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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1909.

THE QUESTION OF THE TIME.

The notion of a protective tariff has virtually reached the stage of endeavor to stop the importation of any article or commodity that anyone produces, or thinks he can produce, in our country. This, of course, creates monopolies at home and if the commodities are articles of very general use, it leads to the formation of trusts, which "hold up" all the consumers of the United States for high prices.

This scheme of robbery is now fighting at Washington for maintenance of its hold on the opportunities it has seized. It is not yet indeed attacked in its vitals, for the effort thus far is only to abate some of its most patent abuses. But it will yield nothing. The wrangle in the conference committee is a spectacle for the country—showing the tenacity with which the system contends for the plunder or booty which it deems its own. It would seem that Aldrich and Cannon stand to win in the conference. Even Payne refuses to acquiesce in the results of the job set up by the dominant forces in the Senate and House. Possibly there may be a report which will be turned down by one house or the other. That would be fine, indeed!

The game played by these robbers of the people, covered by the name of protection of American industry, at last is becoming well understood. They admit free of duty commodities of general use, not produced in the United States, from which much revenue might be obtained by even a light duty, and then, through pretense of necessity of finding revenue, but in reality for the purposes of monopoly, they lay high duties on thousands of articles, and make high prices, out of which they profit exceedingly, at the expense of consumers. For a like reason they won't have an income tax, because the revenue then would be so abundant as to defeat the pretense under which their system of tariff robbery is maintained; and there is the additional reason that an income tax would be collected from millionaires, who are able to escape most taxes of other descriptions.

These abuses of the protective system cannot always continue. Duties on imports must be collected, and tariff for revenue, not for protection—except in an incidental way—must be the final policy. The purpose of robbery cannot stand forever as the motive of our tariff laws. That was the original motive, the piratical purpose, at Tarifa, where we got the word. Modified or sophisticated to the pretense of protection of American labor, it is robbery still, and fiercer robbery than the old hold-up at Tarifa. It fights for its life, of course. It is intrenched in both parties. In the Republican party it has its chief stronghold; but thus far, when it has been pushed to extremity and needed help, it got the help from the Democratic party necessary to its salvation. But it would not be wise for it to assume that this always will be the case. The doctrine of protective robbery got immense advantage some fifteen years ago through the folly of the silver advocates. Consequences of that folly, and the financial depression caused by it, enabled the protectionists to assume that the cause was reduction of the tariff—which in fact had not been reduced at all, but only slightly shifted. Yet it gave the protectionists their opportunity, which they have used to the utmost, to this day. The work of the present session of Congress shows that the tariff will become and remain for a time the leading question in our political life. It will be the main factor, probably, in rearrangement of party lines.

TALE OF THE SERPENT.

The sea serpent, like the salmon run, the Summer boarder, the Hessian fly and other subjects for Summer literary exploitation, is late this season. Our old friend from the vasty deep has been so long in making his appearance that for a time it was feared that he intended to lay off for a year and permit the public to divide its attention between the Wright brothers and the tariff bill. But this old, reliable stand-by of the Summer resorts and the reporters apparently had no such intention. Last year the "trail of the serpent" began in the Gulf of Mexico near Tabasco, the place where the sauce does not come from, and it followed the usual course, proceeding north as the Summer population got the money ready to strike out for the beach resorts.

The belated appearance of the serpent this year is probably due to the fact that he has made a sortie into the Pacific, and, while he is a little late, this stellar marine attraction had no intention of slighting us. To Captain Ross, of the Standard Oil tanker Dakotah, which arrived at San Francisco Sunday, is due the honor of first sighting the 1909 sea serpent. Unlike some of the other sailor men who have brought sea-serpent tales to port, Mr. Rockefeller's hired man presents the details. It was over in longitude 15:2 and latitude 45:30 west that the truthful Captain Ross spoke this well-known ocean traveler. As it was a new place for sea serpents, a new season, and the reporters had become tired of describing the regulation sea serpent, "scaled and tailed," etc., Captain Ross has varied the description.

The 1909 style of sea serpent, according to the entry in the Dakotah's logbook, is "forty feet long, and ten feet wide, with a cavernous mouth and eyes as big as a locomotive headlight." These, however, are only a portion of the details. The gallant skipper of the oil tanker, knowing that "figgers" are dry reading, supplements them with the statement that while a "near view showed its face to be most ferocious, yet it had a kindly twinkle in its eyes."

Now where else except on the Pacific has there ever been reported a sea serpent with "a kindly twinkle in its eyes"? All previous descriptions of this premier Summer resort attraction have given it a terribly taciturn disposition, but it is quite clear that the 1909 Pacific edition of sea serpent is something new. Now that we are familiar with its disposition, it will be a welcome guest and its picture should occupy the front page on the next batch of seaside resort advertising.

NEW ETHICS AS TO PUBLIC LANDS.

Now it is said again that Binger Hermann is to be tried in Oregon. It is useless. Upon indictment in Washington and trial there, years ago, everything was alleged against Hermann that can be brought forward in any trial in Oregon. Yet he was acquitted by a Washington jury. There is no possibility that any jury in Oregon will ever convict him on the charges that have been made, or may be made, against his administration of the General Land Office. The Oregonian does not assert that there were not irregularities of various kinds growing out of the loose administration of the looser laws that related to the public lands. But that Hermann, first or last, was guilty of corruption in his administration of the laws, The Oregonian sees no reason to believe.

The laws were framed loosely for loose purposes. It was their purpose or object to give lands to the people. They were always administered for fulfillment of their purpose. A time came when it was perceived or concluded that the laws were too lax and that the administration of them, in accord with their spirit and purpose, led to abuses and wrong. The laws invited citizens of the United States, men and women, to enter these lands, even by fiction; and tens of thousands of them did it—then sold the lands for what they could get. This policy dissipated the public domain under guise or pretense of serving the interest and welfare of the people.

Hermann interpreted and administered the law as he found it and as it had been interpreted before his time. It was the interpretation intended by the law; for politicians who wanted to get into Congress and stay there and who used the advantages it gave them to the utmost. But there is not the slightest proof, nor, as The Oregonian thinks, will there ever be, that Hermann acted corruptly in any case that came before him for determination.

But The Oregonian does not underrate nor disparage in the least degree the value of the services rendered by Francis J. Heney in bringing into light fraudulent methods used and employed by one and another in obtainment, improperly or corruptly, of public lands under the laws, not only in Oregon, but in other states. It was high time to put an end to this business. Through Francis J. Heney, more than through all others, this has been done. Heney developed the ancillary, resultant collateral and concomitant abuses of the system and laid the ground for the reformation of it. There were loose laws, and there was loose administration of the laws. What is customary soon comes to be regarded as right. Such fault as may be attributed to Binger Hermann is the fault of an official who did not hold the law up to a higher standard than its own, but was this his business? Was this the requirement of his oath of office? It is the belief of The Oregonian that he is not, never was, guilty of conspiracy or corruption, or of knowledge of conspiracy or corruption, to defraud the United States. The old methods of administering the public lands have passed with the old ideas which condoned sham and fiction in taking up parts of the public domain. Hermann's jury will be expected to adjudge him by the standards of the closed period. The reform has been accomplished.

OUR INDIVIDUAL DIGNITY.

"We waste," says a recent writer, "nine-tenths of our potential force by the attrition of one intelligence against another." Then the inquiry comes, "Why can't we agree?"

Well, we can't; and some think it by no means desirable that we should. For, say they, all progress comes from debate and difference. People who agree stagnate. They never accomplish anything.

And yet there is another view. The object of our primary law, and of the initiative in Oregon is to get rid of leaders and of men aspiring to leadership, and to stop "the attrition of one intelligence against another." From this point of view we don't want leaders—in a community where every man is the equal of every other man—and knows it. Our initiative and primary laws were designed and adopted for promotion of the individual glory of the citizen, of making an end of leaders, and of leadership, and of bosses and of bossism. Who will say they are not doing their work well?

Let us hear no more, then, of leaders and leadership. It is an insult to the citizen to suggest that there can be any leadership wiser than that under his own hat. Our initiative and primary laws were designed for repudiation of this insult, for assertion of the dignity of our individual and enlightened citizenship. Aren't they doing it, all right? Isn't the community split into its original units, without possibility of co-operation? This is independence. For this we repudiate representative government. What more can be wanted, in the way of independent citizenship, when we have reached a stage where no man is willing to follow anything that another man begins?

The notion that there is any difference in the intellectual power and general ability of men is all bosh, Oregon corrects it. Of course, there isn't. The idea of leadership is based on the false notion that men are not equal. Away with it.

A HOPELESS CASE.

The Los Angeles lawyer, Stephen L. Sullivan, has accomplished, in a single week, a feat which usually takes years. In one prolonged debauch he has ruined his own career, degraded his wife and landed his children in a house of refuge. A man who can do all this in so short a time must possess exceptional ability of some sort, though, perhaps, it is fortunate that the gift is not more common than it is. Mr. Sullivan seems to have been crazed with the foolish notion that a man cannot have what is called "a good time" without dosing himself with whisky. Los Angeles was full of visitors from all parts of the country and to prove his appreciation of their company this unhappy lawyer sent himself and his family to perdition. The visitors must feel highly honored by the attention he showed them, but would they not have felt still more gratified if Mr. Sullivan had exhibited his delight in a rational manner so that after they departed he could go on practicing law instead of languishing in jail? Does it cause a guest to feel any better to see his host make a fool of himself?

Less and less common becomes the indulgence of tastes like those of Mr. Sullivan. Less frequently now than ever before do we hear excuses offered for folly of that kind. "He is a good fellow in spite of his failing. He is his own worst enemy. He would be a brilliant success if only he would let drink alone." These palliative remarks are still uttered, of course, when some Sullivan plunges down the broad and ample road, but not very often nor very heartily. The common opinion of enlightened people nowadays is that society is better off without men of the Sullivan type. A person who cannot stand when he has every inducement and aid, is not made of the right stuff for life in this dangerous world. Down he must go, today or tomorrow, and the sooner he falls the sooner the inevitable tragedy is over. Such men ought to be pitied, but, as a rule, they cannot be helped.

SPOKANE SEES THE LIGHT.

For the purpose of illustrating a point or proving a statement, a single actual transaction is of more value than all of the unsubstantiated theories that can be promulgated. The Oregonian has quite frequently called attention to the reason why Spokane, or any other inland city, dependent exclusively on rail transportation, could not legitimately claim as low a rail rate as a tidewater port, accessible to ships, which are the cheapest carriers in the world. This "water rate" was established long before any railroads penetrated the interior, or reached the Coast, and when the railroads were built, they were forced to accept the water rate as a basis, not only for their Coast rates, but for the rates to the Interior. With the railroads crossing the continent, it was simply a case of making the same rate as was made by the water carriers or failing to secure the business.

The rate to Spokane before the railroads came, was the rate to the Coast ports, plus the local rate to the Interior. That local rate in the beginning was paid to pack train proprietors, later to steamboats and wagon freighters. Now it is paid to the railroads. It is lower than it was when the pack trains ran, but it still remains an undetachable portion of the through water rate from the East, and it will so remain until there is discovered some cheaper method of moving freight than by ocean carriers. The Oregonian has seldom mentioned this matter without provoking a reply from its old friend, the Spokane Spokesman-Review. The Review, in season and out of season, has denied the advantages and at times the very existence, of water transportation. It chortled with glee when Charles Edward Russell, the eminent muck-raker termed water transportation a myth, and warmly commended Brooks Adams, the Boston attorney, who assured them that water transportation could not, in the remotest degree, affect the Spokane rates.

With the Review's consistent record for non-belief in the existence of water transportation, The Oregonian notes with surprise that in the cargo arriving on an American-Hawaiian liner in this port a few days ago was a shipment of 54 barrels containing 30,807 pounds of printer's ink consigned to the Spokane Spokesman-Review, from New York. As the Review has made no mention of the transaction, it is hardly possible that the big shipment of ink was made for the purpose of proving that Spokane rates are unaffected by water competition, and we are reluctantly forced to believe that the ink was shipped by water to Portland and thence by rail to Spokane because that was the cheapest route it could take.

Aside from the consignee, there was nothing about this shipment that differs materially from other freight shipments, that are passing through Portland constantly. The American-Hawaiian liner Falcon, arriving yesterday, brought a big shipment of suitcases from New York for Spokane, and as they are very bulky freight, the shipper undoubtedly saved more in shipping them by water than the Review saved on the carload of ink. More than 2000 tons of freight have been landed in Portland by American-Hawaiian liners within the past week, and among the consignments yesterday were substantial shipments from Eastern points to Spokane, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Moscow, Baker City, and even as far east as Boise, Idaho. Not all of this Spokane freight goes through Portland, for the last American-Hawaiian liner to discharge at Seattle carried a big consignment of liquors for a Spokane wholesaler.

In view of these specific cases, we are again constrained to state that theory is at a heavy discount when plain facts are so plentiful. All that The Oregonian has ever printed regarding the advantages of water transportation is confirmed in the fullest degree by the Spokane Spokesman-Review's routing of its New York freight.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG SUTTON.

Unless the evidence in the Sutton investigation takes a new turn before long it must be said, in all charity, that his friends made a serious mistake in stirring up the subject of his death. Even if he did not commit suicide, the light which has been thrown upon his conduct is, by no means, pleasing. According to the reports of his classmates, he was much inclined to exhibit the less engaging characteristics of the typical "bad man" of the West. Perhaps it was mere boyish folly which impelled him to draw his revolver on every occasion and shoot up the camp for diversion, but one would suppose that, in an ancient seat of education like Annapolis, such follies would have been suppressed before they led to homicide. It is a curious system of culture which permits boys to drink liquor without stint, fight at their own sweet will about everything or nothing, and haze a comrade, even to the point of death. Is there an unavoidable tendency in military and naval schools to stimulate the brutal side of their students? Are drunkenness and bullying the only means of training a youth to be a soldier?

Some of the best soldiers who ever lived have been nutured in peaceful pursuits. Washington, who passed his younger days as a surveyor, lacked neither courage nor that fine sense of discipline and honor which hazing is sometimes said to engender. There have been few better soldiers than Oliver Cromwell, but he never attended a military school. As a young man he seems to have studied law in the intervals when he was not in the throes of a religious struggle. Later in life he followed the career of Gustavus Adolphus with attention, but neither pugilism nor whisky contributed a great deal to his education, unless all the accounts are false.

Military and naval schools are peculiar, both in their curricula and in the manner of selecting their teachers. The branches taught at Annapolis and West Point merit the epithet "canned" if that vulgar term ought to be applied to anything. "Dry-as-dust" hardly suffices to describe their antiquity and aridity. Knowledge is cut off in hunks from an ancient log for the young cadets and each hunk is carefully kiln dried before it is offered for consumption. This may be necessary for young Americans who are to be made into soldiers but Europeans produce the same result by other means. The French military schools frequently turn out scientific men of distinction. Some of the best mathematicians that country has produced in recent years have been educated at St. Cyr. If West Point has graduated any scientists of eminence their fame has been sedulously concealed from the public.

The practice of assigning military officers to teach the classes must have a depressing effect upon the intellectual life at West Point. A similar remark holds true of Annapolis. It is not likely that a man transferred from a military post to the classroom can teach with the best results, nor is it credible that every officer who makes a good field commander is adapted for the headship of a great boys' school. It would seem like a more sensible procedure to choose a faculty of civilians to teach the cadets their languages, science and mathematics while military men were employed to impart that specific branch of education. The superstition that only officers ought to teach in a military academy is akin to the equally absurd one that only priests or ministers ought to teach in a theological school.

The fact that teaching is a difficult art, based upon a profound science and demanding years of special preparation, has not yet penetrated the heads of those who manage the military and naval academies. The theory prevailing there seems to be that anybody can teach who can handle a gun. The error is obvious, and it may account for some of the queer goings-on which occasionally come to light at West Point and Annapolis. But if the faculties were ever so expert, the discipline of these schools cannot be very satisfactory so long as Congress continually meddles with it. Although there is a law which forbids hazing under penalty of expulsion, everybody knows what happens when a cadet is convicted of it. He hies him to his Congressman and forthwith a special act is passed to clear his skirts. With these conditions how can we expect such a thing as good order or high ideals of conduct among these young men? The wonder is that they come through the ordeal clean and, manly, as most of them do. The result must be credited to their inborn character and not to their education.

Chicago received nearly 100 carloads of new wheat yesterday, and all other markets were correspondingly favored. Under the stress of this avalanche of new-crop wheat the price broke more than 2 cents per bushel. This new-crop wheat that is coming on the market has a decided advantage over that big surplus of wheat that Secretary Wilson still has on his books. The wheat now coming to market can be used for making bread, while that which Secretary Wilson has on hand is useful only for making figures. As previously stated, the outlook for cheap wheat is not very bright, but there is such a gulf between present prices and what is known as "cheap wheat" that the farmer who is selling early may, in the end, be much better off than the grower who is holding for higher prices.

There promises to be a big revival of the shipping industry by way of Cape Horn. The Philadelphia Public Ledger announces that a fleet of sailing vessels is to be assembled under the name of the Shippers' Clipper Line, which will carry general cargoes from New York and Philadelphia to San Francisco. All of the ships will be over 5000 tons burden, built of steel, square-rigged, and furnished with steam devices for handling cargoes. They are expected to make the voyage in from 106 to 180 days. It does not appear whether the promoters of the new line intend to maintain the Cape Horn route after the completion of the Panama Canal; towage charges may govern their future policy.

"With ceremonies marked by simplicity and in which only city officials had a part," says a Chicago dispatch, "the cornerstone of Chicago's new $5,000,000 City Hall was laid yesterday." We all hope that when the money is spent Chicago will have a $5,000,000 building, and that none of the city officials will have retained a part of the money that was spent in its construction.

The Spaniards are using Gatling guns in repulsing the Moroccan tribesmen, and meanwhile the war is so unpopular in Spain that there is rioting in the streets and it may become necessary to turn the same kind of artillery on some of the Spanish citizens.

Why should stockbrokers want insurance against Harriman's death? Value of Harriman holdings are based, not on him, but on the natural resources of the United States.

Instead of hunting lions, Teddy stayed in camp one day and wrote a book. Nobody beats Teddy, not even the most up-to-date literary artist.

Having learned Seattle's way of doing things, Mayor Simon is now equipped to go ahead here after the Portland plan.

It appears that there were others near the scene of the Brackett shooting that night who were more lucky than Brackett.

One cannot help a feeling of regret that the Wrights' first great aerial flight was not made in this country.

Next time Harry Thaw kills somebody he will be electrocuted. Perhaps, then, he ought to be released.

The Wright brothers are not able truthfully to say an inventor is without honor in his own country.

LIQUOR IN GEORGIA.

Details of the Business in a Prohibition State.

New York Evening Mail.

Whether the people of Georgia, at whose command a prohibition law went into effect in that state at the beginning of the year 1908, were seriously resolved to suppress the liquor traffic is a question which has been made increasingly prominent by subsequent events. With the inauguration of the new order of things the drinking places throughout the state were all closed with some show of newly acquired virtue, various public officials announced that the rum power had been dethroned, and the word was given that the sovereign State of Georgia had become permanently and unanimously sober.

Everybody hoped that such might prove to be the case. Not that the Georgians had been more addicted to drink than the citizens of any other commonwealth; but they are progressive, intelligent and ambitious, and, having discovered that the saloon business was prejudicial to their interests, all hands wished them success in their organized effort to throttle it.

In a month or two after prohibition went into effect, however, somebody suggested that maybe the thing was done too suddenly; that the change was too violent, and that out of consideration for those accustomed to an occasional glass it might be judicious to permit the sale of beverages resembling in appearance, at least, if not in composition, those which had been placed under the ban. The adoption of that crafty suggestion led to the introduction of a mysterious concoction known as "near beer," and it is now on sale in licensed places in Atlanta and other communities in the state.

The name is extremely suggestive. Nobody has explained what "near beer" is composed of, nor just how near beer it really is. Nor would it be fair to charge it with the sole responsibility for certain conditions which have since arisen in Atlanta. The plain fact is, however, that drunkenness in that city is about as common under the new dispensation as it was under the old. The police records show that during the first six months of the present year the arrests for drunkenness numbered 1875, as against 1123 for the corresponding period of 1908. Moreover, the arrests so far this year are but few less in number than those for the first half of the year 1907, when the saloons were wide open under the license system.

Several inferences may be drawn from these figures. One is that "near beer" is altogether too near for the interests of sobriety in a prohibition neighborhood. Another is that the prohibitory law is not enforced with the rigor required to make it effective. And a third is that the people who enacted the measure are either consciously or ignorantly trifling with the liquor traffic in a manner likely to bring discredit to the movement for temperance so courageously undertaken.

TOO MANY SLICK PROMOTERS.

Public Is Tired of Oily Ways of Hot-Air Peddlers.

Baker City Herald.

Did you ever stop to think regarding the amount of salve that is used nowadays? Hot air propels more transactions than any other one force, but it is being overworked, and the country at large has begun to cry, "give us a rest."

For instance, a man comes into Baker County, obtains an option on a small mining prospect by paying a few hundred dollars. With few exceptions he will strut through the corridors of the hotel, look wise, display a two-bit cigar with a band on it to show its cost, and quickly answers to the title "mining man." He gets a story in a local paper (used to get it easier than he does now) and then he goes to peddle the salve with hopes of raising money with which to mine.

Another man comes out and makes a survey for a railroad. He is a "captain of industry" according to local ethics. His manner is very aristocratic and he talks of stocks and bonds galore. Finally he returns to peddle the salve about a railroad on paper which he hopes to obtain capital for. And so it goes on down the line.

But the country is getting tired of it. Baker City and Baker County are growing tired of the custom that has been practiced so long. It is due to the infernal salve peddlers that Baker County's mining resources are spurned by good people because the peddlers have swindled so many investors. It is due to the salve peddlers that there is no railroad from this city to Eagle Valley today. It is due to the salve peddlers that more land in Baker County is not under the ditch and producing grain.

The promoter is all right, if he is honest. But so many of them are not honest. There is a legitimate field for the promoter. He is supposed to see opportunities for investment of capital and place those opportunities before men who have capital to invest. And that is all right. But no man has any right to misrepresent conditions; to capitalize a company for several millions of dollars when he has not a dollar's worth of property in sight. It is the latter class of peddlers who have injured Baker County. Their day is about over. The curtain is falling rapidly on the unscrupulous mine promoter, the dreamy railroad builder and the man who sells stock in a $20,000,000 company which has never earned a dollar.

This country has no use for them. Business people are knocking their schemes these days, and it is raising a terrible howl from the peddlers, but it is the right thing to do. A thief is no good, even if he spends his money in your community, for it is money that will always hurt legitimate enterprises.

Five Feet of Selected Books.

Roy L. McCardell in New York World.

Mrs. Opie's works.
The six best sellers.
Cowper's poems.
Patent Office Reports (selected).
Bound volumes of the Congressional Record (go as far as you like).
Ayer's and Hostetter's Almanacs for 1881.
Queen Victoria's "My Journal in the Highlands."
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad time tables for 1908.
The Philadelphia City Directory.
Roosevelt's messages.
"Triumphant Democracy," by A. Carnegie.
"Side Talks to Fair Fudge Makers," by Edward Bok.
Any or all of Dr. Eliot's list to fill up.

The Moral in the Story.

Unidentified Exchange.

Here is a good story of the man who was determined to commit suicide: He went to a store and bought a rope, a can of oil, a box of matches, a dose of arsenic and a revolver. He went down to the river and pushed the boat from the shore and waded to where a limb hung over; saturated his clothing with the coal oil, lighted a match and set fire to his clothing, took the dose of arsenic, put the muzzle of the revolver to his temple, pushed the boat from under him and pulled the trigger. The bullet glanced and cut the rope above him and he fell kerflop into the river; the water put the fire out, and he got strangled and coughed up the arsenic. He arose and waded out and declared himself a candidate for the Legislature on the reform ticket.

Philosophy of a Potato-Grower.

Salmon Statesman.

No matter if most of the unpicked cherries are cracked, the potatoes will be all the larger and more plentiful for next winter.

THEY ARE BETTER MIXED.

Remarks on the Co-Education of the Sexes and the Results.

PORTLAND, July 20.—(To the Editor.)—It is matter of doubt whether one ambitious capable young woman can be found willing of her own choice to take a course in a female college. The reason is, the education obtained in a female seminary carries with it, and justly so, suspicions of shallowness. A young lady educated in a girls' school has no just standard of self-measurement. She meets young men of sense who praise her beauty, her music, and pay condescending homage to her vivacious repartees, while at heart they regard her as nothing in herself but an interesting companion for a leisure hour.

Once it was fashionable among educators to draw out a long list of mental differences between the sexes, making the female more vivacious but less reflective than man, according to her greater fondness for detail but less reasoning power, better taste, more emotion, but less solidity of judgment; more sentiment, but less power of control than man. The 500 colleges and academies admitting women to their courses on the same terms as men do not, however, recognize any intellectual sexhood requiring special adaptation of work or studies between male and female. Those who have watched her work for a series of years side by side with young men, almost without exception say the young woman has maintained equal scholastic rank with as little interruption from ill-health, and frequently with increasing physical vigor.

Young men and young women are also better morally for association in the school room. Occasional visits from friends or a surreptitiously read novel give the girl in a female school an idea of the outer world and imagination fills up the gap. These girls, hampered unwisely, become dreamers—seeing life by moonshine, and often these dreams are morbid and unreal as those in one sick with fever. A teacher 30 years of age—in a girls' school—once asked the writer, with a book over her face, if he did not think it "impossible for a girl to study in a class with a lot of boys?" Adding with a nervous laugh that she just knew that she could not study, for she would be looking at the boys all the time. This teacher had been educated in a female college.

Such morbid and unhealthy views of human life are not entertained by the young lady schooled in the open along with a wholesome lot of young men and women as God disposes them in the family.

Who is so blind as not to see that both sexes are benefited by taking on the qualities of the other? The boys the gentleness, carefulness, kindness and patience of the girls; the girls the energy, courage and wider views that characterize the boys. Girls educated in school of their own sex will be found, with few exceptions, to lack thoroughness, especially in mathematics, mental science and logic—deficient both in accuracy and depth.

This writer is still old fogy enough to think the education of women is, or should be, for the home; and men and women—the best men and women—knowing each other best, and respecting each other most, make the best homes.

An affection ripening of pure friendship, supported by mutual respect born of generous competition in study and thorough acquaintance, is the sort that makes a good and lasting home.

The presence of women throws a refining influence about men, improving their manners, giving them higher standards of purity and gentleness, quickening their minds by association with the magnetic, imaginative minds of young ladies, firing the intellect by kindling the sensibilities. This gives spontaneity and the brilliancy we call genius. The combined vision of the two sexes gives an insight to almost every phase of human life that far surpasses the one-eyed vision. Nor is it good to put the meat in one barrel and the salt in another.

C. E. CLINE.

LOW-BROWED MEN CAN KEEP HAIR

Scientist Says Sole Cause of Baldness Is Closely-Fitting Hatbands.

New York Times.

Surgeon J. O. Cobb, of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, is of the opinion that baldness is not congenital, excepting, possibly, in cases where the son inherits his father's lofty brow; that it is not due to dandruff, to parasites, or to any skin disease, and that the hair follicles, once atrophied, cannot be restored. The sole cause of baldness is the constricting band of hats. Men whose heads are of domelike conformation are most subject to the pressure of their hats, and, above the zone of the hatband, are most afflicted with calvities. In the New York Medical Journal Dr. Cobb says:

If a man's head is very wide, or if he is very prominent fore and aft, that man will become bald in time, because such a person, to make his hat fit snugly, invariably pulls it down tight. The man with low brow and thick, heavy hair rarely is bald. If one wears the hair long and thick it acts as a cushion and prevents in a large measure the constriction caused by the hatband.

The ringletted cavaliers, we imagine, were not subject to this affection, and the close-cropped roundheads who overthrew them were really responsible for the modern fashion of baldness. Dr. Cobb suggests that, in this age of contrivances in shoes, suspenders and braces, somebody ought to be ingenious enough to make a hat that will stay on in a breeze without impeding the circulation in the scalp. Invention that takes the perverse forms of hair tonics, restorers, and apparatus for electrical massage would thus be forestalled. At present only low-browed gentlemen can wear hats and keep their hair.

Electric Subway for Vienna Mail.

Vienna Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Plans are now under consideration for an underground electric railway in Vienna for the transmission of postal matter. It is proposed to link together the chief postoffice and 64 substations and the nine railway stations in the city. Letters, newspapers and parcels will be carried over this line instead of in wagons through the streets. It is estimated that the line would take the place of 450 mail wagons and 700 horses, which now make some 2500 journeys through the city every day. The railway will be built in a subway five feet high and a little less in width. Each car will carry 80 packages, which is equal to the capacity of a one-horse mail wagon. Trains of eight cars will be run every 20 minutes from 5:30 A. M. until 10 o'clock P. M. They will carry no motorman, but will be operated from dispatch stations, and will travel about 20 miles an hour.

Dashing for the Pole.

Walter Wellman is to do another turn in starting for the pole on August 1. Walter is in a class by himself as a starter, but he seems to be a stranger to every form of terminal facilities.—Houston Post.

Polar exploration is being carried on with an industry which leads to renewed hopes of Summer resorts with guaranteed climatic conditions.—Washington Star.

Walter Wellman will not compete with the astronomers in trying to discover the polar caps of Mars.—Atlanta Constitution.

Walter Wellman, who will try a balloon trip to the pole again this Summer, may feel reasonably secure from one peril, namely, that of being shot at. So far as known, there is no Brown County among the icebergs.—Indianapolis Star.

Life's Sunny Side

The clerk in the shoe store was tired. The day was insufferably hot. The customer who was trying to catch a train was clamorous. Goaded to desperation, the hard-driven clerk expostulated:

"No, we don't have a salesman for each customer. This ain't no Chinese Sunday school."—New York Globe.

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"Well, gentlemen," said Tomkins to a couple of his friends, "you can talk as much as you please about the inferiority of women, but there are lots of them that can discount most of us for brains. Take my wife, for instance; she's got twice as much sense as I have, and I ain't ashamed to acknowledge it, either."

"But, don't you think," said one of his auditors, "that you put rather a low estimate of your wife's intellectual powers?"—Tit-Bits.

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"Hear about Jimmy?" asked the lanky youth with the bat and ball.

"No," responded his chum. "What's happened to him?"

"Lots. He found a quarter in de street, went to de ball game, got hit wid a ball an' den got licked when he got home."

"Gee whiz! I guess dat's what you'd call trouble coming from an unexpected quarter."—Exchange.

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Madge—If he loved her for her money, how is his marriage a failure?

Dolly—He can't get hold of it.—Illustrated Bits.

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"Before we were married," sighed the trusting wife, "you vowed that my slightest wish should be law."

"Hah!" sniffed the brutal husband, without looking up from the magazine. "If you read the papers you'd know there isn't any respect for law nowadays."—Judge.

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Mrs. Crawford—Did you manage to coax your physician to recommend a trip to that mountain resort you wished to visit?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Yes; but I can't go, for I couldn't get him to add that a few new dresses would do me a world of good.—Puck.

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"I understand you tried to work the third degree on a Chinaman?"

"Yes," answered the New York detective. "It was a fearful ordeal."

"Did the prisoner weaken?"

"No. But the police are on the verge of insomnia and nervous prostration."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

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"What is a hauteur?"

"That's what some salesladies display when you ask to see something cheaper."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the meaning of premonition?

Pa—Premonition, my son, is what ails people who are afflicted with the "I told you so" habit.—Chicago News.

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"What! Your wife is dead?"

"Yes; a year ago. And last week I married again."

"My sincerest condolence and heartiest congratulations."—London Opinion.

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"Please sir," said the new office boy, "me gran-mudder's dead, an' I want de afternoon off." "Johnny," exclaimed his employer, severely, "do you know where little boys go who tell lies?" "Yes, sir; to de ball game," replied Johnny, unhlushingly. — Philadelphia Record.

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"Bliffers must be a poet and a socialistic reformer." "What makes you think so?" "Why, I understand he never pays any taxes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Housemaid—Please, sir, will you come at once, the drorin' room's on fire.

Man of the House—Well, go and tell your mistress; you know I never interfere in household matters.—London Punch.

Statesmanship of Our Jonathan.

Polk County Observer.

The Observer is pleased to acknowledge receipt of a copy of Senator Bourne's speech touching certain phases of the tariff question. It is a good speech, as speeches go, and evidences much study and careful preparation. We are proud of our Jonathan, but somehow, we would have grappled him to our soul with stronger hoops of steel if he hadn't voted for that $2 a ton raise on print paper. We can't blame him for wanting to stand well with the friends of his bosom from his old stamping ground in New England; and we also appreciate the fact that it takes money to run this great and glorious country, and that this revenue must be raised either by a tariff on imports or by direct taxation. But when Oregon's senior Senator deliberately votes to place a high tariff on a staple which is not produced in sufficient quantities in the United States to supply the home demand, right then and there our faith in his statesmanship begins to bog down.

For the truth is, the Senators who voted for the $4 a ton rate on paper did it to please a few Senators from the New England states; did it, to be exact, as a courtesy to two men—Hale and Frye, of Maine. It is plainly evident that many Senators were more solicitous of the preservation of the moldy traditions of that body than they were of freeing the printers and publishers of the United States from the grasp of as merciless a trust as ever closed its fingers on the throat of an American industry. This peculiar form of "Senatorial courtesy" may be a good thing, in its way, but we cannot help wishing that Oregon's Jonathan hadn't been quite so courteous.

A Post Divides France and Belgium.

London Globe.

About 600 yards from the station at Herseaux, at the crossroads from Oudenarde to Roubaix, on the way from Tournal to Monseton, there is a directing post which, from a topographical point of view, is a curiosity. This post marks the separation between two countries — France and Belgium; three provinces or departments, Le Nord, Western Flanders and Hainault; three bishoprics, Cambrai, Burges and Tournai. Three races dwell around it, speaking three languages, French, Flemish and Wallon. It is also in three communes, Wattrelos, Herseaux and Estalmplus.

Taking Things Home.

Chicago News.

A trinket of silver for Mary—
Ah, me, but the time has been long!
Though love such as ours cannot vary,
Each absence seems cruelly wrong.
I could not return empty-handed,
Where eager eyes wordlessly coax—
If it left me financially stranded,
I'd carry things home to the folks.

Some hair ribbons—they're for Loretta,
But whether they'll match, goodness knows!
A sash for petite Henrietta—
She's fond of such things, I suppose.
Though Mary, while dreading to pain me,
By saying, "That never will do,"
Has tried her sweet best to restrain me
From buying such odd shades of blue.

A rabbit that jumps for small Billy—
I tread surer ground with the tots.
A ball for wee two-year-old Milly—
I'd save if I bought them in lots.
Some bright beauty pins for the littlest—
Too little to know they're a hoax.
My family ties are the brittlest
When I'm picking out things for my folks.

So, laden with offrings, I hasten
To mix with the loved ones once more,
To hear crickleme that chasten
And make my fond hopes hit the floor.
I'm scared as the mischief to spring things—
'Tis quite the most mournful of jokes—
The modern man's effort to bring things
To his pampered o'erpresented folks.