly be on your own head then," he answered.

SHRINKAGE OF WORLD'S LUMBER

New Zealand and European Countries Now Join in Cry for Reforestiantion.

Boston Herald.

Evidence is accumulating that this country is not alone in drawing near to a lumber famine. In 60 years the forests of New Zealand have been reduced by half their area, and in most of the timber-producing countries of the world the supply is being rapidly exhausted. One merchant of wide international experience puts the case thus: "In less than 30 years there will be no timber available, unless the different countries of the world set about replanting immediately." He adds that, "although every county takes it up now, the regeneration will not be anything like fast enough to keep pace with the consumption."

This message from Europe is strikingly in accord with the verdicts of our own forest experts. They affirm that in a minimum of nine years or in a maximum of 30 years' time, America will be unable to meet its requirements of lumber. A famine is certain to come, and no provision is being made against it.

One tangible proof of what is in store is furnished by the increase in the price of lumber. This has not been a matter of temporary fluctuation, of spasmodic rise and fall, but a steady upward tendency for the past 20 years. In that period the prices of the more important classes of lumber have risen in this country over 100 per cent. And along with this formidable increase in price there are two other factors which require to be emphasized the lumber is poorer in quality, and, while the population has increased by but 52 per cent, the consumption of lumber per head has augmented by 94 per cent.

Such are the crude facts of a situation which has got to be faced. It is a duty we owe to our own wants of a few years hence, but still more a duty to the generations to come. Our forests cost us nothing to create; they are the windfall to which nature's age-long provision has made us the fortunate heirs; but we shall be recreants of the worst type if we squander this fortune in selfish indifference to the needs of those other children of nature whose share in the inheritance is yet to be enjoyed. In France and also in Germany, where forests are under proper administration, a denuded area is at once restocked, thus insuring that the wants of the future shall be met. We often claim to be an altruistic nation; here is an opportunity to set deeds against words.

CURB TALKATIVE STENOGRAPHER

Bill to Prevent "Her" Revealing Employer's Business Secrets.

Chicago Times-Herald.

And now Wisconsin proposes to regulate stenographers along with railroads, insurance corporations, pleuro-pneumonia and other things wherein reform has given the Badger State a national reputation. If a bill which already has passed the lower branch of the Legislature becomes a law the beautiful artist of pencil and typewriter no longer may take revenge on a mean old thing of an employer by "giving away" the secrets of his business without getting into jail.

The bill in question was introduced by a young bachelor who is said to have had some unpleasant experiences with gossiping stenographers. Being a bachelor he never has had any unpleasant experiences with a jealous wife over stenographers, and it may be taken for granted that the gossip to which he feels impelled to put a stop concerns entirely the imparting of business secrets and confidential letters to outsiders, as in the sad case of Mr. Archbold and others of our Standard Oil and statesmen friends. The measure, as stated in the dispatches, provides for fines up to $500 and imprisonment up to six months for any stenographer who "reveals confidential information regarding her employer."

The employment of the feminine gender, as indicated in the quotation from the newspaper report of the bill, doubtless will arouse surprise and indignation, because, while young women stenographers are in the majority, there are young men in the same employment, and, unless we are mistaken, the violations of trust that have commanded particular attention—as in the case of some of our letter-writing financiers, malefactors of great wealth, et al.—have come through male employes or former employes. Perhaps the dispatches are to blame for indicating a discrimination that does not exist in the bill itself.

Anyway, it is up to the young women stenographers to investigate and to resent, if the facts warrant, the reflection on their ability to keep secrets as well as stenographers of the other sex.

As the haughty blonde probably would say of the whole bill to the imperious brunette at the next desk:

"Well, what do you know about that!"

Fingers Worth More Than Life.

New York Times.

In the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, N. Y., the value of a man's three fingers was placed at just twice that of another man's life. John Welch, who had his fingers cut off by a machine while at work in the Waterbury Rope Works, got a verdict of $7000 from a jury. But a jury in another part of the court awarded to the widow of Thomas F. Carlin, who was crushed to death while working for the New York Dock Company, a verdict of only $3500. The widow had sued for $25,000 damages.

Three Meals at Once.

Philadelphia Times.

"Now, Mary," said her mistress, "you must come to the door of the drawing-room and say, 'Breakfast is ready, and supper is ready, but dinner is served.'"

The newly corralled domestic inwardly digested the concise instructions, and that evening convulsed the guests who were awaiting the announcement of dinner by stepping between the portieres, dropping a courtesy and repeating, "Breakfast is ready, and supper is ready, but dinner is ser-r-ved!"

Next Problem of Invention.

London Saturday Review.

Certainly plenty of rubbish is being talked about aeroplanes. England, forsooth, is to be de-isled in a year or two by the Zeppelins. Perhaps Mars is not safe from the intrusions of the "aviators." We foretell that in a short time the new terror will be a sub-terrine ship which will sail through the earth as easily as the others sail through the water and air.

Men's Clothes vs. Women's.

Atchison Globe.

When a man is dressed completely he wears ten articles, including his socks and necktie. A woman wears 19 different articles in her hair alone. A woman wears at least 57 different articles and is compelled to keep track of them. A woman spends one-third of her time in dressing and undressing; a man about 20 minutes each day.

Valedictory to a Bivalve.

Adieu, delicious friend, we meet
No more until September.
But joyous moonlight hours with you
Till then I will remember.
I must confess for you I spent
Far more than I was able,
But you were such a good excuse
For suppers late with Mabel.

When next I greet you, stewed or fried,
Or on the half-shell pearly,
With lemon slices on the side,
'Twill be in Autumn early.
And though instead of Mabel then
It may be Maud or Lucy,
My heart will still be true to you,
O morsel plump and juicy!

—Mina Irving, in New York Sun.

Life's Sunny Side

When the concert was over and the pianist was driving along the snowy road to the Burnham Inn, where he was to spend the night, he ventured to ask his host of the evening if he had enjoyed the playing. "You did first-rate," Mr. Burnham told him. "That's my opinion."

"Yes," he went on, after a minute, "you certainly did first-rate. You showed power and strength beyond anything I ever expected to listen to, and you was lightning quick into the bargain.

"Anybody that heard you could tell you worked hard and long and steady to get your trade. But I tell ye who else who ought to have some credit—that's the man that made the piano you played on.

"'Tain't every instrument that would stand the strain you put on it, not by a good deal.

"I should call it the praise ought to be divided pretty evenly betwixt ye."—Youth's Companion.

* * *

Two ragged specimens shivered complainingly under a water tank at Fort Scott, waiting for the southbound freight.

"I wasn't always this way," grumbled one. "I used to be a proofreader."

"The —— you did," replied the other. "I used to be a linotype operator."

The policeman who separated them said it was the wickedest scrap he ever saw.—Exchange.

* * *

Mrs. Sharp—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you were single once more, did you?

Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Not long ago a young couple entered a railway carriage at Sheffield, England, and were immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed and behaved with such sangfroid that the other passengers began to doubt if their first surmise was correct after all.

As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly.

But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly:

"By Jove, May! I've stolen the bridegroom's overcoat!"—Tatler.

* * *

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you blooming' idiot."

"You give me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me! Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look; but I didn't give it to you, so help me!"—Tit Bits.

* * *

The Policeman—Come, my man, you can't wander around the streets in this fashion.

The Wanderer—Then arresht me.

The Policeman—But your wife is waiting at home for you.

The Wanderer—That's the reashon I wanter be arreshted.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

A teacher in a rural school labored long and patiently in teaching the young to pronounce the final g. On public exercise day an irrepressible youngster read a blackboard sentence as follows:

"What a good time I am havin'!"

"Try that again, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "and remember what I have been telling you."

Once more Johnny solemnly read, "What a good time I am havin'!"

"That's wrong again, Johnny," impatiently corrected the teacher. "Can't you remember what I have told you so many times about the g?"

Johnny's face now beamed with intelligence, and the last time he read: "Gee, what a good time I am havin'!"—The Housekeeper.

* * *

"Does your husband make good punch?"

"I guess it's good; it always knocks him out."—Houston Post.

* * *

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all!"

"But think how much worse she would look if they did!"—Life.

* * *

Champ Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson of Indiana called an Illinois Representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary and in retraction Johnson said:

"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.—Success.

DOG WALKS 1000 MILES FOR HOME

Gives Rap to Nature Faker Critics by Nosing Out His Old Master.

Chicago Dispatch.

Records of Edward Payson Weston, former Alderman Joseph Badenoch, of Chicago, and other famous pedestrians, have been smashed to splinters by a Champaign County dog.

Those of Jack London, Ernest Seton-Thompson and Professor Long have also been torn to shreds by the animal, and, except for the fact that ex-President Roosevelt is now far from Sadorus, Ill., it might be a target for a volley of newly coined criticism. The ex-President being out Mombasa-ways, however, the feat of the animal can be duly recorded.

The dog is the property of William Horn of Sadorus, a village in Champaign County, not far away from the buildings of the State University. It had shown its ability in catching birds and in other ways, but it had made no claims to any remarkable distinction, so that last February, when Henry Good of Louisiana, who was visiting Horn, took a fancy to it, Horn immediately presented him with the animal. Good accepted the present and the dog was placed in an Illinois Central box car and shipped off to Louisiana. It reached there all right, and Good wrote to Horn to tell him that he had already taken it on hunts with him.

Yesterday Horn was in his front yard when a dog entered it. The animal immediately ran up to Horn and although he tried to drive it away, it showed unusual affection.

Horn finally recognized the dog as the one which he had given to Good. The animal's feet were bleeding and it appeared to be almost starved.

Horn is convinced that after it had been with Good for some time it began to pine for its old master and its old home and ran away. He believes that some remarkable intuition enabled it to make the 1000-mile journey from Louisiana—of course, on foot.

The fact that the animal had been taken South on a box car, and could not possibly have seen the road over which it traveled, makes the exploit the more noteworthy.

Horn has written to Good to get particulars as to when the dog disappeared and other facts which the Louisiana man may furnish.

Meantime the bird dog is being tenderly cared for and is being exhibited to admiring Champaign County audiences.

Well, Ain't We Patient?

Indianapolis News.

Let us all be patient. When Senator Aldrich fully makes up his mind what he intends to do about a tariff commission he will inform us.