

The Oregonian.

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largely because they refused to talk; but their little news in the daily bulletin of defiance issued from the entrenched headquarters of the opposing camps. Such news as can be got hold of as to actual conditions of men at work, quitting or resuming, materials withheld or supplied, will be given from day to day. It is that alone which bears any information of value to newspaper readers. That is what they pay for and what they are entitled to, and what they will get hands on paper and ink hold out at Sixth and Alder.

Publicity is the great boon of progress and the deadly enemy of fraud, hypocrisy and oppression. In the long run justice follows close upon the heels of every crime exposed, mischief uncovered, irregularity laid bare. No one need worry about apportioning the blame, providing only the exact truth can be relentlessly unearthed and fearlessly printed. The old days newspaper editors used to be so afraid of their own power that they were not satisfied with that, but proposed to push the victory to the uttermost. If they had been satisfied with impartial arbitration, the town might be busy tomorrow, with no discrimination between union and nonunion on part either of labor or of capital. They don't want business, however, so much as they want captives at their chariot wheels. It is a dangerous game. The unions are more organized, but their members are men of flesh and blood. They who yield everything for peace but one thing they hold dear may not so easily yield that one thing.

There is only one end to these miserable conflicts between labor and capital. It is organized labor on one hand, and organized capital on the other, treating peacefully and standing religiously by their mutual compact. The tendency to organize and combine is the plainest phenomenon of our modern industrial civilization; so that they who talk of destroying organized labor, are talking of destroying organized capital on the other hand, precisely as logical as the man who would resolve to return to the sickle and cradle in harvest time, or illuminate his mansion with a tallow-dip.

But this tendency, though irresistible in a way, must be controlled—that is, directed—and the combination of labor, like the combination of capital, must proceed within certain specified rules. Society enacts laws to which it will not submit, and the hands of trusts and unions. There are laws against violence for the unions, and there are laws against monopoly for the trusts; and he who, whether capitalist or laborer, counts on treating these laws with scorn must reckon with the entire force of the National Government to resist his lawless purposes and meet his overt transgressions with condign punishment.

The only end of these conflicts, as we have said, is an amicable negotiation between the organization of one combatant with the organization of the other. Then a committee from each, with power to act, will get together in a room and effect a settlement in something like fifteen minutes. Then capital and labor both will stand by the agreement for the period it covers, and we shall have peace. But this form of permanent arrangement, working smoothly in some trades, is not yet possible in others. Here the process of evolution is yet incomplete, and the factors in it must come up to the finished state through great tribulation. Adolescence is upon our combines and our unions. Experience is the dear school in which all our civic forces must learn their lessons.

Portland's present situation, for example, has grown out of mistakes on both sides. Labor has been selfish and arrogant. Each side has set the public welfare at defiance, and the only common progressive Portland has in the fight is to apportion the blame and urge the contestants to peace. The forces engaged are two—the mills and the unions. The contractors are nominally in the battle, but they are easily eliminated. Their souls are not their own. They are beholden to and governed by the mills. Just as the non-union, capital has been selfish and arrogant. Each side has set the public welfare at defiance, and the only common progressive Portland has in the fight is to apportion the blame and urge the contestants to peace.

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Everybody suffers in this enterprise, unless we except the mills, which profess immunity by reason of their foreign demand. There is a lockout by the mills, which have nothing to lose, at the expense of everybody else concerned—masters, men and victims. We have spoken frankly of the mills and contractors; we shall speak with equal frankness of the unions. They have precipitated a struggle upon insufficient reflection and imperfect knowledge of the situation. If the painters had known how ready and eager the mills were for a sign of trouble, and what advantage the mills had in the merchants' hands, the strike would be over in a day and unionism in Portland crushed for good—if they had known this, they would undoubtedly have waited for a more convenient season. They didn't know this, but it was their business to know it. If the unions had known what unnamable condemnation their attack on the Lewis and Clark Centennial would have aroused, they would not have made it. It was their business to know it. If the unions had known how general a disgust they would promote by proposing to boycott the Presidential parade, they would have eschewed the proposal. It was their business to find out. Remains the fact that the unions have seen their mistakes and are looking for a place to "light. They want to go back to work, and they have offered pretty much everything in reason in the way of conciliation. The right to quit work on "unfair buildings" is the last citadel of union labor, but they have offered to arbitrate that also. They want to yield everything they can and yet "save their face." Is this a more unreasonable demand than the average merchant, lawyer or doctor would ask in the ordinary course of business or would be granted by any but a soulless corporation with no regard for the feelings of a human being? The answer to the offer of arbitration is that there is nothing to arbitrate. This is an old answer, and may mean any one of several things. In this case it seems to mean simply that the masters think they have the

striking and original force in literature than Emerson, who was pre-eminently a man of poetic vision rather than a philosopher in any exact sense. Emerson had, however, what Edwards appeared to have lacked—viz., a fine sense of humor—and, lacking a fine sense of humor, Edwards always took himself seriously, and was the victim of a pessimistic philosophy that always manifested like a hospital robe the sick body of his stern theology. The philosophy of Emerson was the natural, inevitable reaction from that Puritan asceticism in the pulpit of which Edwards was the most powerful evangelist. Emerson more completely embodied in his life and work a fine philosophy of human life and conduct, here and hereafter, than Edwards, chiefly because he grew up in an atmosphere where there was more elbow-room for absolute freedom of religious thought and expression. Nevertheless, Emerson and Edwards were equally pure-minded and devoted exemplars of the highest Christian ethics in their daily work. Both were stalwart soldiers on the walls, who were always serene and happy warriors, because they knew that—

Whoever fights, whoever falls, Justice conquers evermore. The Boston Transcript, an exponent of liberal thought, is not far from the truth when it says: "Edwards has given place to love in the accepted sense of the word. Faith is made weak and religion sadder. But in the evolution of spiritual truth Edwards may have been needed. The world was not then ready for an Emerson."

BASEBALL IN PEACE AND WAR. The merry, merry war in baseball circles, which had its inception away back during the old brotherhood days, resurrected a couple of years ago when Ban Johnson started his American League, and carried on in California with more or less activity by the Pacific Coast League, has certainly shown to the baseball world just how much character, honor and business reliability there is among a certain class of baseballists and managers. The National League, since the crushing of the brotherhood, had been waxing wealthy, arrogant, supercilious, pedantic, and it was when the American League began his war on professional baseball that the players became the set of highbinders that they are today.

Ban Johnson's war on the National League magnates, while it brought that high-handed lot to their knees and made them sue for peace at any price, has utterly destroyed honor and self-respect among the players. In order to deplete the ranks of the National League teams, fancy prices were offered to their star players and every inducement was used to entice them to sign an agreement and join the teams of the American League. When this war was started, salaries for the best players did not exceed \$2400. Now there are at least half a dozen players who are receiving \$10,000 a year, and the balltossers who are not getting at least \$300 per month and a large bonus thrown in is considered a second-rater of the first water. Even out on the Coast, Joe Corbett, a pitcher on the Los Angeles team, receiving \$4000 a year, and in order to entice him he works two hours just one day a week. Chesbro, a pitcher on the staff of the New York American League, is one of the balltossers who is receiving \$10,000 for his services. These men cannot earn that sum when the work they do is considered. Mentally and physically, in any other business or profession they could not receive such a salary. It was a war of destruction and humiliation, the barter and sale of honor and manhood, that brought this state of affairs about and inflated the salaries of baseball-players to the bursting point. And it will burst. No one knows this better than do the players themselves. The dove of peace hovers over the two warring leagues, and they are bound in an agreement that will hold good, judgment of the character of the man who signed that agreement, for many years to come. The only league outside of the National League is the Pacific Coast League.

The war between this league and the Pacific National League, which was formerly the Pacific Northwest League until its recent invasion of San Francisco and Los Angeles, two cities in the Pacific Coast League, in retaliation for the invasion of Portland and Seattle, by the former club in the old Northwest League, is still being waged. Salaries are being boosted, men are being persuaded to break their contracts, so that there is hardly a player in either league whose honor is not for sale to the highest bidder. Hickey and Sexton were sent to the Coast to patch up the war. Hickey went over the ground, and, being a far-sighted man with keen business acumen, soon discovered that at the present time there was no chance of getting the Pacific Coast League into the fold of the National Association of Baseball Leagues. He found throughout California that the league which had taken in Portland and Seattle had unlimited financial resources, and that as long as the present officials were at the head of the Pacific National League there was no chance for peace. He was frank in his statement, and for his frankness he was grossly insulted. Sexton, being more vulgar and less sagacious, advised his optimistic manager to go to the Pacific Coast and make some promises, none of which he has kept. His May 15 flat has gone into effect so far as the date is concerned, but only a few players of mediocre ability have been frightened by the threat of blacklisting. What he has successfully accomplished was some exceedingly crooked work among jumping players who have deserted teams in the minor leagues in order to strengthen the ranks of the teams playing in the Pacific National League. He got minor league managers to consent to waive their claims to these players in case they jumped to the Pacific Coast League and returned to teams in the Pacific National League on or before May 15.

Within the past three weeks some of the best players among the minor leagues have abandoned their former employers and joined the so-called "outlaws," only to play one day and then get into Mr. Lucas' hands. It was trick to whip the Pacific Coast into line, but the only thing it has accomplished is the raising of salaries for the men who have broken their word of honor. Portland and Seattle are with the Pacific Coast League to stay, and no instruments of war which may be connected by Sexton and others will be able to bring them into line. When peace does reign over the baseball world, look out for a slump in players' salaries.

The unspokeable cruelties that have recently been perpetrated upon Russian Jews in the Province of Kishinev place the empire of the Czar upon a footing

in barbarity with that of Abdul Hamid. It is doubtful whether any good purpose can be served by printing the horrible details that make this sum of cruelties more monstrous and diabolical than were ever conceived in the brain of a North American Indian in a purely savage state. It is manifestly useless to harrow the souls of sensitive but utterly helpless women by a recital of deeds from the bare contemplation of which even men turn away sick with horror. Humanity, through its agencies for this purpose, may reach out and befriend the wretched, persecuted, suffering thousands of Jews that still remain in this province, the prey of their ruthless tormentors. But it is idle to suppose that any government will say to Russia, "This thing must stop," and back the declaration by the force necessary to make it effective. It is almost impossible to believe that upon the throne of this great despotic, barbaric, pure-minded and devoted exemplar of the highest Christian ethics in his daily work. Both were stalwart soldiers on the walls, who were always serene and happy warriors, because they knew that—

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make it clear that the old states of the East, in proportion to their timber wealth, have quite as many fires as larger and more heavily forested states, and also that their forest fires are due quite as often to culpable carelessness as they are in Oregon and Washington.

In a report on child labor read before the National Conference of Mothers at its late session in Detroit by Mrs. Florence Kelly of New York, it was stated that no state in the Union has a safe law covering the question of employing child labor at night. If the Oregon law, recently enacted does not cover this important point, it will not be the fault of the law, but of those who are charged with the duty of executing it. The trouble in matters of this kind is that the advocates of reformatory laws treat the work as a finished product when the legislation needed for its execution. According to a further statement in this report, the same state of affairs prevails in regard to institutions founded and endowed for the benefit of the little street workers. No stone remains unturned the turning of which will aid in the establishment of homes for this class of children. Once established, they are neglected. Newsboys and bootblacks of Greater New York, according to this report, are practically unknown so far as any assistance receives from these homes is concerned. These institutions, said Mrs. Kelly, "devote much time to looking after the transient foreign element, and the newsboys, bootblacks and telegraph messengers only find relief in the juvenile courts and the police protectorate." This is deplorable, if true. It bears, however, a very striking resemblance to the character and quality of missionary effort, the proceeds of which go into the pockets of the foreign mission societies, while the heathen at home are overlooked. This may perhaps be explained to some extent by the theory that—

An object ever presenting dims the sight And hides behind its ardor to be seen. The child street workers of great cities we have with us, and their name is multitude. The heathen are afar off. Besides, it is much more agreeable to help the heathen and destitute with clean money than it is to invest them with clean clothes.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, is again seriously ill, and his life seems to be rapidly nearing its end. Of tough physical fiber, the grand old Norseman may even at his advanced age rally from an attack of disease that would be fatal to many younger men. Like Tolstol, he has several times been seriously ill, and it was feared, fatally, ill, only to rally and surprise the world. At his years of age, Henrik Ibsen is now and has long been the most conspicuous name in Norwegian literature. It without doubt represents the most prominent figure in the past century in the Teutonic world of imagination. It stands for all that is most entrancing and inspiring in the drama, and much that is most entertaining in the novel, of a great man's country, day and age. It is not possible to rally from the illness which has again prostrated him, he is an old man and his work is done. Grand work it was and is, and through it the spirit of Ibsen will live.

Over 100,000 foreigners landed at New York during the month of April, and 15,000 of that number found immediate employment on the great subway in the metropolis at \$1.50 per day, which was probably from three to six times as much as they had ever received in the land which they left. The estimated arrivals for May are fully as large as for April, and it is not improbable that for the entire year nearly 1,000,000 will be added to the population of this country from Europe alone. Even this enormous unparalleled influx of laborers is not keeping pace with the development of the country, and from all quarters there is a demand at wages which to the newcomers look very big, but owing to the great prosperity here are less attractive to the foreigners who arrived a few years ago.

A strike involving every mill of the Great Northern Railroad system was imminent. Influential commercial bodies of St. Paul and Minneapolis, in the interest of public well, stepped in as peacemakers. One side yielded a little, so did the other, and the strike was averted. While it may be too late for service in the present disturbances, here is a precedent that Portland may follow with profit the next time there is a clash—when a spirit of fairness is overthrown by stubbornness.

Count Tolstol, with his usual generosity, has come to the relief of the destitute, suffering, persecuted Jews of Kishinev. He has given \$7500 to the fund that is being raised to enable them to obey the mandate of relentless Russia which has decreed their banishment. It will be interesting to note the amounts contributed for this purpose by the procurator of the Holy Synod, who ordered the excommunication of Tolstol some months ago on account of his un-Christian attitude.

Forest fires are raging in the mountains of Pennsylvania. In the Adirondack region of New York, last week the forest fires in New England destroyed over \$500,000 worth of timber. Acres upon acres of timber trees in Maine have been ruined, and the fires have injured the lumber companies greatly in that section. The big fires in Pennsylvania have destroyed more than \$1,000,000 worth of property, and New Jersey has sustained a loss equal to that of New England. A year ago a forest fire in Burlington and Ocean Counties, New Jersey, continued ten days, burning over a tract twenty miles long and from one to eight miles wide. Rains finally put it out. In the whole State of New Jersey last year 98,850 acres of timber land were burned over, and in most cases no attempt was made to extinguish the flames. The forest fires in the North Atlantic States this year are partly attributed to the long drought, but the State Geologist of New Jersey, in his annual report for 1902, says that the statistics of the year show that twenty-one of the sixty-five fires in fourteen counties were kindled by locomotives. The farmers of New Jersey by their carelessness caused twenty-two fires that got beyond their control while they were burning brush or clearing land. One farmer, by an attempt to burn off a small lot on a very windy day, started a fire that destroyed \$90 worth of stock and \$2500 worth of property, involving a loss of \$1,000. A party of careless hunters set fire to and destroyed \$50 acre of oak and chestnut timber, and another party of hunters set fire to and destroyed \$100 acre of oak and chestnut timber. These facts

NOTE AND COMMENT. How We Saved the May to Build Our House. (With acknowledgments to E. Edward Bok, of the Ladies' Home Journal.) John and I saved diligence for a year, and out of his meager salary of \$75 a week we set aside \$150 for Saturday evening. With the accumulation we thus amassed, we built a modest but handsome, the handsomest in the city, I came hard at first to save so much, but we had so many uses for our money, it finally won, and we can now enjoy it, as we realize we made it step by step.

RSBIE K. P. S.—I almost forgot to say that John's uncle Peter gave us \$5000 to tip out on the fund, but we never centered this of any consequence compared what we saved ourselves.

It took us but two years to bid a neat \$2000 dwelling-house, and I look back on these two years as the most profitable of my life. Henry and I lived in what I could manage to convey home from the afternoon teas I attended, and what he could gather together from the neighbors' refrigerators after dark. During the day he sat on the curbs in the ty with blinders on, and sometimes too in as much as \$2 in pennies and nickels in a single afternoon. Thus, assisted by my husband's nimble fingers, we saved the necessary money to erect our house.

MRS. F. E. R. When we began to save for our new home, we decided to shut down on everything. George gave up going to his club, and I stayed away from the races. We always went to the theater together before, but after we started on our fund I went alone, and we saved the price of George's ticket. George stopped riding on the street-car and gave up smoking. I stopped writing so many letters and saved money on the stamps. George wore his suits for six months, and stayed at home in the Summer when I went to the beach so that the hotel bills would be cut in half. George gave up the Sunday papers, and we finally able to save enough to get our home.

FLORENCE. I set by a certain part of my employer's funds every day for three years, and I now live in a magnificent stone apartment-house at Sing Sing-on-the-Hudson, where I have every convenience.

JAMES LONGPINDER. My husband and I have a small iron bank on the mantelpiece, wherein we deposit what we can spare every week out of his wage of \$3. We have been saving for three years, and have accumulated \$75. If we can continue to save \$2 a year for 150 years, we will have enough to build a small out-of-town cottage.

HOUSEWIFE. In the Good Old Summer Time. She is fatter than the lily, And sweeter than the rose, And she drives the neighbors daffy When she wields the garden hose. The hose is in her left hand, And her skirt is in her right, And the neighbors who are peering Get a very pleasing sight. Oh, they stand and watch the maiden, And forget about their woes. For they like to see her grin, And they like to see her frown.

Just Before the Game. "Alas!" murmured the baseball manager, "here it is, only an hour before the game, and half of my team has jumped to the opposition." He murmured again, and wired for five new players. The captain of the team entered, ashy pale. "I regret to inform you that the rest of the team has jumped and—" "Enough!" cried the manager, imperiously. "Leave me alone in my grief." The captain withdrew, and the manager raved and tore his hair. As he was pulling out the last few roots, the captain entered again, with joy on his face. "Every man on the visiting team has also jumped to the opposition, and the manager has asked me to have you postpone the game that was to have been played today. He has wired for a new team."

Over the Wire. The mid-mannered man took down the receiver. "Number," gurgled the central. "Please give me—" began the mid-mannered man. "Line busy; call again." "But—" "Didn't I tell you the line was busy?" "I know, but I just—" "It will continue to hang up and call again." "But, central, listen—" "Line's still busy." "But I didn't want any number, or any line. Please give me the time." But central cut him off with a jerk.

A Song Without Sense. One Albert Francis has mailed us the following effusion, divided into verses of various length, with the request that it be published. The exact name of the mental disorder which has moved Albert to burst into song is not known, but it is feverently hoped that it is fatal, and not contagious. Observant of neither rhyme, rhythm, meter, spelling nor the art grammatical, the muse of Oregon's sweet singer sings as follows: May 1st, 1903, is the day Our President will be in Oregon On his happy golden spree. So let us be just as happy as we can be. And he will be happy, at our people To meet, and they will be happy. At our good President, to greet. We know his heart is full of love, And he seems to be the best series dove, For he wants to do, that which is right & just, And will not uphold, obnoxious trust. Our President will be Oregon, In all of her Spring green glory. For she stands high among the states class And in the best, in this American land. Our President, will see that the hills And the Geologist of New Jersey, Which consist of cedar, fir, oak and pine, And beneath them is the very richest of gold mines. He will see hills and valleys, in grass and grain, For man, and animals, lives to sustain. He will see our rivers small and great— He will see the mighty Columbia, of our state. I do not doubt all of this, For I can prove it, that this is true, For over yonder is Mt. Hood, Who is very willing to bow to you. Composed and Written by ALBERT FRANCIS. May 14th, 1903.

The largest strike on record is not yet ended. The 2000 men and boys employed in Lord Taylor's strike are a quarter of a century ago, and the settlement of the strike is now a question in British party politics.

The Tariff Needs Tinkering. Toledo, Ohio. If the Republican party is wise it will do some tariff tinkering. It has done plenty of it in the past, and it should not hesitate to repeat the experiment. The schedule of the Dingley law was purchased for \$25,000,000. The understanding that they would be soiled down by means of reciprocity treaties. The treaties have never been entered into, and the schedule remains a way out. Of course the tariff is not a question in British party politics.