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INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1902.

When the combinations combine until only two remain—what will Morgan do for a job.

There might not be so much enmity to trusts if they would trust a little more and longer.

There are some reasons for general thankfulness. Tracy is dead and there will be no special session of the Senate.

May Yoke says she would give her soul for Putty Strong; which shows she valued her diamonds more than her immortal fraction.

What's in a name? Well, perhaps not much; but down in Texas there is an oil combination called after its principal stockholders the Hogg-Swayne Syndicate.

Senator Quay is not to be outdone by Senator Hanna, and since the latter is working the "friend of labor" racket so successfully the former is blossoming into a "mediator."

Dr. Madison J. Peters claims to have been shaved by W. J. Bryan, and says it was the best shave he ever had. Well, it's about the only close shave Bryan ever gave anything.

General Knox s going to make a speech in Minnesota this fall. And yet it was only a few days ago he spoke to a couple of fellows in a restaurant and got pummelled for his trouble.

Minister Charles Hill of Terre Haute has confessed to murdering a widow named Smith, 15 years ago. It took his conscience a long time to get its work in, but it finally got there.

It seems cruel to say it, but the public authorities in Chicago might find a sufficient motive for the murder of Mrs. Bartholin if they would look at her pictures in the Chicago papers.

It is said the Northern Pacific will come into Portland over two bridges and through one tunnel. The bridge scheme is all right, but where the company will find a place to put the tunnel is a poser.

The Secretary of the Navy wants to know what to do with the cruiser Vesuvius. We suggest that she could be utilized to some purpose by presenting her fully equipped to the people down in Hayti.

Russia will not take her troops out of Manchuria because the country is infested with Chinese robbers. Russia's greatheartedness causes her to take the whole country to prevent the Chinese taking anything.

Judge Jackson of West Virginia is 80 years of age and his vacillating course in his recent injunction decisions suggests that there should be a time at which Federal Judges might be put on the retired list, without their consent.

Yesterday's dispatches show that when Barcelona, Venezuela, was captured by the rebels the regular army, consisting of eight Generals and 26 Colonels surrendered. Anything less than a Colonel is not worth capturing in South America.

Lawson, of Carnation fame, has quit the turf and is real angry. The New Yorkers won't let the big Bostonian even slide on their cellar doors. Lawson being from Boston, of course knows "beans," but the other fellows say he don't know "horse-beans."

An Eastern paper devotes a whole page to telling and illustrating how a girl should get in and out of a hammock. It's a safe bet that the average girl can manage it without advice, if her young man is near. Riding an unbroken hammock is like breaking a cayuse. It can only be learned by experience.

Professor Schurman suggests as the next Republican campaign slogan, "Roosevelt, Revision and Reciprocity." In the light of the other three "Rs" so fatal to Blaine, it might be well to select some other letter. How would "Protection, Porto Rico and Plain Duty" do?

THE BATTLE OF THE ISSUES.

In the Republican party just now wages a battle between revisionists and reciprocity advocates, and those who would prevent alteration in the tariff schedules.

In the Democratic party wages a battle between anti-imperialists and those who believe in legitimate expansion of the country's commerce and the courageous addressing of the Nation to the tasks that events have set us as a people; as well as a contest between reactionaries who would devote all of the time to quarreling over the issues of the past, and those who with hope for the future propose that attention shall be given the living present and to what is to come.

Branching out from these lines of cleavage are laterals that are caused by personal ambitions and issues of less importance. But these represent the situation of each party at this time.

Fair-minded men will admit that the differences that divide Republicans are not less strenuous than those that are separating Democrats. The contest is bitter, indeed, and only divine prophecy could foretell what will be the issue.

Upon the theory that the dominant party in large measure determines what must be the policy of the opposition, the attitude of the Democratic party must in the very nature of the case be uncertain for some time to come. If, therefore, the Republican party take ground with the people who would refuse relief by alteration of the tariff upon trust-made goods, the future of the Democratic party will be bright, indeed. For it is apparent that only through the manipulation of politicians could such pronouncement be made by a National convention. The people would not indorse it. Too, Cuban reciprocity and reciprocity with other nations must be recognized by the status of things commercial throughout the world.

Contra, the Democratic party must settle rightly the chief issues that now agitate it. There must be no retroactive policy upon the Philippines, nor any considerable quarreling over the matter of who is to be leader—Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Bryan. It is probably true that neither of these politicians will yield ground, unless, perchance, there be some force exerted and they are thrown out to make room for others who care more for the future than for the dead past.

Both parties have just now interesting battles to wage in the settlement of important issues within their own lines, before they join issues in the next National campaign. To the student of affairs the contests are absorbingly interesting.

AGAIN—WHO ARE THE CANDIDATES?

It is passing strange that the people of the state must depend solely upon Democratic newspapers for the news regarding the candidates for the United States Senate that are going to ask the members of the coming Legislature to vote for them. In quarters, whence ordinarily would issue statement of fact or alleged fact, is deep, deep silence. Not a sound is heard excepting the utterance of soft compliments for the urbane, genial United States Senator who appears to wield so great power just now in the councils of the Republican party. In the case of a prominent newspaper that has complete machinery at command for the dissemination of information and comment, there is an absence of even the slightest reference to the important matter of the coming election, and scarcely has been made one allusion to the issues that may come before the Legislature in January.

In view of the fact that H. W. Scott has received frequent mention for the United States Senate the silence is interpreted as quasi-concession that he is a candidate. Most candidates prefer to saw wood rather than to talk.

SCHOOL LANDS WERE TAKEN.

Much is to be said on each side anent the proposed Eastern Oregon forest reserve. It is a complicated question. In getting at the facts, some peculiar and significant things are found. For instance:

Certain well-informed men thought to buy school lands so soon as the announcement was made that there might be a reserve, but they found that all or practically all of the school land was already taken.

The inference is that favoritism was shown by those who are in official positions. Of course, some one would eventually get those lands. But, it would appear that everyone should have had equal chance with all others. The statement is made to The Journal by reputable citizens that these school lands were actually taken before the reservation was even suggested to the public, so that only those who were "on the inside" could secure any of the lands that belonged to the state.

For every acre of the school lands that is included within the reserve other lands in lieu will be given by the Government. Therefore those who were permitted to buy school lands on the reserve area will be entitled to select those other lands. Suppose, then, that certain tracts of school lands were practically worthless, it is decidedly to the advantage of the purchaser that he will be legally entitled to select other and vauable lands to replace those he owned which are taken over by the general Government.

It may be by coincidence that these things occur. If it was, then Fortune was kind to the gentlemen who chanced to purchase those valueless school lands immediately prior to the announcement that there was to be a forest reserve in Eastern Oregon.

ONE WOMAN'S MISSION.

Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, wife of the poet, died the other day in New York, ending a beautiful life of devotion to her husband, and leaving him groping in darkness—he is blind—awaiting the time when he shall join her to continue their love-making throughout an eternity.

It was a well-mated couple. They lived together for more than half a century. More than 50 years ago they were sweethearts and they were sweethearts when she died. They were as tender sweethearts as when her cheeks were rosy and her face was round and fair.

Stoddard is a poet, a strong, virile writer, a producer of good literature. She was his eyes with which he saw the world. She thought her mission enough to absorb the years of her long life of 79. She was content to assist him, to give what his closed eyes lacked, the sight of things beautiful, and that he saw taught by her loving descriptions.

Perhaps her life appeals not to the modern woman as something to emulate. She belonged to the past. She did not catch the inspiration of those grand women who scorn the simple loves that animated people once, before advanced ideas took possession of the minds of womanhood. She is probably pitied by women who have a mission more in keeping with the views of the new woman.

Yet we cannot avoid pausing to give a thought to one woman who was a sweetheart to her husband according to the old-fashioned conceptions. Pity her for losing the drift of the ages toward higher attainments that spur womanhood today, but we must concede that there is beauty in the life of the wife who gave sweet devotion to her helpmeet and who held to her attainment after half a cycle had gone. Mrs. Stoddard, wife of the poet, was old-fashioned, but it was not a bad fashion, after all.

OREGON PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Oregon Editors are in session at Yaquina Bay. May they enjoy the needed rest they deserve, and come away refreshed for the duties of the ensuing year. There are matters that may be considered to the good of the profession, and the betterment of conditions affecting the business of publishing and selling newspapers. Representative newspaper men may do that which will advance the interests of the craft, if they properly conceive the functions of the organization of which they are members who are now at Newport.

It will be well if they keep out of politics, however, and avoid entering that field as an organization. The newspapers have as one of their tasks the prevention of special legislation so often attempted in this and other states, and, if the official body of Oregon newspaper men engage in work of political character, asking for special enactments for their own benefit, then do they lose force when counseling the Legislature not to give it to others.

NO ONE IS NECESSARY

It is in no spirit of deprecation of the important position that is occupied by James J. Hill in the railroad, commercial and financial world, yet it is true that he can be spared from the ranks of active men without any cataclysms ensuing. This world is too big and there are too many people in it to make any one man necessary to the continued running of the social machinery.

Mr. Hill said at Davenport the other day: "I am an old man and must hurry if I accomplish all I set out to accomplish when I began my career." And at once numerous writers wrote discourses to the effect that things would suddenly stop were Mr. Hill to be taken from the list of active managers.

It is well for people to know that they are not all-important in this world. Men of vast interests, controlling the concerns of gigantic enterprises or the affairs of nations, die and leave only a ripple upon the sea of human life as they disappear, and the great world goes on to forget they lived, or, at best, to remember them only in moments of leisure when they are not engaged with the business of everyday life.

It was that way when President McKinley fell at the hands of the assassin, Czolgosz. True, the world devoted time to honoring his memory, but affairs moved on much as though there had never been a tragedy so awful which took the life of a man so good and necessary.

It will be that way when James J. Hill ceases to keep his hand upon the throttle that moves the great railway enterprises. He will step aside and another will move into the place he occupied, or, rather, make a place of his own, and there will be quick readjustment and realignment, and soon forgetfulness that ever a James J. Hill lived and moved and had his being.

However, all good citizens would deplore the elimination of Mr. Hill's genius from the enterprises and industries of the world. He has been a developer, an evolutionist, a builder. He has been one who created, who went into new fields to labor. May he long continue to exercise the great powers of mind which he has applied to the carrying on of enterprise and industry.

THE SUMMER BOARDER.

"Air you folks reckonin' on takin' boarders this summer, Luke?" inquired Seth Turniptop of Luke Leatherbottom when the two men the other Saturday at the Postoffice.

"Hey—boarders, did you say? Humph! Wa-al, I should reckon not! I d'want none of them city folks 'round me agin, arter las' summer. If they warn't the peskiest lot of critters I ever did see! They cum all chuck full of highfalutin' notions, but I guess they got some of 'em tuk out of 'em 'fore they went back. They bothered ma to death, an' made her that narvous—my! They wanted a separate spoon for the sugarbowl, b'gosh. Tew high-toned to stick their own spoons in! Ever hear the like of it? No, I reckon not! Then the table cloth had to be taken off right in the middle of the week—turnin' so 's to hev the spots on the under side warn't enough. Ma mus' hustle it off an' lay a clean one. An' the napkins! One spot on a napkin had to go. Sunday cleanin' warn't often enough. What else? Plenty. They wanted me to give 'em helpin's, 'stead of passin' the platter an' lettin' each feller dish his own mess. Wa-al, I kicked on that. I was there to eat, not to scrape fer other people. An' I didn't put a collar on, neither, week-day meals, tho' one of the boarders—a man, b'gosh!—was that finicky he hinted to ma to ask me to. I had something else to do beside dressin' an' undressin'. They wouldn't wash in the basing where the res' of us did. Sh' say not! They made ma lug water clean up stairs, fer their private use, by jinks! An' each room used three or four towels a week! Poor ma 'bout broke her back washin' things. Sundays they wanted risin' bell at 7, 'stead of five, tho' how a body kin lay abed till near noon is more 'n we kin figger. Durned if some of them people didn't try to eat peas with a fork! Shelled peas, mind ye! An' the fool talk, an' the way they thought they knowed everything. But not a one could tell which end of a horse or of a cow riz first from the ground, gittin' up. Wa-al, they 'bout wore out our forks an' feelin's, and didn't go any tew soon. No more city folks fer us—no, sir! They're more bother than they're wuth."—Edwin L. Sabin in Judge.

A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

Truth may be slow, but it is sure-footed.

Lots of girls get married merely to gratify their curiosity.

No artist has ever been inspired to paint a bald-headed angel.

A lazy man never gets ahead unless some one puts a head on him.

The average man is charitable toward all women except his wife.

It is often convenient to have a small boy around to blame things on.

Theology is to religion what a fashion plate is to an old suit of clothes.

A pessimist has no use for a person who is afflicted with chronic mirthfulness.

The balance of a man's wedding present account always shows up on the wrong side.

If old Noah had left the job of building the ark to a government contractor the chances are he would have got wet.

The oldest inhabitant talks a good deal, but he doesn't make half so much noise as the tooth-cutting youngest inhabitant.

DINKELSPIELERS.

Money talks, bud only der rich can understood yust vot id says.

Id dakes a man mit a leedle head to call attentionment to his leedle feets.

Always look on der bright side, eggscept ven you vish some information from der t'ermometer; den look on der dark side.

If money is der roots uf all efil den wanity is der rain dot vaters dem.

Der man dot means der mosd always says der fewest.

A chicken samvich vill make a bedder impression on a hunkry man den a yard uf good atvice.

Mit some peoples a chance to tolt der truth is alvays a good oxcoos to tolt annudded fabricationment.

Hot vedder is yest like adversity, because id brings to der surface all dot is in us.

A man mit efery wirtue in dis vorld today vould eggspire mit der lonesomeness uf his position.

DID ONE CLEVER THING.

The Lady—Jack, why don't you write a book or paint a picture, or do something clever?

The Gentleman—Because I selected a millionaire for a father, and I think that was clever enough to last a lifetime.—Pearson's Weekly.

AS USUAL.

Down th' crick;
Line an' pole;
Makin' fer
Sunfish hole.

Bait th' line,
Throw it in;
Ort tew bite
Just like sin.

Home agin,
Long to'rd night;
Didn't git
Gol-ding'd bite.
—Ohio State Journal.

PECULIAR PHASE OF ECONOMIES

The Chicago Record-Herald (Rep.) says:

"Is the ominous delay of Congress in ratifying the reciprocity treaty with France, coupled with the still unamended reprisal of Russia in the matter of American machinery and the threatened discrimination against all our exports that is now pending in the Reichstag, going to drive into exile the great industries that have been built up under the very system that now seems about to lay them low?

"That is the serious question propounded by the National Reciprocity League, which numbers in its membership some of the best-known and most conservative men of the country, and which intends to sound an alarm in the ear of our dallying legislators before it is too late.

The league points to the significant fact that one great industry after another is moving its plant, or a large part of it, into the jurisdiction of some other flag, on the ground that it is no longer possible to continue its foreign trade under the conditions that now obtain at home.

BIG PLANTS MOVED.

"The Westinghouse Company of Philadelphia has moved much of its plant to Russia; the Ingersoll Sargent Drill Company of New York, the Port Huron Threshing Machine Company of Port Huron, Mich., the Deering Harvester Company of Chicago, and the Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company of Minneapolis, Minn., have transferred or are about to transfer a substantial share of their productive facilities to Canada.

"To this list rumor insistently adds the names of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, the John Deere Plow Company, the Studebaker Wagon & Carriage Company, the Republic Steel & Iron Company and about 30 others of equal importance.

"Not all the firms joining in this extraordinary exodus are members of the Reciprocity League. Some of them have been members and have grown discouraged in the effort to get the ear of Congress, and others are not, for reasons similar to those outlined in a letter written by the president of the Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company to the secretary of the Reciprocity League:

LAWMAKERS ATTACKED.

"This is the document:

"'Gentlemen—Replying to your letter of the 27th ult., which came to hand during the writer's absence, we desire to say: We are not at all interested in the work of your league; we do not desire reciprocity, and are perfectly indifferent as to whether the duties are raised or lowered on goods coming into this country. We have felt it to be much more to our interest to stand on our own bottom in this and collateral questions, rather than to wait the slow movement and whimsical fancies of the low-grade talent we send to Washington to make laws for us. It is high time that the business people repudiated the lawmaking powers as in adjunct to their business. We have recently purchased a large plant at Toronto, which we have started up for the manufacture of our line of goods to be sold in Canada. It is our purpose to greatly enlarge this plant to accommodate our export trade, as we can export goods from Canadian ports on much better terms than we can from the United States ports, particularly for the Russian trade. In the opinion of the writer, it is only a question of time when other manufacturing concerns in our line will be compelled to manufacture their goods in Canada, in order to place themselves on an equal footing in the general trade. I do not think that people who remain in the United States to manufacture will be able to get any relief from existing conditions until such time as we find ourselves face to face with a large product and no sale of it. Yours truly,

"'F. B. KENASTON.

"'June 5, 1902.'

ADVOCATES FAIR TRADE.

"'The problem that confronts the country is very plain,' said A. B. Hulit, secretary of the Reciprocity League, yesterday. 'It amounts to simply this: Are we going to lose the immense export trade that we have built up since 1892 because we are unwilling to be decent and fair with the countries from whom we have received so much custom? Take the case of Russia, for example. Secretary Gage, at the behest of the beet-sugar people, imposed a countervailing duty upon the beet-sugar exported to this country by Russia, a practically prohibitive tariff. The value of this product exported hither in 1891 was only $718,516. The Secretary's action was unjust and unnecessary. The result was that Russia promptly retaliated by discriminating heavily against American machinery. We knock a full-grown industry in the head in order to protect another infant. But the operation is likely to prove disastrous. In 1892 our exports in machinery to Russia were valued at only $185,897. Last year they reached a value of $2,178,811. Must we go back to the first figure for the benefit of an unreasonable clique?

BENEFIT IN FRENCH TREATY.

"'Business men in every section of the country say that if the tariff treaty with France, now in the hands of Congress, fails of ratification, the result will be a wholesale emigration of our manufacturing interests to Canada. How can the ratification fail? Is the Republican party absolutely blind, or gone mad? Is it possible that anybody with a penny at stake does not realize the tremendous preponderance of the benefits that will accrue to him if the treaty is ratified, compared to those we are asked to grant France in return?

"'France is the third wheat country of the world. Who furnishes her harvesting machinery? We certainly don't. France bought about $120,000,000 worth of manufactured goods in 1897-8. Only $4,000,000 of this came from us. We are discriminated against, along with Portugal—a taste of the kind of company that we will get throughly accustomed to if we keep on as we seem to have begun. The entire average rate of the concessions asked by France on the present duties laid by us upon the numbers to be favored amount to only 6.8 per cent. What we get in return is simply magnificent beside that figure.

"'We have got to wake up. In the words of McKinley, "The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable.'"

SOME SUMMER LAUGHS.

LIVELY SUNDAY.

An old Scotswoman who all her life had observed and followed the rigorous teachings of Calvinism she had imbibed when a girl in her native land was recently induced by some of her young relatives, whom she was visiting, to go with them to the fashionable Episcopalian church where they worshipped. The choir, the elaborate ritual, the robed minister and the vested boys were all new and strange to her. As they filed out after the service she was asked:

"Well, auntie, how did you like it?"

"Well," she replied, "it's verra interestin', I must say, but what a w'y to spend the Sabbath!" — Philadelphia Times.

THOROUGHFARE.

The automobilists ought to mobilize and consider whether the roads belong to them or are only borrowed.—Boston Transcript.

UP TO DATE.

One of the best of the Billville editors has this humorous rhyme:

"Early to bed and early to rise"
Does very well for sick folks and guys;
But it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies
And joins the stiffs that gone to the skies.
Go to bed when you please
And lie at your ease—
You'll die just the same with some Latin disease!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

ON TIME.

By the time has spent the best years of his life watching the clock, in order to be on time at work, he has to begin taking medicine by it.—Atchison Globe.

HER MARTYRDOM.

Sylvia—I'm surprised to hear Isabel married young Dashington after declaring that he was not good enough for her.

Phyllis—Yes, but later she declared that he was too good for any other girl, so she married him out of sheer sympathy.—Chicago News.

THE POET.

God has given the poet an imagination so that he can have the pleasure of thinking of things he would do if he had money.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS MISTAKES.

"Every man," said the thoughtful theorist, "aught to keep a diary. It is only by keeping an actual record of what you have done that you are able afterwards to see the mistakes you have made and guard against a repetition of them in the future."

"Oh, if your diary is only to record your mistakes," replied the thoroughly practical man, "what's the matter with the turning the keeping of it over to your wife?"—Chicago Post.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"Want any pertaters today," asked a farmer as he pulled up in front of a house in the village.

"No," replied the housekeeper. "The last lot we bought of you was not satisfactory."

"What was th' matter with 'em?" asked the son of toil.

"The potatoes at the top of the basket were nice and large," replied the woman, "but in the bottom they were tiny things."

"That wuz no fault uv mine," rejoined the honest farmer, "it was because uv th' good growin' weather we've bin havin'. Pertaters air growin' so fast lately thet by th' time I get a basketful dug, th' last uns air ever so much bigger'n th' first 'uns."—Chicago Daily News.

VARIA.

I.
There was an old man of Tarentum
Who ganshed his false teeth till he bent 'em;
And when asked for the cost
Of what he had lost,
Said "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em."

II.
A lady there was of Antigua
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"
He answered, "My queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my figure?"

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