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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 6, 1911.

THE NEW JERSEY BRYAN.

The New York World's habit is to break into double-leaded minion and impartially to view with alarm the aggressions of dangerous radicalism and the recessions of reactionary Bourbonism. Yet the World is a great newspaper, with undiminished influence and unimpaired independence through the attacks of the Bryan Democracy on the one hand and the Tammany machine on the other. It stays in the middle of the road; it hews to the line and lets others dodge the chips. It doubtless is the most potent single voice among the independent Democratic newspapers of New York.

This little prelude will explain why a recent indirect attack by the World on the rising hope of the Democracy, Professor Woodrow Wilson, may be deemed significant and important. The World has a long editorial article in its issue of Monday, July 30, in which it inquires with some evidences of excitement, "Is Woodrow Wilson Bryanizing?" The New York paper proceeds to read an indictment against the New Jersey statesman for swallowing Mr. Bryan's entire Confession of Faith, and it cites in particular a recent Wilson speech at Harrisburg where Professor Wilson had "with consummate phrasing, brevity and lucidity, but without regard for the facts" declared that the "great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly" and that its power is used for personal ends by a few men who "chill and check and destroy genuine economic freedom." The World shows that there are in the United States 20,000 banks independently owned and operated and engaged in active competition for business, and flatly asserts that Governor Wilson has misrepresented the money situation, adding:

> Why does Governor Wilson add to the clamor with the baseless and preposterous claim of a money trust of 20,000 banks spread through forty-eight states? Is this true statesmanship? Is it the part of a man of courage, conscience and conviction? None realizes better than he that false and futile agitation incites passion. Only demagogues foment unreasonable fears and prejudices. Statesmen correct them with candor.

Again the New York papers asks:

> Does Governor Wilson think that playing to the gallery will promote his Presidential candidacy? Does he believe that efforts to win Mr. Bryan's approval and to capture his fellowing will increase his political strength? Is he Bryanizing himself? . . . Could he on this cry of referendum, initiative and recall, and of a 20,000-bank "money trust," carry the State of New York and reverse Mr. Taft's unprecedented plurality of 202,602?

The World apparently has made a belated awakening to the real status of Governor Wilson as a candidate. The scholastic Governor is not now Bryanizing himself; he was long ago Bryanized. There is not a single vital plank in the present-day Bryan platform upon which Governor Wilson has not ostentatiously placed himself. He has won the special approbation of the Commoner himself, after a microscopic examination of his words and deeds, and the commendation of Bryan is so rare a thing that it has heretofore been reserved for a single individual living at Lincoln, Neb., who alone has satisfied the Bryan ideal. If there is any feature of the Bryan propaganda about the tariff, or the trusts, or the currency, or the income tax, or the initiative and referendum, or the recall, or direct election of United States Senators to which Professor Wilson has not subscribed, it has escaped public attention; and that the guileless college professor has so guided his own political course as to win the Bryan favor is likewise plain. The Governor subscribes to the imperishable principle of the recall with some qualifications, to be sure. He would not recall the judges; but if Arizona and New Mexico deem it vital to their happiness and political freedom that they should recall their judges, why, that is their business. Colonel Bryan, too, is strong for the right of a state to have any kind of a government it wants, so there is no great difference between him and Wilson on that subject. It is a mere detail, anyway, for both are for the recall and differ only as to the extent of its application.

Here, then, is Governor Wilson, a residuary legatee of Bryan and Bryanism, and possible candidate of Bryan for the Presidential nomination, appealing to the country as a safe and sane candidate of the Democracy and as the conservator of the rights of the people on the one hand and as the guardian of the interests of big business on the other. There is a strong appeal in Wilson, the student, economist, historian, politician and statesman to the imagination of the country—that is undeniable. He would be acceptable as a candidate to the Democracy. He would be more acceptable to the Republicans than any other Democrat. Yet all Republicans repudiate his Bryanism and most Democrats secretly deplore it. The explanation probably is that the country believes in Wilson the man and trusts him, if he shall be elected, to reject the impractical and visionary in his own doctrines and adopt the useful and practicable to actual conditions.

But if the country shall elect Wilson President, it will definitely accept in him what it thrice rejected in Bryan.

Grewsome relics of the Maine continue to be taken from the gnarl of wreckage of the historic battleship, the destruction of which unleashed the dogs of war between the United States and Spain. Ghastly evidence of the power of the explosives that lifted the vessel for a moment from her moorings and then caused her great bulk and tremendous weight to disappear in the waters of Havana harbor has been shown by uncovering this twisted mass of wreckage. Beyond this the world is not wiser for the enormous expenditure of money required to "raise the Maine," nor can there be any consolation to those who mourn the sailor dead that went down with the ship in the unidentified bones that have been and may yet be taken from the ooze and slime which has for so many years been their cerements. The whole subject, from cause to effect, is painful, and it will be well when the last sentence of the last chapter of this tragedy of the Navy is written.

RECALL IN FULL BLOOM.

Seattle does nothing by halves. One recall election a year ought to satisfy any city of moderate ambitions and fairly lively political pretensions; but not Seattle. The city is out for a record. The recall Mayor is going to be recalled—if the newest group of busy recallers have their way—within the brief space of six or seven months after displacing his predecessor by the same drastic process.

Mayor Dilling has had the misfortune to displease a lot of people who think he ought to have done something or other—something different, of course—about the City Jail. These impeccable people investigated conditions there and they found it was not a nice place and the jailer was not a nice man, and they demanded the instant dismissal of the objectionable functionary. The Mayor—a reform Mayor, too—refused. The jailer that was good enough for his predecessor and unpopular enough with the sentimentalists was good enough for him.

As one swallow does not make a Summer, so a single recall election in a season is not necessarily sufficient for restless agitators and chronic reformers. Hence the machinery that turned out Gill and put in Dilling is now to be employed in turn to eject Dilling and put in some other more likely to make the recallers happy. The recall engine has again been fired up and is steaming around Seattle at high speed. Thirteen thousand outraged citizens have signed the petition to recall Dilling. There are at least thirteen thousand gentlemen and ladies in Seattle who will permit nothing to stand in their way until they have better and finer jail facilities. But they do not stop with Dilling. Other thousands have subscribed their names to documents demanding the recall of four Councilmen whose official conduct on certain matters not well understood in Portland, but no doubt subject of fireside conversation in Seattle, does not please them.

Thus we see the recall made both ridiculous and harmful. It is but little short of monstrous that the proponents of this latest recall scheme should be suffered again to throw public affairs at Seattle into turmoil, confusion and consternation because of a quarrel with the administration over a question or policy not at all vital, and not even urgent or pressing. Yet that is the recall in the hands of meddlesome agitators and impertinent intriguers.

CANADA'S RECIPROCITY CAMPAIGN.

The dissolution of the Caandian Parliament has been chosen by Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a short cut to adoption of the reciprocity agreement. The long way around was to let the Conservatives talk themselves out, but their powers of talk seem to be inexhaustible. Had he given them more time and then dissolved, a hot election might have been in progress when the Duke of Connaught comes to the Dominion, which is undesirable. By dissolving now he will get the election over before the Duke comes, secure a popular verdict on reciprocity which will force the Conservatives to submit, and also obtain another four years' tenure of office.

This is assuming that he will win, but of that there can be little doubt. The Conservatives are not pleased at the dissolution, for the odds are against them and they would far rather continue obstruction. Laurier now has a majority of forty-five, drawn mainly from Quebec and the maritime provinces. Ontario is strongly Conservative, being the stronghold of the protected interests; so are British Columbia and Manitoba. Alberta is about evenly divided, but Saskatchewan is strongly Liberal. The Liberals may lose in Ontario and British Columbia, but they are likely to gain in the prairie provinces, where reciprocity is very popular. The Conservatives professed to desire postponement of the election until seats had been redistributed on the basis of the new census, but this was obviously a bluff, for the Liberal Northwest will gain most heavily by redistribution. Indeed, it is predicted that the new Parliament will be dissolved soon after it has passed the redistribution bill, that the West may be given full representation.

The present controversy has imported new terms into Canadian politics. One of these is "Continentalist," as distinguished from "Imperialist." The Continentalist would strengthen the bonds of trade and amity with the United States and other American nations as a step in the reunion of the English-speaking nations. He would realize Laurier's ideal of "two peoples living side by side along a frontier nearly 4000 miles long, with not a gun frowning across it, with not a fortress on either side, with no armament one against the other, but living in harmony, in mutual confidence, and with no other rivalry than a generous emulation in commerce and the arts of peace." The opposite ideal is Canada giving preference in trade to Great Britain and her colonies against the world, maintaining an army and navy of her own in imitation of the mother country, and ruled by jingoes who are ever ready to join in British quarrels in distant lands. The broader and more pacific ideal of the Continentals is the more attractive and more likely to be realized.

FACTS CONFOUND PINCHOT.

Since President Taft has been subjected to such severe criticism for eliminating the waterfront of Controller Bay, Alaska, from the Chugach National forest, it is interesting to compare his action with that of his predecessor and of Gifford Pinchot, his most persistent critic. The facts are brought out in a Washington dispatch to the New York Tribune and are taken from the official records.

On recommendation of Mr. Pinchot, who was then Chief Forester, President Roosevelt eliminated an area formed by a circle described with a radius of a mile from the center of the town of Eyak. On this tract the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate established the terminus of the Copper River Railroad and changed the name of the town from Eyak to Cordova. A similar area around Valdez, where the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate contemplated establishing a terminal, was also eliminated by Mr. Roosevelt, also on the recommendation of Mr. Pinchot. A tract of 23,000 acres of waterfront on Valdez arm, a mile wide and following the contour of the bay for 30 miles, and a like tract along the shore of Orca Bay, were also eliminated by Mr. Roosevelt on Mr. Pinchot's recommendation. These tracts were opened to entry by proclamations dated July 23 and September 18, 1907. That they were opened with full knowledge that the land would be desired for railroad terminals is evidenced by a letter dated April 27, 1907, from R. A. Ballinger, then Commissioner of the General Land Office, to James R. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, informing him that railroads were seeking right of way into the interior of Alaska.

Richard S. Ryan, promoter of the Controller Railway & Navigation Company, whose filings on Controller Bay have caused such a storm, applied to Mr. Pinchot for an elimination of the tract subsequently eliminated by President Taft on the shore of Controller Bay. Mr. Pinchot referred this application to the district forester at Portland, who referred it to another forester in Alaska. When this tract was subsequently eliminated, Mr. Pinchot raised a storm.

The Tribune shows how a muckraker might infer from these facts that the former Administration was playing into the hands of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate and was siding with it against the rival Ryan enterprise, but it prefers to adopt "the sane view" set forth in President Taft's message. After reciting the action of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Taft said:

> Doubtless the rights of the public were thought to be sufficiently safeguarded against monopoly of harbor facilities under the limitations of the statute hereinafter mentioned, which were the same then and now.

The Tribune draws this same conclusion:

> There was obviously no thought at that time that it was the imperative duty of the Government to retain in perpetuity title to all the land fronting on a bay or harbor, or that in view of the statutory limitations, any individual or individuals could secure terminals even on land eliminated from the Chugnach forest reserve under any conditions which would not be to conserve the public interests. And it is a safe assertion that it will tax even the ingenuity of Chairman Graham and Louis Brandeis to show that either in the last Administration or in this the public rights have not been amply protected in Alaska.

NEW RIVALS FOR SPOKANE.

Pendleton perks up more than a little over the recent decision in the Spokane rate case, and dreams of being an active jobbing center. "It will be well worth while for our local people to look into the subject," remarks the Pendleton East Oregonian. "Maybe Pendleton can be made the distributing center for Eastern Oregon. With the new rate system in operation, it will be foolish for Eastern Oregon farmers to buy wagons and farm machinery through Portland."

It will be foolish indeed for the merchants and farmers of Eastern Oregon, or anywhere, to buy through Portland if they can do better elsewhere. But they cannot. Portland has no illusions about the motives that actuate buyers to come here; it has none about the motives that may influence them to go elsewhere. It will keep its trade, and build up a greater trade, by giving better prices and better accommodations than others for standard goods. So much for that. Portland sits calmly on the banks of a great river flowing into the high seas, where commerce is free, and rates are at bedrock; and Portland is prepared to show that water competition is no myth, but a productive reality.

We particularly commend the statement of the Pendleton paper to our enthusiastic friends of Spokane. It should have real interest there. It concerns Spokane. It signifies much for Spokane. It shows what is in the minds of the merchants of towns like Pendleton, La Grande, Pasco, Baker, Walla Walla—all railroad centers of present and prospective importance. All are to be on a par with Spokane as to transcontinental railroad rates. But not with Portland, either as to railroad or water rates.

HOW TO PRODUCE DARWINS.

What would hapuen to a youthful Darwin were he to matriculate at an American university? Would his genius be developed or smothered by his environment? These questions are agitating the academic mind of the United States rather alarmingly during the warm Summer season, and, as one might expect, the tone of the discussion which has arisen is despondent. Most of those who have taken part in it are inclined to believe that if a young Darwin were to enter Harvard or Yale or almost any other American university, he would come out a Napoleon of finance instead of an immortal scientific discoverer. Professor Osborne, of Columbia, tries to put an extinguisher on the argument by saying that no university could produce a Darwin. Geniuses of the first rank, he contends, are born, not made by their colleges. This is true enough, but it is a partial statement of the case. Colleges cannot make Darwins, but they can mar them, and the gist of the discussion really is whether or not a youthful genius could go through an American university without being spoiled.

Professor Maclaurin, the physicist, takes the subject up seriously in the Atlantic for August and offers a number of reasons why our output of Darwins is not so large as one might expect, considering the sums we spend on institutions of higher learning. His first reason strikes not far from the heart of the issue. We have produced a few distinguished men of science, he declares, but we did not appreciate them. How then can we hope that other young men of promise will choose this career? Naturally, they will turn to something which is likely to yield wealth and renown. Look at Willard Gibbs, the great Yale professor who lived obscurely and was followed to his grave on a gloomy day by half a dozen drenched colleagues. Very few Americans knew or cared anything about him, although he laid the foundations of the marvelous science of mechanical chemistry and his name will never die. Is there much encouragement for a young man to aspire to become a Willard Gibbs? There is not a stupid millionaire in the United States who is not more widely known and more highly honored by his countrymen.

Another of Professor Maclaurin's reasons for our dearth of Darwins seems to be pretty searching. Our professors of science, he says, are not enthusiastic in their specialties. They take a cool and controlled interest in chemistry or physics or what not, but their hearts do not burn with affection. Their love of science does not disturb their slumbers or keep them out of society as it did Darwin. In other words our teachers of science are amateurs. We may even imagine that some of them are ashamed of their calling, and try to put on as much as they can of the gentleman of leisure who dabbles in science a little for his amusement. It is not to be expected that the negligent interest of an amateur can kindle the sacred fires of ambition in a youthful soul. Our college students look upon science precisely as they do their other tasks. One must know something about it in order to talk intelligently at the dinner table, but it is a good deal of a bore.

Again, Professor Maclaurin believes that our students think too much of the particular institution they happen to enter and too little of their teachers. Their loyalty goes out to Yale or Columbia, while European students are attracted by famous men. German youths go from one college to another in order to enjoy the instruction of distinguished specialists. American students would feel almost like traitors if they forsook their college before they had their degrees. This spirit is not devoid of beauty, but it is fatal to scientific growth. It is not Harvard or Cornell which produces great men, but the contact of the youthful mind with another who can kindle the divine fire in him. Of course, genius must be born. It is not made by education. But when it is once enshrined in a human being, it requires suitable surroundings, or it is all too likely to wither and perish. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen or not to blush at all. The world overflows with extinct geniuses who might have been Darwins if they had had proper surroundings at the beginning.

We do not believe that any particular defects in the colleges are accountable for our lack of great scientific geniuses. It is rather the general pressure of social conditions which blights them. Americans are eager for results. They value inventive capacity very highly because it arrives at something tangible immediately. But they do not pay much attention to original scientific power because it delves into profound speculations which may not lead to any visible results for a score of years. As a Nation we are impressed by the spectacle of material achievement. The immaterial must justify itself by profits before we set much store by it. Those who build structures that we can see and describe receive boundless rewards. Those who erect ideal castles are overlooked. This is unfortunate, because it is the airy theories of the speculative scientist which finally condense into the practical inventions of Edison and Tesla. The Caesar of the workshop must feed on ideas or he will ultimately starve. The whole art of wireless telegraphy and the entire subject of radiant matter may be traced back to an equation in Maxwell's "Theory of Electricity and Magnetism" with a paragraph of speculative philosophy which accompanies the algebraic symbols. The great Scotchman set the idea afloat. The world could not rest until it had been made concrete. When America wants a Darwin as keenly as it has wanted Carnegies and Rockefellers for the last half century, he will appear. Bees can produce queens by feeding common larvae with royal food. We might not be able to create scientific geniuses by honoring their calling, but they would be far more likely to thrive in a balmy atmosphere of appreciation than under a regimen of cold neglect.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

The suspicion is unavoidable that the wedding of the Reverend D. Kendrick Roberts, of Denver, was a pious fraud. We do not mean to insinuate that it was not legal and all that, but there are frauds deeper than any legal plummet ever sounded, and if we are not mistaken this was one of them. The Reverend Mr. Roberts gave his congregation to understand that his choice of a bride was a direct inspiration from above. Standing in his pulpit he cried out like an ancient prophet of Israel, "The time for a young man to get married is right now," and looked around presumably for some young woman to hurry to his bosom under the sudden movings of the spirit. The organist, who is said to be the prettiest girl in Denver, did hurry to his arms and the ceremony was performed then and there. But it transpired that everything had been prearranged. The ostensible trust in the power of heaven to make a desirable match was pure deception. The wedding was a pretty little farce and nothing more. How differently did the great Lorenzo Dow conduct himself when it was borne in upon his soul that he needed an helpmeet.

Taking no counsel with anybody, without previously popping the question to any girl who was to bob up at the proper moment, the famous itinerant arose at the close of his sermon and announced that the Lord had told him to get married. If any woman in the congregation felt called upon to accept the situation, it was hers, immediately a maiden more conspicuous for piety than pulchritude arose in her pew and accepted his offer and an exhorter who was fortunately present married the couple. This is an example of a wedding actually made in heaven.

The Reverend Mr. Roberts' smacks a good deal more of earth or even of some lower region where all sorts of deceitful tricks are hatched up. There is a story that John Wesley obtained his spouse very much as Lorenzo Dow did. In fact, the practice is not so uncommon among preachers as might be supposed, but we hope in all conscience that they do not often make a mere sham of it as Mr. Roberts did.

TWO HIGHWAYS.

A project, the success of which will be of incalculable advantage to the development of the Lower Willamette Valley, is that of a good, broad highway leading down from Salem to Portland on one side of the river and back on the other side. The plan is altogether a reasible one, and its fulfillment is most desirable as forming another link between the capital and the metropolis of the state. Not only those who elect to pass by automobiles or other means of private conveyance, between these two points, will be benefited by this highway, but farmers and villagers all along the proposed route will profit thereby, while the state at large will have a just pride in highways so creditable to the commonwealth.

The objection to state road construction frequently heard is that it is urged in the interest of those who own automobiles. This is shallow and unworthy of consideration. Of all persons, farmers will most greatly profit by good roads. They need them, literally speaking, in their business, and can use them in season and out of season, so to speak, while those who use them for pleasure will, to some extent, confine this use to certain times of the year when it is pleasant to be abroad. Again, it is certainly apparent by this time that automobiles have come to stay, and that, properly driven, they have as much right on the public highways as have vehicles drawn by horses.

Governor West is delightfully optimistic in regard to this highway, or, more properly speaking, the two broad highways which are included in this scheme. He sees in it, among other desirable results, the permanency of Salem as the site of the state capital. However this may be, it is certainly time that the roads leading into Salem in the Winter ceased to be a reproach to the citizens of Marion County, and only in a lesser degree to those of the entire Willamette Valley. Governor West has declared that it is his ambition to get this good roads work well under way during his term of office—an ambition which all good citizens hope will be realized.

A MESS OF SMALL THINGS.

The current number of the Ladies' Home Journal, which may be accepted as authority upon this subject, has a brief editorial upon the prevailing fashions in woman's dress, which is well worth considering, albeit it is presented from he standpoint of "what men think about it," rather than from the basis of common sense and real modesty, which is in all things the safest guide in the primal office of dress and has been from the time that shame-faced Eve conceived the idea of the figleaf apron.

Citing the "hobble" and "harem" skirts, which in a modified form are still worn by many women, regardless of Nature's dealings with their forms or the necessities of locomotion; the "silly huge hats" that with the long hatpins necessary to "spike them on" are a menace and a source of discomfort in crowded streetcars; the craze for "rats and puffs" which make caricatures of shapely heads and cause pretty faces to look commonplace, if not silly, and the vulgarity of powder, rouge and paint as smeared indiscriminately over faces of young women and old, the Journal characterizes them as "a whole mess of small things that have become a formidable mass," the tendency of which is to place emphasis on things that are not worth while by which American women are pulling themselves down slowly, but none the less surely, in the eyes of men.

Now, of course, the normal American woman desires and greatly prizes the respect of normal American men. Moreover, without particularly striving to attain that object she compels respect. But unfortunately all women are not normal and many of them by absurdities of dress and in other ways not specifically immoral provoke comment from men that is anything but flattering to their pride or creditable to those who make such comment.

The first mistake of these critics is that they include all womenkind in their sweeping criticism of feminine folly; the second is that the protest is wrongly based, and should be revised in the name of plain common sense, which dictates a style of dress for both men and women that conforms to comfort, respectability and good taste.

We are all perhaps prone to assess American womanhood by the idle women whom we meet on the streetcars day after day and every day, overdressed and, of course, unbecomingly dressed; strikingly dressed, but not comfortable, and absurdly dressed even to grotesqueness. While there seems to be a multitude of such women, let us remember that this is true only in a relative sense, that homemakers and homekeepers, the women who, as mothers, give personal attention to the bringing up of their children and look well to the ways of their households, form a vast majority of the women of the United States today. Fashions in the ultra sense of that term do not trouble them. Neatness and thrift are the rules of their lives. They are utterly oblivious to the fact, as stated by the Home Journal, that American men are losing respect for women; all the men of their acquaintance treat them with respect. They know nothing of hobble and harem skirts, of puffs and rats for the hair, rouge and powder for the complexion and other follies that are included in the "mess of small things" above noted, except as they read of them—perhaps in fashion journals that criticise these follies upon one page and illustrate the fashions with patterns for sale whereby they can be copied on another.

HAYTI, THE LAND OF ANARCHY.

The revolution in Hayti is cumulative evidence of the unfitness of the tropical negro for democratic government. Nominally a republic, Hayti has really been ruled by a succession of military despots since its emancipation from France. It is only three years since President Nord Alexis was driven out by General Antoine Simon, who now flees, leaving Le Conte and Firmin to fight for the presidency. Only diplomatic intervention prevents fighting in the capital and the United States may step in to enforce a peaceful settlement of the claims of the rivals.

Since the revolution began in 1794, scarcely a ruler of Hayti has ended his term otherwise than by war, murder or deposition. The island of Santo Domingo, of which Hayti forms the western part, was discovered by Columbus in 1792, was the first Spanish colony and was the starting point of all the other Spanish conquests in the New World. The Spaniards enslaved the natives and treated them with such cruelty as practically to exterminate them. The importation of negro slaves then began and continued until the western part of the island had ten negros to one white inhabitant. The barbarities of the Spaniards were succeeded by those of the buccaneers who made the island their headquarter in the seventeenth century. When France founded a republic, war broke out between the whites and mulattos and both factions turned to the blacks for aid.

Toussaint Louverture, a full-blooded negro, led the blacks and established a republic of which he became dictator, France emancipating the blacks. A terrible war followed, British and Spaniards invading the island, but they cleared out in 1798 and left Louverture supreme. In 1807 General Lecterc was sent by Napoleon with an army to reconquer the island and reenslave the blacks, captured Louverture by treachery and carried him prisoner to France. A new revolution was started by Dessalines, one of Louverture's lieutenants, who was elected President in 1804 and he defeated the French, but was assassinated in 1806. Since that date a long series of civil wars, revolutions and assassinations has constituted the history of the island, in the course of which Santo Domingo split off in 1846 and became an independent republic.

Three centries of white tyranny succeeded by a century of black anarchy have thus continued to devastate one of the most beautiful and fertile islands of the Antilles. Rich in agriculture and minerals, its resources are hardly touched by the natives and a rigid prohibition of alien land holding prevents white men's investment, even if the chronic anarchy would permit. The negroes have relapsed into barbarism and though Catholicism is nominally the state religion, voodooism is practiced in many sections, and schools are few.

If ever an inviting field was offered for a benevolent despotism, it is Hayti.

The order of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, which directs that no more women shall be employed in its passenger service, does not in any degree reflect upon the capability or present value of the services of this class of employes as stenographers, typists, ticket sellers or in any other capacity in which women are employed. On the contrary, many such employes have become experts in these several lines. The order is based upon the natural tendency of women to marry after the few years' service necessary to make workers in these lines reach the highest point of efficiency, while the limitations due to their sex make it impossible to promote women to the higher positions for which such training has fitted them. These facts are inexorable, and while they are in a sense deplored, they are significant as pointing women to the realm of home, and it may be added, in pointing men to the duty of maintaining them therein as wives, mothers and daughters in the good old-fashioned way.

When Captain Mrs. T. J. Walthey wishes to hail the mate or speak her mind to one of the crew, what sort of language will she use? The kind of language skippers use would not be ladylike and the kind of language ladies use might not be effective. She may find it advisable to give orders through a leather-lunged member of her crew, who can interpolate the appropriate expletives. Or perhaps the lady captain may hire a lady crew and adapt the language of the tea party or the church social to nautical matters. Again, she may regard the customary verbal adornments used by the skipper as part of the equipment of the ship and their use as carrying no moral defilement, provided it is confined to official business.

Mr. Schwab seems to think a wrong is done the steel manufacturers by having the rail duty low enough to allow German rails to compete on the Pacific Coast. But how about the people who use those rails on the Pacific Coast? Of course, the railroad company buys them, but the ultimate consumer is the man who consumes the goods hauled over those rails. The duty may only add a trifle to the cost of each commodity, but prices are made up of an aggregate of many trifles and are more apt to go down than up when some of these trifles are reduced. The steel trust has been protected until it has become a very healthy infant. It is about time to protect the consumer against the steel trust.

Colonel Astor has given his promised bride a diamond engagement ring that cost $12,000. As an example of the ostentatious display of wealth this gift is significant, while the publicly proclaimed price of the engagement ring is an example of vulgarity of which the young man who saves from a modest salary to buy a $50 ring for his promised wife would be ashamed. Recalling specifications of the complaint upon which Colonel Astor's wife secured a divorce, a few years ago, it may be considered doubtful if this costly pledge will prove a binding one, even when supplemented by the wedding ring.

Then "Pure Food" Wiley is a mere subordinate and the man the people must look to for safety from poison is "Pure Food" McCabe. This is the same McCabe who is accused of distorting and suppressing facts in order to secure Wiley's dismissal and of thwarting Wiley at every step in his war on adulteration. The people will be inclined to take his pure food with a grain of salt and a few antidotes. But he must be the real pure food apostle, for he says so himself. How he manages the business is evident from the fact that he turned down Wiley on 651 cases where the latter recommended prosecution.

What is the matter with the women of Clay County, Missouri, that they allow one of their sex to be hooked up with mules to a plow, and what is the matter with the menfolk? Is Missouri no longer on the edge of chivalry and have all the people died that were born before the war?

Circus people can get a pointer for a thriller from the runaway episode of a thirty-two-mule team with a harvester near Walla Walla a few days ago. An act of this kind would send the so-called chariot race into the dog and monkey class.

Tacoma purposes to stop unnecessary noise by ordinance. The plan may work in Tacoma, but a little farther north, in the City of Big Noise, the man who would suggest such a thing would be banished beyond recall.

Women prisoners in the City Jail are overparticular about their food, but are entitled to clean and wholesome victuals. "Graft" or excessive profit in this kind of deal is inhuman.

Testimony of experts was not needed to show the wisdom of J. P. Morgan in gobbling Tennessee Coal & Iron. For what do they suppose he is in business?

There is talk of a Presidential journey to the Coast this Fall, and the suggestion is hereby offered Mr. Taft to talk with John Barrett about it.

It would be better for all concerned that no more money be spent to secure useless delay in the case of Webb, under sentence of death.

A wealthy New Yorker is planning a 150-foot spite fence. But what will he do with the aviators?

What benefit to the aviator to break the record for height? He cannot stay there.

This is the open season for killing a friend in the woods.

TOPICAL VERSE

A Problem.

CHARLES C. JONES.

To live by rule seems nice, I say:
It must be wondrous bliss;
But how can mortal do it, pray,
this? life's all mixed When like
—Lippincott's

One Answer.

Sir Folly goes a-dancing by,
Fun and frolic in his eye,
On his lips a careless lay,
"Ho, Sir Folly! Why so gay?"
Says he:
"I know a woman."

Beggar Wisdom shuffles near,
Downcast eye, no word of cheer,
Rags and tatters, meanly clad,
"Brother Wisdom, why so sad?"
Says he:
"I know a woman."
—Life.

Lost Love.

When I saw my love in her bathing suit
By the sobbing sea
I was gladly free
From foolish sorrow or wild dismay;
I was glad to behold her dressed that way,
For she still seemed fair
And she still looked good,
And I lingered where
She demurely stood
With the wavelets kissing her tiny toes
And the sun making freckles upon her nose.

When I saw my love in a hobble skirt
I was still inclined
To be bravely blind
To the faults and foibles that she possessed.
She seemed, in spite of the way she dressed
And the mincing pace
That the poor girl had,
To retain the grace
That had made me glad;
She looked so neat and so trim and sweet
That my subjugation became complete.

When I saw her wearing a harem skirt
I said good-by
To the love that I
Had thought would grow with the passing years.
I looked a moment through many tears;
Her loveliness
Was gone, ah, me!
And little less
Than a man was she!
Lost forever, the girl I knew—
I suppose she is wearing suspenders, too!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Customary Sabbath.

The cats convene
At one or two,
So you must wake
And cuss a few;
The milkman wakes
You up at four,
So you've a chance
To cuss some more;
At five the sparrows
Wreck your sleep,
And you can cuss
Another heap;
At six the cook
Bangs the back door,
Giving you cause
To cuss some more;
At seven comes
The breakfast bell,
And then once more
You cuss like fun;
The morning paper
Has not came,
You cuss it with
A hectic name;
Then finally
You end your search,
For it is time
To go to church.
—Houston Post.

Brushing Up.

They are painting in the office; out at home they're painting, too.
I've been hoping, hoping, hoping they might presently be through.
For a week I have been sickened by the smell of turpentine.
I wonder if there ever was a sadder case than mine.
They have ladders set around me where I labor through the day,
And I find things topsy-turvy when I homeward wend my way;
There's a certain meatless eat-shop where I get my midday fare,
And, by George, today I found them all ripped up and painting there.
—New York Telegram.

Miss Kittie Catawba.

Miss Kitty Catawba had reached the degree
Of plumpness that tips the scale one-ninety-three.
In fact, she was growing exceedingly stout,
And the neighbors all wondered, and gossiped, no doubt;
So she went to a doctor and paid out her pelf
In mammoth proportions as big as herself
For one small prescription! If you're fat do try it!
Take a bottle of tonic and go home and diet!

Miss Kitty Catawba became very slim,
With a nice, dainty figure and elegant limb,
But the hair on her head was a dull shade of brown,
Which kept Miss Catawba's young spirits cast down,
Till a wise beauty doctor took the rest of her gold,
And gave her advice that is ancient and old.
If you don't like your hair you are welcome to try it—
Take a bottle of tonic and go home and dye it!

Miss Kitty Catawba is as poor as a mouse;
She's sold all her motors and mortgaged her house;
She's given up Egypt, her friends and her fun;
She lists all the doctors and visits each one.
Beseeching advice for her figure and hair,
And they all say the same with a dignified air.
Here it is gratis—I hope you will try it—
Just diet and dye it and diet and dye it!
—New York Times.

Just a Girl.

I would a faithful lover be,
True to the one who'd cling to me,
And for her die, or live and work;
No favor asked me would I shirk;
And everything that I possess
I'd give to bring her happiness;
For her I'd be a gent or churl,
But I haven't got the girl!

I'd like to be a man possess'd
With but a home—a place to rest—
A home where everything is pent,
To make man happy and content;
A place where I could cause delight,
By bringing toys on Christmas night—
Where all my joys I could unfurl,
But I haven't got the girl!

I'd like to be a hero brave,
With but a chance my state to save—
To charge into the cannon's breath,
And suffer everything but death;
Then, mounted and with escort grand,
Return unto my native land,
And see the flags for me unfurl,
But I haven't got the girl!
—John L. Hobbie, in Puck.