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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 1906.

OWNERSHIP IN THE SOUTH.

Southern states are Democratic but not Socialistic; this is why they do not take up with Mr. Bryan's ownership idea, and why he is trying to get off with an "I didn't mean it" excuse. The South is Democratic on account of the menace which it thinks the Republican party fosters against white domination. On other matters its ideas are largely identified with those of Northern Republican states.

The South is not for free trade; its iron and sugar and wool and countless other interests thrive under tariff quite as much as does Oregon's wool. It is not against expansion, and never has been; it forced the war with Mexico for expansion into Mexican territory, and now has its eye on Cuba. It was not for free silver. And it is not at heart for Bryan, except as that leader might bolster up the Democratic party to check what it consders the negro aggrandizement of the Republican party. On that issue the South will support the strongest man in the Democratic party, but if he be not Bryan, it wants him not.

This is why the South, on the question of government ownership of railroads, is quite as hostile to that plan as the most anti-Socialistic section of the country. The Southern states are progressing fast in industry. Their resources are developing as never before. Many new railroads have been built within their boundaries in recent years, and many more are projected. Their fields of industry are quite as inviting as those of the Pacific Coast, which we, of this part of the United States, regard the most favorable on this continent. Great things have been wrought in the South in recent years, and still greater are in store.

Under the individual ownership of railroads the Southern states foresee realization of great railroad schemes in their part of the United States, and under public ownership they foresee that many or most of these would be cut off. Consequently, Bryan has beheld his idea withered with the heat of very fiery opposition. It is in the South that the doom of his idea has been sounded. Bryan knows this. He sees that he cannot reconcile his party's bulwark to it; and he explains that he meant his idea for application some day, not necessarily at once. He goes through the South trying to "square himself," but fails dismally.

Heretofore, he has been able to lead the Southern states. That was when his contentions did not "hurt" as does this last one. And while they would accept him as their party's nominee for President, were he chosen for that place on the ticket, they would do so in expectation that he would be unable to put his ownership idea in operation if elected, just as they viewed his anti-expansion and free trade ideas in the past.

Senator Tillman is not one of the most admirable spokesmen of the South, but his declaration at Sioux City last Friday, represents the South on this question: He said:

> The South will never be converted to that doctrine. We—why, d—n it, we are Democrats down there. We believe in the principle of individual government, and not paternalism. Let the man do something for himself. If the Government owned the railroads, the politicians would soon secure control by their nasty methods of getting every no'er-do-well in the country employed on the railroads. The question is like the sputtering iron which comes hot from the blacksmith's forge—it has to be hammered out cold before it is of any service. Government ownership is still in the sputtering stage.

This is the convenient excuse for opposing public ownership. The real reason is that already mentioned. Add to this the fear that negroes would have equal rights on railroads under public ownership, with whites, and the opposition is seen to be very intense, involving what has been the source of all trouble between the North and the South—the race question. The "principle of individualism" and the "nasty methods" in politics, which Tillman says he fears from government ownership, are secondary objections, used to cloak the real ones. The truth is that the South wants no Socialistic regime, and wants no such avenue to equality opened to the inferior race.

For the first time this season, the wheat market has enjoyed an uninterrupted advance of one week. The close yesterday was slightly lower than the high point reached, but there was very little indication of weakness, and a healthy tone seemed to pervade the market. The price, however, is still about 12 cents per bushel under that of one year ago, and it will require several weeks of uninterrupted advance to bring the figure up to the prices to which farmers have become accustomed prior to this year. The crop, even at present prices, on account of its size, will show a total value fully equal to that of last year, and, on account of the much greater amount of wheat to be moved, will be more valuable from a transportaion standpoint than a smaller crop of dollar wheat.

TRIUMPH OF THE SULLIVANS.

The clan Sullivan is getting a deal of fame from the achievements of several of its members. There's Big Tim, who's boosting Sulzer for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York; there's Roger, who's fighting Bryan; and last, but really first, there's our own "Larry," who helped to make Joe Gans lightweight champion pugilist of the world. Add to all this what John L. has been, and the sum is a big total of notoriety, indeed.

The Sullivans are a foxy outfit. Who beside a Sullivan could have foreseen so far ahead that there was more money to be made in two hours out of Joe Gans than in two years out of an open town? Who but a Sullivan could have foreseen that the next time Bryan opened his mouth he would put his foot in it and crowd himself out of the party instead of Roger C. of Illinois? And who but a Sullivan could have dived into the scrapheap and pulled out with more prescience a man like Sulzer (although this is yet to be proved), as big Tim has done in New York?

The Sullivans have stuff in them; we always knew it, and have waited patiently for this day. John L. used to be the topnotcher, but has gone into eclipse, although he foretold the outcome of the Gans-Nelson fight. One of the first to seize on Gans as the winner was Larry, erstwhile of Portland and now of Goldfield, where there is no lid on pools or faro or prizefights.

There were many wise men who said Roger was a fool to fight Bryan. The overtowering influence of the "peerless," they said, would forever hold Roger in the shadow. But the Illinois man climbs up and continues his power, while Bryan, stumping the country up and down, puts Roger to the top with every word.

Things are coming the way of the Sullivans, sure enough. All have gone through the woods and come out with flying colors, except Big Tim, who yet has to "make good." It's a heavy responsibility resting on Big Tim, and the Bowery should rise to the occasion. And it behooves Bryan and others who are fighting one Sullivan, to make sure they are not fighting the whole tribe. It would be a very serious outcome if all the Sullivans should stand together.

THE CZAR A POSSIBLE FUGITIVE.

There is some indication that the Czar of Russia is a fugitive from his Empire, and that if he ever returns it will be when, tired of bloodshed and anarchy, his people are ready to return to the rule of the Romanoffs and a peace made possible by the relentless pressure of an iron hand. That the time will ever come when, these conditions being fulfilled, Nicholas III and his wife and children may return in safety to the Imperial City of St. Petersburg does not seem within the limits of ordinary prudence. The intelligence of Russia is fully awake, its temper is at white heat, its determination is implacable. The sodden masses, imbued with the desire for liberty, are yet anxious for a return to the peaceful conditions that enabled them to keep base life afoot without constant apprehension of murder, rapine and spoliation. Before the tempest, blowing from these extremes, the Czar has retired—not in wild flight, but under the guise of a pleasure cruise with his family in Finland waters. It is thought that he will not seek to return to his capital, but with the Czarina and their children will find refuge in the quiet retreat of Darmstadt, the little Grand Duchy under the protection of the Imperial flag of Germany, in which the gentle Empress was born, and from which she passed 10 years ago, a reluctant bride to her troubled estate.

If the Czar has fled his Empire, there was nothing undignified in his flight—nothing to give his manifold enemies the great privilege of pursuing him in the hope of cutting off his retreat. His act may not have been a courageous one, but it was certainly conspicuous by prudence that is the better part of valor. He may remain for all his years, few or many, a fugitive from his Empire, but if in so doing he escapes the fate that befel his grandfather, reare his young son to be in readiness for the position to which he was born but to which it is impossible to insure his bringing up in his native land; if he lives to see the storm roll by and his people ready for a constitutional monarchy, the wisdom of his departure from Russia at this juncture will be fully demonstrated.

PERJURY AND TAXATION.

The Oregon Tax Commission acted wisely in recommending that the present law be amended so as to require that all petitions for lowering of assessments be made in writing verified by oath of the petitioner. It might be well to go further and provide that false swearing in such petitions shall be perjury and that, whenever there is evidence of false swearing, the facts shall be at once laid before the Prosecuting Attorney. Such a provision would have no terrors for the man who swears truthfully, but it would exert a retarding influence upon the man who seeks to avoid the assessment laws of the state.

The commission's suggestion that property-owners who ask for a reduction in taxes be allowed an appeal to the Circuit Court seems to be one that has good reason in its support and to which no valid objection can be made. Such an appeal would not stay the assessment or the levy and collection of taxes. There are comparatively few persons who ask for reductions. Those who do ask generally succeed if they have right on their side, and, if they have not, they would seldom appeal from the decision of the county board of equalization. A provision for appeal would not throw any considerable amount of work on the Circuit Courts, but would provide a remedy for any who think the county board has treated them unjustly. With a provision for appeal, there would be practically no grounds for injunction suits growing out of the action of the board.

Injunction suits would still lie in some cases arising from irregularities which invalidate an assessment or levy of taxes, but these could be avoided if it were provided by law that in case of such suit the court shall have power to appoint an agent of the court to re-assess the property or otherwise cure the defect and secure justice to the property-owner. Injunction suits are always brought by those who hope to escape taxation by reliance upon technicalities. If the overthrow of one assessment or levy did not relieve the property-owner, but would merely call for further proceedings which must ultimately end in his being compelled to pay his taxes, there would be few suits of that kind brought. Men waste no efforts trying to evade a law when it is so drawn that they are certain to be compelled to obey it. The Oregon assessment and taxation laws have been imperfect for many years. It is to be hoped that the Oregon Tax Commission will lead the Oregon Legislature in work that shall result in the elimination of many glaring defects.

POCAHONTAS AND SACAJAWEA.

Not the least of the benefits which came to the world, and in particular to America, from the Lewis and Clark Fair, was the rehabilitation of the tattered reputation of the great, beautiful and good Sacajawea. Up to the time of the Fair the youth of this glorious land were growing up in the deplorable belief that Sacajawea was a kind of wild tea used by the unlettered aborigines to cure rheumatism. Now we all know, and we thank Providence for the knowledge that she was not an herb, but a beauteous damsel whose bronze statue looks like a squaw. She was singularly loving. Whether more so than Pocahontas is not a matter of doubt at all. Pocahontas loved one white man; Sacajawea loved many. Therefore, if love is a test to go by, Sacajawea was a greater woman than Pocahontas; and since she was the sole and separate property of the Portland Fair, the Jamestown undertaking must sink into the shade so far as noble aboriginal American women go.

Pocahontas, as we have intimated, belongs to the Jamestown Fair. In the dim aeons of prehistoric time Providence designed her lovely outlines for the benefit of that enterprise. It was known from all eternity that the Jamestown Fair could not be a success without some woman to rival the glories of Sacajawea, and to that end and that alone, Pocahontas was created.

She was ushered upon the earth as the daughter of Powhatan, but this was only a trivial incident. If she had not been his daughter she would have been somebody else's, for she had to be born or there could be no fair at Jamestown. Not only had the beauteous Indian maiden to be born, but she had to save the life of Captain John Smith. If she had not saved his life she would not have been romantic, and if she had not been romantic she would have been useless for the purpose of a fair advertisement.

Therefore, at the tender age of 12 years, she saved the energetic Captain from the warclub of her savage papa. Heartless critics have remarked concerning this pathetic incident, that Indian maidens of 12 were not permitted to associate with prisoners of war and interfere with military executions. They have even doubted the whole story and scurriously argued that it was invented by Smith to lend a touch of romance to his adventures. But all such destructive criticism we, for our part, scout and abhor. We believe that the weeping Pocahontas cast her arms about John Smith's swarthy neck and, lifting up her voice and eyes, cried: "You shall not slay the founder of the future commonwealth of Virginia. You should not cut off the hope of the Society of Colonial Dames without murdering your beloved daughter as a preliminary exercise."

Touched to the heart by this endearing, and at the same time admonitory remark, Powhatan dropped his club and clasped the doughty Captain to his capacious bosom. To reward Powhatan for this favor, Smith and his companions soon after kidnaped Pocahontas and, by dint of assiduously following their example in the humble routine of her daily existence, she became a devout Christian. Kidnaping has always been a favorite device of missionaries for converting the heathen, but it has seldom been as successful as in the case of Pocahontas. She not only forgave her captors, but soon afterwards married one of them. The negroes who were kidnaped and taken to Virginia for the good of their souls may have forgiven their captors, but they never carried forgiveness so far as to marry them.

Pocahontas became the mother of all the First Families of Virginia. It is not stated how many children she had, but they must have been numerous. Her descendants settled first the tier of Gulf States, and afterward Kentucky. After Virginia, Kentucky possesses more of the genuine blood of Pocahontas than any other state south of Mason and Dixon's line, but all of them have a goodly share. Senator Tillman traces his descent to the beauteous damsel, and ascribes to this strain in his blood those qualities which make him so conspicuous a figure in the halls of Congress. He says that he resembles Powhatan more than Pocahontas, but all of his friends ascribe this self-depreciation to excessive modesty. Besides, Powhatan fought with a club instead of a pitchfork.

THE BASEBALL SITUATION.

Once more Spokane is knocking at the Pacific Coast Baseball League doors for admission. Tacoma, which turned down its pennant-winnig team, is also tapping for readmission. Spokane would have been one of the Pacific Coast League cities three years ago if the league magnates could have found a fourth city in California of sufficient size and importance. But they could not, and the overtures made by Spokane were not considered. Another thing which made the Coast League managers hesitate was the fuss made by Seattle. Seattle was trying as hard to get out of the Coast League as Spokane was trying to break in. Now, with the Seattle trouble settled, the talk of having four clubs in the North and four in the South has been revived.

This undoubtedly is the solution of the baseball situation on the coast. The class of baseball that the Coast League has furnished its patrons has been of major League caliber; but the expense of keeping up the standard of players, together with the unwieldy schedule which has been forced on the league during the past four years, has sorely crippled several bank accounts. An eight-club league is an ideal organization, and by admitting Spokane and Tacoma in the North, Sacramento, or Stockton, or San Jose, or Fresno, in California, a schedule could be figured out that would assure first-class baseball and some financial returns. With four cities in California and four in Oregon and Washington, it would be an easy task to work out a schedule that would take the northern teams South twice in a season, and the southern teams North twice. Such a schedule would be of double interest to the fans, for they would not only be particularly interested in the team winning the pennant, but there would be an added rivalry between the cities that would be kept up to the end.

Before either Spokane or Tacoma can become Pacific Coast League cities, it will be necessary for the Northwest League either to drop Spokane and Tacoma, or for the National Commission to award the territory to the coasters. Refusal of the Spokane managers to stay with President Lucas would not give the Coast League the right to invade Spokane, so long as other capital could be found to finance a team in the Northwest League. In taking in Tacoma again, a little more care should be exercised. The team should be in charge of men who stand high in the estimation of the people. This would assure patronage at the games, a thing which was not forthcoming when Mique Fisher took his team there and won the pennant for Tacoma.

President Bert's idea of taking in Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose, and to deny Fresno another chance, is hardly fair. Fresno has stuck to the league, and the baseball-backers of that place have lost money; yet they did not play the baby act, as did Seattle. A few days since the Fresno owners held a mass meeting, and instead of quitting because the club was a tail-ender and heavy loser, started a subscription for the purpose of helping Fisher play out the season and to be ready to talk at the approaching league meeting for 1907 business. Fresno has a right to a hearing, although Sacramento, which has been without Coast League ball for several seasons, might at least offset Tacoma, and if Stockton and San Jose or Fresno wanted to join issues, they would be able to turn in as much money at the gate as Spokane. It is not good baseball, however, to have more than one city interested in a ball team.

JUST THE SAME OLD WORLD.

Who was it said "There is always room at the top"? So it seems, and the scum always gets there. The housewife finds it so in canning time, but she deftly removes it. The scum of the people seems to crowd into first place in active life, yet the hand of the law deftly takes it away. The Irish philosopher, or his friend, "Father Hogan," says, "News is crime, and the people want it," so they get it featured on the front pages. The country cashier known to gamble is held for embezzlement. Unmarried men and their "wives" are taken during a midnight raid. "Chick" Houghton, out of durance on parole, cannot get decent work, so he is arrested for theft. A jealous colored woman borrows her husband's razor and carves his mistress. A Velguth takes his employers' money and spends it on one who could easily do up better men. All the world hears of these things because all the world is straining its ears listening for them. And half a dozen ministers in their pulpits declaim against these separate lines of wickedness in thundering tones and do little good thereby, because the people who hear them are not of the kind to be led astray.

There are several hunderd people in detention at Salem because they have broken the laws. They are an infinitesimal percentage of the several hundred thousand people in the state who are not restrained of their liberty and are going about doing good, and therefore are not heard of because the general public is in pretty much the same line and what is common is not remarkable. So they settle into the human fruit juice that "jellies," while the scum is carried off in shackles and the world and its ministers hold up their hands in horror thereat.

This old mundane sphere, as some light-brained poet has called it, isn't any worse than it was in the days when David put the Hittite Captain in the front of the skirmish line, that he might stay in camp and become the third corner of the connubial triangle. Joseph, taken from prison, where he had been put because he was wise—or otherwise, as it is looked at—succeeded the chief grafter. All the Commandments were broken then, just as they are broken now. Yet then, or now, the naked were clothed, the hungry were fed, the afflicted were comforted and those without shelter were housed. The proposition of kindness or goodness was the same, and so it will continue to the end of the world. None need be scared and none need to worry. The awful examples will go to their doom and that is all there is to it. The just shall inherit the Kingdom of God.

INCREASING INDEPENDENCE.

On the subject of yellow or drab journalism which, according to no small number of pessimistic critics, threatened a few years ago to vitiate America's newspaperdom, the North American Review in a recent editorial focalizes a lot of common sense based on correct observations. It declares that the percentage of evil is exceedingly small and is too often mistaken as typical simply because it is more blatantly in evidence.

Taking, for example, a group of standard public journals, the Review finds: "In self-respect, breadth of vision, quality of diction, true patriotism, hatred of wrong and love of right, fearlessness, accuracy of statement, and like qualities, they never before fulfilled their mission so worthily." Not many years since, masters of the craft freely and confidently predicted that New York would soon become the heart and leader of American journalism and that all newspapers published elsewhere would be subordinate. To this, the Review makes a frank admission: "But that time has not yet arrived and in point of fact, it seems more distant than ever" No man that ever came into touch with any community west of the Allegheny Mountains could believe that New York would do the thinking for the United States.

The Review finds further that the most notable trait of the real newspapers is individuality, and their most pronounced attribute independence. Thirty years ago they were bitterly partisan. Today every one, without a single exception, is free and independent of political parties, cliques and contaminating influences. Best indication of all is their extraordinary and growing prosperity, an unmistakable mark of public recognition and approval of genuine worth and creditable methods. In the great contest for saner and better government the effective agency of the plain people is the independent press that has been tried and not found wanting. The yellow journal is but the barking dog.

Columbia River chinook salmon are reported to be running in the Siuslaw River, and a salmon has been caught in the Columbia River with a British Columbia hook in its jaws. These cases open up another endless field for speculation as to the habits of the salmon and, if they were of frequent occurrence, would dispel some of the well-established theories regarding the movements of the king of good fishes. There is more than a modicum of truth, however, in the statement that the exception proves the rule, and perhaps the chinook salmon which wandered into the Siuslaw and the Frazer River salmon which strayed into the Columbia, may be individual specimens of a perverse nature, or possibly newcomers that failed to line up with the school where they belonged.

Albert T. Patrick, the New York murderer who was convicted the first time so many years ago that the details of the crime have been almost forgotten, says that he would rather die in the electric chair than spend a year in the state prison under a commutation of sentence. His expressed desire for such a fate is probably based on the improbability of his ever reaching the chair. If Mr. Patrick is to judge the future by the past, there are no good grounds on which he can base the belief that he will ever be made to pay the penalty for his crime. The New York method of handling murderers who have money is not calculated to inspire lovers of justice with admiration. The Patrick tactics in prominent murder cases are undoubtedly responsible for a large amount of crime in the metropolis of the New World.

The report of the serious illness of Archbishop Christie at North Bend, Coos County, created consternation among Catholics, and sincere regret among all classes of people in Portland and vicinity. The Archbishop is more than a churchman devoted to the interests of Catholics and the Catholic Church. He is a humanitarian, a man of wide usefulness and gracious life. It is hoped that the sudden attack of illness which has befallen him will yield speedily to the skillful medical treatment and nursing which he is receiving in the hospital at North Bend that he dedicated a short time before he was taken ill.

"Factionalism," says the new Republican Club of Portland (W. M. Cake president, and Charles E. Lockwood secretary), "is dead." But there is another club, the Regular Republican Organization of Multnomah County (J. E. Magers president, and Max G. Cohen secretary), which claims to be the "organization," and which declined to merge with the Cake-Lockwood club. Is this a germ of trouble? Well, anyhow, the old "factionalism is dead;" that's some comfort, even though other patriots, desiring to "run" things, may bob up.

A divorce has been denied a mismated couple who were more notorious than famous in Portland's North End, the Judge deciding that the wife who sought the divorce was fully aware of the kind of a prize she was drawing in the matrimonial lottery when she went up against the game. The decision will meet with general approval, for vastly more trouble would result if a man of the underworld should marry a good woman, or a woman of that quarter should marry a good man.

The undertakers of the state are desirous of having a law passed which will make it impossible for a widower to remarry until he pays the funeral expenses of his late wife. No woman would marry a man who might call upon her to assist in paying the expenses of burying her predecessor. Just make the facts public.

Councilman Vaughn took passes from the Harriman railroads and then fought their Fourth-street franchise. This is, indeed, novelty or audacity; no wonder Mr. Fenton was so put out that he told about it at the last meeting of the Council. Is it to be inferred from this that Mr. Vaughn won't stay bought?

Referring to the difficulty that the O. R. & N. has had and is now experiencing with the drifting sands along the Columbia River, a high board fence would keep out some of the sand, although it would be expensive, and might spoil the scenic effects.

Massachusetts has an Independence League, too, and it met at Faunell Hall. Philadelphia will be heard from as soon as it gets through worrying over whether Hipple was a good man gone wrong, or a bad man who never went right.

The Germans have determined who are their greatest men. Koch, Bebel, Hauptman, Strauss, Haeckel and Roentgen are six of them. If they will leave it to us, we are willing to admit that Emperor William is the other six.

The whooping-cough has got around to President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad. It all began with the bad cough epidemic that struck the employes of his road when they were before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Cashier Van Auker has gone to jail, and the "tall and the short man" who held him up and took the bank's money are still at large. That "tall and short man" figure in a great many criminal transactions.

And now no doubt Brother Watterson wishes he had kept his mouth shut, when Bryan was coming home, just as did Brother Grover Cleveland. Grover doesn't have to take back anything.

If Cuba is annexed and made a territory, it will open up a line of possibilities in the way of office-holding for Southerners who know the color line.

Senator Tillman isn't pleased with Bryan and is still angry with Roosevelt. Evidently there is no solace for Tillman but the dispensary.

The President has made up his mind that the way to intervene in Cuba is to intervene. That's the reason he sent for Funston.

Councilman Dan Kellaher should first hear from the people who elected him before resigning at any one's request.

One thing the editorial meeting at Newport yesterday forgot was to fix the maximum rate law of wood on subscription.

The automobile contests at New York yesterday were called "elimination races." That's the right name.

As yet we see no signs that Mr. Bryan is going to swing around into Texas and Senator Bailey.

LIMITATION OF FORTUNES IN AMERICA.

London Spectator.

The impressions of a great people often spring from their instincts, and the instinct of Americans tells them that the next election will probably be the commencement of a "parting of the ways." The intense individualism of America, which is fostered alike by her freedom and her Constitution, shows signs of giving way at one particular point. The people at large, unless we mistake the symptoms, have begun to dread the growth of a new baronage which threatens the cardinal principles upon which the republic was built. As a consequence, partly of enormous prosperity, due to the unceasing industry of seventy millions of men with whom industry is at once a duty and a pride, and partly of protection, individuals and corporations are becoming so wealthy that they threaten the very root conditions of the state. The Union is built upon the equal freedom of its whole people to secure those conditions of happiness in which, as Americans believe, the Old World is deficient. An American, in his own judgment, should enjoy safety from oppression, sufficient material plenty in his household, and a free career—that is, a career not impeded by any artificial social conditions. The freedom from oppression, as oppression is understood in Europe, is still secured, the plenty is still enjoyed by all except the residium of the great cities, but the career is now seen to be impeded by aggregations of wealth in the hands of individuals and of corporations such as the founders of the republic would have considered incredible. The new baronage of multi-millionaires are practically able to deny equality of opportunity to all who oppose them, and often demand and secure illegal advantages of the most galling kind. If Crassus dreads rivalry he can compel the mere citizen to quit business, through rebates he can monopolize the use of the railroads, through "corners"—that is, monopolies—he can raise the price of everything except food almost at discretion, and lately, as we see in the Chicago scandals, he has threatened for the sake of exaggerated profits even the wholesomeness of necessary food. The people therefore who were at first inclined to be proud of their multi-millionaires, as something that Europe could not rival, are growing angry with the kind of anger which is reckless of consequences and which in the older countries of the world produces bread riots. As yet the first objects of popular antipathy are the great corporations, or, as they call them in America, trusts or syndicates, which, though they usually enrich very few, avert by their character of companies the odium which would accrue to individuals. So strong has this feeling grown that the prospective candidates of the two historic parties have both declared war upon the combinations. Mr. Roosevelt, the Republican, or, as the early founders would have called him, the Federalist, insists that there must be National control of all the trusts trading in more than one state; while Mr. Bryan, the Democrat, proclaims publicly his wish that all trusts should be "extirpated." In other words, men wielding huge aggregations of wealth are declared to be in a sense public enemies, who must be prevented by anticipatory laws from using their terrible weapon to the injury of the community, for it is clear, without argument, that you cannot restrain the action of the overwealthy syndicate without restraining also the action of the overwealthy individual. To the small trader who hopes to "get up"—that is, who hopes for a free career—it is no great matter whether the obstacle to his hopes is called Mr. Rockefeller or the Standard Oil trust.

If at the next election an immense majority of the people proclaim by their votes that this is their governing impulse the change to be effected in the economic legislation of the States must ultimately be very great. In the first place, protection must be shorn of its present gigantic strength. Mr. Bryan already perceives this clearly, and makes in public the odd suggestion that whenever a particular item in the tariff is plainly injuring the community the President shall have power to suspend or repeal it—a gigantic increase to the power of the National Executive, at which, we think, even Hamilton would have winced—while Mr. Roosevelt, though he does not advocate such a departure from precedent, does admit that the tariff must be modified—by law, of course—wherever it is clearly opposed to the interests of the community. In the second place, it will be necessary to subject those who devise injurious "combines" to penal legislation, probably to be enforced by commissions instead of judges, and thus to make the formation of monopolies as dangerous as the "regrating" of bread once was in Europe. And in the third place, new laws will be necessary to promote distribution at death laws which we may describe as statutes of secular mortmain. In Europe such laws are now nearly universal in restriction of the church's "individualism," because, as a church cannot die and does not waste, it would otherwise gradually concentrate the whole property of the country in clerical hands. And with the small American families nothing but a new system of distribution at death can prevent gigantic accumulations. In the third generation a multi-millionaire might hold several hundred millions sterling and be master of all means of communication in three or four states, even if not of many of the lesser Legislatures. What the new scheme of distribution is to be we cannot pretend to foresee, but that testators disposing of vast sums will be restrained from bequeathing more than a fixed amount to individual legatees we think exceedingly probable. Opinion in America already favors equal division among the children at death, which may be called the most natural system of devolution, and if that restriction should prove insufficient a wider area of inheriting relatives may be included, or even the cost of national education may be partially provided out of those surplus fortunes which in a certain condition of opinion would be considered inexpedient or perhaps oppressive.

Spotless Pupils in Demand.

Cleveland Dispatch in New York World.

The department of physical education of the Cleveland public schools will pay special attention to the personal habits of the students the coming year. Besides adjusting the seats so that trousers and skirts won't be worn out too quickly, the department will endeavor to induce students to keep their teeth in good repair and to cultivate other personal habits, which will lead to a spotless condition generally. Here are some suggestions to students:

Do not swap apple cores, gum, "suckers," bean blowers, pencils, etc.

Wash the hands and face often. The likelihood of taking a communicable disease is lessened thereby.

Do not place gum in pockets.

In making paper wads to shoot at teacher, use dry paper; it is more sanitary.

THE PESSIMIST.

Alice, the daughter of Troublesome Teddy, refuses to subside into the they-were-married-and-lived-happily-ever-after class. She is making preparations to go on a bear hunt. If Nicholas doesn't like it he can stay at home.

* * *

Last week we were felicitating ourselves on account of our superior National morals while reading of the reverend assassin in Sweden who killed about 75 babies in six months. Later, when we read of wealthy New York parents engaging passage on trans-Atlantic steamers for their young children, expecting and knowing that they could not get back, we concluded that New York was nothing but a foreign city anyway.

* * *

Every one has seen the little boards which rise from the street at a convenient angle, span the gutter and reach the edge of the curb, so that a bicyclist can get on the sidewalk without dismounting. Not a few people have wondered who it is that puts these boards down. They are carefully sawed and nailed, but no one has seen the thoughtful individual who does it. It is in small things that one often seen the signs of greatness. These humble but useful boards indicate the presence in this city of a man with a highly exceptionable character. His great worth is equaled only by his modesty.

It is the common tendency of humanity not to do such things. Man prefers to walk around, clamber over or run into any obstacle for years rather than stop for a moment to remove it. It may be that he expects never to go that way again, or that some one else will take it away. At any rate, he lets it remain, and growls each time he sees it. It is this trait, peculiar to all, that makes the humble act of the man with the boards unusual and excellent. A man who is so industrious, farseeing and kind has earned the highest honor in the gift of a city or nation. Let him come forth from his obscurity and we will elect him Mayor or President.

* * *

The champion lightweight liar of the world, it seems, is now in Philadelphia. At the conclusion of an article on horticultural wonders, which won for him the championship, he was awarded the belt and a position on the staff of the North American. It is said that he bore his honors meekly, and insisted that he had done nothing but what any good liar would do when confronted by duty and inspiration. The liar who is truly great is always modest and prefers to lie unnoticed.

In his first story, or rather round, the champion led off with the tale of an agricultural feat by a Mr. Kronenburg. This mythical son of the soil, after long-continued thought and costly experiments, succeeded in giving to the world its first electric light plant. Although the details of the final experiment were not printed, it is understood that the first successful plant was obtained by training a wild grapevine around the mouth of a gas well and crossing it with a lightning bug. Mr. Kronenburg, so the champion stated, was gratified after several years of cultivation to see the fruit emit a rich, warm glow. He now has one plant which gives off sufficient light to read by; and he is wiring his log cabin with the vines.

The champion's next effort was a brief, but able disquisition on the rearing of egg plants. He especially recommended the Plymouth Rock variety. The eggs from this plant, he said, were particularly good hard-boiled and fried, although in hot weather they quickly turned bad, and were often poached before they were picked.

In the third round, our romancer came up fresh and smiling. He dealt with the unusual difficulties which afflicted the farmers in his vicinity. A certain Captain Paul Edmunds had predicted that folks who persisted in scattering oyster shells over their fields in stead of making roads out of them would at some time or other experience a deep regret. As a result of the practice which called forth the Captain's prophecy, farmers who planted corn found oyster plants growing in the rows. Even the potatoes were shaped like oysters and the melons had a fishy taste. The only remedy which the writer could suggest for this sad state of affairs was to introduce starfish in the fields to destroy the oyster microbe.

The only contestant for the honors achieved by the champion was disqualified on the ground of plagiarist. He told of a politician in Nebraska who gathered up the fragments of a cyclone, and in attempting to pass them off for Presidential timber was arrested for contributing to the delinquency of a Democrat. It was a pretty good lie, but the source of his inspiration was presently detected, and he was thrown out of the window.

Answers to Correspondents.

High School—Will you please tell me the meaning of the Latin phrase "sandi ego?"

"Sandi ego" is not Latin; it is the name of a town in Southern California. It is more commonly printed San Diego. San Diego is celebrated for its climate, its mystery and its lemons. The deity supplies the climate; Mrs. Tingley furnishes the mystery, and the people produce the lemons. Besides these, there is the famous San Diego which is noted for its swollen appearance on the map. In real life, the river is remarkable for the four-masted sagebrush and the schooner-rigged cacti which crowd its invisible waters. Its aridity is excelled only by its picturesque beauty as it winds its placid and dusty course through the Mission Valley.

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Jimmy—"Teacher says that Welsh rarebit is bad for the stummick. What is it made of, anyway?"

I am sure she did not say "stummick." However, she is wrong. There is no such dish as a Welsh rarebit. She probably had in mind a Welsh "rabbit" (see Standard Dictionary). The principal ingredients of a Welsh rabbit are cheese, red pepper and beer. Cheese gives coherency to the mass, while the beer imparts a wicked tinge. It is not a temperance dish.

Inquisitive John—"What is the difference between an extended line and a defective gallop?"

That's all right, Johnny; you can't fool me. I tried to spring that myself once, and it was crowded out to make room for a funeral notice. One is a long rope; the other is a wrong lope. You should have addressed your communication to the Poet's Corner.

C. S. J. "My dictionary does not give the word 'taughtology.' Will you kindly explain its meaning?"

Your question indicates an instinctive dislike for phonetic spelling. You should communicate with W. S. Varnum. No doubt he will be glad to explain the beauties of the system. The word you refer to is correctly spelled "tautology." It is defined by the Standard Dictionary as "that form of pleonasm in which the same word or idea is unnecessarily repeated." It has been said of tautology that it generally betokens carelessness or poverty of thought.

M. B. WELLS.